

course from the Cape Verdes, a distance of 1500 miles, which is sure to have been exaggerated, would not have taken her anywhere near America; and a west course, at least within two or three points either way, is a necessity, if any argument is to be based on the legend as deciphered by experts. I am afraid, therefore, that the theory of a discovery of America in 1447 cannot be admitted.

No departure is given on the legend. I cannot suppose that no departure was originally given, for the legend is unmeaning without one; and this increases the probability that a line has been cut off. To suppose that the departure was from the Cape Verde Isles, or any other point, without any authority, is a purely arbitrary assumption. But if, as Mr. Yule Oldham believes, Galvano alludes to the same voyage, he does give the departure. It is from the Strait of Gibraltar, course westerly, and the distance "much farther than they wished." A westerly course (N. 80° W.) and a distance of about 1200 miles (which would be quite 1500 by such a dead reckoning as would have been kept in 1447) would have brought a vessel to one of the Azores. The legend on Bianco's map, by the light shown by Galvano, is thus explained. A vessel was blown out of the Strait of Gibraltar in 1447 westerly, for a distance reckoned at 1500 miles, and the "authentic island" was one of the Azores. The Azores are shown on the Laurentian map of 1351, and had been copied into others, including one by Bianco himself, dated 1436. But they had not been visited for nearly a century, and had to be re-discovered before their authenticity could be established. St. Mary had been re-discovered in 1432, and St. Michael in 1444. The re-discovery of another of the Azores further west, perhaps Flores, in 1447, would establish the authenticity of the other western islands on Bianco's map of 1436, and naturally led him to refer to it as an "authentic island;" of the visit to which he may have just heard at Lisbon after his map was completed, on his return voyage from London. This, I am inclined to think, may account for the curious marginal note on the map of 1448; assuming that it is in Bianco's hand, and has been correctly deciphered. Galvano's seven cities, and inquiries after the Moors, are the natural accretions which the story of this voyage to Flores had received in the course of another century.

A TRIP TO TURKISTAN.

By Captain H. BOWER.

TOWARDS the end of 1888 I happened to hear that my friend Major Cumberland was contemplating a visit to the Pamirs in search of *Ovis Poli*, and was anxious to find a companion; so I determined, if matters could be arranged and leave obtained, to accompany him. Shortly

afterwards he came to Ferozepore, where I was quartered at the time, and we were able to talk over things together. Then he started for Kashmir, and I put in an application for a year's furlough. This was granted, and on June 14, 1889, I left Ferozepore by rail for Rawul Pindi; thence I pushed on as fast as possible to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, which was reached on the evening of the 17th. But I need not have hurried, as the first news I heard on arrival was that it was of no use going on, as the rivers in Raskam, a country we had intended to traverse, were sure to be in flood owing to the melting snows. As neither of us cared much for Srinagar, we determined to push on to Leh, and do whatever waiting had to be done there; so we left Kashmir on the 22nd, and reached Leh on July 7. At Leh we met M. Dauvergne, whose intention was to make the same trip as ourselves, and who was taking up a small tablet to place on the spot where Mr. Dalgleish had been murdered the previous year. Our original intention had been to leave the Leh-Yarkand road at Aktagh, and then turn west by Raskam and Sarikol to the Taghdumbash; but before leaving Leh we were informed by Captain Ramsay, British Joint Commissioner, that we could not be allowed to proceed unless we signed a paper promising not to go through Raskam, as it was considered unsafe owing to the marauding bands of Kunjuts. These Kunjuts have for many years been a pest to all law-abiding, peaceful people in their neighbourhood. From their country of Hunza they would issue forth, and, taking advantage of the night—for they never attacked by day—fall on some unsuspecting camp of Kirghiz or traders, and, having plundered everything they could lay their hands on, carry the unfortunate people off to slavery. So much was their very name hated, that I have heard a man describe a wind as a Kunjuti wind when he wished to describe what we would call a bitter, cruel wind; to his mind that word "Kunjuti" summed it all up. They were not a brave people; night surprises and ambushes were what they excelled in. Secure in their mountain fastnesses, they judged themselves invincible, until Colonel Durand's brilliant little campaign awoke them from their fools' paradise, putting a stop for ever to their raids, and now the Raskam route to the Taghdumbash is as safe as any other. It was a matter of very considerable inconvenience to us not being allowed to go that road as we had intended. The only other route we knew of to the Taghdumbash was round by Yarkand, which would have taken twice as long. However, our caravanbashi, on being consulted, said that he had once heard that from some place on the north side of the Killian pass a road ran east, which would most likely take us there.

Having got together a caravan of fifteen ponies between Major Cumberland and myself—M. Dauvergne having his own separate—we left Leh on July 27, and, crossing the Khardung pass, where our things had to be carried on yaks, descended into the Nubra valley.

From Charlung, at the head of the Nubra valley, to Shahidulla there is a very bad stretch of country which takes about eight days to cross, and contains three passes—the Karakorum, 18,550 feet; the Sasser, 17,800 feet; and the Snget. Struggling over stones and through snow at these altitudes with heavy loads tells terribly on horseflesh; the whole way is strewn with the bones of traders' ponies that have died on the road. On the Dipsang plains the long line of white bones stretches across like a ribbon, and no one could miss the road.

