

Shāh Esmā'īl Goes from Yazd to Ṭabas; Tardi Bābā is Killed, and Amir Kamāloddin Ḥosayn Comes to the Royal Court on Behalf of Solṭān Ḥosayn Bāyqarā

While Shāh Esmā'īl was busy besieging Yazd, Amir Kamāloddin Ḥosayn Ṣadr came to the royal court, sent as an envoy by Solṭān Ḥosayn Mirzā Bāyqarā. He kissed the royal foot and passed the letter he had brought under the alchemical gaze of the Shāh. Since the contents of that letter were not befitting to his royal grandeur, His Majesty cast a compassionate glance at Amir Kamāloddin Ḥosayn and said, “My dear envoy, Solṭān Ḥosayn Mirzā looks on our imperial person with the eye of contempt. He has addressed us as ‘Mirzā’; is it because he does not think us fit for kingship? God Almighty willing, let him petition us humbly.”

“This is the fault of Solṭān Husayn’s vizier Mir ‘Ali Shir,”¹ said the envoy, “since in the Chaghatāy language they say *mirzā* for ‘ruler.’ But Your Majesty knows best.”

Shāh Esmā'īl said to Amir Najm Rashti, “I am entrusting the envoy to you; show him hospitality. Also, take the leftover heavy baggage from here to Eṣfahān, for I am going to go hunting for forty days in Ṭabas—although the thought of conquering Khorāsān has also occurred to me.”

On the first day of the month of Sha‘bān, His Majesty set off with his victorious troops on the desert road to Ṭabas. They traveled so quickly that the fleet-footed steed of the wind could not even catch the dust of his horse’s hoof. Soon they arrived in the vicinity of the city. Tardi Bābā was with Amir Moḥammad Vali Beg, the local governor, and when he learned of the advent of the glorious Ṣafavid banners, he hastened into the citadel. The victorious Qezelbāsh poured into Ṭabas, bowling over everyone they encountered and killing almost seven hundred people. Shāh Esmā'īl said, “We must seize Solṭān Morād!” and his men launched an attack, hoping to get him.

Now Tardi Bābā had a black slave whom he had reared and brought up since childhood. When the Qezelbāsh attack began, that slave thought to himself: “Since the Qezelbāsh are pouring in and will soon order a general massacre, perhaps if I perform a service for them I will be delivered from this danger, and His Majesty the Shāh will grant me a reward.” So he forgot forty years’ worth of support, drew his sword, and killed Tardi Bābā. He cut off his head and brought

¹ ‘Ali Shir Navā’i’s presence in the story is anachronistic, since he died in 906/1500–01.

it to Shāh Esmā'il, saying, "I have killed my master, who looked after me for forty years, as a service to Your Majesty in the hopes that you will elevate me to high rank."

Shāh Esmā'il praised the slave, thinking that this was the head of Solṭān Morād. He asked if it was.

The slave replied, "Solṭān Morād was dismissed from government three months ago. Solṭān Ḥosayn Mirzā, when he learned that Your Majesty was vexed with Solṭān Morād, said, 'God forbid that, because Solṭān Morād is here, the Shāh should an army which will be the ruin of this land!' He sent Solṭān Morād and seven thousand Torkmān households to the fortress of Ghuriyān,² where they still are. This is the head of my master, Tardi Bābā."

Hearing all this, Shāh Esmā'il asked in exasperation, "These men were fighting are not Solṭān Morād's? He is not even here?" In his anger, he had that slave killed. He then ordered that everyone in the Qezelbāsh army release any locals they had captured.

The army then decamped for Ghuriyān, where they arrived like a thunderbolt. Solṭān Morād had made camp a league's distance from the fortress; the Qezelbāsh fell upon his army from four directions and, drawing their swords, slaughtered a number of his men. All together they attacked Solṭān Morād, killing him, and they divided his goods and property as booty among themselves. After this, Shāh Esmā'il ordered that camp be set up and said, "We shall remain here until we see what news arrives of Solṭān Ḥosayn."

Now when Vali Beg saw that His Majesty had pitched camp at Ghuriyān, he hastened to Harāt and went to Solṭān Ḥosayn Mirzā, whom he told of Shāh Esmā'il's coming to Ṭabas. All the color drained out of Solṭān Ḥosayn's face. Then he summoned Mir 'Ali Shir and said, "This came about after you wrote 'Mirzā' to the Shāh! You have to go right now and make this up to him!" Solṭān Ḥosayn was in the middle of this when the news arrived from Ghuriyān that Esmā'il and the Qezelbāsh had killed five or six thousand Torkmāns and plundered their goods, and that they were probably going to come to Harāt.

