

re-formed and again come to the charge, and the "tigers" run together in small groups of five or six within a circle of their shields: suddenly the shields part asunder with a volley, arms and legs and darting dragons flash before one's sight, and the whole line of skirmishers disappears behind the main line, from which the *tyfu* men now come into action. A rapid and well-maintained fire runs up and down the line for a few minutes, and then the "tigers," &c., again appear in the front, playing their swords upon stragglers and wounded of the repulsed enemy, and stopping now and again to scare away some rallying horseman with a crouch and a bound, or with a roll and a shout.

In this style a variety of manœuvres were performed, such as forming line, changing front, volley and independent firing, skirmishing, &c., whilst a retreat was covered by rockets and fuse torpedoes. The expenditure of powder was unstinted, and the *tout ensemble* of the spectacle highly dramatic. On the conclusion of the review, we were entertained by the Kho-dalai at a very *recherché* Chinese *dejeuner* in a marquee on the ground.

Whilst thus engaged, the athletes and mountebanks of the regiment went through some of their performances for our amusement. The exercises with the sword, battle-axe, and javelin were very cleverly performed and with extreme rapidity, though their merit was not apparent, since they seemed dangerous only to the performer. The single stick, cudgelling, kicking and tumbling were laughable, as much by reason of the dumpy forms and squab features of the actors, as by their activity and merry gestures. The performances ended with a burlesque acted by the "tigers." A champion engages one of them. He is put to flight and takes refuge behind the barricades of his comrades' shields. The victor pursues and boldly rushes up the sloping bank of shields. A puff of smoke, a rolling body, and a corpse, theatrically stiff, borne away by head and heels, ushers in the finale. The band plays, the standards come to the front, the companies range themselves in their places and there we left them. Groups of them afterwards attended at our Residency to be photographed and sketched. At our Christmas games, we had an opportunity of seeing their target practice with the *tyfu*. Their shooting at two hundred and fifty yards' range was remarkably good, considering the nature of the weapon and its mode of use, and is no doubt attributable to the daily practice that goes on at the numerous butts in the vicinity.

We also witnessed the artillery practice of a battery under the command of a Panjabi, who has for many years been a naturalized subject of Khokand and latterly of Kashghar. Amongst his men are many Kashmiris, Panjabis and Afghans, and oddly enough the words of command are given in English.

The small escort of guides, cavalry and infantry, attached to the Embassy, were present on the ground, and everywhere conspicuous in the crowd of troops, by their smart set-up and soldierly bearing. They drew to themselves no small share of attention, and by the deference paid to them were evidently looked upon as friends. The Snider practice of the infantry was only appreciated by the few who knew the weapon, but the *neza-bazi* and sword-cutting of the cavalry excited a lively interest, and many were the murmurs of applause that greeted the successful passes, as trooper after trooper carried away the peg, or sliced the turnips set up in a row. Fortunately for our credit, the men entered keenly the lists and acquitted themselves very creditably.

The Khokandi horsemen are strangers to this mode of using the spear and sword: and on this occasion unreservedly expressed their admiration. We had in the early part of the day seen their practice at a cap stuck on a short stick. It consists in loading and firing at full gallop at the mark indicated, but the movements were so clumsy and slow, and the aim so very much at random, that it barely deserves mention. The Khokand soldier, though nearly always seen on horseback, does not fight except on foot, and even for this his native arms and dress are but ill-adapted, and consequently they are not skilful in feats of arms. A game more to their taste however is *ulak*, a scramble on horseback, for the possession of a sheep on its passage from the starting point to the goal. It is carried in the lap, and is snatched from one to another with more roughness and energy than with skilful horsemanship.

At the conclusion of the games, we were entertained at luncheon by the commandant of artillery before mentioned, Nabbi Bakhsh, Jemadar, who received us in his own house, and