On the Karakorum we built a pyramid of stones, and on it placed the tablet in memory of Mr. Dalgleish that M. Dauvergne had brought. At Shahidulla, where there is a small encampment of Kirghiz, the grazing is good, so we halted there for a few days to give the ponies a much-required rest. Furdikul, the chief or akskal (literally, "white beard"), paid us a visit, and we entertained him with tea, biscuits, nuts, etc. Amongst the Turkis, before sitting down to any repast, a great deal of stroking of beards goes on; then the formula "Allah o Akhbar" is repeated, and every one kneels down on both knees, sitting back on their heels, a most uncomfortable and constrained position. The host usually requests his guests to sit at their ease; they then sit cross-legged. At the conclusion of the repast all beards are again stroked, and "Allah o Akhbar" is again repeated.

After leaving Shahidulla we marched down the valley of the Karakash river, which had to be forded twice, while the Tograssu, a tributary, had to be forded once. The latter, though holding much less water than the Karakash, is the most difficult to cross owing to the stony nature of the bottom; ponies often stumble, and once down they never can rise again, but are invariably drowned. We were fortunate in getting over without any loss, and, turning up a side valley, commenced the ascent of the Killian pass. Near the top it was covered with snow, sufficiently deep and soft to give the ponies a great deal of trouble in getting over. This pass is nearly always rather difficult to cross, and, though not as bad as the Sasser or Kulti i Kandhar, it is bad enough to make it advisable to have all the ponies' loads put on to yaks. On the north side great numbers of Ram chickore, or Himalayan snow cock, were to be seen running about, and half a dozen shot without the least trouble came in handy for the pot. On this side the soil is of quite a different character to that on the southern side; the disintegrated rock that forms the barren soil of Ladakh is replaced by fine yellow soil, and away to the north the dust blown up from the desert could be seen hanging over the plains of Turkistan. At the place where we camped after descending from the pass, a shepherd resided who owned a fine golden eagle. These eagles are much used for hunting gazelle, foxes, and hares in the flat country through which the Kashgar and Yarkand rivers flow. It is capital sport, and during the time I was in that country I was fortunate in seeing some of it. The

eagle, on being released, does not go off nearly as quickly as a hawk, but takes some little time overtaking the quarry; and in the mean while, if the quarry is a gazelle, the hunters must ride as hard as their horses can go, as the eagle, on overtaking it, simply settles on its quarters and turns it over. If no one is up to come to the eagle's assistance, the gazelle gets free, while the eagle sits still on the ground, refusing to rise.

Leaving Khusghum, the camp where the shepherd lived who owned the golden eagle, we kept on in a northerly direction for about 12 miles; then, turning west up a valley, we left the Yarkand road, and with it known country, to try and find a new route to the Pamira. The country as we advanced improved in character; grass became more plentiful, and camps of Wakkhi nomads were continually met with. These Wakkhis are an exceedingly interesting Aryan race of good physique, fair and decidedly European in appearance, courteous, and hospitable. We found them a charming people to travel among. Like the Kirghiz, they own immense numbers of sheep, and move from place to place in search of pasturage. During the daytime the flocks are to be seen grazing on the hillsides, and in the evening they are driven into the camp and tied up to be milked. North and south of our route magnificent snowy ranges ran east and west, connected by ridges generally about 14,500 feet high. These ridges had to be crossed, and as a rule one was included in each day's march. They presented no difficulty beyond the long ascent and descent, which was trying to the laden ponies. The only game we saw was hares and chickore; but ibex and burhel are undoubtedly to be found in the neighbourhood, as we saw their horns adorning mazars (shrines).

Near Ak Masjid we met a Russian exploring party under the command of Colonel Pevtsov. They were installed in yurts, by far the most comfortable form of movable habitation in cold weather. Owing to their transport animals having suffered considerably on the march, Colonel Pevtsov's intention was to halt for a month, in order to allow of their picking up. The escort consisted of twenty-five Cossacks, first-rate men for rough work.

After parting from the Russian party, we marched down a valley which emerged into the Turkistan plain at a small village just south of Kugjar. On our arrival at the village, a Turki brought us a lot of most delicious grapes and melons, which we thoroughly appreciated after our long thirsty march, having come 25 miles without seeing any water on the road. On the barren plain outside the little cultivation that surrounded the village, a few gazelle, or, as they are called in Turki, jeran, were to be seen wandering about apparently grazing, but what they found to eat was a mystery.

From this place we turned west once more, and crossed some low barren sandhills. It was a long trying march, more especially for the

ponies, which kept sinking in the soft sand over the fetlocks at each step. We had been going for eleven hours before Oshlegh, a charming village situated in the valley of the Tiznaf river, was reached. This valley is about a mile broad, with high cliffs on each side. The soil is a rich alluvial deposit, cultivated like a garden, and the river of bright clear water winds about from one side to the other. Apricots, mulberries, melons, grapes, pumpkins, walnuts, and apples which have a reddish tinge like blood-oranges are abundant, while Indian corn appears to be the staple cereal. Villages, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, hardly exist, but the whole valley is studded with farmhouses, and a name appears to be given to the part of the valley enclosed by each bend of the river. From Oshlegh, another march over low sandhills took us to Oyung, a village situated in a valley of much the same character, but much smaller; the river also is smaller, and almost entirely used up by irrigation canals. Ploughing was going on, the plough used being of almost the same pattern as the one the Indian peasant carries on his shoulder from his house to his field. But the cattle differ from the Indian ones in being humpless; occasionally one was to be seen yoked in a plough with a pony.

