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for it did not appear that he knew anything more about the case than that the defendant was his cousin, and therefore, in his view, to be exculpated) was Hājī Šafar, our little tribunal was of very modest dimensions. The “case,” however, lasted some time, the complainant, the “witness,” and the farrāsī all talking at once, and the first two swearing to everything and at everybody, so that even the loquacious Seyyid could hardly make himself heard. At last, however, silence was obtained, and the Seyyid, with great gravity, gave it as his decision that Nāʾib Ḥasan’s brother should give the defendant a new shirt as a token of regret for his alleged violence, on condition that the charge should be suffered to drop; and that the farrāsī should receive a present in money from me for his trouble. And as this seemed the easiest way out of the difficulty, it was unanimously agreed to. I hope the old man got his shirt, but I cannot be sure of it, as the farrāsī, having received his money, naturally lost all further interest in the case. I wished to give the old man the price of his shirt, but this the Seyyid would not permit, declaring that the farrāsī would certainly take it from him.

I had lunch when the Seyyid left, and then began to write in Persian an account of my travels for the Prince-Governor, who had requested me to furnish him with a brief narrative of my journey. About two hours before sunset, however, the Seyyid came back, bringing with him two books, one a book of his own composition, called Vīrānīzāde, and the other one of Hājī Muhammad Karim Khán’s refutations of Bābī doctrine, from both of which he read to me aloud. I was laughing in my sleeve at the garbled account given by the Sheykhī leader of his rival’s life and pretensions, when suddenly the Seyyid stopped reading, prick’d up his ears, and began to gaze intently in the direction of the gate, whence arose mirthful peals of laughter, mingled with the notes of a flute.

“What is this unseemly noise?” he enquired angrily.

The question was answered a moment later by the appearance
simplicity to Sheykh Ibrâhîm and myself. But he could hardly allude to this in the Seyyid’s presence.

“You impertinent little fool!” cried the Seyyid angrily; “is it for this that I have interested myself in your case—you who two days ago were so humble—a poor orphan whom none would pity!—you who would make me believe that you were so careful about your religious duties that Hâji Sâfâr’s occasional neglect of his prayers pained your tender conscience, and who now come prancing into my presence on your precious ass deafening me with your unrighteous flute-playing?”

“You don’t understand these things, Master Seyyid,” rejoined Mirzâ Yûsuf; “you are not a man of the world, but a recluse, a man of the pen and the pulpit, a votary of the rosary and the reading-desk.” And he made a grimace aside to Sheykh Ibrâhîm, whom he expected to enlist on his side against the common enemy.

For once, however, the Sheykh was at one with the Seyyid. “It is related,” said he, sententious, “that once the ass complained to God, saying, ‘Why hast Thou created me, seeing that Thou hast already created the Turk?’ Answer came, ‘Verily We have created the Turk in order that the excellence of thine understanding might be apparent.’ Mirzâ Yûsuf is a Turk, a Tabrizi. What would you have?”

So Mirzâ Yûsuf, somewhat abashed, withdrew; and thereupon, as I anticipated, the Sheykh and the Seyyid began to quarrel about the manner in which the former had seen fit to treat the friend of the latter on the previous Friday. The Seyyid for his part was politely sarcastic.

“I said to my friend,” quoth he, “You have had the misfortune to displease the worthy Sheykh, no doubt inadvertently, by talking of one whom he affects to revere with unbecoming levity, and applying to him an appellation generally used of robber captains and the like. It would be best for you to propitiate him by presenting to him one of those inlaid and en-

smelled pen-cases in the manufacture of which you are so skilful. He promised to follow my advice, and you may expect to receive his gift shortly.”

“You are too considerate,” rejoined the Sheykh, “but really I am unworthy of so great an honour.” Then, suddenly losing control of his tongue, “And who, I should like to know, is this rascally brother of his who enjoyed the unmerited and unappreciated honour of travelling in the company of one whose greatness and holiness are as much beyond his comprehension as the splendour of the sun is beyond the comprehension of the bat or the mole? I will tell you who he is: he is now at Tcherán, and makes his living by buffoonery of the lowest kind, and the Shah, who loves buffoonery, especially in a Seyyid, has given him the title of Kâwânî’s-Sâdîq. There is another younger brother, who is in high favour with certain of the nobles about the court, and whose influence has conduced in no small degree to the exaltation of his family.”

