

guage and literature in its Oriental tripos, those who have been humble workers at the task of making the Chinese and European nations better acquainted with each other are greatly encouraged.

4.—*Description of a Journey Overland to India, viâ Meshed, Herat, Candahar and the Bolan Pass, in the year 1872.* BY HIPPLISLEY CUNLIFFE MARSH, Captain 18th Bengal Cavalry.

LEAVING Constantinople by the Russian Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Gunil*, I arrived in Poti, in the Caucasus, on the 29th of August, 1872; then by rail 124 miles to Guirella, to which point only the line was open; here luckily finding a diligence about to start for Tiflis, I took advantage of this and reached that city, the capital of the province, on the 3rd of September. After a few days, I started, with two friends and travellers, in a huge carriage with six horses, and after a rough drive, arrived at Baku on the Caspian on the 12th of September, and embarked on board the steamer *Duke Constantine*, belonging to the Volga line. After a rough passage to Enzeli we found we could not land, owing to the surf on the bar being very dangerous for boats; so we continued on our way to Ashurada, the headquarters of the Russian fleet; but on our return thence, the weather and state of the sea being favourable, we landed on Persian soil on the 20th of September.

After a few days' delay, owing to the effects of the famine having destroyed nearly all the horses, we were kindly started off on our journey by the agent for Messrs. Ralli Brothers, the well-known Greek merchants. We reached Teheran on the evening of the 2nd of October, after the usual adventures and trouble that attend travelling in semi-civilised countries. After a ten days' stay in the city of the Shah, where we were kindly entertained by Captain Pearson, R.E., the superintendent of the Government telegraph, our party broke up, and I was sorry to say "Adieu!" and "God-speed!" to my pleasant companions, and start on my lonely Chappar, or post-ride to Meshed. I had a Persian servant, and adopted a semi-Asiatic costume. As this route has been so lately traversed, I will not delay, but commence at once on the subject-matter of my Paper, viz. my ride from Meshed to Candahar *viâ* Herat.

Before entering Meshed, I sent on the note I had received from the British Embassy at Teheran, to our Vahil or agent, Mirza Abbas Khan. We entered by the Eedgah gate, which with the mud walls and ditch that surround the city was in a very dilapidated state, and right glad to have accomplished so much of my journey, about 580 miles.

During my stay in Meshed, I stayed with Abbas Mirza, the agent of our embassy at Teheran, who helped me to get myself properly dressed as a Persian, and purchase the animals required for my journey to Herat. Amongst other men I met at his house was one who turned out to be a pensioned native officer of our Bengal Cavalry, here on some government duty from India. He gave me much information, and proved useful during my stay. He had lately, with a companion, been to Merv to obtain information, which he kept to himself, but told me he had had all his clothes taken from him, one by one, by the Turkomans, who taking a fancy to any articles, would persist in having them given to them; and that they were the most ignorant brute-like people he had ever come across, their only care being their horses, and in that they were untiring. I was introduced to the Governor of Khorassan, the Prince Murad Mirza. After inquiring after my health, and if I had had any trouble since entering his district, I asked him for a letter to Sirdar

Yakub Khan of Herat, requesting permission to enter his territory, which he at once promised me, as also an escort as far as the Persian boundary. He said I should have no trouble in reaching Herat, as the road was good the whole way. The ark or citadel in which he lived was a tumble-down mud fort, with many intricate passages, courts and gates, tanks of water, gardens, &c.

On my way back to the Vakil's house a dreadful sight presented itself. On a dead wall at the end of a lane were three men crucified, with their faces to the wall, large wooden pegs through hands and feet and through the back fixing them in that position. These unfortunates were Turkomans the Governor had lately caught red-handed in a slave-lifting and burning raid on some villages in the neighbourhood. These wretches are the terror of the country and deserve punishment, but not such a death as that; some caught before had been flayed alive and left to die by inches—such is the civilisation of Persia! Next day, having completed my outfit, I appeared dressed entirely as a Persian, riding on my newly-purchased horse, a Turkoman animal of the Takke breed.