For two days we marched up this valley, camping the first day at Thangneassi and the second day at Mazar Urzi. Innumerable donkeys were met with on the road, carrying pine poles from the fir-clad slopes to be seen in the south to Kargallik, to be used in the construction of a new bazaar. At Mazar Urzi, where three valleys meet, the character of the crops was quite different from that of those further down. Oats and peas had taken the place of Indian corn, and the soil was of a much poorer and more stony character. Turning up the westernmost of the three valleys, and crossing an easy pass covered with grass and trees on which many Wakkhis had pitched their tents, we descended into a narrow gorge running between stupendous cliffs, which rose sheer up from each side to such a height as almost to shut out the light. At midday, with a bright sun shining outside, the bottom of the ravine was wrapped in twilight.

Before reaching the small fort of Eghi Zarak Kurghan, beside which we camped, we were out of this marvellous gorge and in the full light of day once more. The fort is a rectangular building about 50 yards square, with walls about 12 feet high, of dried mud. It contains no garrison, but the officials connected with the copper-smelting carried on there have their quarters in it. These officials, although Turkis and Mohammedans, wore pigtails, a custom adopted from their Chinese masters, who insist on all officials following the Chinese custom as regards the way they dress their hair. I found afterwards that many Turkis other than officials followed the same fashion, in order to curry favour with the powers that be. Close to the fort there is a small stream containing abundance of small trout-like fish. Major Cumberland tried

them with a fly, and found that they rose readily, the result being a dish of fish which was excellent eating and a pleasant change. From Eghi Zarak Kurghan we crossed the Arpatalla pass and descended to the village of Langar, which is situated just below the junction of the Tung and Yarkand rivers, amidst barren precipitous mountains. The ferry is about a mile above the village, but no rafts are kept ready; when wanted they are made by the villagers from inflated skins and poplar poles. This raft is tied by a rope to a horse's tail; the horse is then driven into the water and guided by a man strapped to an inflated skin who swims alongside. How our things got safely over has been a puzzle to me ever since. The raft was of the craziest description, and swayed about in the current, threatening to capsize every minute. All our things got wet, but no disaster happened, and nothing was missing when an inspection of our baggage was made in the evening.

Ablasum Beg of Sarikul, with a crowd of attendants, was on the bank awaiting us. He is supposed to be more or less insane, and is given to fits of uncontrollable passion, in which he has killed several people. We were particularly requested by his subjects not to allow him to handle our guns, or, if we did so, to say that we had no ammunition, as they much feared that, with a new sort of gun in his hands, he would be unable to resist the temptation to try its effect on some of the onlookers. To us he was civil enough, but there is no doubt about his being of weak intellect, and the Chinese are sufficiently conscious of it to have nominated his son, Kasim Beg, as ruler of the country.

It took all day to get our things over the river, so it was too late to go any further that night, and we pitched our tents close by. Next morning we moved about 4 miles up the Tung valley, and camped close to the Beg's house. There is no collection of houses forming a village, but the lower end of the valley is covered with scattered farmhouses on well-cultivated land. Hearing that the Beg expected us to pay him a state visit, we did so, taking with us some presents of cloth and brocade. He received us in a sort of courtyard, round which there was a raised platform covered by a roof supported by pillars. As we entered he met us, and, leading us to a place where a handsome Khoten carpet was spread, invited us to be seated. Then the inevitable *dastarkhan*, or repast (literally, "tablecloth") was brought in; it consisted of masses of boiled mutton, huge slabs of bread, and wooden bowls filled with curds. It was plain and wholesome food, but, though we did our best, we could make no apparent impression on the enormous quantity produced. Giving it up as hopeless, we expressed our satisfaction, and the remainder was handed over to our servants, who soon made a clean sweep of everything. We took our departure amidst a deal of bowing and much exchange of high-flown compliments. Next day we pursued our way up the valley of the Tung river, passing some scattered patches of cultivation in which slaves were working; they had originally been

stolen from the neighbourhood of Gilgit by Kunjuts and sold to the Sarikolis. They seemed quite happy, having married and settled down, and expressed no wish to return to their native country. Soon the valley became so narrow as to be nothing but a gorge, and we were continually crossing and recrossing the river. Owing to the rocky nature of the bed, it was a very trying march for the ponies; they staggered and stumbled about over the stones, continually falling and often cutting their legs. Emerging from the gorge above the snow-line, we found ourselves at the small Kirghiz encampment of Babut, situated on a bitterly cold spot just under the Kotli-i-Kandhar pass. Here we halted for a day, making a bargain with the people for yaks to carry our baggage over, and then continued our march.

The pass was easy with the exception of about 150 yards near the top; this bit was so bad that it took us three hours to get the animals over it. All hands had to work their hardest, as the ponies had almost to be carried over, and the altitude—about 17,000 feet—added much to the exertion both for man and beast. After crossing we descended into the valley of the Wachi river, in which there is a little poor cultivation. The houses bear evidence of the fear the inhabitants live in of their neighbours on the south, the Kunjuts; instead of scattered farmhouses, one invariably finds several houses joined together and presenting a fort-like appearance. From this valley we crossed the Ogriat pass and descended into the Taghdumbash valley at a place about 6 miles south of Tashkhurghan.

