

exaggeration, as I suspect. How much is the revenue of the town? Eighty-six thousand tuman in *maliat*, 10,500 *charvar* of wheat and barley, and 10,000 *charvar* of straw. And what is the strength of the garrison? Two thousand foot and 1300 cavalry soldiers, but the force can be doubled if necessary. Of the inhabitants of Senjan only 5 per cent are Parsis or Persians. The province, which is called Khamse, is divided into eighteen districts, each named after its principal river, and it forms an arbitrary association of very dissimilar elements; the borderlands, Gilan, Kazvin, and Hamadan are occupied by people practically nomads (*iliat*), of various hordes, for instance, the Doveiran, which can raise 500 horsemen, and the Afshar and Inanlu, which extend their summer wanderings over a domain of 30 farsakh in diameter. Kara-burshlu and Ekrad are said to be two poor hordes, which have been forced to migrate to Khamse and settle down there by the government, which calculated that the dissensions which would arise with the original inhabitants would render it easier for those in authority to keep both parties in check.

While we talked the dinner-table was laid, and Mehdi Khan with a polite smile asked me to enter the dining-room. The courses were, fortunately, real Persian, but the plate and service European, and white wine and champagne gave a festal aspect to this unexpected entertainment. The host's amiability has no limits. I intended to stay an hour but six passed away, and even then my host tried to persuade me to wait and listen to the music in the stillness of the evening. But I remained firm, and the postmaster (*reis*) was sent for and ordered to drive up with a drosky; for here, in Senjan, I parted with Ekber and his carriage, who was to return to Tabriz before Kaplan-kuh was snowed up.

The new vehicle was too small for me and my luggage, so a large trunk and a bundle with my bed, cushions, and blankets were packed on a horse, and then we set forth again. A horseman led the baggage-horse, which jogged so heavily that his load continually slipped off, and had to be tied on again. At last we had to make room for the trunk on the drosky, and let the *chaparchagird*, or groom,