The next day, the 5th, was a momentous one for me, as I was to be left to my own resources; my departure from Meshed breaking the last link that bound me to European civilisation.

The next morning, the 19th of November, I was up betimes, and in came a lot of wild-looking men, armed and booted for the road, bringing several letters from the Prince to the different places I should pass on the road. They reported themselves quite ready to start. As my little cavalcade debouched out of the narrow streets into the Khiyaban, we made a fine show, clearing the road for the "Elchi Sahib," as they called me. We left by the Herat gate, and there my friends left me with many good wishes. Before leaving this very interesting city, I propose offering a few remarks on it. It is, first, interesting on account of its being to the Sheah Mahomedans a holy place, as its name declares, "Mushud Mukudus." There they bring the bones of departed friends, as all wish to find a resting-place within its hallowed walls; but lately, owing to the graveyards being too crowded, an order has been issued prohibiting their further use for a term of years, as of late they used to throw away all old bones and inter fresh bodies instead. Then, again, its geographical position, about lat. $36^{\circ} 35'$, gives it a perfect climate, its gardens producing very fine fruit and its fields two crops a year, with an unfailling water-supply derived from a canal taken from the Kusheff Rud, a river which rises on the southern slopes of the Koopel Dagh or Damun e Koh. To the north and west of the city the broad valley becomes narrow, wherein are a collection of flourishing villages, each surrounded by their fields and gardens, in which all the wealthy merchants have their summer retreat. To the south and west all stretches away in vast undulating waterless plains. And, lastly, its strategical position is of the highest importance. Here meet the roads from Teheran to the west; from Kelat, Kabushan and Merv to the northward; from Herat and Shiraz and Yezd, *via* Surbut Haidree, from the southward; a fit position for the capital of Khorassan. From here any advance on Persia, either by Russians, Turkomans, or Afghan forces, might be easily opposed; and, in case of Russia advancing on Merv, would be the fittest place for us to commence a counter-demonstration. Here a large army might be supported for months.

Our first march was to Sungbust, an old walled village and caravanseraï, now in ruins. This village is supposed to furnish 100 mounted men by way of militia, instead of being taxed. A few of these were sent on with me; one of them had just returned from Merv. This place is daily acquiring more importance; but since its destruction by Nadir Shah in 1741, and its total depopulation by the Amir of Bokhara in 1787, who deported its population to increase that of Samarcand, it has never recovered the blow,

and, though called the chief town of the Turkomans, does not contain a single hut; but at certain seasons of the year, after harvest, the tribes assemble here with the produce of farm or flock, and pitch their black goat's-hair or felt tents amidst the ruins of the ancient Shah Zehan. In the great heats the town is again deserted, the River Murghab then being nearly, and often quite, dry. The march to Furriman is devoid of water, the country easy to traverse, but quite deserted. This village is also a military fief of 100 sowars to Meshed, and has plenty of good land round it, but is devoid of water, owing to its insecurity from plunder. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, being situated in a narrow valley, it might be made a strong bar on the road to Herat.