“And do you mean to say,” enquired the Seyyid, aghast at the scandalous details of Persian Court life furnished by the Sheykh, “that this is the state of things prevailing in Tcherán, the abode of the Caliphal (Darât-i-Kuliât), at the court of him whom we account the Defender of the Faith and Protector of Religion?”

“Assuredly I do,” replied the Sheykh, “and I can tell you more surprising things than this if you care to hear them, from which you will be better able to judge of the claims which Nâṣîrû’d-Din Shah has to these titles.” And thereupon he launched out into a variety of scandalous anecdotes, which it is to be hoped had no foundation in fact, and which in any case are best unrecorded. Neither could he be diverted from this topic till the Seyyid departed in consternation, an object at which, in all probability, he had from the first aimed.

“And now, Sheykh,” I said, when we were alone, “will you tell me more fully about the murder of the seven Ezelsi who
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were sent with Behá and his followers to Acre? You mentioned the fact a few days ago, and added that you had seen the assassins yourself during your stay there, and that they still received their prison allowance, though at large, and wore gyes on their ankles."

"Yes," replied the Sheyk, who had drunk enough ʿarāk to render him communicative, and not enough to make him incoherent, "they were twelve in number who slew the Ezells, and nine of them were still living when I was at Acre. This was the way of it. When Behá advanced his claim at Adrianople, and his half-brother, ʿSubḥ-i-Ezel, refused to admit it, the Bábís were divided into two factions, some going with the former, and some holding fast to the latter. So high did the feeling run that the matter ended in open strife, and two Ezells and one Behá were killed. So the Turkish Government determined to separate the two, and arranged to banish Mirzá Yâbú (ʿSubḥ-i-Ezel) and his followers to a town in Cyprus near the sea-shore, of which I cannot now remember the name, and Mirzá Ḥusayn ʿAli (Behá ʿulāb), with his family and adherents, to Acre. But, knowing the two factions to be on the worst possible terms, it occurred to them that it would be advantageous to themselves to keep a few of each in the stronghold of the other, so that, should any Persian or other traveller come to Acre or Cyprus with the intention of visiting Behá or Ezell, these adherents of the rival claimant to supreme power might co-operate with the government in throwing obstacles in his way. So they sent three of Behá's followers (one of whom, Mushkín-Kalam, so-called from his extraordinary skill in calligraphy, is still [1892] alive) to Cyprus with Ezell, and seven Ezells with Behá to Acre.

"Now as far as concerned Ezell this plan worked well enough, for Mushkín-Kalam set up a little coffee-house at the port where travellers must needs arrive, and whenever he saw a Persian, he would invite him in, give him tea or coffee and a pipe, and gradually worm out of him the business which had brought him thither. And if his object were to see Ṣubḥ-i-Ezel, off went Mushkín-Kalam to the authorities, and the pilgrim soon found himself packed out of the island. But at Acre it was different. The seven Ezells—ʾĀká Ján, called ʿRaj-Kalátib" (Skew-Cap"), who had served with distinction in the Turkish artillery; Hají Seyyid Muḥammad of Iṣfahán, one of the original companions of the Báb; Mirzá Rúzá, nephew of the last, and a scion of the same royal race of the Ṣafaví (for both were descended from Sháh ʿAbbás the Great); Mirzá Ḥsaydar ʿAll of Ardístán, a wonderful fire-brand (datshá gharib), beside whom our mutual friend Mirzá Muḥammad Bākīr of Bawání was no more than a spark; Hají Seyyid Ḥuseyn of Káshán; and two others, whose names I forget—lived all together in a house situated near the gate of the city. Well, one night, about a month after their arrival at Acre, the twelve Beháís of whom I have spoken determined (but without having received instructions from Behá) to kill them, and so prevent them from doing any mischief. So they went at night, armed with swords and daggers, to the house where the Ezells lodged, and knocked at the door. ʾĀká Ján came down to open it to them, and was stabbed before he could cry out or offer the least resistance. He was a young man, but very strong, so that once in the Russian war he had without aid picked up a cannon-ball and thrown it into the mouth of the gun. Then they entered the house and killed the other six.

"When the Turks heard what had been done, they imprisoned Behá and all his family and followers in the caravansary, but the twelve assassins came forward and surrendered themselves, saying, 'We killed them without the knowledge of our Master or any of our brethren; punish us, then, not them.' So they were imprisoned for a while; but afterwards, at the intercession of ʿAbbás Efendí, Behá's eldest son, were suffered to be at large, on condition only of remaining in Acre, and wearing steel fetters on their ankles for a time."