The valley of the Taghdumbash extends from Tashkhurghan to the Kunjerab pass, with a branch on the west known as the Karachunkar valley, and a smaller one in the east, up which runs the road to Raskam. The main valley has an average width, as far as the ruined fort of Khurgan i Ujadbai, of 3 or 4 miles; after that it gradually narrows. The Karachunkar valley is much narrower, being probably nowhere a mile wide, and generally much less. The scene is bleak and dreary in the extreme, a few patches of grass along the river-bank and some boortsa (*Eurotia*) on the hillsides being the only vegetation in sight as we entered; but near the passes at the head *Stipa pennata*, the crisp nourishing grass of the Pamirs, is plentiful. At Tashkhurghan there is some cultivation, but higher up a few square yards of poor-looking barley at Dubda and Khusghun is all one meets with.

Two camps of Kinghiz graze their flocks on the Taghdumbash—one having its head-quarters in the Karachunkar branch, and the other towards the Kunjerab pass. The akskals or headmen of both these encampments treated us with great politeness, and rendered material assistance by supplying sheep, milk, butter, and a sort of clotted cream, of which they consume large quantities; as also with guides to show where the *Ovis Poli* were to be found. But one of them, Kuch Mahomed Beg, akskal of the Karachunkar party, bore a bad name amongst his

neighbours, owing to his intimacy with the much-hated and dreaded Kunjuts.

We determined to try the Karachunkar valley first, and marched up it to a place called Kukturruk, just under the Wakkhis Jai pass leading to Wakkhan. There we pitched our camp by a half-frozen stream, in a sheltered spot that had apparently been used by the Kirghiz for ages to shelter flocks and herds in. The soil where the animals had stood dug out like peat and burnt readily, so we were well off as regards fuel, which is generally the great difficulty in these regions. When we got there at the end of September, snow was lying in patches on the southern slopes of the hills and in unbroken sheets on the northern. We did not lose any time in commencing our search for *Ovis Poli*, but luck was very much against Major Cumberland and myself, and after ten days' hard work he had only got two and I had only got one, so we decided to try the Kunjerab pass. Mr. Dauvergne was more fortunate, and, having got three in his first two days, he set out for the Wakkhis Jai pass, in order to return to Kashmir *via* Gilgit; so we parted here.

On the Kunjerab we were much more successful, but it was terribly hard work. With the very first streaks of light the *Ovis Poli* retire to the highest peaks and remain there all day, invariably choosing such a position that it would be impossible to approach them without being seen, and not descending until shortly before dark.

Besides *Ovis Poli* the Pamirs hold ibex and bears, but we did not care to go after them; wolves are very plentiful, and I saw one once. Hares swarm in parts.

As soon as we had had enough shooting, we started for Yarkand, going a few miles out of our way to visit Captain Gromchevsky and Dr. Conrad. It was a great pleasure to us meeting them, and we only regretted that time did not allow of our being longer together. Their intention was to go through Raskam. This we subsequently heard they succeeded in doing; but from Shahidulla they had attempted to cross the high land lying between that place and Polu, and, after suffering great hardships and losing all their ponies, they had been obliged to return.

At Tashkhurgan we got a letter from Captain Younghusband, who was coming through Raskam, asking us to halt in order to allow of his catching us up, so we stayed there for three days. While halted we had an opportunity of seeing the celebrated Turki game of boghlak, or the goat. In this game the head and feet of the carcass of a goat are cut off, and it is thrown on to the ground. The players then, who are mounted on ponies about 13 hands 1 inch in height, endeavour to pick it up without dismounting. When one succeeds he gallops off and the rest follow, endeavouring to take it from him; should one be successful, he in his turn is pursued by the others, and so on *ad infinitum*. It did not strike me as being nearly as good or as fast a game as polo. The

Turkis and Kinghiz, in spite of the fact that they are nearly always in the saddle, are very poor horsemen; the ridiculously short stirrups they use, the heel being doubled up under the thigh, prevents them from having any grip, and they come off with exceedingly little provocation. But they are wonderful hands at sitting still on a pony at a walk or gentle amble. On the longest march, even in the coldest weather, from sunrise to sunset, they will sit still like a bundle on the horse's back, without dismounting for a minute.

When Captain Younghusband joined us, which he did on the third day of our halt, riding in on a camel, having come 45 miles that morning, we halted another day to talk over our experiences, and then parted on our different roads, he going south towards the Kunjerat, and we north towards the Chichilik pass. This pass is easy enough, but on the eastern side there is a very bad bit of road. It seems ridiculous to apply the term "road" to it; but it is a road insomuch as it is the ordinary route from Tashkhurgan to Yarkand. It runs down the bed of a stream, and it is a case of continually wading through the half-frozen stream, or climbing over boulders. At one time a roadway ran over the bed of the stream, supported on beams let into the cliffs on each side, but now the only signs of what has been are the holes in which the beams rested.

Before reaching Yarkand we had two trying days. Having done a fair march one day, we reached a place where the only water to be obtained was salt, and we were told that it was at least 40 miles to fresh water. So we took the loads off the ponies and rested them till midnight, when we started again. The going, fortunately, was easy and all downhill, but it took us 13½ hours to reach water, which we did at Yakir ak Kurgan, a small spot situated in the plains amidst cultivation. As our larder was empty on getting in, I started with my gun in search of dinner, and, coming on some wild duck swimming in a canal, bagged three. Copper-smelting is carried on here, the ore being brought from a place in the hills.

On November 13 we reached Yarkand, the last part of the road having been through a rich level country cut up by innumerable irrigation canals, bordered by willow and poplar trees.