Upon hearing this, Solṭān Ḥosayn paled again and was stupefied, wondering what to do and cursing Mir 'Ali Shir. Meanwhile, the people of Harāt gathered together and a tumult arose, with the populace thinking of gathering provisions in preparation to resist a siege. A great confusion took place. In the midst of all this, Solṭān Ḥosayn sought the counsel of his amirs as to what course to take.

² A city on the Harirud River in the Harāt province of present-day Afghanistan. It was formerly known as Fushanj or Bushanj.

Khawājeh Nezāmolmolk said, “Obviously this newly emerged sovereign is irritated by your writing ‘Mirzā’ to him. If I offer something for you to write to him, perhaps he will show mercy and leave.”

“Write in our name whatever you think is best,” said Solṭān Ḥosayn; “perhaps if we humble ourselves, he will go back whence he came.”

So Khawājeh Nezāmolmolk told the scribe Mirzā Loṭfollāh to write a petition as follows: “From the sincere supplicant Solṭān Ḥosayn, to the summit of mankind, righteous ruler of exalted titles, heavenly sphere with the moon for his stirrup, renowned and victorious as the sun, rose of the meadow of Khalil³ and cypress of the grove of Esmā’il, fruit of the garden of ‘Abdolmoṭṭaleb,⁴ flashing crown of Hāshem b. ‘Abd Manāf,⁵ king who eschews arrogant boasting when tipsy with the wine of the verse “The hand of God is above their hands”⁶ on the day of battle, luster of the eye of the Shaykh of Perfect Mystics and Axis of the Saints, Shaykh Ṣafioddin Eshāq al-Musavi al-Ḥosayni, heart-ravishing progeny of the Solṭān of great and saintly shaykhs, Solṭān Jonayd; pearl of the royal jewel-box blessed by the gaze of the Creator and the Immaculate Emāms, quickener of the faith of the Twelve Emāms, light of the eye of the Solṭān of Solṭāns of powerful shaykhs, true-believing son of Solṭān Ḥaydar, ornamented with the crown and throne of the Kayānian kings, heir to the realm of Solomon and the crown of Alexander, exalted Pādeshāh, shadow of God in the two worlds, Abulmoṣaffar and Abulmanṣur Shāh Esmā’il Bahādor Khān: It is our hope that the shadow of that prince’s justice will continually remain on the summit of rulership for many years and countless ages, in the name of Moḥammad and his most glorious Family. Let it not be concealed from the mind of that sun of the firmament of manliness and chivalry and bravery and generosity that the glory of the blessed advent of that infallible prince in the region of Khorāsān made Spring itself envious, and the hearing of that good news brought joy and cheer and happiness to the soul of the earth. If that exalted Pādeshāh has released the royal falcon of the zenith of fortune with the intention of the conquest of the region of Khorāsān, know that you are that great-winged royal falcon whose least prey is the eagle, while I am that weakly finch which is incapable of flight. What is a puny ant in the retinue of the court of Solomon, or the flight of an eagle next to the magnificence of the great-winged royal falcon! Fate has made me poor and abject and frail, and if you show clemency to my old age and broken-heartedness, it is certain that you

3 I.e., the prophet Ebrāhim.

4 Grandfather of the Prophet.

5 Great-grandfather of the Prophet.

6 Qur’ān 48:10.

will see it reflected in the celestial sphere. It is uncertain whether I will be granted another bag of flour from the grinding of the millstone of the heavens, and I have no son who can rule after me. Since I am averting my eye from the glory of the blessed advent of Your Majesty, ennoble the land of Khorāsān with your presence, order your lofty retinue to make their confiscations, and out of your charity leave a piece of bread for those who remain behind and give them a place in the shelter of your protection. No one else would leave Khorāsān on account of these words. For I know for certain that you are the scion of that saint who renounced the world. Your Eminence must give the province of Khorāsān to this old slave of his and return to his capital. This poor one fully intended to promulgate the sect of the Twelve Emāms, but such was not my fate; God Almighty gave that power to you. Praise God that you have had achieved success, and you are striving to propagate the Twelver faith. This is what we have to say; God Almighty willing, at the time of the royal visit, this letter will be presented. It is not overly eloquent. Peace.”