"It was a horrible deed," I remarked.
"Nay," said the Sheykh, "it was soon over for them; I have seen worse than that myself. Love cannot exist without strife, and, as has been said, 'affection is the portion of affection.'"

"What do you allude to," enquired I, "when you say that you have seen worse than this yourself?"

"To an experience which befell me when I was a mere lad," answered the Sheykh, "and had but recently entered into this circle. I was in Sulṭān-ābād then—my native place—and the Friends used to meet regularly at night-time, the men in one room and the women in an adjoining apartment, to read the Holy Books and hold spiritual converse. All went well for a while; our conventicles escaped the notice of the authorities, and might have continued to do so, had it not been for a traitor, Mullā 'All, now pīshnamāz of one of the mosques of Sulṭān-ābād (as his father Mullā Hūseyn was then) who, to insinuate himself amongst us and compass our destruction, feigned belief in our doctrines, and for five or six months continued to frequent our assemblies until he knew us all, and discovered where our books were concealed.

"Now this wretch used to be a constant visitor at the house of one of the chief adherents of our faith, a theologian named Mullā Muḥammad 'Ali, with whom he used to read the sacred books. One day he requested permission to borrow a copy of the Bēyān, which was at once granted him. Having thus secured possession of the book, he forthwith proceeded to the house of Ḥājī Aḵā Muḥsin, the philosopher (isqāt), and laid it before him. Aḵā Muḥsin (whom a study of philosophy had rendered comparatively tolerant) invited Mullā Muḥammad 'Ali to his house to discuss the matter with him, intending, should he not succeed in convincing him and inducing him to renounce his opinions, to do no more than expel him and his associates from the city. He further summoned another leading Bābī, Mullā

1 The date of this occurrence, so far as the Sheykh could recollect it, was about A.H. 1278 (A.D. 1861–2).
the man of blood halted before Ustâ Maḥmûd, the pea-parcer (maḥbûd-birth), of Kâshân. They forced open his mouth, crammed a wet handkerchief rolled into a ball into his gullet, and drove it down his throat with a wooden peg and a mallet. For a minute or two, with gaping mouth, blackening face, and eyes staring from his head, he continued to struggle; then he fell back on the floor, and one of the executioner's assistants sat on his face till the last quiver died away.

"They next came to Kerbelâ'i Ḥaydar, the furrier (pāştindâr), of Kâbul, whom they slew in like manner; and we, seeing this (for he was fourth in the row, next to Ustâ Maḥmûd), made sure that all of us were to die. We were mistaken, however, for they passed by the fifth and sixth in the row, and myself (the seventh), and did not halt again till they came opposite to Mîrzâ Ḥasan of Sulṭân-ābâd, the surgeon, who was next beyond me. And when they had made an end of him, and of Mîrzâ Ahmad of Tafrîsh, who sat next beyond him, they gathered up their instruments of death, together with the lanterns, and, without saying another word, left us there in the darkness, the living and the dead chained together.

"It was an awful night, as you may imagine, for us who lay beside our murdered companions, expecting to share their fate, or one yet worse, on the morrow. But amongst us was one poor hunchbacked cobbler, who, during the horrible scenes which had just been enacted, had not once changed colour, and he continued to console us, reciting poems suitable to our situation, chanting verses from the sacred books, and crying, 'A strange paradise is this! Yet, if we are to die to-morrow, it is at most that we shall eat so many pounds less of bread and meat ere our bodies return to the dust and our souls to the source whence they came.' He grew more excited as he talked, and at last, 'Let us kill one another now,' he said; 'I will show you how it may be done—I will press and press so gently that you shall hardly know it, on the veins of the neck, and life will ebb quietly away. How much better to die thus, in all love and affection, by the hands of our friends than as these did by the hands of the headsman?' It was only with the greatest difficulty that we could restrain him from carrying out his purpose, and so continue anxiously awaiting the morning.

"No more of us, however, were doomed to suffer death on this occasion, save one old woman, nearly seventy years of age, the wife of Ḥājî Ākâ Maḥsûn's paternal uncle. Her they sent to Ṭeherân; and when they asked the Shâh what should be done with her, he said, 'It is not good for a woman to be imprisoned,' wherefore they strangled her in the women's apartments of the palace, and cast her body into a well. The rest of us were released about a fortnight later, after the governor had extorted from us as much money as he could—in my case three hundred tīmûdus.'

