

About 1300 years ago they left the town of Kufa in Turkey after a war between themselves under the leadership of Jazit and the Imam Hussein and his followers. Jazit's father was Hadji Mahavie, the son of Umie, the son of Abdul Manoff, the son of Bini Hashim, the son of the Prophet. Jazit and his followers won the war by diverting the water in the river Furat (Euphrates?), so that Hussein and his warriors (72 men — 40 horsemen and 32 on foot) perished. The seat of war was the district of Kärbele. However, an Emir, Abamislím, arose and resolved to avenge Hussein's death and succeeded with the help of his numerous followers in driving out not only Jazit from Sham, where he dwelt, but also all his people from the towns in which they lived. Forced to fly, they went eastward and spread in small groups in different places. A small part of the people is believed to have remained in the town of Askale in Turkey. Groups of these people settled in Khiva, Merv, Iraz (India), Mosul (India), Hamadan (Persia) and near some towns in Chinese Turkestan. In the neighbourhood of Khotan they inhabit the village of Giwus close to the town and the village of Tamaghil near the village of Yurung-Qash. The latter village is named after the name of the Tamaghil tribe. In Yarkand they inhabit the Gaobakh street and in the vicinity of the town the village of Kheirambagh. In the Kashgar district they occupy the village of Painap close to the Khan ariq. Near Tcheria there is a village bearing the name of Oka. — When the old man had finished his tale, he closed his eyes again and sat lost in thought until a little later he requested permission to withdraw. — The rest of the fairly large company evidently felt in duty bound to spend a good part of the night with me in the Yuzbashi's draughty room. Two musicians with a dutar and a tambourine had been ordered in my honour and entertained me with songs and music. The music was very pleasant, some of the tunes, especially one Afghan melody, being very charming, but their singing was a good deal more difficult to swallow and I had to exercise all my diplomacy to induce them to stop without hurting their feelings. What a strange evening with a dozen beggars seated on the floor round a plentiful dastarkhan in front of a roaring fire, listening to two bearded, swarthy Abdals singing songs full of melancholy and lamentation in hoarse, cracked voices! It was very late by the time we had the place to ourselves and could turn in. I did not have a good night, being constantly disturbed by people passing through the room.

Tamaghil, originally consisting of 7 houses, now boasts 77 with an average of 5 people each. Altogether the population owns 3417 mou of good plough-land. Besides agriculture and begging, the weaving of carpets and sacks is carried on.

The «täskirs» I had already acquired tempted me to extend my proposed visit to Kumat as far as the village of Hangui and try to find «täskirs» of the mazar containing Divana Khan Khodjam's tomb. A little over half-an-hour's ride at a walk eastward took us across the well tilled fields of the beggar tribe. For half-an-hour we rode through a cultivated area along the bank of an ariq. To the south, almost parallel to our direction, there is a line of sandhills that turns into an enormous sandy plain to the north. From the edge of the tilled fields, as far as you can see, there are large heaps of sand, gravel and stones, as if the plain were inhabited by gigantic rodents. A mile or two off a little

December 7th.
Khotan.