One of our first duties on arrival was to pay a visit to the amban. It was market day, and the whole city was crowded with people in their best clothes, many of whom had come in from the neighbouring villages. On every side melons, peaches, and grapes were exhibited, and, from the amount of beef and mutton displayed, I judged the people to be great meat-eaters. On arrival at the yamen, or official residence, we dismounted, three big doors resembling carriage entrances were thrown open, and we walked in. The amban seated us on high straight-backed chairs, and weak tea of a decidedly aromatic flavour was produced. He then asked us all sorts of questions, and his ignorance of geography

rather took me aback; but it was my first experience of the Chinese *literati*, and I did not know how ignorant it was possible for a man arrived at years of discretion to be. Since then I have had more experience of them, and can listen with equanimity to a question that would make the most stolid caravan-driver smile. There is one question that always much puzzled me; at least a dozen times have I been asked it, and always with a feeling of uncertainty as to whether it was intended as chaff or not. It was, "Is England tributary to China?" As we left the yamen the amban saw us out, a great deal of bowing and hesitation taking place at each door as to who was to go first. He certainly treated us with both courtesy and honour, and, judged even by an Oriental standard, his manners were good. Next day he returned our visit, and drank tea with us.

Occasionally in the city we came across men with huge wooden collars on, and sometimes with one foot stuck through an enormous lump of wood bound with iron hoops; they were said to be convicted thieves, and, in answer to our inquiries, we were told that such a thing as one of them freeing himself and bolting was practically unknown. No doubt, the fact that if they did so and were recaptured they would be executed, acts as a deterrent.

One day when riding through the city I thought I saw a face amongst the crowd that I recognized. The owner caught my eye, and coming alongside my horse, said he had a letter for me which must be given in secret. I told him to follow me to our quarters; he did so, and then gave me a letter, in which I was requested to endeavour to apprehend or secure the apprehension of Dad Mahomed, the murderer of Mr. Dalgleish. Nothing was known of the murderer's whereabouts, except that he was believed to have gone east from Kashgar.

For the benefit of the reader, who may not have heard the story of the murder, I will briefly recapitulate the particulars. Mr. Dalgleish was a merchant, who for some years had traded between Yarkand and Leh. He was extremely popular amongst the natives, and had a perfect mastery of their language. The merchants especially loved him, as they found in him a just and impartial arbitrator in all their differences. The hold he had on the affections of the Turkis was wonderful, and many of them cannot speak of his death without shedding tears. Dad Mahomed was a Kakar Pathan from the neighbourhood of Quetta. At one time he had been a trader, but had become a bankrupt, and was much harassed by creditors. According to native accounts, he was much feared and dreaded all over Turkistan, and was accountable for the deaths of many men. He was over six feet in height, and powerfully built; whereas Mr. Dalgleish, though hardy and wiry, was very short and slight.

At the end of March, 1888, Dalgleish, accompanied by some

Andyani * pilgrims and Boti † servants, left Leh for Yarkand. Some distance out they were joined by Dad Mahomed, and on the fifth day after he had joined them, viz. April 8, 1888, they crossed the Karakorum pass. Dalgleish, who was ahead of the others, crossed first, and just under the crest of the pass trod down a place in the snow and pitched his tent, after which he had his tea. Just as he had finished, the rest arrived, and having taken his advice as to a suitable place, pitched theirs, and then got their tea ready. While they were drinking it, Dalgleish went to their tent. They rose up, and asked him to sit down and have some. He excused himself from drinking any tea, saying he had already had his, but sat down amongst them, and said he would take a little bit of bread to show that there was no ill feeling. The conversation then turned on Dad Mahomed's affairs, and Dalgleish advised him not to return to India at present, where he had many creditors, but to do caravan work between Yarkand and Shahidulla, and only return when he had saved enough to pay his debts. "But," he added, "it will be necessary to live quietly, and above all, restrain your love of hospitality." Dad Mahomed said, "Yes, but we have a saying that no man ever ruined himself by kindness to others." Dalgleish answered, "Yes, that is true, and kindness to others is remembered in the next world as well as in this; but still I advise you to restrain yourself." Shortly after this Dad Mahomed rose. Dalgleish asked him where he was going. He said, "I will be back directly," and went out. He then went and got his gun, and coming behind the place where Dalgleish was sitting, fired through the tent. Dalgleish, struck through the right shoulder, uttered a cry, staggered forward and endeavoured to escape to his tent where his arms were; but his assailant interposed, attacking him with a sword. Dalgleish did all that an unarmed man could do, endeavouring to close, and even seizing the sword-blade between his hands; but what could an unarmed do against an armed man? The only thing that delayed the inevitable result was the thick clothes Dalgleish had on, and the difficulty of cutting to effect through them. At last Dalgleish fell on his face in the snow, and Dad Mahomed, standing over him, continued hacking till all was still. The Botis and Andyanis, terrified, stood looking on, and did not come to the rescue, though Dalgleish's dog showed them an example, and gave them an opportunity by seizing the murderer by the leg. After the murder Dad Mahomed made Dalgleish's servant prepare a meal for him, and then quietly went to sleep on his victim's bed, first making the Andyanis swear, on what purported to be a Koran—though I believe it was not one, there not being one amongst the party—that they would not tell what they had seen. But as one of them told me, "We swore with our lips, but in our hearts we said we would." The Botis wanted

* Russian Mussulman subjects, inhabitants of Ferghana.

