Persians—fording the river Pulvár, and passing a square stone platform on its further side, called “Takhî-i-Tâdër” ("the Peacock Throne"). Following the eastern side of the valley for a short distance, we presently turned the corner formed by its junction with the great plain of Marv-Dasht, and all at once there burst on my wondering gaze the stupendous ruins of Persepolis.

Of the ruins of Pasargâde, the Tomb of Cyrus, and the rock-sepulchres of Naḵš-i-Rustâm I have attempted to set down some description, however meagre. In the case of Persepolis it would be vain to make this attempt, since the three or four hours during which I wandered through its deserted halls, trod its silent stairs, and gazed in admiration, such as I have seldom before experienced, on the endless succession of lofty columns, giant statues, and delicate traceries (whose beauty long ages, kinder than the besotted Macedonian who first stretched forth his impious hand against them, have scarcely marred), were hardly sufficient to enable me to do more than wonder and admire. To study Persepolis would require months; to describe it, volumes. It has already been studied and described by others far more competent than myself. All that I shall do, then, is to notice certain minor details which happened to strike me.

On the stones of Persepolis, as on the monuments which I have already noticed, a host of travellers of many ages and many nations have carved their names, their sentiments, and their reflections, by the side of the ancient cuneiform inscriptions. Only, by as much as Persepolis excels all the other ruins in extent and splendour, by so much do these memorials exceed all the rest in number and interest. The two great stone lions which guard the entrance of the eastern hall, and the adjacent walls, seem to have been the favourite spots. Amongst the European names recorded here, those of Malcolm and his suite, carved in large bold Roman characters, are most conspicuous; while amidst the remainder, cut or written in every possible fashion, the names of not a few distinguished travellers are to be found. The sense of admiration and awe with which the place inspired me made me feel that to follow their example would be almost a profanation, and I turned to examine the similar memorials left by Musulmân visitors.

Many of these consisted, like their European congers, of mere names and dates, and to these I paid but little attention. Here and there, however, a few lines of poetry, or a reflection on the transitoriness of earthly glory in Arabic or Persian, showed me that the same feeling of mixed awe and sadness with which the place inspired me had affected others. Some of these inscriptions were not devoid of grace and beauty, and I could not help thinking that, if one must leave a token of one’s visit to such a spot, these records of the solemn feelings evoked thereby were more seemly and more congruous than aught else. As a specimen of their tenour I append translations of two, both in Arabic: one in prose, one in verse.

The first was written in A.H. 1206 (A.D. 1791-2) by a son of Shâh-Rukh Mîrzâ, and runs as follows:—

"Where are the proud monarchs of yore? They multiplied treasures which endured not, neither did they endure."

The second consists of four lines of poetry, attributed by the carver to 'Ali, the successor of the Prophet:—

"Where are the kings who exercised dominion
Until the cup-bearer of Death gave them to drink of his cup?
How many cities which have been built between the horizons
Lay ruined in the evening, while their dwellers were in the abode of death?"

This was cut by 'Ali ibn Sulṭân Khalid ibn Sulṭân Khusraw.

In one of the windows a stone was pointed out to me, so highly polished that I could clearly see therein my reflection as in a mirror. Here and there excavations have laid bare long-buried chambers. Some of these excavations were undertaken by the command of Ferhâd Mîrzâ, the Shâh’s uncle—less, I fear, from a disinterested love of antiquarian research than from a
hope of finding treasure, which, according to the universal belief of the Persians (based, perhaps, on traditions embodied in Firdawsi’s *Book of Kings*), is concealed in the neighbourhood. My guides assured me that a large “brick” or ingot of solid gold had actually been discovered, and that it had been sent to Šahīrān, where it was preserved in the treasury of the Šāh. They also pointed out to me the spot where Ferhād Mīrzā had caused some delinquent to be hanged over the parapet of the great terrace.

It was sad to note how in many places the faces of such bas-reliefs and figures as could be reached from the ground had been willfully defaced by fanaticism or ignorance, while many of the animals carved on the walls and staircases had been made the targets of marksmen, as witnessed by the numerous bullet-marks which they bore. But in all cases, so far as I saw, the winged genius girt with the girdle typifying infinity, which, looking forth from almost every column and cornice, seemed to watch still over the cradle of Persia’s greatness, had escaped unjured.

On reaching the edge of the platform next the mountain from the face of which it is built out, two sepulchres on the hillside above attracted my attention, and I was making towards them when I suddenly espied two figures approaching me. The pith hat worn by one stamped him at once as a European, and I, thinking that it must be my friend and late fellow-traveller, hastened forward to meet him. A nearer approach, however, showed that I was mistaken. The wearer of the pith hat proved to be an English officer who had been staying for some days in Shīrāz on his homeward road from India. He was now bound for Šahīrān, and thence for England by way of Russia. From him I learned that —— had posted up to Persepolis and back to Shīrāz a day or two before, and that he had probably already set out for Bushire. After a short conversation we separated, and I proceeded to examine the tombs above mentioned, which, in general plan, closely resemble the sepulchres of Naḵš-i-Rustam, with this important difference, that being situated on a sloping hillside, instead of on the face of a cliff, they are entered without difficulty, the inner floor being level with the ground outside. Besides this, they only contain two sarcophagi apiece, and a single recess, which is vaulted instead of being rectangular.

Short as the time had seemed to me, symptoms of impatience began to manifest themselves in my guides. Although it was not yet four o’clock, they declared that the lateness of the hour made it advisable to withdraw from this solitary spot, lest robbers, tempted from their hiding-places in the mountains by the approach of night, should waylay us. Without attaching much credence to their representations I was forced to yield to them, and, with many a backward glance of regret, to turn my back on Persepolis. On the way back to the village I lingered for a while to examine the Sāsānian bas-reliefs of Naḵš-i-Rajab, which are situated in a little hollow on the mountain side just behind the post-house of Pūzé, and attempted to transcribe the Greek inscription of Shāpur I, which afforded the key whereby the mysteries of the anomalous and ambiguous Parthian tongue were first unlocked.

Next morning I quitted Zangavar, and again turned my face southwards. Our departure was greatly delayed by a crowd of sick people seeking medical advice, and, even when we at length escaped from these, an unwise attempt to take a short cut towards the main road resulted in a further loss of time. All the morning our course lay across the flat marshy plain of Mary-Dasht—a vast amphitheatre, surrounded by mountains of which some of those to the west assume the wildest shapes. Amongst these one, on which the ruins of an ancient fortress are said still to exist, is conspicuous for its precipitous and apparently inaccessible summit. The day was cold and cloudy with some rain, a state of things which rendered travelling over the naturally moist and marshy plain rather unpleasant. I was surprised, at this distance from the
sea, to observe a number of gulls. They are called by the Persians *Margh-i-Nawrūz* ("New Year's Bird"), so that their appearance (which is, perhaps, limited to this season) was very appropriate; for we were now within a day of that most ancient and most popular festival, the feast of the New Year (*Id-i-Nawrūz*), whereby the Persians have, from time immemorial, celebrated the advent of spring.

About mid-day we reached the end of the plain and entered another valley, in which we presently came to a great sheet of water, stretching away to the east towards the *Band-i-Amir*.

This is traversed by a stone causeway, and swarms with a variety of waterfowl. Leaving this behind, and bending somewhat to the left towards the mountains which form the eastern limit of the valley, we reached Zargán, our last stage before Shíráz, about dusk.

During the morning we had passed eight or ten horsemen, whose arrogant bearing and unprompted incivility proclaimed them servants of the ex-governor; and while passing the sheet of water above mentioned we had heard numerous shots in the surrounding hills and on the borders of the lake, which testified to the presence of a party of sportsmen. Rumour had, moreover, apprised us of the fact that Prince Jâlâl-ud-Dawla (the son of the fallen Prince Žillu‘-Sultan, and the nominal governor of Shíráz), as well as the aged Šâhid-Díván, the virtual governor, had quitted the city, in which they had no excuse for remaining longer, and were on their way northwards to the capital with a large company of followers and retainers. On reaching Zargán it was, therefore, with more annoyance than surprise that I found the whole town filled with the soldiers and servants of the young prince and his minister. Enquiries for lodgings were everywhere met with the same reply, that there was not a room to be had for love or money in the place; and it was only after

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1 The "Bendemeer’s stream" of the poet Moore. Its name signifies "the Amir’s Dyke."
cloak, which he could ill spare (the night being chilly), so that I enjoyed a greater measure of comfort than I deserved.

When I awoke in the morning all recollections of the disaster of the previous night were obliterated by the joyous thought that before the sun was down I should set foot in that city which, for seven years, it had been the chief ambition of my life to behold. Leaving Zargán, we had first to strike out into the plain to join the main road (remarkable for its excessive stoniness), which, crossing over a low pass, brought us to a building called Béj-gáb ("the Toll-House"), where customs' dues were formerly levied. I was surprised at the number of travellers whom we met—more, I think, than on any previous day's march since we quitted Trebizond. Many of these were servants or messengers of the old or the new administration, but at all times the traffic between Zargán and Shíráz seems to be considerable. Beyond this there was little to attract my interest till, about 1.30, on surmounting another pass, Háji Şafar cried out "Ruknábád! Ruknábád!" and, with a thrill of pleasure, I found myself at the source of that stream, so dear to every Shírází, of which Hávíz declared, in perhaps the best known of his poems, that Paradise itself could not boast the like.