I was not a little moved by this horrible story, and regarded the Sheyk with increased interest and respect, for after all a man who has looked death in the face (and such a death!) for conscience sake is worthy of respect, though he be a drunkard and a libertine. I could not help thinking what a strange combination of good and evil he must be—such a combination as would be almost impossible save amongst the Persians—but I only said:—
"You have suffered much for your faith, it would seem."

"Ay," he said, "nor was that the only time, though it was the most terrible. I was imprisoned in the jail (ambâr) at Ṭeherân for three months and seventeen days, along with five other Bâbîs, Ākâ Jemâl of Burûjird, son of Mullâ 'Ali, who was entituled 'the Proof of Islam' (Haǰratu'l-Īslâm); Mîrzâ Abû'l-Fazl of Gulpâyagán, the secretary of Mánakjî, the Zoroastrian agent at the Persian Court, and the compiler, under his directions and instructions, of the New History of this Most Great Theophany'.
Ustá Ähangar, Mullá ‘Ali Akbar of Shimrán, and Häjí Mullá Isma’íl Dhabíh. For the first three days and nights our captivity was very grievous, for, in the hopes of extorting money from us or our friends, they subjected us by day to various torments, and by night put our necks in the ‘collar’ (jaww), and our feet in the stocks (khalil), but we determined to bear our sufferings rather than appeal for money to our friends, knowing that to produce money would be only to increase the zeal of our tormentors. And after thus enduring for three days we were rewarded by an abatement of our torments.”

Sheykh Ibráhím next related to me what had once passed between himself and the Sháh’s eldest son, the Zillu’s-Sultán, and the account given to him by the prince of the death of the martyrs of Isfahán, which, as I have already published it in the notes to the second volume of my Traveller’s Narrative (pp. 401–3), I will not here repeat, especially as I have already referred to this episode more than once in the course of these pages. I then again attempted to ascertain his views on the future life and on the nature of the divinity ascribed to Behá, but the ‘arak which he had drunk was beginning to take effect, and he was growing gradually incoherent. Concerning the soul, he said that it was imperishable, and that when the body died it looked calmly and unconcernedly on at the preparations for interment. Pure and impure souls, he added, were like clean and dirty water—the pure poured back into the brook, the impure cast forth upon the ground to become mingled with it. As for Behá, the Sheykh said: “I have heard him say in my presence, ‘I do not desire lordship over others; I desire all men to become even as I am.’” When I remarked that many of his followers declared him to be divine in quite another sense than those who, according to the Súfí doctrine, had escaped from self and become merged in God, the Sheykh simply remarked, “Then they are in error.” He added that Behá had forbidden him from preaching, or making any attempts at proselytising, saying that he had already suffered enough for his faith. And after this, the last rational remark to which he gave utterance, he relapsed into ribaldry and incoherence, and presently fell asleep.

Thursday, 18th July, 9th Dham‘áda.—Towards evening I went into the town and called at the post-office, where the postmaster lent me a poem in praise of Behá, composed by one Na‘ím of Abád, a poor man of no education, whose power of verse-writing is regarded by his co-religionists as a divine gift, and little short of miraculous. His verses are partly in Persian, partly in Arabic, and of the latter, at any rate, it may truly be said that they are of the most miraculous character. Ustá Akbar, the peaparcher, was also there. He was, after his wont, very mysterious, and informed me that a relation of the postmaster’s, who was a “Mullá,” and who possessed some of Kurrātu’l-‘Ayn’s poems, was anxious to see me, but that I must not mention this to the postmaster, as he might be displeased. I was somewhat surprised at what appeared to me so unnecessary a stipulation, but attributed it to Ustá Akbar’s love of mystery. It was only afterwards (for the pronouns in Persian do not distinguish gender) that I discovered that the “Mullá” in question was a lady, who regarded herself as a “manifestation” (masāhhar), or re-incarnation, of Kurrātu’l-‘Ayn. It was accordingly arranged that I should meet this “Mullá” on the next day but one, at the house of one of the officials of the post-office. As I did not know where he lived, I enquired as to how I should find my way thither. Ustá Akbar naturally selected the most cumbrous and mysterious method he could think of. I was to walk slowly past his shop at a certain hour on the Saturday in question, and he would tell his apprentice to be on the look-out for me, and, as soon as he saw me, to run out, pass me, and precede me at a distance of twenty or thirty yards to the rendezvous.

