

janfú. This city has four walls. Between the first and the second wall live the slaves of the sultan, those who guard the city by day as well as those who guard it by night. These last are called *baswánán*. Between the second and third wall are the cavalry, and the amir who commands in the city. Inside the third wall are the Mahomedans, so it was here that we dismounted at the house of their shaikh, Zahir-uddin ul Kurláni. The Chinese lived inside the fourth wall, which incloses the biggest of the four towns. The distance between one gate and the next in this immense city of Kanjanfu is three miles and a quarter. Every inhabitant, as we have described before, has his garden and fields about his house.¹

One day when I was in the house of Zahir-uddin ul Kurláni there arrived a great boat, which was stated to be that of one of the most highly respected doctors of the law among the Musulmans of those parts. They asked leave to introduce this personage to me, and accordingly he was announced as "Our Master Kiwámuddin the Ceutan."² I was surprised at the name; and when he had entered, and after exchanging the usual salutations we had begun to converse together, it struck me that I knew the man. So I began to look at him earnestly, and he said, "You look as if you knew me." "From what country are you," I asked. "From Ceuta." "And I am from Tangier!" So he recommenced his salutations, moved to tears at the meeting, till I caught the infection myself. I then asked him "Have you ever been in India?" "Yes," he said; "I have been at Dehli; the capital." When he said that I recollected about him, and said, "Surely you are Ul-Bushri?" "Yes, I am." He had come to Dehli with his maternal uncle, Abú'l Kásim, of Murcia, being then quite young and beardless, but an accomplished student, knowing the *Muwattah*

¹ This must at all times have been a great exaggeration.

² "Ul-Sabtí."