

From Hunchun Mr. James had written to the commander of the Russian post across the frontier, saying that we were unprovided with passports to travel in Russian territory; but that, if he would give us permission to do so, we should like to visit Novo-kievsk. We then started off towards Russian territory. Just as we reached the frontier, we descried a couple of horsemen trotting towards us, and as they drew near, we saw that they were unmistakably Cossacks. Neither of us had seen a mounted Cossack before; but their resemblance to all the pictures one sees of them in illustrated papers and books was evidence enough who they were. There was the same rough, shaggy-looking grey sheepskin cap, long overcoats, high boots, whip, and rifle slung over the back, that we knew so well from pictures. They saluted, and gave Mr. James a letter from Colonel Sokolowski, who commanded the Russian post. The colonel said he would be most happy to allow us to cross the frontier, and that he hoped that we would visit his post and "accept the cordial but frugal hospitality of a Cossack." We rode on, therefore, and at about three miles from the frontier came across