

edge of the high Tibetan tableland in the depth of winter. When I recall how inadequately he and his party were supplied with camp equipage, and how roughly altogether they were travelling, I cannot help admiring the stolid perseverance of this Russian explorer in ever attempting the task he did.

Captain Grombtchevsky dined with us, and we dined with him, and then we all dined with one of the principal merchants of the place. This last dinner was an event in Yarkand, and it is curious to think of a Russian and an English officer dining with a Turki merchant midway between the Russian and Indian Empires in the heart of Central Asia. The dinner was given in a house in the native city, and was a very sumptuous repast; course after course of stews, pillaos, and roast meat were served up, and the old merchant was profuse in his hospitality.

Grombtchevsky, after spending a few days in Yarkand, went off into the mountains to the westward, to work his way homeward to Russia through some new ground; and on September 15 Macartney and I also left Yarkand on our way to the Pamirs; while our companions, Beech and Lennard remained on for a time, and then went eastward to shoot in the jungles of the Yarkand River.

The Pamirs are now a well-known region, and much has recently been heard about them, but at the time of our visit there was still a remnant of the mysterious attaching to them, and we set out with a good deal of enthusiasm to visit the Roof of the World. We had first to make for Tashkurgan, the principal place of Sarikol, and to reach there we had to cross ridge after ridge of the outlying spurs of the range which forms the buttress to the Pamirs. Here and there we passed a small village, but the country was mostly uninhabited, and the hills bare and uninteresting. By the end of September we reached Tashkurgan, and were on the borders of the Pamirs. Tashkurgan looks an important place, as it is marked in capital letters on most maps, but it is in reality merely a small fort