When the letter was finished, Solṭān Ḥosayn said to Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk, “Take this and hurry to that prince. I will stay behind to prepare gifts and then come myself. If he accepts it and is kind enough to leave Khorāsān to me, you must let me know, for then I must send what is appropriate in the way of gifts.” He then added, “We must not present the letter with hands otherwise empty!” And he gave him nine horses with bejewelled saddles and bridles, each of which had been made from one kind of jewel, and twelve saucers⁷ made of gold and variegated jewels, and twelve rubies of Badakhshān, along with fifty judges and seyyeds to accompany him. Then he sent them along.

Now Shāh Esmā'īl had arrived at Ghuriyān and was waiting to see what news would come from Harāt. On the sixth day Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk entered the Ṣafavid camp, where a remarkable army was spread out before him. He saw that the troops had seized almost two leagues of the road; their tents, made of satin and velvet woven together, each had a dome like the dome of the heavens, all decorated and ornamented. At the door of every *qurchi's* tent was a tether with seven or eight swift horses and mules tied to it, and one or two she-camels as well. The *qurchis'* attendants were youthful men who, if given work to do, could empty two or three saddles.

Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk stood there awestruck, saying to himself, “God be praised! It was just a short time ago that that prince emerged from Gilān with seven Ṣufis, having no treasure or army, and in such a short time he has overtaken so many great rulers and achieved such magnificence!” Thus praising

7 *na'lbaki*

God, he continued to ride his horse until he came up to Ḥosayn Beg Laleh and ‘Abdi Beg Shāmlu and announced his mission.

The two of them considered the Khwājeh, then took him to the royal court. When he came before the blessed residence, he saw nearly two hundred fleet-footed horses with bejewelled gold saddles, their grooms and footmen standing by in beautiful dress; he saw a tent-enclosure of colossal size with the Ṣufi amirs all in crowns and turbans and jeweled turban-ornaments, sparkling like the stars of Orion. You would have said it was the Pleiades themselves that they had arranged in one place. One of the amirs, ramrod-straight like a cypress tree and with cheeks like the blazing sun and mustaches extending to behind his ears, stood dressed all in gold brocade; stuck in his belt were a jewelled sword and dagger, each of which had performed fearless deeds in battle. In the middle of the court, Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk saw the royal throne of Ḥasan Pādeshāh, and on it sat the world-conquering Shāh Esmā‘il. Durmesh Khān Shāmlu, in splendid garments, stood by the Shāh’s side with a bejewelled mace. Musicians sat on one side of the court, busy with their playing. The whole gathering was adorned like the loftiest heaven.

Ḥosayn Beg Laleh took the Khwājeh and led him to the presence of the Shāh, where he kissed the royal foot and stood facing His Majesty. Esmā‘il said, “Now that you have come, sit at the foot of the royal throne.” When the Khwājeh sat down, he regained some of his composure. The gifts he had brought were carried in, and Esmā‘il expressed his appreciation. Then drinks and various foods were brought, and a meal was served; they set the table and recited the Fāteḥeh and cursed the enemies of the Faith. The Khwājeh joined in, saying loudly, “May the cursing be more and not less!” This pleased the Shāh greatly; he said, “O Khwājeh, did you just now say ‘May it be more,’ or something else?”

The Khwājeh said, “By the most noble and blessed head of the Shāh, I swear to you that Solṭān Ḥosayn Bāyqarā is also a dyed-in-the-wool Shi‘i, a slave of the Commander of the Faithful, and the people of Harāt are mostly Shi‘is too.”

Esmā‘il said, “Solṭān Ḥosayn is hale and hearty; was he not disturbed by our coming to this region?” The Khwājeh took out his petition and extended it. His Majesty took three steps forward and took the letter from the Khwājeh, ordering that he be showered with gold.

When he perused the letter, Shāh Esmā‘il’s color changed and his eyes filled with tears. He said, “O friends, time is the abode of revenge; if we do not show pity to Solṭān Ḥosayn today, we will surely stumble later on.” Then he said to Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk: “I swear by God and by the pure spirit of the Prophet and his Family that I bear in my heart no grudge whatsoever toward Solṭān Ḥosayn, and it is clear that there will be no vexation in his heart over us.

