

Turdi, the leader of my pioneer party, left no doubt as to the identity of Dandan-Uiliq. I was thus able to arrange definitely the programme of my tour for the exploration of this site, which in view of the specimens secured by Turdi seemed the best place for commencing systematic excavations.

Immediately after my return I visited my kind friend the Amban, and thanked him for the thorough-going help by which he had made my survey in the mountains possible. On that occasion I invoked again the evidence of the great 'Tang-Seng,' in order to explain to Pan-Darin the object of my desert journey. When after two days he returned the visit I was able to show him the finds brought in by Turdi. So Pan-Darin by ocular inspection became convinced that I had a good guide in the famous old pilgrim, and promised to do all he could to further my explorations. I thought that I could not more fittingly express my gratitude than by wishing that the blessed spirit of Hiuen-Tsiang himself might reward the Amban for the assistance he was rendering me. Niaz, the interpreter, managed to reproduce this pious compliment better than I had expected; for the Amban answered it by asking quite seriously whether I believed in the continued existence of 'Tang-Seng's' soul! It seemed indeed that in the memory of Chinese Buddhists Hiuen-Tsiang lives like a glorified Arhat or Bodhisattva. If so, Indian archæologists would be still better justified in proclaiming him as their own patron saint.

I had pitched my tent again in the garden of dear old Akhun Beg, my former host. But though the place gave the desired privacy it offered no protection whatever against the increasing cold. Tokhta Akhun's house seemed too gloomy and close after the long journey in the free mountain air. So I preferred to put up for the time with the cold and to stick to my little tent outside. Many repairs of outfit, saddlery, &c., required my attention too; for the terribly rough tracks of the "Mountains of Darkness" and the wily ways of the yaks had