† Buddhist in Ladakhi.

to return to Leh, but the murderer made them go several marches further on, and then cut off their pigtails and told them to be off. As they retired, he fired several shots at them to quicken their movements. Separating near Killian, Dad Mahomed and the Andyanis made their way by different routes to Yarkand. There the Hindu and other merchants from British India were very much excited about the murder, and going in a body to the yamen, requested that the murderer be arrested; but the Chinese officials would not do anything, excusing themselves on the plea that neither the murderer nor his victim were Chinese subjects. After passing a few days in Yarkand, the murderer quietly continued his way to Kashgar, and although his presence there was well known, he actually having appeared before a mandarin to answer a charge of indebtedness brought against him by a Kashgarian called Mojhaidin, and although the Russian Consul, Mr. Petrovsky, repeatedly urged them to do so, the Chinese officials refused to arrest him, and he left Kashgar by the Aksu road, after which he disappeared from view.

When I received instructions to apprehend him, it seemed to me an impossible task. Here I was in a Mohammedan country where the people would almost to a man aid the murderer and obstruct me. There was no police to assist. Being a European and consequently conspicuous, all my movements would be known, while the murderer could pass anywhere unobserved. The whole idea appeared to me impracticable, but subsequent events showed that Captain Ramsay, with whom the idea had originated, was correct in his estimation of its feasibility. On receiving the letter, I was quite nonplussed as to how to begin. It seemed to me absolutely certain that Dad Mahomed would not give me a chance of getting near him myself; so if anything was to be done it had to be done through well-bribed natives of the country. But where were reliable natives to be found? There was not a man in the country personally known to myself, and, for all I knew to the contrary, the first man to whom I said anything would go straight off and tell the murderer. Thinking it over, I determined to consult one of the small Hindu trading community living in the city; they, I knew, would have no sympathy with a Mohammedan and a murderer. So I sent for one that seemed an intelligent man, and asked his advice. He said at once, "Consult Mahomed Yunnus, akskal of the Badakshis; he is not only a straightforward man, but he hates all Kakars and Dad Mahomed in particular." Taking the Hindu's advice, I sent for Mahomed Yunnus, who, as the Hindu had anticipated, turned out to be very keen on having the murderer arrested, and offered to lend me his brother and several more men to aid in the search. After consulting him, I started for Kashgar to find out if I could get any information there before completing my plans, while Major Cumberland left by the Marallashi road to look for stags.

On arrival at Kashgar, I found that Mr. Petrovsky was away on leave, but Mr. Lutsch, who was acting for him, gave me all the information in his power. He was, however, unable to form any conjecture as to where the murderer was likely to be, so there was nothing to do but search. One party I sent to Balkh and Mazar i Sharif to watch that country. They took with them a letter written in Persian, explaining who they were and what they were doing; but it was only to be shown to high officials, or in case of urgent necessity, such as in the event of their being arrested as spies by the Afghan authorities. Another party were to go to Samarkand and Bokhara. Mr. Lutsch kindly gave me a passport for them, and in addition I gave them a letter written in French and English, stating that they were in search of the murderer, whom they could both identify; and I hoped that, in the event of their applying to any Russian officer for assistance, they would receive it.

Having started off these parties, I set out towards Aksu by the road taken by the murderer when he left Kashgar. What I hoped was that, if he was ahead of me, he would either go into Mongolia, where an Afghan would be as conspicuous as myself, or north into Siberia, where he would probably fall into the hands of the Russians, all their outposts having descriptions of him; or, in the event of his doubling back, he would probably run up against my parties at Samarkand, Bokhara, or Balkh.

Travelling along the road was very easy and pleasant; my baggage was carried in an araba, or cart with four horses, three being harnessed as leaders, and one in the shafts, while I rode myself. The weather was bright and frosty, and we got over the ground at about five miles an hour, just double the pace a caravan in the hills usually goes at. Aksu is the only unpleasant recollection I have of that journey. There the Chinese were a terrible pest, crowding into the serai in which I halted, regularly mobbing me. At one time it seemed as if things were going to terminate in a fight; I had determined to be good-natured with them as long as possible, but at last my patience became exhausted. One of them endeavoured to bolt with the dinner my servant had brought, and put on the table for me. Hungry human nature could not stand that; seizing the dish with one hand, I struck him in the mouth with the other, the result being a yell from the mob as he landed outside. Thinking they meant to come on, I seized a carbine and took up a strategic position in the doorway; but nothing happened—they only yelled, and I, getting tired of standing, sat down. The Russian akakal of the Andyania, who had received instructions from Mr. Lutsch to aid me in any way, was very attentive, and assisted me in making purchases, etc. From Aksu I continued my journey east to Kuchar, a town of much the same character, and containing the same obnoxious Chinese and pleasant Turkis. About this region one also begins to meet with Tunganis, a race of Mussulman Chinese. Their physique is much

superior to that of other Chinese, probably owing to their being less dissipated and abstaining from drugs. In their manners they show a certain amount of Oriental dignity and courtesy, and none of the childish insolence of the Chinese. At Kuchar I happened to hear of a man answering to the description of Dan Mabomed, who lived further east, so I sent a man to see if it really was he. Word was to be brought to me in the jungles south of the road, whence I could have dropped down suddenly and unexpectedly at any point on the main road.