I promise by God that as long as Solṭān Ḥosayn is alive, or his descendants rule over Khorāsān, we will be obliged to offer any aid that they may request. Solṭān Ḥosayn is like a father to me; I will be exalted if he will accept me as his son. The reason I came to these parts was to punish and chastise the treacherous Solṭān Morād, who became a prisoner of his own retribution. Otherwise such incivility would not have taken place anywhere near Solṭān Ḥosayn.”

His Majesty then dictated a letter for Solṭān Ḥosayn which said: “The sincere petition of the supplicant Esmā'il to the summit of mankind, the excellent ruler of lofty titles and fine manners, greatest of the renowned crown-wearing khāqāns, the mighty Solṭān, pearl of the jewel-box of princeliness and ornament in the crown of world-rule, rose of the meadow of the Changizids and radiant jewel of the Kurgān,⁸ progeny of the house of Mirānshāh and successor of the line of Abu Sa'īd Khān, the eye and lamp of the solṭāns of the age, possessor of throne and crown, Pādeshāh of the age, adornment of the crown of the Kayānis and light of the crown of the Khosraws, sun of the heavens of nobility and Jupiter of the sphere of felicity, illuminator of crown and throne, ornament of throne and crown, Şāḥeb-qerān of the realm of the world, fountainhead of overflowing divine bounties, Khāqān son of the Khāqān and Solṭān son of the Solṭān Maṣṣur Bahādor Khān, may God lengthen his reign and his justice and his beneficence. I hope that the Lord of Glory is keeping my 'local father' under his preservation and protection, in the name of Moḥammad and his most excellent Family. Having presented my sincere reverence, let me report that we came to Ṭabas in order to administer chastisement and punishment to Solṭān Morād Torkmān. A slave of Tardi Bābā told us where that evil man had gone, but he also slew his master unjustly. When we learned that Solṭān Morād had gone to Ghuriyān, I knew it was necessary to punish him, and that is why I came to this region. Now we have punished Solṭān Morād and killed him, and it was the intention of our royal mind to chastise Mir 'Ali Shir as well. On the recommendation of our lofty companions, however, we have decided to overlook his misdeed, and we will now, God Almighty willing, return to our own domain. Let your noble mind rest assured that Khorāsān will remain with you and your descendants, and should they ever require our aid, they need only say so and it will be given to them.” Esmā'il then ordered Maṣṣur Beg Qepchāq to take twelve Arabian horses with bejewelled saddles and jewel-encrusted crowns and turbans and turban-ornaments, worth twelve thousand tumāns in all, and go with Khwājeh Neẓāmolk.

8 I.e., Timur.

The Khwājeh said, "The royal army should spend a few days hunting and sporting, for the gifts of the Solṭān will be coming. I will also be at the service of the companions of the Shāh."

Meanwhile, a great tumult had erupted among the people of Harāt; they wondered in anguish what would happen, what calamity would befall them. Solṭān Ḥosayn, too, was sick with worry, saying to himself, "The Pādeshāh of Iran will surely not refrain from seizing the realm of Khorāsān!" He also thought, "He is a scion of the family of the Immaculate Emāms, in whose eyes this world and all that is in it have no more substance than a bit of straw! It is not unlikely that he holds a grudge against Khorāsān!" He brooded and worried for hours. At last he sent spies to the Ṣafavid encampment, stipulating that whoever brought the news that the Qezelbāsh army had left for 'Erāq would be made governor of Harāt for three years and receive a gift of fifty tumāns and a full-length robe of honor.

When Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk observed the kindness and generosity of Shāh Esmā'il, though, he wrote a letter to Solṭān Ḥosayn which he handed to a messenger to take, saying, "Hurry, for the Solṭān is worried." The messenger sped off to Harāt as fast as he could. Arriving at the court of Solṭān Ḥosayn, he prostrated himself in obeisance and presented the letter to the Solṭān, saying, "I have brought good news."

"The Qezelbāsh army hasn't left for 'Erāq, has it?" asked Solṭān Ḥosayn.

"They were about to leave when Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk told the Shāh to stay and do some hunting for two or three days until the Solṭān's gifts arrive."

Solṭān Ḥosayn then read the Khwājeh's letter and felt joy upon joy. His cheeks glowed with excitement, and he praised Shāh Esmā'il loudly. Presently he ordered that proper gifts of all kinds be gathered. Nearly seventy tumāns of jewels and textiles and golden wares and sable and brocade and goods from China and Cathay and musk and male and female slaves (Qalmāq and Russian and Georgian and Charkas) and Georgian and Indian eunuchs and food and drink were sent to the Shāh.

