

## § 9

*How the Rúmans placed Bazánúsh upon the Throne of Cæsar ;  
his Letter to Shápúr and the Answer*

There was a man of noble lineage,  
And of the famous Cæsars' stock withal,  
A man of wisdom, Bazánúsh by name,  
Fraught with good counsel both in mind and tongue,  
To whom the army said: "Be Cæsar thou,  
This very day the captain of the host;  
The troops will be attentive to thy words:  
Illume the crown and renovate the throne."

C. 1450

They set for him the throne of ivory  
Whereon he sat in all his glory crowned,  
While all the Rúmans hailed him as the Cæsar.  
He sat and mused on war and battlefield,  
And, knowing that to strive in fight against  
The exalted Sháh would bring disaster, chose  
An envoy shrewd and modest who could speak  
Wise words with gentleness—a scribe expert,  
Experienced, learned, wise, and well approved—  
Set him hard by, dictated subtle words,  
And wrote a letter full of benisons  
From God almighty on the king of earth:—  
"Be thy crown ever bright and all the great  
Thy slaves. Thou know'st that pillaging and bloodshed,  
And harrying the innocent, are hateful  
To noble men both in Írán and Rúm.  
If this feud first began about Íraj  
'Twas settled by the might of Minúchihr.  
Now Salm is dust, and Túr is swept away,  
In vengeance. If Sikandar and Dára  
Embroider us now that feud is obsolete  
In Rúm; the one good fortune left, the other

Was slain by his two ministers, while Cæsar,  
 If he be cause, is galled within thy prison  
 By fetters. Rúm must not be desolate,  
 For never there hath been a land like Rúm.  
 Now, if thy purpose is to waste and slay,  
 The Rúmans cannot either fight or flee.  
 Their wives and children are thy prisoners,  
 Or wounded by thy swords and shafts. 'Tis time  
 To minish wrath and vengeance; wrath and Faith  
 Ne'er fare together. Be our ransom then  
 All our possessions, for this feud is wasting  
 Our lives. Be kind, burn not so many cities.  
 Such days must cease. The Maker of the world  
 Will not approve a world-lord set on wrong,  
 And vengeance. May He bless the Sháh, and may  
 The Sháh's exalted star encrown the moon."

The scribe laid down his pen when he had written  
 That royal letter whereunto they set

The seal of Cæsar, and the ambassador

C. 1451

Set forward to the Sháh. The wise man came,  
 And tendered Cæsar's letter to Shápúr  
 Of glorious race, who, when they read to him  
 The letter, showering on him those fair words,  
 Was gracious, wept, and bent his warrior-brows.  
 He wrote at once an answer and detailed  
 All that had happened both for good and ill;  
 He said: "Who sewed his guest in ass's hide?  
 Who lighted up the mart of ancient feuds?  
 If thou art wise arise and come to me,  
 Thou and thy honest counsellors, for I  
 Have granted quarter and I will not fight.  
 The world is never straitened to the wise."

The messenger returned with this reply,  
 And word for word discharged his embassy.