Having sent this man off, I discharged the araba, engaging five ponies as transport in its place, and then started for Shahyar, two days' march distant. But we had not gone five miles before one of the ponies dropped dead, presumedly from heart-disease; this occasioned a day's delay, as another had to be procured in its stead. Shahyar, which was reached by a double march, is a scattered village situated in a belt of cultivation running into the jungle country. Here, on arrival, I found Major Cumberland, who had come from Aksu by a southern route, keeping close to the river. We spent a couple of days together, and then parted, he going north to Yulduz, while I started west through a seemingly endless plain covered with tall feathery grass (*Phragmites communis*) and patches of spreading poplar (*Populus Euphratica*), and cut up by winding rivers. The inhabitants are extremely few in number, and consist of shepherds living in isolated huts scattered along the banks of the rivers, and having in their charge enormous herds of sheep. At one station there were said to be ten thousand sheep all owned by one man. These shepherds are an extremely nice, simple, hospitable people. On my arrival at their huts, they would run out and take my horse; then usher me in, and, spreading a felt in front of the fire, invite me to be seated while they got tea ready. At night I had difficulty in preventing them from giving up their huts entirely to me and sleeping in the open, a sacrifice that, considering that the thermometer went below zero, one would hardly expect them to wish to make.

In summer the inhabitants of the Kuchar and Bugur districts take their flocks up into the mountains lying to the north, firing the grass before leaving, but the people in the Lob district remain down all the year round. These Lob people appear to be in a much more backward state than their neighbours; their houses are simply rough shelters made from long grass, and they live almost entirely on fish caught in the rivers and small lakes with which the district abounds. The Chinese never visit the country, but I heard a rumour that they intended to establish a station there for the collection of taxes.

As regards the game to be found in the district, tigers are fairly numerous, but I never saw the tracks of a leopard, nor could the inhabitants give me any information as to their being such an animal. Stags are found, but are extremely hard to shoot, owing to the thick

jungle. As a rule, when travelling through the thick tall grass, all one sees is the tops of their antlers as they gallop off when disturbed, and getting one must always be a pure matter of chance. This stag has been often called the maral stag, but the word is misapplied, maral being simply the Turki for "hind." The stag is called bogha. Travelling east, the teran, or gazelle, becomes scarcer, evidently preferring a more open country. At the southern edge of this strip of jungle-covered country wild camels are found; they have two humps, and are smaller than tame ones. At all times they are hard to bring to book, as they wander about a great deal, and the best chance is to watch a place where they come to drink; but when snow is on the ground they don't require to drink, but simply slake their thirst by eating it. At that time it is almost a hopeless task looking for them. Wild pig are met with, but I only remember seeing one sounder, so they cannot be very numerous. Of smaller animals hares, foxes, and wild cats seem to be the chief representatives. The commonest game bird is the pheasant (*Shawii*), but to shoot it it is necessary to have a dog; without one it might be possible to travel for weeks and never discover that there was a pheasant in the country. The partridge (*Perdrix barbatus*) is found round the edges of any scattered patches of cultivation, and is a noble bird rising freely, quite unlike his Indian cousin, the grey partridge.

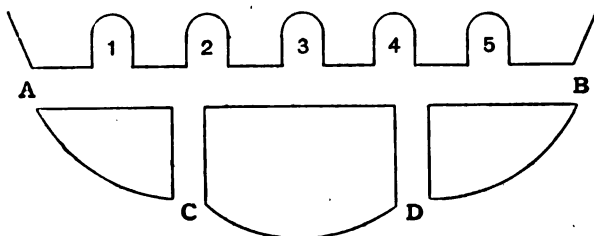
On the north of the Charan river a blight seems to have fallen on the country. The greater part of the land is absolutely without grass; dead trees lay strewn about, and some are standing perfectly dry and withered up, but perfect even to the smallest twig. A weird bit of country with one redeeming point about it—the dead trees make grand camp fires, and one has not even the trouble of cutting them down. The two lakes Shari Kumosh and Raba Kul, that are marked on all our maps, puzzled me completely. No one in the country had ever heard of them, and my route went right across the place where one of them was marked, but no lake did I see. The Yangi Darya, or New River, is said only to have existed for ten years.

As nothing had been heard of the man answering to the description of Dad Mahomed from Bugur, I returned to Kuchar by the main road running at the foot of the Tian Shan mountains, whose snowy peaks could be seen rising up above the haze that seems ever present in Turkistan. At Kuchar, where I halted for several days, a Turki who had been in India used to come and sit with me in my room in the strai. One day in conversation he told me about an ancient city he knew of built underground in the desert. I thought at first that he meant one of the ordinary buried cities of the Gobi Desert; but he insisted that it was something quite different, and explained that it was underground by the wish of the people that made it, not by reason of a sandstorm. He told me, also, that he and one of his friends had gone

there and dug for buried treasure, but had found nothing except a book. I asked to see it, and, going away, he returned in about an hour, bringing some sheets of birch bark covered with writing in a Sanscritic character and held together by two boards. I bought them from him, and it was fortunate I did so, as they have since excited a considerable amount of interest in the learned world; they are believed, by those best qualified to judge, to be the most ancient Asiatic manuscripts in existence. When I asked him to take me to this interesting place, he demurred a good deal on the ground that the people would kill him if he took a European there; but at last he consented on condition that we went at night, so as not to be seen. This I readily agreed to do, and, starting at midnight, we marched steadily forward in a westerly direction. When daylight broke we had left cultivation far behind, and were on the shoulders of a range of low gravelly hills, and away to the south a narrow strip of green with houses at intervals marked the course of a canal.