But for the rich associations which the sight of it evoked in my mind, I might perhaps have experienced that sense of disappointment with which Vámbéry declares he was affected by the first view of this classic stream. As it was, I saw nothing but the limpid water rushing from its rocky source; heard nothing but its melodious ripple; thought nothing but those thoughts which rise in the mind of one who first stands in the favourite haunt of an immortal bard who immortalises all that he touches. One often hears the expression, "I had heard so much of such-and-such a thing that when I saw it I was quite disappointed." This may happen in the case of objects admired or loved only for themselves, but not of those endeared by their associations. One does not love Hávíz because he wrote of

Ruknábád: one loves Ruknábád because it was written of by Hávíz.

In this pleasant spot I tarried for about an hour, eating my lunch under the shadow of one of the trees which stand by the edge of the stream. Again setting out, we came in about an hour to a building called Khíbat-şíkás, where, as its name implies, governors of Shíráz, honoured by receiving such a distinction from the Sháh, come out to meet the bearers of the royal favours, and are invested with the robe of honour. Shortly after passing this spot we perceived a horseman advancing towards us, who proved to be the chief servant of my host, the Nawwáb Mírzá Hâídar 'Alí Khán. After presenting the Nawwáb's compliments and regrets that he had been unable himself to come out to welcome me by reason of the multitudinous social duties incidental to the Nawwáb, the servant turned his horse's head and led the way towards the city. We were, I gathered, quite close to it now, and I was so full of expectancy that I had but little inclination to talk. Suddenly we turned a corner, and in that moment—a moment of which the recollection will never fade from my mind—there burst upon my delighted gaze a view the like of which (in its way) I never saw.

We were now at that point, known to all students of Hávíz, called Táng-i-Alidūn Akhår, because whoever first beholds Shíráz hence is constrained by the exceeding beauty of the sight to cry out in admiration "Alidūn Akhår"—"God is most great!" At our very feet, in a grassy, fertile plain girt with purple hills (on the loftier summits of which the snow still lingered), and half concealed amidst gardens of dark stately cypresses, wherein the rose and the judas-tree in luxuriant abundance struggled with a host of other flowers for the mastery of colour, sweet and beautiful in its garb of spring verdure which clothed the very roofs of the bazaars, studded with many a slender minaret, and many a turquoise-hued dome, lay the home of Persian culture, the mother of Persian genius, the
sanctuary of poetry and philosophy, Shiráz. Riveted on this, and this alone, with an awe such as that wherewith the pilgrim approaches the shrine, with a delight such as that wherewith the exile again beholds his native land, my eyes scarcely marked the remoter beauties of the scene—the glittering azure of Lake Mahlú to the east, the interminable gardens of Masjid-Bāzdī to the west. Words cannot describe the rapture which overcame me as, after many a weary march, I gazed at length on the reality of that whereof I had so long dreamed, and found the reality not merely equal to, but far surpassing, the ideal which I had conceived. It is seldom enough in one’s life that this occurs. When it does, one’s innermost being is stirred with an emotion which baffles description, and which the most eloquent words can but dimly shadow forth.

From the Tang-i-Allāhu Akbar the road runs broad and straight to the gate of the city, to reach which a wide and well-built bridge spanning a river-bed (which, even in spring, contains comparatively little water except after heavy showers, and which in summer must be almost dry) is crossed. Descending this road, which at this festal season was enlivened by hundreds of pleasure-seekers, who, dressed in their best, had come out from the city to enjoy the fragrance of the air and the beauty of the fields, we first passed under the arch, in a chamber over which is preserved the great “Kūr’ān of 17 maunds” (Kūr’dā-i-bafṭāb mant), whereof it is fabled that a single leaf, if removed, would weigh as much as the whole volume. Lower down, just to the right of the road, Musallá, another favourite haunt of Ḥāfīz, was pointed out to me. The building which at present stands there is quite modern, and the “rose-walks,” on which Ḥāfīz dwells so lovingly, have disappeared. To the left of the road were the gardens of Jān-mund, Dil-gisbā, Chabīl-tan and Hāfīt-tan; beyond these were visible the cypress trees which overshadow the grave of Ḥāfīz; while farther still the tomb of Sa’dī could just be discerned. To the right lay a multitude of other

gardens of less note; everywhere the fresh grass clothed the plain with a robe of verdure such as is seen but rarely in Persia; while the soft spring air was laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. I ceased to wonder at the rapturous enthusiasm wherewith the Shiráz speaks of its native city, or to regard as an exaggeration far removed from the truth that verse of Sa’dī’s which I have already quoted:

“Khatmā tafarruṣ-i-Nawrūz, khāṣṭā dar Shirāz,
Ki bar kanād dil-i-mard-i-musafīr az wāsīnāth.”

“Pleasant is the New Year’s outing, especially in Shiráz,
Which turns aside the heart of the wanderer from his native land.”

Nay, in these “meadows set with slender galingale,” in this “land where all things always seemed the same,” I felt constrained to “fold my wings, and cease from wanderings”; almost as though a voice from the unseen had whispered them, there sounded in my ears the lines—

“Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.”

A little before reaching the bridge which leads to the Isfahān gate, we turned to the right, and continued outside the city wall till we came to the “Gate of the King’s Garden” (Derwāṣī-Sāhī-Šāhī), by which we entered. A short ride through the narrow, tortuous streets brought us at length to the house of my host, the Nawwāb. Dismounting at the gate, I was ushered into a large and handsome courtyard paved with stones and traversed by a little stream of clear water which flowed from a large square tank at the upper end. On either side of this stood a row of stately sycamores, interspersed with orange-trees, while a mass of beautiful flowers tastefully grouped lent brightness to the view and fragrance to the air.

As I stood here the Nawwāb himself came out to welcome me with that easy courtesy and unaffected hospitality wherein the Persians excel all other nations. Taking me by the hand, he led me into a room opening into the courtyard, where, as is
customary at the New Year, and for the twelve days which succeed it (during which all work is laid aside, and paying and receiving congratulatory visits is the sole business of all), a multitudinous array of all manner of sweetmeats was laid out. The samāvar (urn) hissing in a corner gave promise of the welcome tea, which did not delay to make its appearance. After I had partaken of two or three cups of this, and answered the usual questions concerning the friends I had left at Teherán, the journey, and my health, the Nawwāb rose and conducted me to the rooms which, at the special request of his elder brother, the Nawwāb Mīrzā Ḥasan ‘Ālī Khān (in whose house at Teherán I had spent so pleasant and profitable a month), had been set apart for me. Pleasant and commodious as they were, and luxurious as they seemed after the hardships of the road, their chief charm in my eyes was that they had given shelter to poets whose names form the brightest ornament of modern Persian literature—poets amongst whom in sweetness, melody, wealth of metaphor, and purity of diction, the brilliant genius of Kā‘ānī stands unrivalled and unsurpassed.

CHAPTER X

SHĪRĀZ

"Dīl mi-harand Kāzarndūn, šabār-laband Tabrizjān,
Khūānder Isfahānīn, man bandā-am Shīrāz-ri!"

"The Kāzarnds steal our hearts, the Tabrizis have lips like sugar,
Beautiful are the Isfahāns, but I am the slave of Shīrāz."

"Khūānder Shīrāz u vaγ-‘l-bī-mīzār-ash!
Khudāvdadī, nigah dīr az zavālī-ash!"

"Sweet is Shīrāz and its incomparable site!
O God, preserve it from decline!"—(HĀRIZ)

To the three weeks which I spent in Shīrāz I look back with unmixed pleasure. The associations connected with it are familiar to every student of Persian; its natural beauties I have already feebly attempted to depict; its inhabitants are, amongst all the Persians, the most subtle, the most ingenious, the most vivacious, even as their speech is to this day the purest and most melodious.

For seeing all that was most worth seeing, mixing in the society of the town, and forming an estimate of its life and thought, I enjoyed rare facilities. Living as I did in the heart of the city, in the house of one universally respected, not merely as the representative of an ancient and noble family, but as a gentleman whose genial manners, enlightened views, and liberal patronage of talent, rendered him peculiarly fitted for the responsible post which he occupied of Agent to the British Government, I was enabled to move freely in circles to which I might otherwise have failed to gain access. For acquiring fluency in the Persian language also I had continual opportunities. My host, it is true, possessed some knowledge of English,
but preferred to employ his own language in conversation; a preference which, it is needless to say, I was far from regretting; while few of the visitors, and none of the servants, with whom I came into daily contact, spoke anything but Persian.

Although the visitors who came to the house were numerous, there was, except my host (with whom, when no other engagement prevented it, I took my meals), but one constant guest at table. This was the Nawwáb’s uncle, “Háji Dá’í” (“Uncle Háji”), as he was usually called for the sake of brevity, who had come from Fasá (where he habitually resided) to Shiráz on a New Year’s visit. For him I conceived, after a while, a great liking and admiration, though at first unable to penetrate his unusual taciturnity. Except in this respect, he was a thorough Persian of the old school, in dress as in everything else, and I was never tired of admiring the scrupulous neatness of his appearance, or the beautiful brocade lining revealed by the backward turn of the cuffs of his  ámb. As I have already said, he was sparing of words, but when he spoke it was to the point; while the interesting details concerning the country east of Shiráz which at times he would give me were enhanced by a peculiar piquancy of idiom and expressiveness of gesture which I have never seen equalled. Thus, for example, in speaking of the length of a stage between two places near Kum he remarked, “They call it seven farsakhsh, but such a seven farsakhsh as would burn the father of nine farsakhsh!” (“bánehánin haf’ farsakhsi ki pidar-i-nub farsakhs-rd bi-steñád”); in answering my question as to whether the water in Lake Níriz was fresh or salt, he said, “So salt that I can take refuge with God!” (“chunin talkkh ki penáb bár Khúsád?”); neither shall I ever forget the tone of the “Estagh-fírsí’l-láh!” (“I ask pardon of God!”) with which, in true Persian fashion, he would answer any question which he wished emphatically to negative.

