

of words was without effect and the desired horses were saddled. (Moral—when you travel take good care *to be* ignorant of the language of the country.) The Persian lash for horses is the severest and most formidable instrument of the kind I have ever seen. Usually the post-horses will not move unless you have one. But it is not necessary to use it. Possession suffices.

I spent the fourth night after leaving Tabreez at the large town of Zingan, which I reached after dark, riding for miles through its closed and deserted bazaars like railway tunnels. It is celebrated for its fruit and for its enormous onions. The next station is Sultanieh, on a flat plain said to be the coldest in Persia. The Shah has a summer palace here, and there is a ruined mosque or tomb, visible for an enormous distance.

On the evening of the sixth day I rode into the large town of Casvin, where a fine hotel has been built by the government for the accommodation of travellers. There is no such thing as this hotel even at the capital, and it is the only one of the kind I found in Persia. Here I remained a day to rest. A road has been made from here to Teheran, a distance of one hundred miles, across a flat plain along the base of a high mountain range, of which the highest point is Demavend, close to Teheran itself. And what a road! Covered with stones and boulders of all sizes, varied by holes and an occasional ditch for irrigation.