Keeping on, we came to the curious old erection from under which the manuscript had been unearthed. Similar erections are found in different parts of Chinese Turkistan, several in the Kuchar district, and one on the north bank of the river at Kashgar. They are solid and built of sun-dried bricks and wooden beams, now crumbling away. In shape they roughly resemble a gigantic cottage loaf about 50 feet high. Judging from the weather-beaten appearance they present, and taking into consideration the fact that the snow and rainfall in these parts is almost nominal, it is very evident that they must be of great antiquity. The natives attribute them to King Afrasiab, but as a general rule everything ancient is attributed by the Turkis to that monarch, who flourished about 580 B.C. Close by on the banks of a river were the remains of the ancient underground city of Mingoi, to which my guide had promised to take me. Crossing the river on the ice, I was able to have a good view of the hills that had been tunnelled to make the city. These hills appear to have been much worn away by the action of the river. High upon the face of the cliffs overlooking the water the marks of what have been habitations are to be seen, portions of the tunnelled hills having been worn away in such a manner as to show sections.

Returning across the river, I entered one of the tunnels. It was shaped as under—



AB represents a tunnel 60 yards long by 4 broad through a tongue-

shaped hill. C and D are the entrances, the hill being almost perpendicular at A and B. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, are cells. The walls have been plastered, and what appears to be the remains of geometrical patterns could be made out. According to the natives, many similar dwellings are found in the neighbourhood.

From this place we went to Faizabad, and, having spent the night there, next day marched down the banks of a canal to Charshamba; the whole way it was like one continued farm. As the canal was free of ice, numbers of wild duck were collected in it, and I shot thirteen, mostly pintails; had I cared to do so, there would have been no difficulty in shooting very many more.

On my return to Shahyar I heard that a native had killed a tiger in a pitfall, and I asked if I might see the skin; but the owner refused, fearing that I might take it from him by force, in which case he would be punished by the amban at Kuchar, who expected to receive all valuable skins of animals killed in the district. The Turkis are quite childish in their timidity.

Leaving Shahyar on March 6, I crossed the river on the ice. It was rather dangerous work, as the ice was beginning to break up, and the day previous a man and a bullock had been drowned. However, we got safely over, but next day it would have been too late, and the only thing to do would have been to wait for a week, and then cross in a boat. It is only about 100 yards wide, but very deep.

The country on the south bank is of much the same character as east of Shahyar—forest and tall grass with shepherds' stations scattered about. South of one of these stations are the remains of the ancient city of Shahr-i-Khuttuk, now buried in the sands of the desert. The neighbourhood is considered a good place to find wild camels. The natives have all sorts of extraordinary stories about the desert. In it there are supposed to be houses with golden doors, guarded by spirits, who would punish any one bold enough to approach. A daring man from Khoten, whose cupidity was excited, gathering some kindred spirits together, undeterred by warnings, resolved to penetrate; but after going a certain distance, all the party, with the exception of one who guided them back, were struck with blindness. Since then no one has endeavoured to penetrate the mysteries of that unknown land.

At the ferry of Khoten-Khemer we recrossed the river, which is 100 yards wide, 12 feet deep, and has a current of 2·6 miles an hour. The country on the road to Matan, near which there are more buried ruins, is of a much poorer character than south of the river; the tall grass jungle, interspersed with forest, being replaced by a poor scrub.

At Matan we crossed the Aksu river by a ferry, and entered the well-cultivated district of Anat, much cut up by irrigation canals. Thence through a forest country, with but little grass, to Yaka Kuduk on the main road, and back to Kashgar, which was reached on April 1,

when signs of spring were to be seen on every side. The coldest temperature that had been registered at the consulate was zero; the greatest cold I had experienced was in the neighbourhood of Aksu, where the thermometer went down to $-10\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr. Shortly after my arrival at Kashgar, a messenger arrived from Samarkand with news of the apprehension of the murderer. He had been seen in the bazaar by the two men I had sent there. One remained to watch him, while the other went off with my letter to the governor, who on reading it promptly sent out a party to secure the murderer. I feel much indebted to the governor for the kind and prompt way in which he acceded to the request contained in my letter.

Possibly no country in the world has a history which is such a long succession of stories of invasions and struggles for the mastery between different peoples as Kashgaria. These peoples or nations, from the Scythians down to the Chinese, have in many cases differed enormously in race, the result being that at the present day, in the bazaar at Kashgar, amongst the natives every type of face may be seen, from the typical Mongol to the typical Aryan.

While I had been following Dad Mahomed's tracks, I received intimation that Amir Mahomed, brother of Dad Mahomed, had come from India, and was following me; so I put a man on to follow him. Thus the whole thing turned into a sort of procession. Now that Dad Mahomed had been caught, Amir Mahomed felt it incumbent on him to do something to avenge his brother. My servants got terribly frightened, as whenever they went into the bazaar they were threatened by the murderer's compatriots. On one occasion my Kashmiri cook returned much agitated, and said a Pathan had told him in the town, "You and your master are very proud of yourselves just now; but it is a long way back to India, and you are not safe there yet." On one occasion, happening to be awake in the night, I saw a man in the moonlight climb over the wall into the garden I was sleeping in. I jumped up, and seizing a carbine, tried to get a sight on him; but he slunk back into the shade, and I could not make him out. After I had waited for what seemed an age in hopes that he would show himself, he suddenly made a rush, jumped a wall, and disappeared from view.

A few days later Amir Mahomed had his throat cut, a matter of great satisfaction to me. After that I felt no anxiety, believing as I did that he was the only man in the country who would probably attempt to assassinate any of my servants or myself.

On June 13 I received information from Mr. Lutsch that the murderer whose extradition I had been awaiting had committed suicide, so there was nothing for me to do but to return to India, which I did at once, reaching Simla on August 16.