

been described before in publications like Dr. Rickmer's *Doab of Turkestan*, accessible also to readers not acquainted with Russian. For the same reason my account of this part of my journey may be succinct.

Communication between Roshan and Yazgulam, the valley adjoining on the north, was before practically impossible along the Oxus owing to a succession of formidable defiles. The recent construction of a Russian bridle-path blasted along the rock-faces had changed this. But I preferred to follow the old track and accordingly crossed the range dividing Roshan from Yazgulam over the pass of Adude. The glaciated saddle on the watershed was reached at a height of about 14,500 feet. The descent thence led by zigzags across a much-crevassed glacier and then over a succession of old moraines into a narrow valley filled at its bottom with thickets of birch trees and junipers. Night overtook us here before the village of Matraun was reached.

The Bukhara officials who greeted me there next morning afforded welcome assurance of the help which Colonel Yagello had provided for me on the Darwaz side. But their gay flowing silk robes and swarthy faces made me realize also how soon the alpine tracts of the Upper Oxus were to be left behind. The people of Yazgulam, reckoned at some 190 households, had for a long time enjoyed the advantage of occupying a kind of no-man's-land between the chiefships of Darwaz and Shughnan-Roshan. They had used it to prey impartially, when occasion offered, upon their neighbours on both sides. Though their language is closely related to Shughni, yet more frequent intercourse with Darwaz was reflected both by their physical appearance and the fact