

few days' march of the coast, which he was expected to reach about the 14th February. It appeared that after the lamented death of Dr. Dillon, Lieutenant Cameron, who had come for a march or two towards the coast to confer with Lieutenant Murphy, had returned to Unyanyembe, and thence gone on to Ujiji to recover the boxes of letters which Livingstone had left there. Mr. Stanley had lately arrived in this country from the West Coast of Africa, where he had been on duty connected with his profession, and he had stated that possibly as many as twelve of the Nassik boys might be still among the party which was bringing down Livingstone's remains, and from some of them, no doubt, full particulars would be obtained of his last days and journeyings.

The Rev. H. WALLER said he had had the pleasure of knowing two of the men who were with Livingstone in his last days; and one of them, Chumah, he had aided the Doctor in liberating from a slaving party on the Shiré many years ago. Chumah was at the head of the caravan which was bringing Livingstone's body to the coast, and it was a mere accident that Lieutenant Cameron and those who were with him were at Unyanyembe when Chumah arrived so far on his journey. No doubt Lieutenant Cameron and his comrades did all that men could do for the exhausted natives, who had brought their precious burden some thousand miles. The task that these men had performed was truly Herculean. They had gone against the prejudices, the fears, the superstitions of the natives, and had travelled a thousand miles before they heard that Englishmen were in their neighbourhood. Chumah and Susi had been with Livingstone for eight or nine years. It was true that they laboured under the great and terrible disadvantage of being black, but still they ought to have accorded to them all the honour which was their due. They merited the greatest consideration. Already inuendos had been thrown out against Chumah; but he had known him as a boy, and had continually heard about him from the Doctor, who always spoke of him with esteem. He (Mr. Waller) begged the Fellows of the Society to suspend their judgment until Chumah arrived in England, to vouch for his integrity in all that he had done.

The PRESIDENT said Mr. Waller must have rather imperfectly apprehended the feeling of the meeting if he supposed that there was the slightest intention to derogate from the honour due to Chumah, but praise could not be justly apportioned until the mournful cortège arrived in England. One of those, who might have been supposed to have been the most prominent and trusted servant of Dr. Livingstone, was not mentioned among the party who were accompanying the body to the coast, and there was some room to fear that he might be among those who had fallen in the great traveller's service; but at the present moment brief telegraphic communications were all that had been received. One thing, however, was certain, namely, that when Livingstone's faithful servants arrived in this country, the Royal Geographical Society would mete out the fair share of praise to every member of the expedition, without distinction of race or colour.

PROGRESS OF MR. FORSYTH'S MISSION TO EASTERN TURKISTAN.

The following letters from Mr. T. D. Forsyth to Sir Robert Montgomery were then read by Mr. Markham:—

“Yarkund, November 23, 1873.

“MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I send you a letter from Shabidulla, giving an account of our journey to the confines of Yarkund territory, and now I am glad to be able to write from the city, where we are resting before proceeding to meet the Atalik at Kashgar. From the moment we became his guests we have had nothing but the utmost attention and unbounded hospitality,

and I have good reason for saying that our advent has been eagerly looked for, and our welcome now is most hearty. The most complete freedom of action is accorded to us, and, instead of throwing difficulties in our way, all the officials seem anxious to help us to do whatever we wish. This affords a striking contrast to former visits. As we ride through the villages, or wander about the bazaars of this city, the people treat us with good-natured civility. Even the ladies seem reluctant to obey the Oriental custom and universal order for pulling down their veils, and it is only the ugly ones who make a clean bolt of it when they see us coming. They are not above coming to the doctor for medicine.

"We can make purchases freely in the shops, and the traders are beginning to have some sort of conscience in their prices. At first they thought they would reap a rapid harvest, and asked about five times the proper price. But there are one or two Scotchmen among us who know how to bargain, and now we only pay about cent. per cent. for articles.

"I have been greatly struck with the comfort of the people and the neat appearance of the bazaars. The chief ones are covered over, as in Cairo or Stamboul, and there is a good display of wares of all kinds. The poor people are well, that is to say, warmly, clad in strong thick chogas and good leather boots and fur caps. These articles are sold in what is called the Sham, or Evening Bazaar, a large space in which booths and stalls are daily filled by the suburban residents, who bring in their articles for sale. There is a weekly market, when the streets are thronged. The arrangements are excellent. In one quarter is the horse fair, in another the sheep market; a separate one for cows. Then there is the grain market, the poultry market, cotton market. We went to all these, and found the horse-dealers of Yarkund to be just as sharp practitioners as their brethren over the rest of the world. The sheep are remarkably fine, and the mutton excellent. Cows here have no hump, and look as if they had strayed from some English pasture-ground. As you go along the streets you see confectioners, or piemen, wheeling their trays, ready to sell you a copper's worth of toffee, or a clean, well cooked, three-cornered meat-pie. The restaurants are *par excellence* the cleanest and most tempting eating-houses I have seen anywhere out of England. In the vestibule is a large counter, under which is a fire, with a neatly painted chimney to carry off the smoke. On one side of this counter is a large caldron full of mutton broth; next to it is a layer of three large *grèves*, each one containing some delicacy, such as pies, or stews, or vegetables, which are being cooked by the steam which passes through them from a caldron underneath. Then on another part of the counter are big loaves, or rather cakes of bread, made of white flour, and several dishes of food and vegetables done up in a tasty form to tempt the passers by. Inside are tables and forms for the most fastidious folk, and outside are the little boys ready to pop their fingers into the sweets or soup, or whatever they can find: thus showing that human nature is the same here as elsewhere.

