

A SELECTION
FROM THE
WRITINGS OF VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.
VOL. II.

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A SELECTION

FROM THE

WRITINGS OF VISCOUNT STRANGFORD

ON

Political, Geographical, and Social Subjects.

EDITED BY THE

VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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OCCASIONAL NOTES ON CRETE

(From the PALL MALL GAZETTE.)

September 17, 1866.

FOR once we have received an Athenian telegram which bears every stamp of authenticity about it. It tells us what seems to be really true, but unfortunately nothing which is new. It gives us, however, the real name of the place miscalled Keruza in the Constantinople telegram, which claimed a decisive success for the Turks. This is clearly correct as Keramia—the Cretan Tuileries, as one may freely translate it. The result of the main action, which both telegrams agree in announcing, was not known to the Athenian telegrapher on the 29th ult. But the steamer which must have brought the intelligence in writing from Canea to Athens, by way of Syra, must equally, by a comparison of dates, be precisely the same steamer as that which conveyed the still more recent news which has reached us in a Corfu telegram of the 3rd inst., unless we suppose the latter to have come by some special channel of communication, such as a man-of-war. This Corfu telegram gives the very fullest particulars of the action of which the result was unknown at Athens. Now, it is clear either that the Corfu details are false, or that the Athenian correspondence from Canea is inadequately supplied with news from the seat of war;

unless we choose to suppose the Athenian to have purposely suppressed an unfavourable issue, or to have been kept in ignorance of it for local purposes. This conjecture is supported by the totally different result announced in the Constantinople telegram now nearly a week old. Putting the Athens telegram on *one side*, it is clear that either the Corfu or the Constantinople one is demonstrably false, both stating diametrically opposite results of one and the same action, and both giving particulars. When we have the means, it will become a duty to bring this issue to the test.

September 19, 1866.

Athens is but a small town to afford two telegrams in one day, each coming in a week too late, each on the same subject, each contradicting the other, and each about as true as the other. To this may be added that each is certainly over a hundred words. Somebody is likely to find this sort of thing expensive work in the long run. Perhaps Mr. Reuter will end by favouring us some day with the telegraphic text of Captain Pericles's immortal report of his action with the *Roi des Montagnes*, when he was ordered out with his gendarmes to capture that potentate and rescue the fair Marianne Simmons, the adorable *jeune Miss* with the brown eyes like a heated steel plate. Of course everybody implicitly believes in these telegrams, and is hard at work commenting on Epirus—wherever that may be—in rebellion, and the Cretan campaign, and all the other little details which we are dignifying by the name of the Eastern Question. There is not the least use in warning public writers

against treating Athens news *au sérieux*. Something may be done in the process of time by collecting all the Athenian telegrams and republishing them, with the actual events as they happened given on the opposite column. But as matters stand, there is no use in doing more than criticising each telegram according to our lights. As one telegram of the above-mentioned miscarried twins reports continual conflicts in Crete, while the other mentions one action only, and as one or both describe the Turkish army as inactive, we venture to suggest that no action of any kind has taken place there. With regard to the battle in 'Upper Epirus,' we cannot undertake to say that it never took place, but we may say that it is odd that we have not heard of it along some wire on which telegrams do not meet with a week's delay. If 'Upper Epirus' * may be taken to mean Central Albania, we may further say that news coming thence to Europe by way of Athens—news which, if true as reported, we should have heard long ago by the Austrian Lloyd's and Trieste—is like news from Yorkshire reaching the Continent by way of Inverness.

September 20, 1866.

Now that authentic bloodshed has really commenced in Crete, after some six weeks or more of absolute inactivity, during which the insurgents have somehow succeeded in obtaining all the credit attaching to downright heroic patriotism like that of the Poles, which disregards all odds, and openly rushes to meet the enemy sword in hand, it becomes

* See p. 288, vol. i.

worth while to enquire how, when, and by what channels we get our Cretan news over here in the West. Crete communicates with the outer world only by its chief commercial port and modern capital, the old Venetian town of Canea. Steamers pass to and fro once a fortnight between Canea and the island of Syra, the passage between the two islands averaging about twelve hours. These belong to the Austrian Lloyd's, and are in correspondence with the main lines of that company. This is the first point of telegraphic contact with other countries. Such news, therefore, as is received from Syra by Athens must be received with great caution, for it passes through unscrupulous hands, capable both of distorting and of actually manufacturing it. Its ultimate confirmation necessarily rests with such intelligence as is brought by the Austrian Lloyd's vessels themselves to Trieste or the first European port they may enter. Not that such would be more than relatively trustworthy. Besides these steamers, Turkish merchant and men-of-war steamers keep up some sort of direct communication at irregular intervals between Crete and the capital. In all probability it is in this way that we have received the news of the considerable action which is stated to have been fought between the insurgents and the Turco-Egyptian regulars. No date is given, nor any sufficiently precise locality indicated; all that we can gather is that the insurgents seem to have felt themselves sufficiently numerous or otherwise strong enough to take the offensive, and move down upon the plain from their camp of Apokóróna in the mountains. This confidence seems to have been fully justified by their sus-

