

irksome to English policy, he had to be removed out of reach of this sphere of interest. Among Russians, too, he seems to be unpopular, for he is a patriot of old descent, and is inimically disposed towards the growing influence of Europeans in Iran.

Nizam-ul-Saltaneh is a noble, animated, and refined old man, with marked aristocratic features, intelligent eyes, and a Semitic nose. He was dressed in old-fashioned clothes—a yellowish-brown mantle hanging in many folds, and a high black *kullah*; not in the black, half-European clothes which are now in vogue. He spoke warmly and enthusiastically of Arabistan, and brightened up when I informed him that I, too, once slept under the palms of Daleki, listened to the purling spring-water in the gardens of Dilkushah, made a pilgrimage to the graves of Sadi and Hafiz in Shiraz, and strolled among the columns of Xerxes' palace in Persepolis, which he had visited forty years before. He had the geography of Persia at his finger-ends, and believed he could even give me some information about the immense desert in the east whither I intended to travel. He promised me, with the greatest kindness, two troopers as escort to the boundary of the province, for one was never safe from Kurdish bandits, and he would provide me with a passport which would open every door. It is, indeed, said that he and the Valiad are not on good terms, and that Nizam-ul-Saltaneh, like the Crown Prince, does what he can to drain the province committed to his care, and adds to the great wealth he already possesses in the form of estates in Southern Persia; but at any rate he was a man worth knowing, a genuine Mohammedan of the highest Islamitic education; a refined, pleasant, affable old man; a relic of an age that is passing away.