The road was bad and stony, with small hills on all sides. From behind one, close to the pass, I was informed a Turkoman Allaman had attacked and plundered a caravan a few weeks before our arrival. As I heard that Burdo was nearer, and a better place than Abdulabad, we passed the night there. Hussun Khan of Furriman, who was riding with me, told me the Persian army was not properly paid, but that the men were really of good stuff, and, if well led, made excellent soldiers. The country wanted fostering; the people were very good, quiet, and ready to obey any one who protected them. They were poor, and produced nothing, owing to the uncertainty of human life there. On arriving at Abdulabad I found a thriving village, with its green gardens, and famous for its fruits, well-watered by a small stream from the Karez on the hills to the south. It used to produce silk. After leaving this green spot behind, the valley along which we had been travelling opened out into an open, undulating country, with a river-bed far off to the left. The direct path between Burdo and the next village, Mahomedabad, would only have been 3 fursaks, but stony hills intervene, which force the road to wind round to the south, making it 5 fursaks. The latter village can be seen a long way off, as it stands on high ground over the stream that comes from Abdulabad. In front of Mahomedabad is the ruin of the ancient city of Luriger, but the only building standing was the dome of the Abambar, or reservoir of water, and a tomb, both of masonry, raised to the memory of a relative of the Iman Reza of Meshed. This, they say, accounts for the fertility of the soil at this place, producing one wheat and two barley-crops a year. The village belongs to the Prince Murad Mirza. Eastward from here the country is dry and hot, no villages *en route*; many ruins of small forts, all showing we are coming to a devastated country, the stream from Abdulabad still running parallel to the road, but down in the centre of the valley a mile off, and all going to waste; the people also changing in appearance—the Persian costume giving way to the Afghan tall black Kulla, or sheep-skin hat, to the Lungee and choga. At Turbut i Sheikh Jam the people call themselves Jamis.

The country between Turbut and Karez, a small fortified village near the frontier, is for 36 miles flat, without trees or habitations, hills on both sides, but in the distance. I found the place deserted, as they had all gone off to the extreme frontier of Kybat; so I went there also, though out of my direct road. A great commotion had been caused throughout the country by an Allaman, which had passed along the Herat frontier, and they were gathering a force to cut them off on their return. The path between Karez and Kybat passes between sand-hills; beyond these hills lies a valley, and beyond that, again, a chain of high hills, called Dukhter Sang, south-east of us. I stayed a night here, and pushed on in the morning, the road being good, over a rolling, sandy country, to Katfir Killa, an old fort on the Persian Herat boundary. As I found no one there as I hoped, I went on to the banks of the Hurri Rud, which is a regular jungle. The river had little water at this season, 10 yards wide and a foot deep at the most, as most of it had been drawn off by canals higher up. This crossing having a bad name from robbers lurking in the reeds, I pushed

on as fast as we could, but saw fresh marks of horsemen, which, we were told on our arrival at Kohsam, the Afghan frontier fort, were those of Turkomans. I passed the night in this frontier-post with a party of Herat horse-dealers just from Merv, but, as they only spoke Turkee, I had not the opportunity of conversing with them. Our road to Subush was through a hilly but deserted country, easy to traverse, and parallel to the Hurri Rud. I was there met by the Chief of Ghorian, Abdul Zahir Khan, who had been sent by Sirdar Yakoob Khan to escort me to Herat.

Ghorian is a small fort of some strength on the south or left bank of the Hurri Rud, and was the first place taken by Yakoob Khan in '68, before he took Herat for his father in the same year. About 2 miles from the city, Atta Mohamed Khan Shaghasee, and others of Yakoob's officers, met me with a cloud of horsemen and guns, with which they escorted me into Herat. Khané Mushko Khan, the quarters provided for me, were close to the royal apartments, and were very clean and comfortable. Next day I had an audience with Yakoob, a fine, handsome young man, fair complexioned, tall, with a very intelligent face. He speaks five languages—Persian, Turkee, Pushtoo, Hindustanee, and a little English. He spoke to me in Persian, saying he had not had the pleasure of speaking with an Englishman for very many years, but hoped this would be the commencement of a greater intercourse with the "Sahibs" from India; then, changing, he spoke in broken English, vindicating his conduct with his father, the Amir Shere Ali of Cabul. Herat is a poor town, but is a very fine fortress, with high walls and deep ditch, and, commanded by Europeans, could be held by a native army against the rest of Asia. I had ample opportunities of seeing the place, also of thoroughly knowing Yakoob Khan, with whom I stayed eight days. He had lately been making a good battery of field-pieces, of which he was greatly proud.