Besides Háji Dá’í there was but one of the Nawwáb’s relatives resident in the house whom I often saw (for from the society of his sisters and other female relations I was naturally excluded). This was the son of my friend Áká Muhammad Háján Káshká’í, who, when he bade me farewell at Teherán, had specially commended his boy to my notice. The latter, who was also the Nawwáb’s nephew, came to pay me a visit a day or two after my arrival. He was a bright handsome lad of about twelve or thirteen years of age, and, though rather shy at first, soon became very friendly, and would eagerly listen to anything which I told him about my native land or my travels.

Of the Nawwáb’s numerous servants one or two deserve some brief mention. Of these the chief was he who had come out to meet me on my first arrival, and who was indeed rather a steward than a servant. He had a brother, Shukrúlláh by name, who played with exquisite skill the rebeck (zí-tád), to the accompaniment of which he would also sing in a sweet melodious voice. The poor fellow was blind, and I shall never forget the pathos of his tones when, as I was seated one evening with the Nawwáb and a chance guest by the side of the stream in the courtyard under the moonlight plane-trees, he heard the former address me in an interval of the music as “Hákím Sádýj,” and eagerly exclaimed, “Hákím! did you say Hákím, Master? Is our guest a physician? Can he not perhaps cure my blindness and enable me once more to behold the light?” And when the Nawwáb answered gently, “No, my poor fellow, he is a metaphysician (hákím-i-íbad) rather than a physician (hákím-i-ábád); he can do nothing for you,” it went to my heart to see the momentary expression of anxious hope which had crossed the face of the blind minstrel pass, through a quiver of disappointment, into the look of patient sadness which his countenance habitually wore.

Of all the servants, however, he with whom I had most to do, and indeed the only one with whom I habitually conversed much, was a black called Elmás (“Diamond”). He had been in the family, to which he was deeply attached, for many years, and
had, I suppose, been born in Persia or brought thither when a child; at any rate he spoke Persian with no foreign accent which I could detect. To him was entrusted the duty of attending on me; he used to bring me my tea in the morning, announce meals or visitors, and often, when I was alone, would stop and talk for an hour at a time. A pious Musulmán, and extremely attentive to all the duties of his religion, he yet seemed quite free from that fanaticism and distrust of those belonging to other creeds with which piety is sometimes associated. Often he would talk to me of his master and his master’s friends; of the noble families of Shíráz, its poets, its learned men, and its governors, especially Ferhád Mirzá, concerning whom he related many strange things; how he had hanged Shéykh Máchkúr on a lofty gibbet, after making him eat one of the coins he had struck in his own name; how he had put down Muḥammad Táhir Giládář, who, from the fastness near Dárábjírd where he dwelt, sallied forth to plunder caravans till none dared pass that way; how he had bricked up alive a multitude of less notable outlaws by the side of the highways which had witnessed their depredations; and how, never forgetting the slight put upon him by the people of Shíráz when he was recalled from his first administration, he ever cherished towards the city and its inhabitants an unconquerable aversion.

Thoroughly imbued with the superstitions of the country, Elmás would sometimes talk of Jinnis, Ghúls, ‘Ífríts, and other sprites and hobgoblins which are said to infest its desert places. One day, soon after my arrival, while crossing the courtyard with the Náwwáb on my way to lunch, I saw a strange sight. Lying on his back on the ground, with outstretched arms, legs raised in the air, and soles upturned to heaven as though to receive an invisible bastinado, was a man of the lower classes whom I did not recognise as one whom I had previously seen about the house. How he came there I know not, nor what ailed him; and when I asked my host he merely shook his head silently. As we continued to watch him, he suddenly gave a deep groan, and rolled over on his side with legs still flexed; whereupon Elmás, who had been standing quietly by, an unmoved spectator of the scene, approached him, and began to adopt the necessary measures for his revival. In the evening when Elmás came to my room I questioned him as to this strange occurrence.

“It was the Jinní,” he answered; “this man had doubtless offended them, and therefore do they torment him thus.”

“In what way do men offend the Jinní?” I asked.

“In many ways,” replied Elmás, “as, for instance, by throwing a stone without first giving them warning by exclaiming ‘Bismi-‘l-láhí ‘r-Rahmán ‘r-Rahím’ (“in the name of God the Merciful, the Clement”). In such cases the stone may strike an invisible Jinní and blind him or otherwise cause him injury; such injury the Jinní never forgive, but continue at intervals to inflict chastisement on the offender, even as you saw to-day.”

I then proceeded to tell Elmás the stories I had heard from the muleteers in the Valley of the Angel of Death about the various hobgoblins whose favourite haunt it is supposed to be. With most of these he acquiesced, but of the Nasnás he gave a somewhat different account.

“It does not injure people”; he said, “it is of a playful disposition, and contents itself with frightening. For instance, a man was riding between Shíráz and Bushire when he saw what he took to be a lamb by the roadside. He picked it up and placed it in front of him across his saddlebow. After he had gone some distance, he chanced to glance down on it, and saw with terror and amazement that it had grown and grown in length till its head and tail trailed on the ground on either side of the horse: whereat, being greatly alarmed, he cast the thing from him and galloped off as hard as he could. These are the sort of pranks the Nasnás delights to play; but, so far as I have heard, it never inflicts more serious injury.”
One morning, a day or two after my arrival, Elmas announced to me that Mirza Farhang, with his brother Mirza Yezdan (both poets of note, and sons of the celebrated poet Wajih), were below and desired to see me. Anxious to make the acquaintance of two of the most talented men in Shiraz, from a perusal of whose poetry (which, though perhaps scarcely equal to that of their elder brother, Mirza Davar, now deceased, is extremely fine) I had already derived much pleasure, I hastened down to greet my illustrious visitors. Mirza Yezdan was accompanied by his son, and the son of another of his brothers (also deceased), who wrote under the name of Himmat. My conversation was entirely with the elder poets, chiefly with Mirza Farhang; for however talented a son may be, and however honoured, it is contrary to Persian custom and etiquette for him to speak much in the presence of his father. I was greatly impressed with the appearance and manners of my talented visitors, especially with those of Mirza Farhang, to whose conversation an unusual breadth of knowledge and quickness of apprehension, combined with a soft voice and gentle unassuming manner, lent an irresistible charm. Poetry and philosophy naturally formed the chief topics of discussion; concerning the philosophy of the Hindus, and the method employed in deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions, Mirza Farhang manifested a special interest. The time passed all too quickly, and I was equally surprised and sorry when the visitors, declaring that they had already outstayed the ordinary limits of a morning call, rose to go.

To the European doctor who had embraced Islam I have already alluded. I was naturally anxious to see him, and learn what causes had induced him to take this step. This at first appeared to be more difficult than I had supposed, for he seemed to dislike meeting other Europeans, though whether this arose from fear of being made the object of reproaches, or from a feigned fanaticism, I could not learn. At length, after several disappointments, business brought him to the Nawwab’s house, and he sent up a message by Haji Shafar that he would be glad to pay me a visit if I was disengaged. I at once sent word that I should be pleased to see him if he would come up, and in a few minutes he entered the room. The Persian dress which he had adopted did not appear to sit easily on him, and harmonised ill with his personal appearance, which was anything but Oriental; neither did he seem to have become accustomed to his new part, for, on entering the room, he removed his lamb-skin hat, revealing hair cut in the Persian fashion, the natural reddish hue of which had been heightened rather than concealed by the henna with which it had been dyed. Thinking it unwise to question him at once on the causes which had led him to change his creed, I asked him concerning his adventures and travels. He informed me in reply that, having completed his medical studies at one of the large London hospitals, he had taken a post as surgeon on board an emigrant ship, in which capacity he had visited America, China, India, and Australia. After many wanderings and adventures, including a quarrel in the gold-fields wherein he had received a shot in the arm (the scar of which he showed me), he had finally arrived at Jedda. While he was residing there (according to his account) a message came that the Sherif of Mecca had been wounded with a knife in the abdomen, and desired the services of a European surgeon, if such were obtainable. Accordingly he proceeded thither, and treated the wound of his distinguished patient so successfully that in a short time it was cured, and the Sherif, moved by gratitude to his preserver, not only allowed him to remain at Mecca during the Pilgrimage, but also permitted him to visit Medina. The ceremonies of the Hajj, especially the “stoning the devil” at ‘Arafat, and the sacrifice of sheep at Minah, he described in detail; of the latter he spoke with mingled disgust and amazement, declaring that the ground was literally covered with innumerable carcasses of slaughtered animals, which were, for the most part, left to rot and poison the atmosphere with their noisome stench. From
Mecca he had returned to Jeddà, and thence by Bushire to Shirāz, where he had resided three or four months as a medical practitioner.

"I am tired of this place now," he said in conclusion, "and as I have seen everything worth seeing in the city, including Sháh Chirágh and the other mosques (to which, I suppose, you have not been able to gain access), I intend to move on somewhere else. Where are you going when you leave?"

"Yeşil and Kirmán," I answered, wondering inwardly if he would propose to accompany me, a plan to which, for several reasons, I should have refused to consent; "and you?"

"I think that will be about my line of country," he replied. "I want to get to Mashhad, whence I shall return home, for I am tired of wanderings and adventures, and would like to see my old mother again, who must be wondering at my long absence, if, indeed, she be not anxious on my account."