When Shāh Esmā'il saw the gifts of Solṭān Ḥosayn, he was full of admiration. After ten days, he sent Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk back to Harāt in the company of Maṣṣur Beg, himself returning on the road to Ṭabas in fortune and felicity, victory and glory.

Khwājeh Neẓāmolmolk and Maṣṣur Beg reached the outskirts of Harāt. Hearing that Shāh Esmā'il had sent him a robe of honor, Solṭān Ḥosayn saddled up and rode out of the city to greet the two men. When he met them, he put on the robe of honor and placed a shining crown on his head. He heaped glory and veneration on Maṣṣur Beg, asking about the Shāh and inquiring into the qualities of the Qezelbāsh army. After that, he accompanied the men into

Harāt. Solṭān Ḥosayn was on top of the world with happiness, since he had retained possession of Khorāsān. He brought Maṣṣur Beg to his court and held a magnificent royal assembly in his honor, examining the splendid gifts sent by His Majesty Shāh Esmā'il and showing exemplary hospitality.

Meanwhile, Shāh Esmā'il was on the road to Ṭabas. He entered Eṣfahān after traveling for fourteen days. Amir Kamāloddin Ḥosayn kissed the royal foot and asked how the Shāh's hunting expedition had gone. "Our imperial person wished to chastise Mir 'Ali Shir," His Majesty replied, "but in the end we showed clemency toward him." Then he ordered that Kamāloddin Ḥosayn be given Solṭān Husayn's petition. When he read its contents, he placed his head at the feet of the Shāh and said, "All this is by the hand of God!" After a few days, Esmā'il granted Kamāloddin Ḥosayn leave and sent him back to Harāt.

One day, the Shāh was enjoying some hunting on the banks of the Zāyandehrud. As he did, his alchemical gaze fell upon a young man who was greater in stature than all the others. Esmā'il sought him out and asked, "Who are you, and where are you from?"

The youth replied, "I am from Eṣfahān and my family comes from Divsalām."

The Shāh had heard about Divsalām. He then asked, "What is your occupation in this city?"

"I am a tenant-farmer; I grow barley."

Shāh Esmā'il asked, "Will you join my service?"

The young man inclined his head and said, "I am the least of your slaves."

The Shāh made him an attendant at court, saying, "We have made you the chief footman," and granted him a brocaded robe of honor.

Shāh Esmā'il noticed that this young man was extremely fleet of foot. Indeed, in a race even an Arabian steed could not catch him. So, for a test, His Majesty had Maṣṣur Beg's mare run against him, but the youth took off like a shot and the horse could not pass him. The Shāh was most pleased with his quickness, and also with his valor, for he was so strong that he could lift the most powerfully-formed men from their saddles and hurl them to the ground. Some he even took in his arms and ran carrying them.

At this time a messenger arrived from Tabriz with a message from Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā stating that the Ṣārem Khān the Yazidi Kurd had raised a great army and was headed for Tabriz.

"Who is Ṣārem Khān the Kurd?" asked Shāh Esmā'il.

"Ṣārem Khān is one of the calamities of the age," replied Ḥosayn Beg Laleh. "They say he is a hundred and ten years old and has seventy sons. None can match his bravery, and he has forty thousand households of Yazidi Kurds under

his command. He heard of the rebellion of Moḥammad Karahi and is leading an army toward Tabriz.”

It was ordered that Sāru ‘Ali Beg, the keeper of the royal seal, take three thousand Qezelbāsh and go fight. He kissed the royal foot and hurried off, arriving in Tabriz twelve days after leaving Eşfahān. Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā reviewed a thousand of his own men and the Qezelbāsh and was intending to go fight Şārem Khān when the news came that Şārem Khān had gotten as far as the village of Şufiyān Kandi.⁹ Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā said, “Since Tabriz has no citadel, if they enter the city, it will be a great disaster. We must go out to meet them.” Sāru ‘Ali Beg said, “It is as the prince has said.”

So the prince and Sāru ‘Ali Beg and their army set out. They arrived in Salmās just as Şārem Khān the Kurd arrived with his army. Seeing twelve thousand Qezelbāsh facing off against his own, he deemed this a paltry number and ordered that the war-drums be beaten. The ranks of war and killing were arrayed.