This plan was duly carried out, and on the afternoon of the appointed day I found myself in a room in the house of Haydaru’lláh Bég, the postman, where, besides my host, were
seated the “Manifestation of Kurruṭū’l-‘Ayn” and a Bābī dervish, the former engaged in smoking a kalyūn, the latter an opium-pipe. I was filled with astonishment at seeing a lady in the room, and my astonishment was increased when I heard the others address her as “Mulla,” and ascertained that she was the learned Bābī who had expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. She greeted me very politely, bowing repeatedly as she exclaimed, “Musharraf! Mazrayvan! Chashm-i-mā rawsiyan!” (“[You have made the house] honoured [and] adorned! Our eyes are brightened!”) and then asking me how long it was since I had believed. I was somewhat embarrassed by this question, and tried to explain that I was an enquirer only, whereupon she began to give a long and rather garbled version of Christ’s prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane, which she concluded by bidding me not be like that disciple who denied his Master.

By this time eight or nine other persons had joined us, including Shīkh Ibrahīm and his friend ‘Abdu’llāh, in consequence of which the recitation of Kurruṭū’l-‘Ayn’s poems, which I had been so eager to hear, was postponed. Several Bābī books, however, were shown to me, including one containing the Kalīmāt-i-Ma‘ṣūma, or “Hidden Words of Fāṭima,” of which the surpassing eloquence was greatly praised by all present.

“Will you not smoke a kalyūn?” enquired Shīkh Ibrahīm, turning suddenly to me. I signified assent, and he called for one to be brought. “A good one, mind, for the Şāhib,” he cried, as the servant left the room.

In a minute or two the kalyūn was brought, and as I took it, and, according to the customary etiquette, offered it in turn to all present before putting my lips to it, I fancied that I was watched with a certain attention and subdued amusement for which I could not account. The first whiff of smoke, however,

—explained the cause of this. My experience with Cannabis Indica while I was a student at St Bartholomew’s Hospital had not been altogether fruitless, since it had indelibly impressed on my memory the taste of this hateful drug, which now again, for the third time in my life, struck on my palate. “Oh,” thought I to myself, “so this is the trick you thought to play on me is it?” But I continued to smoke on slowly and deliberately till the Shīkh, unable any longer to control his curiosity, asked me how I found the kalyūn.

“Nicely enough,” I answered, “but I fear it somewhat, for, unless I am much mistaken, you have put ‘Master Seyyid’ in it.”

I do not think that during the whole time I was in Persia I ever scored so great a success as by this simple remark. That I—a mere European—should be able to recognise the taste of hashish was much, but that I should know it, so to speak, by its pet name, was indeed to prove myself well matured (pukhṭe) by travel and the society of persons of experience.

“How ever did you know that?” enquired the Shīkh amidst the laughter and applause of the others.

“Because I am a Fīrangi must I needs be an ass?” I demanded, with a show of indignation.

Shīkh Ibrahīm was delighted, and proceeded to unfold to me many mysteries connected with the use of narcotics in Persia. He told me of an oil called Ringsan-i-Hashish (“Oil of Indian Hemp”), prepared from a plant named Ṭadīrī (Datura), of which half a nokhūd would render a man insensible for twenty-four or thirty-six hours. This, he said, was often employed by

1 Hashish is thought so badly of in Persia that it is usually spoken of, even by those who use it, by some nickname, such as Akīj-i-Seyyid (“Master Seyyid”), Ṭāḥī-i-āsrār (“The Parrot of mysteries”), or simply Āsrār (“Mysteries”), the first two alluding to its green colour. One of the odors of Ḥāḥīr, beginning “Āḏāb tāḥī-i gūpā-i āsrār, Mubādī khālīyāt shakhkār ẓī mukhtar” (“O Parrot, who dis courtest of mysteries, may thy beak never want sugar!”), is addressed to the drug.
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Persian adventurers in Turkey and Arabia (especially at Mosul and Mecca) to stupefy persons whom they wished to rob. Mixed with the food intended for the victim's consumption its flavour is imperceptible, and the protracted insensibility to which it gives rise allows the thief ample time to decamp. These revelations were, however, interrupted by the arrival of a musîbid, or spiritual director, of the Shâh-Nî'matul-Îlîhî order of dervishes, who asked me point-blank what my religion was, and was much annoyed when I answered him with the well-known tradition, "Ustur dbababak, wa dbababak, wa maddbabak" ("Conceal thy gold, thy destination, and thy creed").