At this moment a young friend of mine, with whom I had first become acquainted some years before in Europe, and whom I shall henceforth designate as Mirzá 'Ali, entered the room, accompanied by an aged Scyyid. As I knew the latter to be not only a follower but a relation of the Báb, and as the renegade doctor was accompanied by an individual professedly devoted to the Súfi philosophy and styling himself Marsbid (spiritual director), who was bitterly opposed to the new religion, I became very uneasy lest some collision should occur between my visitors. Such ill-timed encounters fill us with anxiety even in England, where self-restraint and avoidance of dangerous topics are inculcated on all; in Persia, where religious questions form one of the most usual subjects of conversation, where religious feeling is so strong, the passion for discussion so great, and caution so scanty, they become positively dreadful, and I would almost as lief carry a lighted brand through a powder magazine as assist again at some of those terrible réunions at which (especially in Kirmán) it was my fate—I can hardly say my privilege—to be present.

On this occasion, however, my worst apprehensions were not destined to be fulfilled, though the direction given to the conversation by Mirzá 'Ali kept them fully alive till the doctor and his companion departed, leaving the field to the Bábís. It was, of course, necessary that I should introduce my Muḥammadan companion to the new-comers; I hesitated whether to style him by the name which he had adopted on changing his creed, or by that which he had previously borne. Eventually I chose the latter course.

"May I introduce you Dr ——," I said, "if, as it appears, you have not already made his acquaintance?"

"If I have not met him I have heard about him," answered Mirzá 'Ali; then, turning to the renegade, "What evil did you see in your own religion," said he, "or what good in Islám, that you have abandoned that for this? You, who appear to me to speak Persian but indifferently, do you know enough Arabic to understand the Kur'ân?"

The object of this somewhat scornful address replied that he had read a translation of the sacred book.

"Translation!" exclaimed Mirzá 'Ali with ill-concealed contempt, "and pray what particular passage or doctrine so commended itself to you that you became convinced of the divine origin of Islám? For of course you had some strong reason for casting aside the faith in which you were born."

The other muttered something about "liking the whole thing," "being a Voltairean who regarded Christian and Muḥammadan as one and the same," and "doing at Rome as Rome does,"—to all of which his interrogator vouchsafed no reply but a short laugh and a silence more chilling than words. The situation was painful and constrained in the extreme, and I was sincerely thankful when it was brought to an end by the departure of the discomfited doctor and his ally Marsbid.

The latter was present at another similarly ill-assorted gathering which chanced in the same room a few days later. On that
occasion he was accompanied by another friend, whom he introduced as a profound philosopher, but whom the Bábís described subsequently as a notorious atheist (la-madhibh). They had hardly entered when they were followed by two of my Bábí friends, one of whom was a zealous propagandist and missionary of the sect, the friend, fellow-worker, and companion in numerous hardships of him whom I had met in the house of the dashi at Isfahan. Though he was only a temporary resident at Shiráz, which he has since quitted, I do not consider it advisable to mention his real name, and (since I shall have occasion to allude to him repeatedly) shall henceforth designate him as Haji Mirzâ Hasan. His companion was a young Seyyid, well known as a zealous partisan of the new religion. Although, fortunately, no overt passage of arms took place (the Bábís, as before, being soon left in complete possession of the field), Murshid's suspicions were aroused by meeting notorious Bábís in my room on each of the two occasions on which he had visited me. A few days before I left Shiráz I was informed by a young Armenian gentleman with whom I was pretty intimate that Murshid, who was assisting him in his studies, had sent me a special message warning me against Haji Mirzâ Hasan, and assuring me that I should do well to be more careful in choosing my associates, as a report (probably originated by himself) had got about Shiráz that I had become, or was on the point of becoming, a Bábí. To this caution it is almost needless to say that I paid no attention, being amused rather than disquieted by this absurd rumour; indeed, I confess that I considered myself honoured rather than insulted by being identified with a body which can boast of a past so heroic.

This was not the first warning which Murshid had given me on this point. The occasion of his first attempt to alienate me from his enemy, Haji Mirzâ Hasan, affords an example of that extraordinary readiness in divining one's train of thought frequently possessed by the Persians, concerning which Vâmbery says that it often caused him the most lively disquietude when, in dervish habit, he was pursuing his adventurous journey to Turkistan. To explain how the occasion in question arose, it is necessary to make a digression, and go back to the circumstances which first made me acquainted with Murshid.

My young Armenian friend (who, though born in Persia, had received an English education in Bombay, and spoke my native language at least as fluently as his own) was extremely kind in taking me to see whatever was of interest in the neighbourhood. Indeed, but for his good-nature my stay at Shiráz would have been much less entertaining and profitable than it actually was, and many places of interest to which he guided me would have remained unvisited. One day he asked me if I should like to accompany him on a visit to some distinguished Persian friends of his.

"I came to know them through my Mirzâ (Murshid)," said he, "and as I must go and see them to offer them my congratulations for the New Year, I thought you might like to accompany me. They are of royal blood, being descended from the Farsu-Farsu, who was the eldest son of Farid 'Ali Sháh, and a man of great consequence and some literary attainments. If you care to come, I am sure that they will be pleased to see you."

Of course I readily agreed to the proposition, being always eager to enlarge my knowledge of Persian society. Accordingly, in the afternoon I accompanied my Armenian friend to the house of his aristocratic acquaintances, who received us very

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1 He wrote several works, including the Shíráz-námé ("Book of Shiráz"), Kishá-i-Dilgush ("Book of Dilgush," or "Book expanding the Heart") and Safina-i-i-Nají ("Ark of Salvation"). His daughter was the mother of the late Nawwáb Muḥammad-Kuli Khán, whose sons my new acquaintances were. These details were given me by Murshid, who professed himself devoted to the family, at whose house he was a constant guest.
hospitably, and urged us to partake of the tea, kalyâns, sweetmeats, and other delicacies which, conformably to Persian custom at this festival season, were set before us in unstinted profusion. I was surprised to see amongst these a dish of dried prawns, which, I was informed, are brought from the Persian Gulf. They are called in Persian meyyâ, and are esteemed a luxury, though, in my opinion, undeservedly.

The Princes were very curious to know what had brought me to Persia, how I liked Shiráz, and how I was in the habit of travelling. They affected great surprise on learning that I had no horse of my own, and had only hired three animals from a châvâlâyê. I met their expressed astonishment and implied contempt not by an argument (which I knew would be useless), but by an apology.

"I have read in some book," I remarked, "that the great philosopher Diogenes used continually to decry the luxury which he saw around him, declaring that for him three things sufficed as furniture and clothing: the cloak wherewith he covered his nakedness, the staff wherewith he supported his steps, and the cup wherewith he quenched his thirst. Now one day, as he was drawing near to a stream to drink, he saw a child bending down over it, and raising the water to its lips by means of its hands, which it had placed together to form a cup. When Diogenes saw this, he threw away the cup which he carried, and cried out, 'Alas! alas! for years I have been inveighing against unnecessary luxury, and all the while I carried with me an encumbrance of which this child has taught me the uselessness!' The moral of this is obvious, to wit, that what is really indispensible to us is but little."

"Wah! wah!" replied my hosts, "that is indeed tajarrud" (freedom from worldly ties): "we have only the name; you have the reality."

Harmony being thus happily restored, I was taken to see a room, the walls of which were adorned with family portraits and paintings illustrative of scripture history. The portraits, of which my friends seemed justly proud, included one of Patth Ali Sháh, very finely executed; one of the grandfather of my hosts; and one of their uncle. The scripture subjects were four: Moses and the Burning Bush; Abraham offering up Ishmael (according to the version of this event given in the Kur'ân); Joseph taking leave of Jacob; and Christ with the Virgin Mary. While examining these works of art (which, indeed, well deserved attentive consideration) sundry little giggles of laughter and whisperings, proceeding from behind a carved wooden screen occupying the upper portion of the wall on one side of the room, caused me to glance in that direction, where several pairs of bright eyes, just visible through the interstices of the woodwork, left no doubt in my mind that the ladies of the harem were making merry at my expense.

Before I left, my hosts exacted from me a promise that I would accompany them, on a day subsequently to be fixed, to an old ruin called Kasr-i-Abâr-Nâr, situated some miles to the east of Shiráz, which they declared to be equal in age to Persepolis. The day fixed for this excursion was that succeeding the morning which had witnessed the encounter between Mushûd and the Bábîs, in my room. The time was afternoon. The party consisted of Mushûd, my Armenian friend, and myself, together with our hosts, the princes, and one or two servants.

We left Shiráz by the gate of the slaughter-house (Derwâz-i-khâšîb-khâbâ), somewhat appropriately so named, as it seemed to me; for just outside it, on either side of the road, was a double series of pillars of mortar, ten or twelve in number, each of which had formed the living tomb of an outlaw. There they stood, more or less disintegrated and destroyed, exposing here and there a whitened bone, to bear grim testimony to the rigour of the redoubtable Fârâb Mîrzâ.

Turning my back on these dismal relics, as well as on the tomb of Sheykh Rûz-bihân, a saint of some repute, I rode slowly
forward with Mursbid. A pause occurring in the course of conversation, I said, more for the sake of making a remark than anything else:

"I heard rather a curious expression the other day."

"Did you?" replied Mursbid, "what was it?"

Now the expression in question was "ass's head" (in Arabic, ras'ul-himár; in Persian, sar-i-khar), which signifies one whose presence in an assembly prevents free and unrestrained conversation. Though I had indeed heard it from the Bábís, and though it most happily described the position of Mursbid in my room on the previous day, it had not been applied to him, though a train of thought, of which I was myself unconscious, undoubtedly prompted me to make this unhappy and very mal-à-propos remark.

"'Ra'sul-himár,'" I answered, without reflection.

Mursbid did not fail to detect a sequence in my thought of which I myself was quite unaware.

