

saw them in those remoter desert tracts through which they again and again passed in their marches westward. Had these Mongols degenerated from what they once had been? Were they the mere embers of a fiery race? and was that fire latent or extinct? These were questions which often puzzled me as I looked on the dirty ragged individual who came begging to me and went away satisfied when my servants gave them brown paper for tobacco, and old lime-juice bottles as valuable presents.

On reading over the accounts of the Mongols in the zenith of their power, I see no reason to think that those who followed Chengiz Khan were so very different from those I saw to-day. Dull, heavy, and indolent as these latter are, they have at any rate the attribute of hardiness. They are still capable, by living on the fermented milk of mares, called kumiss, of carrying out prodigious marches. And they are probably to-day just as capable of committing the barbarous cruelties for which they were famous as they were in the days of Chengiz. The great mass of the Mongols are probably very much the same to-day as they were at the time of the