Monday, 22nd July, 13th Dhi'l-Ka'da.—To-day another threatened collision between Seyyid ı̄syeen of Jandaîk and Sheykh İbrahim was with difficulty averted. The former had dropped in during the afternoon to read me selected extracts from İhâjî Muhammed Karîm Khan's attack on the Babi doctrines, when the latter most inopportune joined us. The two glared at one another for a while, and then the Seyyid, who had a really remarkable faculty for making things disagreeable, began to ask the Shykh whether he had been to Acre lately, and other similar questions. I interposed, and, to my great relief, succeeded in changing the conversation, and getting the Shykh to talk about his travels. He told us about the Yezidis (the so-called "Devil-worshippers") of Mosul and its environs. "They extend for a distance of three stages west of Mosul," said he, "and strange folk they are—uglier than you can imagine, with immense heads and long unkempt beards, and dressed in white or crimson clothes. They refuse to regard any sect or any person, even the Devil (whom they call 'Malak-i-Tâ'dis,' the 'Peacock Angel'), as bad; and if any unwary traveller curses him, or 'Omar, or Shmir, or anyone else whom most men are wont to curse, or if he spits on the ground, they consider it incumbent on themselves to kill him, though every man of them should suffer death in retaliation. They have a sort of temple whither they repair for their devotions, and there, as I have heard (for none save themselves may enter), they from time to time spread a banquet, and then let loose a cock. If the cock eats the food, they consider their offering accepted, but if not, as rejected."

Tuesday, 23rd July, 14th Dhi'l-Ka'da.—In the afternoon I rode into town and visited the Sheyk of Kum. He called to his little daughter (a child six or seven years of age), who was on the roof, to come down and speak to me, but she, with precocious modesty, hid her face with a corner of her shawl and refused.

"Why wilt thou not come down and speak to the Firangi Şâhib?" enquired her father.

"Because I am shy," cried the little one from the roof, peeping out from behind her extemporised veil.

"Thou art not wont to be so shy before others," he continued;

"why then before this one?"

"I do not reckon them as men," she replied, with a toss of her head, and ran away to hide, while we both burst out laughing, and I remarked that such a compliment from the lips of a child was indeed gratifying.

The Shykh talked rather freely about Bâbîsm. "The allegations made by the Musulmans about the Bâbbs," said he, "though untrue, are in most cases founded to some extent upon fact. They say, for instance, that the Bâb wrote Arabic which violated all the rules of grammar. This is not true; but it is true that he made use of grammatical forms which, though theoretically possible, are not sanctioned by usage, such as 'Wâhbbâh,' from Wâhbi; 'Farîdd,' from Farîd, and the like. So, too, they accuse Kurru'tu'l-'Ayn of unchastity. That is a lie—she was the Essence of Purity; but after His Holiness the Point i.e. the Bâb had declared the Law of Islam abrogated, and ere he had promulgated new ordinances, there ensued a period of transition which we call 'Fârâ'îl' ('the Interval'), during which all things were lawful. So long as this continued she may very possibly have consorted,
for example, with Mullá Muhammad ‘Ali of Bāfrūsh as though he had been her husband, though afterwards, when the New Law was revealed, she and all the others were most rigorous in its observance."

At this point we were joined by a certain Mullá whom I knew to be the chief Ezélí in Kirmán, and to have an enormous collection of Bábí books. I was extremely anxious to draw him into conversation on this topic, when, to my great chagrin, the postmaster (who was, as will be remembered, a determined Behá’í) was announced. He looked at us suspiciously, evidently guessing the subject which occupied our thoughts, and forthwith there fell upon us a sense of constraint which soon brought about the dispersion of the assembly.