"Yes," said he, somewhat grimly, "a very curious expression; generally used in its Persian form, 'sar-i-khar.' From whom did you hear it?"

"Oh," I replied in some confusion, "I am not sure—I have almost forgotten—That is, a friend of mine—"

"—was kind enough to apply it to me when I so inopportune broke in upon your little private conference."

I attempted to stammer a disavowal, feeling extremely annoyed with myself for the folly of which I had been guilty, and yet half amused at the readiness with which a cap that fitted so remarkably well had been snatched up. Mursbid paid no heed to my explanations.

"As you are so fond of metaphysics," he remarked severely, gazing straight before him the while, "you have no doubt studied the Ma'navi of Mowllá Jalálú'd-Dín Rúmí, and may perhaps remember these lines, which I would in any case strongly commend to your attention—"
from view. It was high time to direct our steps towards the city with all haste, if we did not desire to be benighted in the open plain. As it was, we nearly lost our way several times, and only regained the city after blundering through marshes and streams innumerable towards the twinkling lights which marked its situation.

The badness of the road prevented us all riding together, and I found myself, during the greater part of the way, next one of the princes. After he had exhaustively questioned me concerning the amount of my income, the sources whence it was derived, my occupation, my object in visiting Persia, and the like, he expressed a great desire to travel in Europe.

"Do you think I could find any employment in England?" he asked.

"It would not be easy," I answered, "for our country is already over-full, and many are compelled to emigrate. Besides, you do not know our language. If you did come, I doubt if you would like it after the novelty was gone. Why should you desire to leave Shiráz? Your lot seems to me very enviable: you have a beautiful house, numerous horses and servants, gardens and villages such as we have visited to-day, and all this in one of the fairest spots I have ever seen. What motive can you possibly have for desiring to leave all this?"

"I am tired of the useless and aimless life we are compelled to lead here," he replied; "every day it is the same thing—in the morning we read or practise calligraphy till lunch; afterwards we sleep for an hour or two; then we have tea and smoke kalyuns; then—unless we have visitors—we go for a ride or walk; then supper and bed. It is wearisome."

"Could you not obtain some definite employment from the Government here?" I demanded.

"The Government would not employ us," he answered, "just because we are of royal descent. Is it so in your country? Is high birth there an impediment to promotion? But they are distrustful of us because we are of kingly race. They prefer to employ persons of lowly origin, whom they can chastise for any fault. But suppose it were us, suppose we were to neglect our work or help ourselves to the public money, they could not punish us because we are so distinguished (mutashakhkhis). So they decline to employ us at all."

This was the longest excursion which I made while resident in Shiráz. Indeed the objects of interest in the immediate vicinity of the city are so numerous that it is not necessary to go far afield. Of some of these it is time to speak briefly.

Of course the tombs of Háfiz and Sa'di first attracted my footsteps; indeed I would have visited them the first day after my arrival had it been possible, and was unable to rest till I had done so. Before speaking of them in detail it will be well to give the reader some idea of the relative situations of the various places which I shall notice.

Most of these lie to the north of the city. Let the reader, therefore, suppose himself to have followed the Isfahán road (already partially described at the end of the preceding chapter) for about a mile and a half, and to have ascended the rise leading to the Tang-i-Allábí Akbar. Spanning this at its narrowest point is the arch on which rests the kargHAND-I-KHASAB MANSI already mentioned. Close to this, on the western side of the road, is a raised platform called Mashriqgym, on which is a little pleasure-garden and coffee-house commanding a fine view. On the opposite side of the valley, a little above the bottom, along which flows the stream of Rukálahad, is another building standing on a platform. This is called TáhT-i-Níghán, and is a celebrated resort of gamblers and dice-players. On the summit of the hill above this (i.e. the hill to the east of the Tang) is a curious little brick building called Kálvánāt-I-Dív ("the Demon’s Cradle"), probably by reason of two horn-like projections from the roof.

Here we pause, and, looking southward towards the city, enjoy a magnificent view, bisected, as it were, by the broad white
line formed by the road along which we came from the town to the Tang-i-Allabāh Akhar. Let us first consider the objects of interest which lie to the east of this. The chief of these, beginning with the remotest, are as follows:—

The Sa’diyye (Tomb of Sa’di) standing somewhat apart from the gardens scattered in such rich profusion in the plain below us. It lies at the foot of the hills, half concealed in a little valley which runs into them at this place, and is not conspicuous from most points of view.

The Hadżpzey (Tomb of Háfiz), far more popular and better cared for, rendered conspicuous by its tall dark cypresses and white walls.

Chahil-tan (“Forty bodies”), and Haft-tan (“Seven bodies”), pleasant shady groves interspersed with commodious buildings, which afford a quiet retreat to those who, wearied of worldly cares, adopt the calm life of the dervish.

Then come the gardens, amongst which two are conspicuous—Bagh-i-Dilgush, the favourite haunt of the Şāhīb-Dīvān; and—

Bagh-i-Jān-numd, situated close to the road.

This completes what we may call the “eastern hemisphere” of our panorama, with the exception of the Chah-i-Murtazā ‘Ali (“‘Ali’s well”), situated on another summit of the hills behind and to the east of our place of outlook, the Kelvār-i-Dirv. Of this I shall speak presently.

Let us now turn to the “western hemisphere.” Crossing the road from the Bagh-i-Jān-numd just mentioned, we come to another very fine garden, the Bagh-i-Naw.1

Some distance to the north-west of this, farther from the road and on the slopes of the hills, is the splendid but neglected Bagh-i-Takht (“Garden of the Throne”), conspicuous for the white terraces and buildings which stand at its further end, looking towards the city over avenues of Judas-trees (orğāvān).  

See footnote on p. 197, supra.

Beyond and above this, perched half-way up the mountain side, stands a small white edifice surrounded by a few cypresses. This is called Bahā’ Kābī.

The whole plain is dotted with gardens, but on the slopes of the hills which bound it towards the west, overlooked by the dazzling summit of the Kāb-i-Dirf (“Snow Mountain”), there is a compact mass of them extending for several miles. This is Masjīd-Bardī.

Amongst the gardens west of the city are two belonging to my host the Nawwāb. The nearer of these is called Bagh-i-Shykh, and the pleasant dwellings situated therein are occupied by the English members of the telegraph staff, the Superintendent, and the Doctor, while their Armenian colleagues dwell in the town. The farther one, distant perhaps two or three miles from the city, is situated close to the river-bed, on its northern side. It is called Rashk-i-Bībišt (“the Envoy of Paradise”). Two pleasant picnics in this charming spot (of which the second was brought to an untimely end, so far as I was concerned, by an event which cut short my stay at Shirāz and altered all my plans) will be spoken of presently.

Having now given a general, and, I hope, a sufficiently clear account of the topography of Shirāz, I shall proceed to notice some of the places above-mentioned in greater detail, beginning with the tombs of Háfiz and Sa’di.

Both of these, together with the Bagh-i-Dilgush, I visited on the same day, in company with one of the Nawwāb’s servants. Though they are within an easy walk of the town, one of the Nawwāb’s horses was placed at my disposal. It was a most beautiful animal, and the play of the muscles under its glossy skin gave token of great power, which, accompanied as it was by a display of freshness and spirit (“play,” as the Persians admiringly call it), was to me a source rather of anxiety than of gratification. I would greatly have preferred to walk, but it is hard to persuade a Persian that one prefers walking to riding,
and I was constrained to accept an offer which was kindly intended.

The tomb of Ḥāfiz occupies the centre of an enclosed garden beautifully planted with cypresses and orange-trees. It is marked by a simple oblong block of stone, engraved with inscriptions consisting for the most part of quotations from the poet's works. At the top is the following sentence in Arabic:

"Huwa'l-bâqî wa kullu shet'ns hálik."

"He (i.e. God) is the Enduring, and all else passeth away."

Beneath this is the ode beginning—

"Marbâṭi-i-wašl-i-tā hâl, K'ar sar-i-jân bar khekkam; T'dir-i-khuš-am, wâ ar dâm-i-jihân bar khekkam."

"Where is the good tidings of union with Thee? for I will rise up with my whole heart;
I am a bird of Paradise, and I will soar upwards from the snare of the world."

Round the edge of the stone is inscribed the ode beginning—

"Ey ëlî, glândan-i-sabâ-i-jihân bâsh, ëlî sabâ bâsh! Pëmravi dar hâmâyir-i-ifsî-l-lûb bâsh!"

"O heart, be the slave of the King of the World, and be a king!
Abide continually under the protection of God's favour!"

Written diagonally across the two triangular spaces formed by the upper corners of the tombstone is the couplet—

"Bar sar-i-turhât-i-mâ ëlâm geyari hámmat khâlîh, K'iyârâh-gab-i-rindan-i-jihân khâlîh-êbâd shud."

"When thou passest by the head of our tomb, invoke a blessing,
For it will be the place of pilgrimage of (all) the libertines of the world."

The corresponding spaces at the lower end of the tablet bear the well-known lines composed to commemorate the date of the poet's death:—

"Chirâgh-i-abi-i-mu'âd Khâqân Hâfiz,
[Ki shâ'ârî bâd ar November,
Châ dar Khâqân-i-Mu'âlî sâkht ma'âlî,
Bi-jû târibh-âbî ar 'Khâqân-i-Mu'âlî.']"

"That Lamp of the mystics, Master Ḥāfiz,
[Who was a candle of light from the Divine Enfolding,
Since he made his abode in the Earth of Mu'âlî]
Seek his date from 'the Earth of Mu'âlî.'"

The unequalled popularity still enjoyed by Ḥāfiz is attested by the multitude of graves which surround his tomb. What Persian, indeed, would not desire that his ashes should mingle with those of the illustrious bard from whom contemporary fanaticism would fain have withheld the very rites of sepulture?