Herat has been so often besieged and its walls battered down, that the débris of the former ones have made a huge mound, on which the present ones are built. The surrounding country is very rich, and is surrounded by mountains at a distance. On the north, at a distance of about 3 miles, commences a range of hills, which, at about 20 miles off, form peaks from 5000 to 7000 feet, with an east and west direction; to the south the westernmost spurs of the Seah Koh form an elbow with the Dushak Range from Persia, and about 20 to 30 miles off, leaving an undulating plain between them, watered by the canals from the Hurri. I left Herat by the Kandaharee Darwaza, by which Nadir Shah entered in triumph with all his Delhi loot in 1739. Its historical associations are interesting, and its climate healthful.

The road through the hills to the south, which are bare and dry, is rocky, and difficult to travel, and the pass of the Shahbad led us into a labyrinth of small hills and valleys, out of which I was glad to emerge at Subzwar, a small fort perched on a rock, watered by the Adreshkun Ab, the head of which we had crossed further north. This spot in a desert is held by one of Yakoob's fathers-in-law. The road then goes down stream as far as Jujā, which it crosses by an easy ford, the river here forming the southern boundary of Herat territory, and that of Furrah commences.

The appearance of the whole country now changes, and instead of stony hills and dry water-courses, we saw an extensive plain reaching south as far as the horizon, with rounded sandy hillocks and quite deserted. The approach to Furrah is by a marshy plain formed by the overflow of the Furrah Rud, which has its rise on the southern slopes of the Seah Koh. I was greatly astonished on entering the town to find it only consisted of a few houses, although the walls are high and in good repair, giving the idea of a large city. The governor, Sirdar Mir Afzul Khan, being away at Cabul, I was received by his son Abdullah Khan, who is the brother-in-law to Shere Ali, he having taken the sister of the latter to wife, who is the mother of the boy Abdullah Jan,

whom Shere Ali wishes to make his heir-apparent, to the exclusion of Yakob, his elder son. To the south of the town commences the large Seistan plain, for the possession of which Persia and Afghanistan had so long fought. Furrab is often deserted for want of water, when the people migrate with their large flocks of sheep to more favourable localities farther south. The favourite occupation of these people is raiding on one another's flocks; and to show the insecurity of life in these regions, all strangers are looked upon as enemies till they prove themselves otherwise. From Khor Malik to Bukwa we traversed a desert tract, with no special features to describe except that we skirted a range of low hills, to the north of which runs a road parallel to ours, from Shaiwan through Chorān, Ganimurg and Ikling to Grishk, and which is generally followed in the summer, owing to its being better supplied with water, although it is not so easy a one as that which I was following. At Bukwa the Ead festival was taking place; consequently I was greatly delayed, and only got as far as Sake, a small encampment of shepherds.

My party here consisted of about twenty, who had collected for mutual protection. Our way lay over a bare gravelly plain and crossed the dry bed of the Ikling Joce, which only contains water in the spring; then onward till we reached the Kash Rud, now nearly dry, and following its right bank, we arrived at the old ruins of Dilaram, where we halted for the night. This old ruin is a station for the post-runners; a few wild Atchakzaie take the letters between Herat and Candahar. This Kash Rud is a stream nearly as large as the Furrab Rud, and rises in one of the valleys on the south of the Seah Koh, near the pass of Kohistanee Baba, and joins the Helmund, after a long course, near the Seistan Lake, close to Guz Keri.

The bed of the river was full of jungle, but we easily crossed and found a worse road than yesterday; as we ascended the river and followed its bank and then branched off, a long ravine led us over a vile road right up to Washere, where we came upon the northern road, of which I have already spoken. Washere is mostly composed of tents; there are a few huts and walled enclosures, but the houses of former times are all destroyed, and the place much reduced by the army that was sent towards Herat two years before my arrival.

