

FANDARAINA for that purpose. Thirteen of these ships, of different sizes, were lying at Calicut when Ibn Batuta's party were there.

The Zamorin prepared accommodation on board one of the junks for the party from Dehli; but Ibn Batuta, having ladies with him, went to the agent for the vessel, a Mahomedan called Suleiman ul-Safadi-ul-Shámi, to obtain a private cabin for them, having, it would seem, in his usual happy-go-lucky way, deferred this to the last moment. The agent told him that the cabins were all taken up by the Chinese merchants, who had (apparently) "return tickets." There was one, indeed, belonging to his own son-in-law, which Ibn Batuta could have, but it was not fitted up; however if he took that now, probably he would be able to make some better arrangement on the voyage; (it would seem from this that shipping agency in those days was a good deal like what it sometimes is now). So one Thursday afternoon our traveller's baggage and slaves, male and female, were put on board, whilst he stayed ashore to attend the Friday service before embarking. His colleagues, with the presents for China, were already on board. But the next morning early, the Eunuch Hilal, Ibn Batuta's servant, came to complain that the cabin assigned to them was a wretched little hole, and would never do. Appeal was made to the captain, but he said it could not be helped; if, however, they liked to go in a *kakam* which was there, they might pick and choose. Our traveller consented, and had his goods and his women-kind transferred to the *kakam* before public prayer time. In the afternoon the sea rose (it always did in the afternoon, he observes), and it was impossible to embark. By this time the China ships were all gone except that with the presents, another junk which was going to stop over the monsoon at Fandaraina, and the *kakam*, on which all the Moor's property was embarked. When he got up on Saturday morning the junk with his colleagues, and the *kakam*, had weighed, and got outside the harbour. The junk bound for Fandaraina was wrecked inside. There was a young girl on board, much beloved by her master, a certain merchant. He offered ten pieces of gold to any one who would save her. One of the sailors from Hormuz