More remote from the city, and marked by a much humbler edifice, lies the grave of Sa'dî. Popular—and deservedly popular—as his Gâtstân and Bûtstân are, alike for the purity of style, richness of diction, variety of matter, and sententious wisdom which characterise them, in Persia itself his Divân is probably more widely read and more highly esteemed. Indeed it may be questioned whether in his own country his odes are not as much admired, as ardently studied, and as often quoted as those of Ḥāfiz. But over his memory lies a shadow sufficient to account for the fact that few, if any, of his compatriots have cared to share his last resting-place, and that his grave stands alone in the little enclosure. Sa’dî, it is generally believed, was a Sunnî; and whether it be true, as some of his admirers assert, that in professing this form of belief he merely practised the concealment of his real convictions (kastmûn) authorised by Shi’ite ethics whenever considerations of personal safety appear to require it, the suspicion that he was really an adherent of this sect, so odious to every Shi’ite Persian, was sufficiently strong to impel a fanatical Muttâbil of Shiráz to destroy the tombstone originally erected over the poet’s grave. The present stone was set up at the expense, and by the orders, of the Kiwám—the father of the

1 Only the first and last of these four lines are given on the tombstone, the intermediate ones having probably been omitted for lack of space. Each letter of the Arabic alphabet has a numerical value (these values ranging through the units, tens, and hundreds to one thousand), and the words "Khâq-an-Mu'âlî" ("Earth of Mu'âlî") are numerically equivalent to [A.H.] 791 (= A.D. 1389).
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Sâhib-Díván. It bears the same Arabic inscription, testifying to the transitoriness of all things but God, as that which is engraved on the tomb of Ḥâfiz. Below this are engraved the opening lines of that canto of the Bûstân written in praise of the Prophet.

At the Ḥâfiziyâ I had been unable to see the copy of the poet’s works kept there for purposes of divination and augury, as the guardian of the shrine (mutawalli) was engaged in performing his devotions. At the Sa’dîyyâ I was more fortunate; the mutawalli was disengaged, and readily produced the manuscript of the complete works (kulliyât) of the poet. It is very well written, and beautifully ornamented, but not old, for it dates only from the reign of Karîm Khán the Zend (c. A.D. 1770). Twelve pages, which had been destroyed or lost, have been replaced by the skilful hand of Mirzâ Farhang, the poet.

The Garden of Dilgushá, whither I proceeded on leaving the Sa’dîyyâ, is very beautiful, with its tanks of clear water, avenues of orange-trees, and variety of flowers. The gardener brought me a present of wall-flowers (kheyrî), and I entered into conversation with him. He said that the Sâhib-Díván, to whom it had belonged, had been passionately attached to it, and that the thought of abandoning it to strangers, who might neglect it or injure its beauty, had added the sharpest sting to the humiliation of his dismissal. That the Sâhib-Díván was a bad administrator I have no doubt, but he was not cruel, and his love for his garden appears to me a pleasing trait in his character. Indeed, one cannot help pitying the old man, dismissed from the office he had so long held, and recalled from his beloved Shirzâ to the capital, to meet the doubtful mood of a despot, while the name he left behind served as the butt whereon the poetaster and the satirist might exercise their wit till such time as a new object of scorn and derision should present itself. For it is not only the graceful and melodious lays of Ḥâfiz, Sa’dî, or Kâ’ânî, which, accompanied by the soft strains of the si-tûr and the mono-

tonous beat of the dunbakh, delight the joyous revellers who drink the wine of Khullar under the roses bordering some murmuring streamlet; interspersed with these are rhymes which, if less lofty, seldom fail to awaken the applause of the listeners. We are apt to think of the Persians as an entirely sedate, grave, and almost melancholy people; philosophers, often pessimist, seldom mirthful. Such a type does indeed exist, and exists in plenty. Yet amongst all Orientals the Persians are perhaps those whose idea of humour most nearly approaches our own, those in whom the sense of the ludicrous is most highly developed. One is amazed at the ready repartees, brilliant sallies of wit, bon-mots, and “chaff” which fly about on all sides in a convivial gathering of Persian literary men.

“Chaff,” the reader may exclaim, “is it possible that the compatriots of ‘Omar Khayyám can condescend to ‘chaff’?”

Not only is it possible, but very far from unusual; more than this, there is a very rich vocabulary of slang, of which the existence would hardly be suspected by the student of Persian literature. This is not all. The Persians have a multitude of songs—ephemeral, of course, and not to be bought in the book-shops—which, if they are not comic, are most decidedly topical. These compositions are called taspîf, and their authors, for the most part, modestly—perhaps wisely—prefer to remain anonymous.

In such lampoons, in words devoid of ambiguity, and with a frankness bordering on brutality, were the faults and failings of the Sâhib-Díván held up to ridicule and obloquy. I only remember a few lines of one of the most popular of these songs. They ran as follows:

"Dilghushá-va sahkht zir-i-sarwarak, Dilghushá-va sahkht ba châh u jalak, Hefz-i-Dilghushá! Hefz-i-Dilghushá!"
SHIRAZ

"He made Dilgushí under the 'Slide,'
He made Dilgushí with the sticks and pole,
Alas for Dilgushí!
Alas for Dilgushí!"

From all that I have said it will be sufficiently evident that the Sháhib-Dívání was extremely unpopular with the Shírází. Perhaps his own misdeeds were not the sole cause of this unpopularity. The memory of the black treachery of his ancestor, Háji Ibráhim Kháñ, may be answerable to some extent for the detestation in which he was held. The story of this treachery is briefly as follows:

On the death of Karím Kháñ, the noble and chivalrous prince of the Zend dynasty, and the succession of the no less noble, no less chivalrous, but far more unfortunate Luuf 'Ali Kháñ, Háji Ibráhim Kháñ was retained by the latter in the influential position which he had previously occupied. So far from suspecting that one attached to him and his family by every bond of gratitude could meditate his betrayal, Luuf 'Ali Kháñ reposed the fullest confidence in his unworthy minister, and entrusted to him those powers which rendered possible an act of infamy as hateful as the tyrant in whose service it was done. The fortune of the Zend was already on the decline; already the tide of battle had turned against him, and Shíráz had awakened from a dream of happiness to find the Kájár bloodhounds baying beneath her walls. Then Háji Ibráhim Kháñ conceived the diabolical idea of securing his own safety and wealth by selling his kind master to a foe as implacable as he was cruel, as mean in spirit as he was hideous in aspect. Áká Muḥammad Kháñ readily accepted

1 The "Slide" (zurzurak) is a smooth incline on the hillside to the east of the Tang-i-Alláhu Akbar above the garden of Dilgushí.
2 "The sticks and pole," i.e. the bastinado. The pole in question is employed to retain the ankles of the culprit during the infliction of the punishment. It is simple in construction, consisting merely of a straight piece of wood pierced towards the middle by two holes a short distance apart, through which is passed a loop of rope. This loop, thrown round the ankles of the victim, and made taut by a few turns, renders flinching impossible.

SHÍRAZ

the traitor's services, promising in return for these that so long as he lived Ibráhim Kháñ should be honoured and protected. So one night the gates of Shíráz were opened to the usurper; and it was only by heroic efforts that Luuf 'Ali Kháñ succeeded in escaping for the time from his cruel enemy, and, cutting his way through all who sought to bar his progress, fled eastwards towards Kirmán.

Áká Muḥammad Kháñ kept his word to the letter. So long as he lived, Háji Ibráhim Kháñ was loaded with favours. But when the tyrant felt his last hour approaching, he called to his side his successor, Fath 'Ali Sháh, and addressed him in words to this effect:

"As soon as I am dead, and you are established on the throne which I have won, let your first act be to extirpate, root and branch, the family of Háji Ibráhim Kháñ. I swore to him that, as a reward for his treachery, I would protect and honour him as long as I lived. This oath I have faithfully kept; but when I am dead it will be no longer binding. Therefore I counsel you to be rid of the traitor and all his brood, for one who did not scruple to betray a master who had shown him nothing but kindness will certainly not hesitate to do the same again should opportunity offer. Let not one of that accursed family remain, for truly has the poet said—

"'Ákhiyat gurg ziddi gurg shawad,
Garchi bá damaí bægur shawad.'

'At length the wolf-cub will become a wolf,
Even though it grow up amongst men.'

Let no compunction stay your hand; let no false clemency tempt you to disobey my dying injunctions.'

Fath 'Ali Sháh had no sooner mounted the throne than he proceeded to execute the last behest of his predecessor. From all parts of the empire the descendants of the traitor to whom the new king owed his undisputed supremacy were sought out. Perhaps, when he had in some measure slaked his thirst for
blood, Fath 'Ali Shâh remembered that the black sin which he was now visiting on the innocent progeny of the criminal had after all been perpetrated in his interests and for the consolidation of his power. At any rate, he so far mitigated the rigour of his instructions as to spare some few of the doomed family after they had been deprived of their eyesight and otherwise mutilated. Only one, whose tender years moved the compassion of the executioners, escaped unharmed. That one was the father of the Šâhib-Dívân. Can we wonder if, when such punishment was meted out to the offspring of the traitor by the tyrant whom he served, hatred should be the portion of his descendants from the city which he betrayed? So much for the Šâhib-Dívân. We must now return to Shirâz and its environs.