On leaving this village next morning I found my escort consisted of only two men, at which my companions were rather alarmed, asserting that the road became less safe as we neared Candahar, owing to the numerous loose characters about.

At Ikling, the first village after leaving Washere, close to the road-side is a curious stone pillar, but of its history I could learn nothing. The path from here began to enter the low hills that cross the country from east to west, and after hours of plodding we came out into the plain again. Water is very scarce, and everything looked quite burnt up, nevertheless these hills afford good grazing to large flocks of sheep. As the sun was getting low, we saw some peaks in the distance, apparently isolated, but as we neared we found they were all joined into a group by lower hills. Between two of these hills, in a small valley, we suddenly came upon an encampment of Eliots in their blanket tents. They had only been here a few weeks, and had just completed the repair of their Karez, as this place, called Beobanak, had been uninhabited for several years previous to my arrival. We slept for the night there, and in the morning as we left the encampment we had to pass between two hills that divide Washere from the Grishk country; through this narrow gorge a cutting wind met us off the Musa valley to the north. The road then passes over the level country to Mahmudabad, a small village in a hollow, watered by a Karez stream; beyond, over an undulating country and across the head waters of a small tributary that joins the Urgundab at Gudar to the south, and then came to the old mud fort of Sadut, built fifty years before by Dost Mohammed

Khan's brother, Khoondil Khan, for the protection of his family and treasure. From here we all were on the look-out to catch a glimpse of the towers of Griahek, and, after dark, a solitary light guided us off the plateau we had been traversing, down into the valley of the Helmund. The fort is in a very dilapidated condition, and as it was dark, and the people afraid to let down the draw-bridge, we had to ford the ditch and scramble up the escarp.

The next day being Sunday I halted for the day, and had a wander round, and found amongst the crumbling walls many marks left of our occupation there in 1840, and amongst others a gate and bastion made by Sir Henry Rawlinson, who was then our Political Resident at Candahar. From the top of the walls a good bird's-eye view is obtained of the surrounding country and villages, with the River Helmund and the ruined fort of Nadali opposite. The valley of the river is here broad, and, as far as the water would reach, was beautifully green and fertile; the large canals coming from the river irrigated the gardens and fields, and filled the moat round the fort. This important position commands the road to Herat and Candahar, and the ford of the Helmund, which is generally too rapid and deep to be crossed at all points. The bank and sands bordering the rivers are covered with jungle, full of game. Through this we had to pass, as we took our departure next day, to renew our desert march towards Candahar; stopping at Miskarez for the night, a small village where I only got salt and liquid mud to drink, and the whole of the next day we had to ride without water. At last, late in the evening, on the horizon we saw a range of sand-hills, and shortly after a few horsemen rode out to meet us from the village of Aushukhan. The River Urgundas runs close under the hills to the south, and the right bank along which I passed has many villages situated within its green and fertilising influence.

On the 12th of December, 1872, I entered Candahar, and the agreeable surprise that awaited me on entering raised my hopes to the utmost as to what my reception would be at Cabul.

While at Candahar, Yakoob Khan's wife passed through to join him in Herat, as also his younger brother Aioob.

I made great preparations for my approaching journey towards Cabul, purchasing warm things to keep out the great cold, which was reported as excessive by a Kafilah just arrived; but on the 14th of December I was shown a letter just arrived from the Amir at Cabul, asking me if I had had permission to travel by my government, and if not, I was not to think of going to Cabul, but to depart at once for India by the lower or southern road, *viâ* Quetta and Kelat.

