

# **IN PERSIA'S GOLDEN DAYS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649471102

In Persia's Golden Days by Robert J. Griffiths & Alexander Rogers

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ROBERT J. GRIFFITHS & ALEXANDER ROGERS**

# **IN PERSIA'S GOLDEN DAYS**



IN PERSIA'S GOLDEN  
DAYS.

BY

ROBERT J. GRIFFITHS, M.A., LL.D.,

AND

ALEXANDER ROGERS.

LONDON:  
GRIFFITHS AND SON,  
ST. PAUL'S BUILDINGS, E.C.  
1889.

TO  
His Imperial Majesty,  
NASIR-UL-DEEN SHAHINSHAH,  
WE,  
THE JOINT AUTHORS OF THE FOLLOWING SKETCH OF THE  
CAREER OF ONE OF YOUR MAJESTY'S PREDECESSORS  
ON THE ILLUSTRIOUS THRONE OF PERSIA,  
BEG TO BE ALLOWED TO DEDICATE THE  
WORK TO YOU IN TOKEN OF  
WELCOME ON YOUR ARRIVAL  
ON ENGLAND'S  
SHORES.

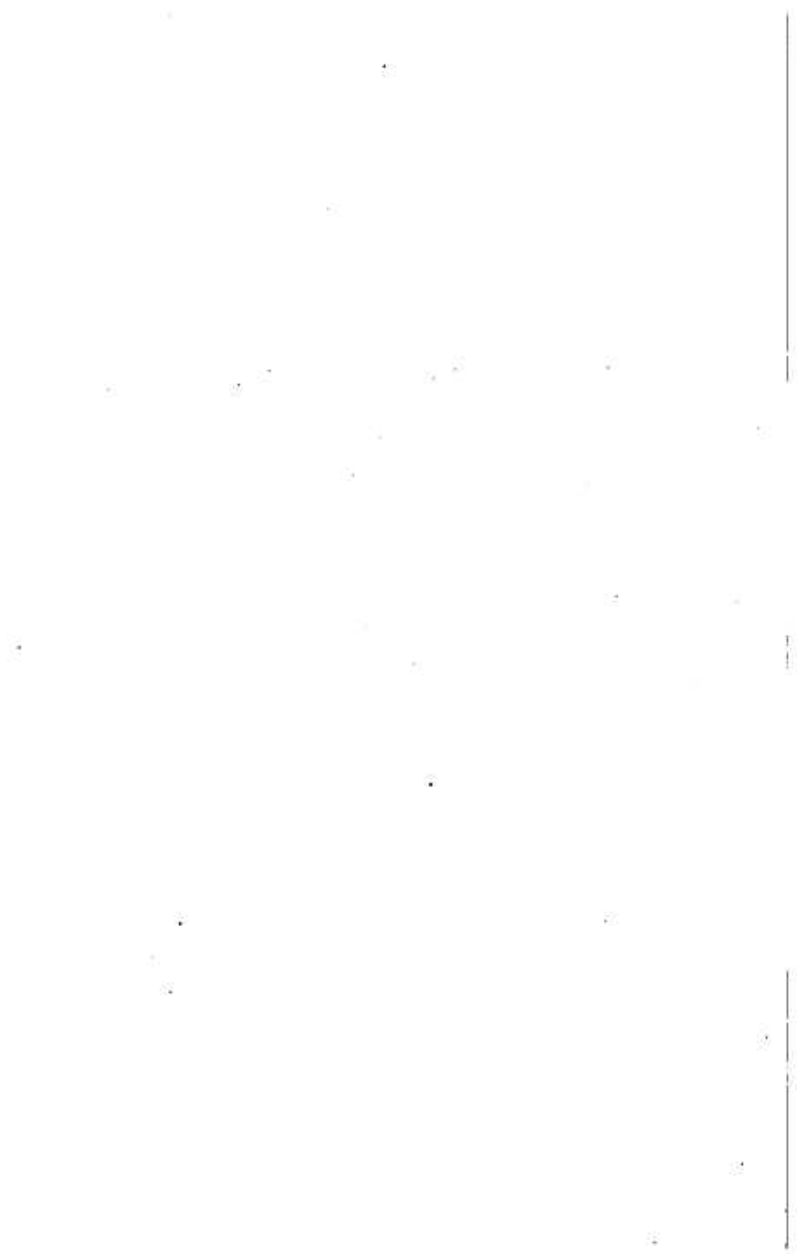
R. J. GRIFFITHS.