The garden of Haji-tan I visited with my Armenian friend. It is a pleasant secluded spot, well fitted to calm the spirits and elevate the thoughts of the dervishes who dwell within its shady precincts. The presence of a large and savage-looking dog, which rushed at us with loud barkings as soon as we entered the gate, somewhat marred this impression of quietude at first: it was, however, soon secured by one of the dervishes. We sat for a while by the seven graves from which the place takes its name, and drank tea, which was brought to us by the kindly inmates. A venerable old dervish entered into conversation with us, and even walked with us as far as the gate of the city. He was one of those dervishes who inspire one with respect for a name which serves but too often to shelter idleness, sloth, and even vice. Too often is it the ease that the traveller, judging only by the opium-eating, hâbîsh-smoking mendicant, who, with matted hair, glassy eyes, and harsh, raucous voice, importunes the passers-by for alms, condemns all dervishes as a blemish and a bane to their country. Yet in truth this is far from being a correct view. Nowhere are men to be met with so enlightened, so intelligent, so tolerant, so well-informed, and so simple-minded as amongst the ranks of the dervishes.

The only other object of interest outside the city which demands any detailed notice is the Châb-i-Murtaza 'Ali; for the gardens not described above, beautiful as they are, possess no features so distinctive as to render description necessary. The Châb-i-Murtaza 'Ali ("Ali's well") is situated about half a mile to the north-east of the Qebâr-i-Dív, on the summit of the hills east of the Tang-i-Allâbûn Akbar. A building of considerable size, inhabited by the custodian of the shrine and his family, surmounts the "well," which is reached by descending a very slippery stone staircase of nineteen steps. This staircase opens out of a large room, where visitors can rest and smoke a kâlyân. Above the archway which surmounts it are inscriptions in Arabic and Persian of no very ancient date. Half-way down the rocky stair is a wider space, which forms a sort of landing. At the bottom is a small cave or grotto, wherein is a little well, such as one often sees by English roadsides, into the basin of which water continually drips from the rock above. Opposite this a tablet shaped like the tombstones seen in old churchyards is carved on the wall. In the centre of this is a rude design, which appears to be intended for a flower growing in a flower-pot. On either side of this are two lines in Arabic, but these are so effaced by time and the touches of visitors to the shrine that they are almost illegible. In front of this tablet is a place for votive candles, which are brought hither by the devout. We were not allowed much time for examining the place, the guardian of the shrine continually calling out to us from above that the air was bad and would do us an injury, which, indeed, was possibly true, for it seemed to me to be loaded with carbonic acid or other stifling gases. Having ascended again to the room above, we stayed a while to smoke a kâlyân and talk to the custodian. He knew little about the age or history of the place, only asserting that in ancient days it had been a fire-temple, but that in the days of Muhammed the fire had been for ever quenched by a miraculous bursting forth of the water from the well.
I have now described all the more interesting places which I visited outside the city. It remains to say something of those situated within its walls. There are several fine mosques, the most celebrated of which is Shâh Chirâgh, but to these I was not able to gain access, and of them I cannot therefore speak. The narrow, tortuous streets differ in no wise from those of other Persian towns, but the bazaar demands a few words of notice. It was built by Karîm Khân the Zend, and, though not very extensive, is wide, lofty, and well constructed. As regards the wares exposed for sale in its shops, the long muzzle-loading guns manufactured in the city (which, primitive as they may appear to a European, are capable of doing wonders in the hands of the Persian marksmen) chiefly attract the notice of the stranger. The book-shops are few in number, and the books which they contain are brought for the most part from Teherán, there being no printing-press in Shirâz. Indeed, so far as I know, the only presses in Persia are at Teherán, Isfâhân, and Tabrîz.

All, or nearly all, the European wares sold in Shirâz are, as one would expect, of English manufacture. The sale of these is chiefly in the hands of the Armenian and Zoroastrian merchants who inhabit the Kârâvân-sârdî-i-Ranghâni and the Kârâvân-sârdî-i-Mushbîr. In the shop of one of the Armenian traders I observed English guns, ammunition, tennis-shoes, tobacco, preserves, potted meats, writing materials, note-books, an Indian sun-helmet, and a musical box; articles which would be vainly sought for in Teherán, where nearly all, if not all, the European goods come from Russia.

The number of Zoroastrians in Shirâz does not exceed a dozen. They are all merchants, and all natives of Yezd or Kirmân. To one of them, named Mihrabân, a Yezdi, I paid one or two visits. On the occasion of my first visit he informed me with delight that he was expecting a Parsee from Bombay in a few days, and expressed a hope that I would come and see him. A fortnight later, as I was passing near the caravansaray, I heard that the expected guest had arrived, and turned aside to Mihrabân’s shop to see him. At first sight I took him for a European, for he wore English clothes, and on his head a cloth cap of the kind known as “deer-stalkers.” Our conversation was conducted in English, which he spoke well—much better than Persian, in which, at any rate colloquially, he was far from proficient, having learned to pronounce it after the fashion prevalent in India. I found that he was on his way to Europe, which he had already visited on a previous occasion, and that he had chosen the overland route through Persia, because he desired to behold the ancient home of his ancestors. I asked him how he liked it.

“Not at all,” he replied; “I think it is a horrible country: no railways, no hotels, no places of amusement—nothing. I have only been in Shirâz a couple of days, and I am tired of it already, and mean to leave it in a day or two more.”

“I think it is a beautiful place,” I answered, “and though I have been here more than a fortnight, I am in no wise wearied of its charms, and have not begun to think of quitting it yet.”

“Beautiful!” he exclaimed; “you cannot surely mean that you admire it? What can you find to like in it—you, who have seen London and Paris—who have been accustomed to civilised countries?”

“Perhaps that is just the reason why I do like it,” I answered, “for one just gets the least bit tired of ‘civilised countries’ after a while: they are all so much alike. Here everything is delightfully novel and refreshing. Of course, you will go to Yezd to see your co-religionists there?”

“Not I!” he replied; “I shall go straight to Teherán as fast as I can, only stopping a day or two in Isfâhân on the way. My sole desire is to get out of this country as soon as I can into one where there are railways and other appliances of civilisation. As for my co-religionists, I have no particular wish to see more of them than I have done at present. I suppose they are like this
man” (pointing to his host, who stood by smiling, unconscious of the purport of his guest’s remarks)—“little better than savages.”

“Well,” I said, mentally contrasting the ingratitude of this admirer of civilisation with the humble but cordial hospitality of the host whom he affected to despise, “I am not a Zoroastrian, yet I intend to visit Yezd before I leave Persia, expressly to see your co-religionists there, and I wonder that you too do not wish to acquaint yourself with their condition.”

I then bade farewell to my Parsi friend and his host, but I fell in with the former again on his journey northwards, as will be set forth in its proper place.

The Šāhīb-Dīvān had quitted Shīrāz before the Feast of the Nawrūz. The new governor, Prince Iḥtishāmu’d-Dawla (the son of Fethād Mirzā), whom I had already seen at Teherān, did not enter the city till the thirteenth day after it. This circumstance was for me very fortunate, since it enabled me not only to witness the ceremonies attendant on his entry, but also to visit the citadel (Arg) during his absence.

The entry of the new governor into the city was a very fine sight. He had been in the neighbourhood for several days, but the astrologers had fixed on the thirteenth day after the Nawrūz as most auspicious for his inauguration. From a Persian point of view it was so, for, as it is a universal holiday, all the people were enabled to take part in the rejoicings. From a European standpoint the selection seemed scarcely so happy, for the day chosen was the first of April.

Having been misinformed as to the time when the Prince would arrive, I was too late to see more than the entry of the procession into the great square in front of the citadel (Meydān-i-Arg). From the lofty roof of the majestic building which now contains the telegraph-offices I obtained a good view of the whole pageant. The Prince, mounted on a handsome gray horse, was surrounded by all the nobles of Shīrāz and the neighbourhood, and preceded by a number of soldiers and couriers, and a band mounted on camels, while a vast crowd followed and filled the square. A roar of artillery greeted his arrival, causing the building on which we stood to tremble. From what I heard I should fancy that the sight outside the city was even finer. Both sides of the road as far as the Tang-i-Allāhu Akbar were lined with spectators, while numerous deputations came out to meet and welcome the new governor.

The citadel (Arg) is a large and handsome pile containing a fine garden, in the centre of which is a building called, from the shape of its roof, Kulah-i-Firangi (“the European’s Hat”). The interior of this is cruciform, four elongated rooms opening out of the central hall, in the middle of which is a fountain. The lower part of the walls is composed of the beautiful marble of Yezd. The building is entered on either side by three steps, each of which is made of a single block of stone. It was in this building, I believe, that the Bábí captives taken at Nīrūz were exhibited to Fīrūz Mirzā, then governor of Shīrāz. These captives, consisting entirely of women and little children (for the men had all been slain on the spot), were subsequently confined in an old caravansaray just outside the Iṣfahān gate, where they suffered great hardships, besides being exposed, as the Bábí historian asserts, to the brutality of the soldiers.

On the outer wall of the principal block of buildings is a series of bas-reliefs representing the exploits of the old heroes of ancient Persia. These have been gaudily coloured by order of the young Prince Jalālu’d-Dawla. Some of the rooms in this block are very beautiful, but several have been converted into bakehouses, and the paintings on their walls blackened with smoke and dirt. One very pretty room contained a portrait of Nāṣiru’d-Dīn Shāh, painted at the beginning of his reign, while the ceiling was adorned with representations of female figures. On the side of the room opposite to the windows and entrance were three doors leading to apartments beyond. Over each of these was inscribed a verse of poetry.
The first ran thus:—

"Sar-i-dushman u dast bar in-dar-ast,
Bar in dizun pashun kuyars-ast.  
Yak i khwast k'afar nibud—sar nibud:  
Yak i sar nibud—tangh afsar nibud."