Now Şārem Khān had a son named Sāru Khān, a man of powerful stature, without peer in valor. He leaped upon his mount and sought combat on the battlefield. One of the Torkmāns entered the fray, but Sāru Khān felled him with one blow of his club. Another soldier approached and was slain the same way. That Yazidi Kurd killed ten Qezelbāsh, and no one wanted to venture onto the battlefield against him.

When Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā saw that nobody wanted to go fight, he himself leaped onto his mount to ride onto the battlefield. Sāru ‘Ali Beg urgently beseeched the prince to let him fight, but he did not listen, and even as Sāru ‘Ali Beg was speaking, Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā gave his stone-splitting spur to his horse and took off for the battlefield. When the eye of Sāru Khān the Kurd fell upon the beauty of that prince, he saw that he was a man of extraordinary comeliness. He said, “O youth, is there no one else among the Qezelbāsh to come onto the battlefield? Come, I will take you to my father and elevate you to a high rank.”

Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā said, “Take this!” and drew his sword. “So be it,” said the Kurd, “but I cannot slay this young man; I must capture him alive.” At that moment the prince of the earth, with a great cry, struck with his sword at the top of the Kurd’s head. As Sāru Khān raised his shield, Solṭān Ebrāhim struck him under his arm; all his guts came spilling out and he tumbled off his horse.

When the army of Şārem Khān the Kurd saw this blow, they at once charged at Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā. He would have felt shame if he fled, so he turned his face to that vengeance-seeking army. They surrounded that prince, but everyone he struck on the head with his sword was split down to the breastbone,

9 Şufi Kandi is a village near Khoy, in West Āzarbāyjān Province in Iran.

and he ended up killing twenty-six renowned Kurdish warriors. Sāru 'Ali Beg and Mantash Khān killed a number of men themselves. The battle grew fierce, and a number of men were killed or wounded. As evening drew near, the warriors withdrew from the battlefield and returned to their positions.

When the news of the death of Sāru Khān reached Šārem Khān, he rent his collar in anguish, crying: "Today they brought me the news late; I was about to see the brother of Shaykh-oghli, but it did me no good. Tomorrow I will seek him out on the battlefield and bring this seven-maund battle axe down on his head!"

Šārem Khān's men arose at dawn and began forming their ranks, with Šārem Khān placing himself at the center. Like a gloomy demon, with his white beard flowing down to his navel, he put his black cuirass and breastplate on his chest and his helmet on his head. Then he headed for the field of battle like a crazed elephant. His son Qaplān Beg said, "O father, by the spirit of Mo'āviyah,¹⁰ I beg you to let me go into battle to kill the murderer of my brother; he will be too afraid to come out to fight you.†

"O my son," said Šārem Khān, "you have sworn quite an oath before me! I give you leave to go fight."

So Qaplān Beg charged onto the battlefield and roared, "Where is the brother of Shaykh-oghli? Let him come out and fight!" Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā spurred forth his steed and charged at Qaplān Beg. After some initial taunts and insults, they began their struggle. Qaplān Beg drew his sword and lunged at Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā, but that lion of the forest of bravery fended off the blow by raising his shield over his head. Qaplān Beg took another swing at him, but Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā smashed him on the wrist with his iron mace so hard that he shattered the Kurd's hand and sword-pommel both. Qaplān Beg tried to turn to escape, but the prince dealt him another mace-blow which crushed his shoulder. The Kurd lost consciousness and tumbled from his mount. Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā spurred his horse forward and trampled the bones of Qaplān Beg under its hooves.

Šārem Khān now came galloping in pursuit of Solṭān Ebrāhim Mirzā, now joined by Sāru 'Ali Beg as well. "O youth," said Šārem Khān, "you have killed two sons of mine, any single hair of whose heads were worth a hundred of you!"

"Hell is waiting for the three of you to come together!" retorted the prince.

Šārem Khān could bear no more. He reached for his quiver, took out his ivory bow, and nocked an arrow, aiming at the prince's chest. Solṭān Ebrāhim

¹⁰ I.e., the first Umayyad Caliph (r. 661–680), who rose to power at the expense of 'Ali b. Abi Ṭāleb and is for this reason reviled by Shi'is.

Mirzā, though, dove forward, and the arrow missed him and fell to the ground. The prince then sat straight up in his saddle again.