"There is plenty of game of all kinds all round; and within half-a-mile of the city we have got snipe, duck, and geese. Pheasants are to be had in the jungles around; deer, hares too, and some of our party went out for two days' sport after them. I think I have said enough to let you know that we have taken the Atalik at his word, and made ourselves perfectly at home, as he wrote and begged we would do. I only wish we could find a little warmer welcome from the climate, for the thermometer has a most unpleasant tendency to get below zero, and when we make any remark we are told that winter has not begun yet, but when it does set in then it will be really cold. Shopkeepers, too, offer us all sorts of curious garments, and tell us that we shall want them, and a good deal more besides, ere long. I daresay you will have heard of our adventures crossing the last pass into Yarkund, and our

difficulties owing to the ice. I never had such work in my life, and feared all my mules would be killed by their constant falls down the icy slopes. I consider I was very fortunate to lose only eight mules and three or four ponies.

"Syad Yakoob Khan is a most remarkable man, and a true friend and counsellor to me. I place myself entirely in his hands, and every day have reason to rejoice having done so. Having been twice to Constantinople, and being a man of great intelligence, he thoroughly understands European politics and customs; and, being wonderfully free from prejudices, he can enter into our society and appreciate our ways.

"At the outset I adopted as our rule the maxim that honesty is the best policy. I have told him everything about every theodolite and every pundit, and make no secret or mystery of anything, but always ask his advice before action. Sometimes he advises caution, but quite enters into a joke. For instance we have in our photographic department a little apparatus for taking pictures quickly without the usual bother of fixing and focussing, &c. When we reached Yarkund he said the Dadkhwah was a bigot, and an ignorant man as regards Western civilisation; so he advised us to keep photography in the background, but wanted me to take the Dadkhwah's likeness unknown to him. However, discretion is better than joking, so I have not yet got a likeness of the Dadkhwah.

"The Syad has just gone off to Kashgar, leaving us to follow next week, and we are now busy getting *carts*, camels, and ponies, from the Dadkhwah for our march. The double-humped camels are remarkably handsome. The carts are drawn by horses, one in the shafts, and generally three abreast in front. I shall not venture on political news till I can write after seeing the Atalik, or Ameer as he is now to be styled. But with regard to the story of the Chinese having driven back his forces, I have conversed with several officers who have come from Oorumsai, and they tell me that his army has taken Manas and 7 or 8 other towns. Between Manas and Kuldja are 16 posting stages, of which 10 belong to him and 6 to Russia.

"I ought to have told you about the Syad bringing 2 mountain guns and all the equipment, and 7 or 8 Turkish officers over the Karakorum with him, but have not space left. A few years ago I was disbelieved when I declared these mountains to be *not* impassable.

"Yours very sincerely,

"T. D. FORSYTH.

"You shall hear from Kashgar. Meanwhile let me wish you all the compliments of the new year coming on.

"There are abundant supplies of Russian goods in the Yarkand bazaars, but no Russian merchants. On examining the goods we found, in many instances, the names of English manufacturers, so that our trade is coming in on *both* sides, and we need not complain of Russian commerce advancing."

"Kashgar, December 11, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I am glad to be able to tell of our arrival at the Atalik's capital, and of our hearty welcome by His Highness. We left Yarkund on the 28th November, and found houses, or quarters, comfortably fitted up for us at each stage. About 8 miles from Yarkund we were invited to dismount and have a sumptuous breakfast in a house; and, as we had had a cold ride, it was very agreeable to find a well carpeted room with a bright fire, and good hot food. We again mounted, and at once found ourselves crossing a bleak desert, till we reached the village of Kok Robot, where we were lodged for the night in an "oorda," or Royal Resting-place. Next