A. ROGERS.

*Accepted on behalf, and by command, of the Shahinshah.*

MALCOM KHAN,

*Ambassador.*



## CONTENTS.

---

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE PRINCE'S CRIME . . . . .	I
II. THE LADY BEYOND THE WESTERN HILLS . . . . .	9
III. THE CAMP OF THE AMAZONS . . . . .	16
IV. THE RIDE ACROSS THE DESERT . . . . .	24
V. WHAT HAPPENED NEXT . . . . .	33
VI. THE PRINCESS'S WARNING, AND THE BEAUTY'S VOW . . . . .	39
VII. MOHAMMED'S EMISSARY . . . . .	44
VIII. KHUSROO GETS MARRIED, AND THEN FIGHTS A GREAT BATTLE . . . . .	48
IX. KHUSROO AND HIS WIFE CONVERSE . . . . .	57
X. THE HERMIT ONCE MORE . . . . .	64
XI. A THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION . . . . .	72
XII. A STRANGE PICNIC . . . . .	80
XIII. THE QUEEN COMES BACK . . . . .	88



CHAP	PAGE
XIV. A RIGHT ROYAL BANQUET . . . . .	96
XV. A STRANGE WEDDING . . . . .	105
XVI. THE SIEGE OF THE CASTLE . . . . .	114
XVII. THE KING IN DIFFICULTIES . . . . .	123
XVIII. SHEEREEN YET LIVES . . . . .	132

# IN PERSIA'S GOLDEN DAYS.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE PRINCE'S CRIME.

**T** was a bright, dry, radiant morning full of the promise of a scorching afternoon. In the city of Madáin, one of Persia's many capitals, when the House of Sassán ruled over the great empire of Irán, people had but little leisure on this morning of mornings to think much about the weather. The busy hum of the bazaar was hushed for once. The main street, where the palaces of the late king, Khusroo I, of his son, the reigning king, Hormuz, of Bahram Choobeen, the great captain of Persia's hosts, and of many another great noble—that street was deserted and empty, for King Hormuz was in his diván, or hall of justice, sitting in judgment upon no ordinary prisoner. Look well at the defendant as he passes into the hall of justice, for he is the king's son. In years to come his generals will expel the Romans from Asia and Africa. The bounds of his empire will

be equalled only by those of Darius the Great. He will live a conqueror, and he will die—ah, well! we shall see how he died. This morning Khusroo, the second of his name, passes into the diván with a frown on his young handsome face. It is a brave, strong face, marked though it is with traces which show that he is not free from some of the vices of Eastern princes. Into the hall he passes. Let us go with him.

In the centre was a dais raised three steps above the floor. Over it was spread a carpet of the richest Oriental brocade. In the middle of the dais was a cushion large enough to form a very cosy seat. It was stuffed to the depth of several inches with fine soft sheep's wool, and at the back was another cushion upon which the king could lean. Over it all was spread a rich cloth of gold, embroidered with green leaves and crimson flowers. The steps of the dais were covered with silver tissue, which threw out into strange relief the pure white of the walls in the background. Glance for a moment at those walls, for they are worth looking at. They are made of the finest lime, of shells brought for the purpose from the far-off shores of the Persian Gulf. See how these shells have been worked into a thousand quaint geometrical forms, intermingled with small mirrors of stained glass of myriad hues exquisitely blended together. Pause at the door before the trial commences, and look out from the courtyard at the city beyond. The diván, like the cities of refuge, is approached by four