

Governor). Thus there was a hasty view of the Reghistan filled with moving shops and with Mussulmans; of porticos and of minarets bright with shining faience which glistened in the sun. Beyond, there was the first sight of the majestic walls of Bibi Khanim and of the innumerable multitude which surged around them. Then, still farther, the marvellous view which dominates the plateau of Afrâsiâb and the sandy slopes occupied by the mosques of the Châh-Zindi. The impression which I experienced from this succession of fairy-like spectacles was so strong that I could scarce utter a word, wholly overcome by an extraordinary emotion, little guessed by my companion, doubtless long since accustomed to so much splendour. How many times since have I seen these scintillating monuments, that motley crowd, without ever tiring of the sight! ”

The most graceful of the marvellous structures, raised here by a tyrant's power, is a monument to the power of a yet more universal tyrant, him whom all delight to honour, the great god Love. Tamerlane had many wives, probably loved many; for it is a proof of a certain largeness of nature that a man's heart should go out to many women, willing, wanting to be loved. But chiefly this heart of many mansions was filled by love for Bibi Khanim, a fair maid from far Cathay. And when God took her away from the Emperor, he commanded her name to be given to this structure, great and beautiful as their love had been. Later, when mountain and desert and river had been crossed, I saw in the world of India another most beautiful monument to a dead queen, who pleased another Mussulman Emperor, and whose bones now lie in the Taj Mahal, at