

**A RIDE THROUGH ISLAM: BEING  
A JOURNEY THROUGH PERSIA  
AND AFGHANISTAN TO INDIA  
VIA MESHED, HERAT, AND  
KANDAHAR**

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A ride through Islam: being a journey through Persia and Afghanistan to India viâ Meshed, Herat, and Kandahar by Hippisley Cunliffe Marsh

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**HIPPISLEY CUNLIFFE MARSH**

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A RIDE THROUGH ISLAM.

# A RIDE THROUGH ISLAM:

BEING

## A JOURNEY

THROUGH

PERSIA AND AFGHANISTAN TO INDIA,

VIA

MESHED, HERAT AND KANDAHAR.

BY

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## PREFACE.

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THE first notes from which the following pages have been written appeared in the *Allahabad Pioneer*, in 1873, under the same title as at present. They are written from the journal kept *en route*. Although they contain very little, if any, addition to geographical knowledge, owing to my not having been able to carry any instruments, still I hope they may be received by all brother travellers, notwithstanding all defects, with the indulgence due to a first effort to add to the knowledge of a country interesting to most Englishmen. The matter from the columns of the *Pioneer* was subsequently printed as a pamphlet in 1874, which accounts for the Notes at the end.

LONDON, *July*, 1877.



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## A RIDE THROUGH ISLAM.

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### *CONSTANTINOPLE TO POTI.*

“Young” Turkey.—Passengers on Board.—Shores of Anatolia—  
Trebizond.—Trade.—Batoum.—Golden Fleece of the Phasis.

**T**HE Messageries steamer *Yage* from Syra introduced me for the second time to the oft-described beauties of the Dardanelles, Sea of Marmora, and Constantinople. As we swiftly floated along, all Nature seemed in repose—so quiet was the scene; very few sails glistened in contrast against the dark shore; those everlasting ten-armed windmills even were still. Just sixteen years ago, what a different scene I had before me, painted as it was in the vivid colours of my youthful imagination, and only slightly exaggerating the grand reality of that splendid panorama which is indelibly fixed in the minds of so

many Englishmen. The Crimean War was the magical touch by which the whole country was illuminated. The bustle of Western Europe invaded the peaceful realms of the East, and imparted to fatalistic Islam that animation which so little suited it. The Bay of Scutari, with the old hospital and burial-ground to the right hand, and the domed and glittering pinnacled city to the left, were still in their remembered places. But what a change had come over the country! Nothing enlivened the scene, and the city appeared to have lost its splendour. On landing, everything seemed changed—for the better I must allow; but the street tramways did not seem to be in keeping with the traditions of the city. As it is not my intention to give an account of what is so well known already, let me proceed to notice only a few of the things that struck me most.

The Turk of the present age is a vastly different man to his long-robed, staid, and venerable forefathers. Now clad in the garments of the West, it is hardly possible in many cases to distinguish him from the Italian or Greek Levantines. In his religious duties, too, he shows great laxity; is beginning to look on the Frank as less of a dog than formerly.