Şārem Khān bit his hand in frustration and nocked another arrow. Realizing that Solţān Ebrāhim Mirzā would repulse it, he paused, then let fly. Solţān Ebrāhim Mirzā flattened himself in the saddle to let the shot pass over him; then he straightened up into a manly posture again. The Kurd loosed another arrow, which also missed. The prince then went to bring his sword down on Şārem Khān's head, but the latter lifted his shield to ward off the blow. Şārem Khān then came in close, grabbed Solţān Ebrāhim Mirzā by the wrist, and wrenched his sword out of his hand. He raised it high, and when Solţān Ebrāhim Mirzā lifted his shield over his head, he brought it down on the prince's shield so hard that the impact shattered everything down to the roots of his hair. Sāru 'Ali Beg now came up and blocked Şārem Khān's way, hooking his sword-belt with his spear, but the Kurd, using the prince's own sword, sliced that spear in two. Sāru 'Ali Beg and his companions then gripped their swords and attacked Şārem Khān so fiercely that they nearly took his head off. Sāru 'Ali Beg's sword-point hit Şārem Khān squarely in the head, and blood came gushing out. That foul one, enraged, struck Sāru 'Ali Beg such a blow with his sword that he split him from stem to sternum.

Mantash Beg grabbed the wounded prince and set off for Tabriz. The Kurds pursued the Qezelbāsh and began to assault and plunder their camp. Şārem Khān kept shouting, "I am wounded and cannot keep up! Stop!" But it was to no avail. Four leagues outside of Tabriz, Mantash Beg encountered 'Abdi Beg Shāmlu, who was there with six thousand men.

Now after Shāh Esmā'il had dispatched Sāru 'Ali Beg, he had had a dream in which Solţān Ebrāhim Mirzā fell into a sea of blood; Sāru 'Ali Beg tried to pull him out, but he too fell in. Both of them were thrashing about when Mantash Khān Ostājlu arrived and grabbed the hand of the prince and pulled him out. Sāru 'Ali Beg, however, drowned in the sea of blood. Mantash and the prince had gone a little way when they came to a great river, and 'Abdi Beg brought them across.

When Shāh Esmā'il awoke, he related his dream to his commanders. The next day he set off in the direction of Tabriz.

When he stopped off in Qazvin, he received the news that Kiyā Ḥosayn, the brother of Kiyā Mirzā 'Ali, who was the viceregent and deputy of Kiyā Moẓaffar the son of Kiyā Mirzā 'Ali, had deviated from the path of service and was intending to conquer the province of Lāhijān.

The Shāh thought for a long time; then he ordered that 'Abdi Beg take six thousand men and go to Tabriz. "I myself," he said, "will go to Rasht and Lāhijān."

Some of the amirs suggested that it would be better for him to go to Tabriz, since Şārem Khān the Kurd had come with a great army and it was unknown whether Solţān Ebrāhim Mirzā would be able to drive him off. His Majesty realized that his commanders were right. He was getting ready to head for Tabriz when a messenger arrived with a note from the spy that Esmā'il had sent to Rasht. It said that a group of Torkmāns had chosen to follow the attendant of Alvand Pādeshāh, who had come to Gilān, and Kiyā Ḥosayn had rebelled along with them. They intended to plunder Gilān and head for Qazvin. The Torkmāns numbered some ten thousand households, and most of them trusted in Kiyā and had it in mind to plunder Lāhijān as well. But then their spies brought word that Shāh Esmā'il was on his way to Gilān. Kiyā Ḥosayn hurried to Fuman and went to the house of Mirzā Zaynol'ābedin. He made him his intermediary, and together they went to kiss the Shāh's royal foot.

Zaynol'ābedin took a Qor'ān that was written in the blessed handwriting of the Emām Ḥasan and brought it to His Majesty. When the Shāh saw that Qor'ān he leaped up, praising the Word of God; he gave Mirzā Zaynol'ābedin a place close to his throne and asked him questions. Soon the aforementioned Mirzā said, "I have brought this Qor'ān as my intercessor; you must forgive Kiyā Ḥosayn his mistake." After discussing it, the Shāh said, "I forgive Kiyā Ḥosayn, but he must seize every one of those Torkmāns who led him astray and send them to my royal court."

Kiyā Ḥosayn said, "I have put many of them to death, and clapped many more in chains and brought them to you." So, having punished that group and granted a robe of command to Kiyā Moẓaffar [*sic*], Esmā'il left that very day for Tabriz.