As this put an end to all hopes of reaching the capital, I started off as soon as I could for Quetta, so, on the 16th, I left Candahar with as great state as I had entered. A young Populzaie Khan accompanied me to Quetta. We left the sterile hills and plains of Candahar and dipped down into the green valley of the Loree river which was distant about 24 miles. From Candahar to our Indian frontier they count in coes instead of fursaks, as in Khorassan. Our road followed the course of the river, crossing many tributary streams and canals; as also the Turnak river, a slow muddy stream, and the Arghasan, two tributaries of the Helmund. Our first stage was Tukhtapool, a small village amongst low bare hills inhabited by Atchakzaie, a lawless set of robbers. The next day the first part of the road was very stony, through the same low hills, named Koh-i-Gantai, which we had entered yesterday; emerging out of which we crossed a plain without water, and in the evening camped in the midst of an Atchakzaie Kheyli, a most interesting sight to see those wild tribes in their own home. Next day, after crossing another large tract of twenty miles without water, we camped with a poor man and his family at the foot of the Khoja Amran range of hills; the next day, or the fourth from Candahar, we crossed by the Rogni Pass this range that we had seen for the last two days.

We ascended from the plain by a gorge, along a most vile path, and after two miles came on the "Chumun," a spring of water—one of the spots well remembered by our army on its march to Candahar in 1838, and used as a halting-place, owing to its open glade and spring. We then approached the summit by a goat-track, and from the pass looked down on the plains on both sides; to the N.E. on those through which the Kudania stream runs, and south-west into the Pesheen valley of the Lora, both sides yellow and parched; but the wind blew cold from the Candahar direction. Pesheen valley is reported to be rich and fertile, but I saw little to attract the eye. Across the Pesheen plain and the Lora, a muddy stream, we rode over a Kotul in the Shawl hills in the Quetta country. These desolate and low hills are the boundary between Afghanistan and Khelat. As we could not reach Quetta or Shawl that evening, we slept at the small village of Billilay, and next day marched into that well-known fort. The country lies high, as the elevation of the fort is about 5500 feet above sea-level, and it is built on a natural mound, the foot of which is protected by a wall and ditch. I was well received by the Khan of Khelat's Naib Abdullatif, who turned out his small force to salute me, and brought me to the fort and installed me in my quarters. As soon as I had the opportunity, I asked for permission to pass through the Bolan on my way to Jacobabad. He reluctantly assented, so early next morning I turned out of the fort; I told him to send the guides after me. I made only a short march that day to Sircub. By the evening my men arrived, and at midnight I started, as I was anxious to reach the mouth of the pass before any one could give the information to the robber tribes that infest it. As soon as it was light we crossed the Kharlaki, or bar that closes the defile from the plain, and descended into the bed of the Bolan. The difficulties of this route are naturally very great, but when Kafilas and unarmed travellers have to hurry through for fear of harm or death, the obstructions are multiplied exceedingly.

Of its entire length of sixty miles we did the first part, or forty miles, straight off, without delay, passing the well-known halting-places of our advancing army in 1838. As we neared the town of Dadur at its lower or southern end, the pass widens out, and we debouch into the plains; having descended the whole way from 5000 to 1000 feet. From here to Dadur, which is within our Sind frontier, is a vast plain called the Put, uninteresting and barren. And here I came across an English officer, and was thankful to have finished my journey by the 5th of January, 1873.

5.—*A Visit to the Mungao District, near Cape Delgado.* By Dr. J. KIRK, H.M. Consul-General, Zanzibar.

TAKING advantage of the movements of H.M.S. *Philomel*, I last month visited a few of the trading stations of the district of Mungao, the most southerly division of the Zanzibar dominions.

The district of Mungao extends along a hundred miles of coast, from Kiswere, in s. lat. 9° 25', to the small stream that forms the limit of the Sultan's territory in the Bay of Tungi, at Cape Delgado.

Previous to the survey carried on by Captain Gray of H.M.S. *Nassau*, in 1875, little was known of the different harbours of this part of the coast, and before 1870 the trade of Mungao consisted of a little copal, orchilla weed, and cowries, but principally in slaves that came from the Nyassa Lake.

During the prevalence of southerly winds, slaves were sent to Zanzibar, Somali Land, and Arabia; when the monsoon changed, Arab vessels transported slaves to the Comoro Islands and Madagascar.