knowing our route lay, as before, across a desert, and the cold was something indescribably intense. With furs and wraps we could not keep out the cold, and it was a great relief to dismount at noon at a small eating-house and thaw ourselves before a fire. Here we were met by the Military Governor of Yungi Hissar, who came out with 20 horsemen to escort us to Kashgar. Khal Mahomed, the Governor, holds the rank of Panjendbashee, or Commander of 500. He is a young man, and a special favourite of the Atalik. He has a dashing appearance, and brought his men—all most neatly dressed—up to meet us in capital style, wheeling them round with a precision which was much commended by my military companions. As soon as we reached this inn the Panjendbashee and his men dismounted, and immediately afterwards appeared bringing in dishes of hot meats, sweets, &c., Khal Mahomed himself waiting on us. After a good warm, inside and out, we remounted, and rode to Kizil, a large village, where we saw iron furnaces, but not now at work, it being winter-time. Next day we rode into Yungi Hissar, and evidently afforded much amusement to the inhabitants, who turned out in crowds to see the Feringhees. Yungi Hissar is a large town, with a fine bazaar down the main street. There are numerous walled enclosures with crenellated tops, giving the appearance of forts. Inside one of these is the Chinese quarter, where about 1000 Chinese live, who escaped the sword by turning Mahomedans. Outside the town, on a broad plain, is a very respectable fort, with towers, ditch, drawbridge, everything about it betokening due military care. We were taken to a garden, some little distance off, inside which we found a courtyard with a good gateway to it, and inside suites of rooms, and Kirghiz felt tents pitched, with large fires inside. Next morning we rode in here, being met about three miles from our residence by Mirza Ahmad Kooshken, one of the highest officers in the Atalik's Court, and formerly Governor of Tashkund, till ousted by the Russians. The British Embassy in Kashgar is, I assure you, a remarkably comfortable place. There is a spacious gateway, with raised dais (and fireplace), for our guard to sit or lie down on. Thence you pass into a spacious quadrangle with a broad flat verandah all round, and on two sides are good large rooms for the native part of our body. Passing through another gateway and passage you come to a large quadrangle, on three sides of which are rooms for us. These are small, but most comfortable, especially for winter-time. I have a sitting room and bedroom, with a little verandah connecting the two. The room is neatly built, and the window has double frames, the outer one having white paper instead of glass, and inside are wooden shutter-doors. Good Khoten (like Turkey) carpets on the floor. The sides of the room for three feet from the ground are hung with velvet, and above the walls are divided off into recesses, forming convenient shelves for books. Good fireplaces and a cheerful wood fire make the room as snug as possible. All the rooms of the officers are the same, except the velvet; and, perhaps, the papering of my ceiling is more gorgeous than that of the others. Beyond this quadrangle is a courtyard, where Dr. Bellew has started a dispensary. There is a separate court for our baggage animals, and good warm stables, with stalls, for 50 horses. We have a good-sized mess room, with the kitchen close by at the back. All this has been built for us, and, unfortunately, some of the building is not yet quite dry. But the taste and care with which everything has been arranged are quite marvellous. Little matters which tend greatly to one's comfort, yet which might easily have been forgotten, have been carefully attended to, and any alterations we wish to make are at once carried out. This embassy is situated about 50 paces outside the gate of Yungi Shahr, the King's Fort, and is about 5 miles distant from the City of Kashgar. Neither Shaw nor Hayward ever reached this city, being left inside the Fort of Yungi Shahr.

“As soon as we arrived a messenger came from the Atalik requesting us to

go, as we were to present ourselves in a friendly manner before him, leaving the ceremonious reception for another day. So we tumbled into uniform as fast as possible, and, mounting once more, rode into the Fort. We found soldiers ranged outside the gate of the palace, where we dismounted, and, passing through two large quadrangles filled with soldiers, who were seated all round the four sides in perfect silence and motionless, we entered the third court, which was quite deserted. At the end was a long hall, the private-apartment of the Atalik. I was taken in alone, and found the Atalik standing unattended. He received me very cordially and seated me by his side, asked after the Queen's health, the Viceroy's, hoped we had been properly treated by his servants on the road, &c. Then he called in the other officers one by one, shook them by the hand, and made them sit down. There was a little conversation, but chiefly he sat silent eyeing in all most keenly. Tea and fruit, &c., were brought in, and then we rose to depart, he wishing us welcome in a very hearty manner. The Atalik is a thick set man, about 5 feet 10 inches, with a broad good-humoured face. He has now formally assumed the title of *Ameer*, and is *Ameer Yakoob Khan*, instead of Yakoob-Beg as heretofore, so that the title of Atalik Ghazee may be dropped by us. As I was taking my seat by his side a salute of 15 guns was fired in honour of the British Envoy. This is quite an innovation, and is the first salute that has been fired for anyone but the Ruler himself, so that the Ameer has done due honour to our Government. To-day I presented the letters from Her Majesty and the Viceroy with all due ceremony, and the Ameer expressed the utmost gratitude for the kindness and favour shown him.

"But I will not inflict a crossed letter on you. So, wishing you and Lady Montgomery all the compliments of the season,

"Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"T. D. FORSYTH."

The paper of the evening was as follows:—

Notes of a Journey in the Island of Yezo in 1873, and on Progress of Geography in Japan. By R. G. WATSON, late *Chargé d'Affaires* in Japan.

In the course of last summer I had an opportunity of passing six weeks in the island of Yezo, the most northerly of the three chief islands of Japan, and of making a journey of about 300 miles in the interior. As the route I passed over is included in that of Captain Blakiston, a detailed description of which was read before this Society in 1872, I should not have thought of inviting your attention so soon again to Yezo, but for the marked changes which have occurred in that island, and the discoveries which have been made there since the date of Captain Blakiston's journey. To an account of these changes and discoveries I shall mainly confine my remarks. Yezo, though one of the three main islands of Japan, is placed on a different footing from that of all the other portions of the Mikado's dominions which lie to the south of it. It is considered rather to be a colonial possession, and its entire administration is placed in the hands of a distinct office, called the Yezo Colonization Depart-