"At this door are laid the heads of enemies and friends,  
On this threshold kings stand sentinel.  
One desired to wear a crown—he lost his head;  
Another laid down his head—and then wore a crown."  

The second was as follows:—

"Bishad dar-i-rojmat ki Khudad kardé firāq!  
Mardun nā-yi u cib Ka'ba' drunam namā'it!  
Chīn Ka'ba bi-khurānāmelī? Kī iyaq bi-niyyā?  
Injā Mīyā' u Hindā' u Musulmānī bi-namā'ī?"

"May it be the door of mercy which God has opened!  
May men pray towards it as towards the Ka'bal  
How shall I call it 'Ka'ba'? For either come in supplication  
Magian and Hindā and Musulmān to pray."  

The third ran thus:—

"In dar (ki hu dā bi-abād siyā-sā-ghā bi-khulāk!)  
Did dimān, u gufr, 'Bar-ā pashūn man-am!'  
Dawākhāt bar astānā-i-sar nibud sar  
Ya'ālī, 'Kamīnī shakur-in di dīzūn man-am!'

"This door (may it be till eternity the place of the people's reverence)  
Heaven saw, and said, 'Over it I am the sentinel!'  
Fortune laid down her head on its threshold,  
As though to say, 'I am the humble servant of this threshold.'"

'Several of the fireplaces in the different rooms bore appropriate verses inscribed on them. Two of these may serve as examples. The first runs thus:—

"Az hukbārī da parāk-i-dastā dimākhūm,  
Khānī-trān-rā az barājī hamāštāhūn zākāliin."

"We have learned the way of friendship from the grate,  
We have consumed ourselves for the sake of our neighbors."

1 That is, one revolts and is beheaded, while another submits and is rewarded with a crown.

The second is as follows:—

"Bi-gheyr az hukbārī na-dīdām hūs  
Ki bi dushman u dast garmī dihād."

"Except the grate, we have seen no one  
Who is warm alike towards friend and foe."

Having now attempted to depict the city of Shirāz—its palaces, gardens, shrines, pleasure-grounds, and places of resort—I must return once more to the life within its walls. As I have said, there was no lack of society, and I enjoyed opportunities of witnessing a variety of Persian entertainments. As I have already described the general features of these in speaking of Teherān, I shall endeavour to be as concise as possible in this place, merely noticing such points as were novel to me.

Two days after my arrival at Shirāz I was invited with the Nawwāb to an entertainment given by an Armenian gentleman connected with the telegraph. On reaching the house soon after sunset I was cordially received by the host, who introduced me to his wife and another lady relative, and to his cousin, whom I have already had occasion to mention more than once as the companion of my excursions. The latter was about twenty-one years of age, had resided for a long time in Bombay, where he had been connected with the press, and spoke English perfectly, as did my host. The ladies preferred to talk Persian, in which language one of them was remarkably proficient, reading with ease the most difficult poetry. After a short while the other guests arrived. These were three in number: the Begler-begi, a young and somewhat arrogant nobleman; a friend of his, less arrogant but more boisterous; and a turbaned and bearded philosopher. To the latter I was introduced as a student of Metaphysics, and he at once proceeded to question me on the books I had read, the teachers with whom I had studied, and, finally, on some of those knotty problems which, long buried in oblivion in Europe, still agitate the minds and exercise the ingenuity of the Persian schoolmen. From a trying cross-examination as to my views on
he performed in a somewhat novel and curious manner. Having filled the wine-glass, he took the edge of the circular foot on which it stands firmly in his teeth, and, approaching each guest in turn, leaned slowly down so as to bring the wine within reach of the drinker, continually bending his body more and more forwards as the level of the liquid sank lower. One or two of the guests appeared particularly delighted with this manœuvre, and strove to imprint a kiss on the boy's cheek as he quickly withdrew the empty glass.

Amongst the guests was one who had just arrived from the North with the new governor. He was very conversational, and his talk was almost entirely about philosophy. What his views were I could not ascertain; at first I was inclined to suspect he might be a Bábí, for he greeted me with the remark that he had been looking forward to seeing me ever since he left Iṣfahán, where he had heard a good deal about me. This remark he accompanied with a look full of meaning, and followed it up by asking me if I had met a young Frenchman, M. R——, who had lately passed through Persia. This strengthened my suspicions, for I had heard much of the gentleman in question; how he had been for some while amongst the Bábís in Syria, how he had received from their chiefs letters of introduction and recommendation, and how, by reason of these, he had been greeted with a perfect ovation by the Bábís in every Persian town which he had visited. I began to be afraid that some indiscretion on the part of my loquacious friend would betray my dealings with the Bábís, which, for many reasons, I was anxious to keep secret. I therefore answered guardedly that I had not met the French traveller, and enquired what manner of man he was.

"I met him several times and liked him very much," he replied.

One or two of those present who had been listening to our conversation began to manifest signs of curiosity, observing which I hastened to change the subject. It was not long, however,
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before religious topics again came up, and I began to think that I had mistaken my friend’s opinions, for now he spoke in the strangest manner, alternately putting forward views quite incompatible, and delighting, apparently, in the perplexity which his paradoxes caused me. At last I asked him point-blank what his real opinions were.

“You know very well,” he replied.

“I assured him that he was mistaken, and pressed him for a clearer answer.

“Well, they are the same as yours,” he said; and with this unsatisfactory reply I was forced to be content.

I have already alluded to the pleasant picnics in the garden of Rasbqi-Bibizdb, to which, on two occasions, I accompanied the Nawwab. The number of guests at each of these was about a dozen, while at least as many servants were in attendance to cook the food, lay the cloth, and prepare tea and kalvás. On the first occasion I was awakened at half-past seven in the morning by Háji Şafar, who informed me that the Nawwab was already preparing to start. I dressed as quickly as I could, but on descending into the courtyard found that he had already gone on to receive his guests, leaving his uncle, Háji Dá’dí, to wait, not in the best of tempers, for my appearance. I apologised meekly for my unpunctuality, excusing myself by saying that I did not know we were to start so early.

“Of course we were to start early,” he retorted, “before the sun should be high and the day grow hot.”

“Yes, if it were summer that would be necessary,” I answered, “but it is hardly spring yet. I don’t think it will be very hot today,” I added, gazing at the cloudy sky.

“Well, the guests were asked for this time, the Nawwab has already gone on to receive them, and the horses have been waiting for a long while. Come! Let us start at once.”

On reaching the garden, which was situated at a distance of about two miles from the town, we found the chief guests already assembled. Amongst them were two princes, Siyávush Mirzá and Jalállud-Din Mirzá, cousins to one another, and descendants of Fat'h-‘Ali Sháh’s eldest son, the Farmán-farmá. The latter was accompanied by his son, a handsome boy of about fourteen. Of the remaining guests, three were brothers belonging to a family of some consideration in Shiráz. One of them, Abú’l-Kásim Khán, I had already met at the Nawwáb’s; another, Hidáyatu’lláh Khán, attracted my attention by his firm refusal to drink wine, which he appeared to regard with unqualified disapproval. I had a good deal of conversation with him subsequently, and found him both agreeable and intelligent. The eldest brother was named Khán-Bábá-Khán. A previous acquaintance of mine, remarkable not less for his great business capacities and intimate knowledge of the country round Shiráz than for his extremely ugly countenance, which had gained for him the sobriquet of “Háji Ghul” (“the ogre,” as one may translate it), joined us somewhat later. One of the Jewish minstrels of whom I have spoken, Arzání by name, was also present, and continued during the morning to entertain us with music and song, assisted therein by Shukru’lláh, the blind minstrel, and occasionally by such of the guests as possessed musical talent.

The rain, which had been threatening all the morning, presently descended in a steady downpour. As we watched the dripping trees from the shelter of the summer-house where we were seated, I expressed regret that the weather should be so bad.

“Bad!” was the answer I received, “why, it is beautiful weather! Just the day one would wish; a real spring day.”

I found it difficult at first to understand this view, which was evidently shared by all present except myself. The fact is, that in Persia, where during the summer hardly a drop of rain descends to moisten the parched earth, the welcome showers of spring, on which the abundance of the crops, and consequently the welfare of all classes, so entirely depends, are regarded with a
genuine delight and admiration which we can scarcely comprehend. There is nothing which a Persian enjoys more than to sit sipping his wine under the shelter of a summer-house, while he gazes on the falling rain-drops, and sniff the moist, soft air, laden with the grateful scent of the reviving flowers.

After lunch, which was served about mid-day, the room was darkened by lowering a great curtain suspended outside the windows, and most of the guests composed themselves to sleep. About 3 p.m. they began to rouse themselves; tea and pipes were brought, and conversation and music recommenced till about sunset. The rain having ceased, we mounted our horses and wended our way back to the city.

It will be seen that I had plenty of amusement during my stay at Shiráz, and that of a varied character. To have described all the social gatherings wherein I took a part would have been wearisome to the reader, and I have therefore selected as specimens only those which were typical of a class, or marked by special features of interest. Neither was I limited to Persian society. The chief of the telegraph, as well as the medical officer attached to that department, had left Shiráz on a visit of inspection the day after my arrival, so that I had only met them once on the morning of their departure. But with the rest of the telegraph staff, several of whom were married, I spent many pleasant hours, and often enjoyed a game of tennis with them in the garden where they dwelt.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the lighter aspect of Persian life in Shiráz; of social gatherings where wine and music, dance and song, beguiled away the soft spring days, or the moonlit nights. It is time that I should turn to other memories—gatherings where no wine flowed and no music sounded; where grave faces, illumined with the light of inward conviction, and eyes gleaming with unquenchable faith, surrounded me; where the strains of the rebeck were replaced by low, earnest tones speaking...