On leaving the Sheykh’s house I was making for the telegraph-office to console with the Prince-Telegraphist on the death of his eldest son, the poor lad whom I had last seen smoking opium at the house of my friend, the secretary of the governor, when I was met by Mírzá ‘Ali Naqí Khán, the brother of the chief of the Fardísíes, and by him detained in conversation. While we were talking, a murmur suddenly arose that the Prince-Governor was coming, and everyone began to bow down, with arms folded across their breasts, in humble obeisance. When the Prince saw me he called me to him, brought me with him into his garden, and bade his servants bring tea, kálpis and cigarettes. He did not talk much, being busy reading a packet of letters which had just been placed in his hands, and examining a fine gold repeater which had arrived by the same post; so, when I had sat for a short time, I asked permission to retire—which was accorded me. I then proceeded to the telegraph-office, where I found the Prince-Telegraphist looking very sad and dejected, and surrounded by five or six Bábís of note, who, like myself, had come to offer consolation.

On returning to my garden about two hours after sunset, I found the pea-parcher and a rather notable dervish of the
an entertainment was in progress, which I suppose he considered would not be complete without his presence. Soon after my arrival the dervish-boy, whose sweet singing had so delighted me one day in the caravansary of Ganj 'Ali Khán, entered the room with a khyán, which he presented to me with the Bábí salutation, "Aid bá Abbi." All those present, indeed, were Bábís; and after lunch, as we sat sipping our tea and taking an occasional whiff of opium, quantities of Bábí poems by Kurratu'll-'Ayn, Suleymán Khán, Nábíl, Rawhá (a woman of Abádí), and others, were produced and handed round or recited, together with the Báb’s Seven Proofs (Dalá’il-i-Sab'a), Beháí’s Láhí-i-Násír, and other tracts and epistles. Before my departure I succeeded in arranging with the Prince-Telegraphist’s secretary that he should copy out for me a selection of these treasures, which the owners kindly consented to place at his disposal.

Thursday, 25th July, 16th Dhi’l-kadhía.—In the afternoon I went into the city by the Mosque Gate, through which crowds of people were pouring forth to visit the cemetery, the “Eve of Friday” (Shab-i-Jum’a) being the favourite time for the performance of this pious act. The Bábí dervish-boy was amongst the crowd, and, dervish-fashion, placed a sprig of mint in my hand as he passed, but without asking or waiting for the small sum of money which is generally expected in return for this compliment. In the square of the caravansary of Ganj ‘Ali Khán, I saw Ustá Akbar standing, and approached him to speak with him. While we were conversing, there came up to me a certain dervish, who had once visited me in my garden, and crave[d] an alms “for the sake of Behá.” Now in general I made it a rule to respond, as far as possible, to such calls; but against this particular dervish I cherished some resentment, for this reason. On the day when he visited me in the garden, Sheykhp Ibráhím chanced to be with me; and him, either from previous knowledge, or from some chance remark which he let drop, the dervish recognised as a Bábí. So when he had sat with us for a while,

drunk several cups of tea, and pocketed a krán and half a stick of opium, he went out, found Seyyid Huseyn of Jandák performing his ablutions at the stream by the gate, and told him that I was certainly a Bábí, or in a fair way to become one, since I was continually in the society of notorious Bahís. All this, of course, was repeated to me; and as I had treated this not very agreeable or intelligent dervish thus courteously rather on Sa’dí’s principle that “the dog’s mouth is best stopped with a morsel,” I was naturally incensed at his indiscretion. So when he asked me “for the sake of Behá” to give him money, I bade him begone with scant ceremony; and when he continued to importune me, declaring that he had no bread for that night’s supper, I turned angrily upon him, saying, “No opium, I suppose you mean!” “Ay,” said he, “no opium: neither bread nor opium. For the sake of Behá give me some money!”

“You ingrate (namak-ḥardīm)! I exclaimed, exasperated at his pertinacity and indiscretion (for already a little crowd was gathering round us to listen to our dialogue, and to stare at “the Firangi Bábí,” from whom alms were demanded “for the sake of Behá”), “how dare you come to me again for money after what you have done?”

“I am no ingrate,” he answered, “and whoever says so wrongs me. What have I done that you should be thus angry with me?”

“What have you done?” I retorted; “when you came to the garden, did I not give you money and tea and opium, and speak you fair? And did you not, with the money and the opium in your pocket, and the taste of the tea in your mouth, go out and make mischief against me, spreading idle and damaging reports?”

Then at last he slunk away with some appearance of shame.

Friday, 26th July, 17th Dhi’l-kadhía.—During the greater part of the day I was occupied in writing for the Prince-Governor the brief account of my journey which he had requested me to compose for him. Towards evening, Sheykhp Ibráhím, ‘Abdu’lláh, and the self-sufficient and conceited cobbler, whose rudeness to