taining a conflict of eight hours, apparently in the open field, against a hardly inferior force of regular troops. The mountain Cretans, of whose virtues the less said the better, to judge by Spratt's restraint put upon himself not to speak openly about them after having enjoyed their hospitality, are a truly warlike race, as much as the Montenegrins or the Circassians. But they do not make up forty thousand fighting men, nor yet four thousand; and it is hardly conceivable that so large a mass of hasty levies can have held their own so well without some sort of foreign leadership on a large scale. This would doubtless be Italian.

THE NEWS FROM CRETE.

October 5, 1866.

The Marseilles telegram of the 3rd, being sea-borne for nearly the whole length of the Mediterranean, brings us no later intelligence from Crete than that which we received four or five days ago from Constantinople. It deals apparently with a different set of facts, nor does it tell us anything of consequence. What it does say, however, may be relied upon as far as it goes, for it comes from a French source and through French channels, and hardly ventures to deal with the military operations going on in the interior of the island, or wherever they really are going on. It confines itself, indeed, to an account of the movements of European men-of-war stationed in Cretan waters. The despatch of an Italian steamer to a place called Heraclea, where a fresh conflict is said to have broken out between the Mussulman populace and the Christians—'populace'

we presume not to be so much a depreciatory term as one used to distinguish them from the regular troops—is certainly significant, but rather on account of the obviously authentic fact of the Italian vessel having gone somewhere for some definite purpose than on account of the conflict, which is supported by inference and probability alone, or of the locality in which it has taken place, which is not to be discovered by unassisted human power. Where on earth is Heraclea? Is there any such place in Crete? There was once upon a time a town in Crete which Pliny calls Heraclea and Strabo calls Heraeleion; and Stephanus of Byzantium mentions a Cretan Heraclea as the seventeenth out of three-and-twenty Heracleas enumerated by him in various parts of the world, all of which are now, no doubt, waiting their turn at the telegraph wires. But there is nothing whatever in the shape of a town, not even a ruin, on the site which can be approximately identified with the ancient Heraclea by means of Pliny's measurements; nor would a modern Cretan in real life call any existing town of his own by that name, any more than a modern London omnibus conductor going to the City would hail his passengers for Augusta, or call himself a Trinobantian. The revival, in fact, is the most absurd one we have yet had, for it is utterly meaningless; by its side the revival of Epirus is perfectly natural and sensible, for we do understand generally what that is meant for, and its only fault is, as yet, unreality and indefiniteness. But who can tell what Heraclea is meant for? A Venetian geographer, who knows very little of his own trade, placed it at Setia, far in the east of the

island, about a century and a half ago; possibly it may be meant for Setía. Perhaps it may, after all, be only a superfine way of describing the city of Candia or Megalo-Kastro itself, the largest town and the former capital of the island, from which the latter has derived its trivial European name, unknown to the inhabitants themselves. The site of Pliny's Heraclea is but a few miles to the east of this, according to Pashley's conjecture. If this be the case, it is a typical instance of the worthlessness and misguided pedantry of modern revivalism, which would here substitute a piece of obscure guesswork for the name which immortalises one of the most famous and glorious defences ever recorded in history. Least of all men would one expect an Italian to forget the name of Candia. As for the Corfu telegram, in which we have 7,000 Christians driving 17,000 Egyptians to the seaside, without a word of time, place, or circumstance, we can only wish the general reader joy of it, and hope that the shadow of his credulity may never be less.

October 8, 1866.

There can be little doubt that the place called Maleya in the telegrams which are by way of describing to us the various fortresses of the combatants in Crete, must be meant for the mountain or village of Malaxa, the ancient Berecynthus, rising immediately behind the plain of Canea. This is evidently an important position, commanding, according to Spratt, the road to the city of Retimo, and the east of the island, as well as the two gorges or passes of

Muruió's and Gharípa. It appears to have been repeatedly assaulted by the insurgents, and there can be no doubt that the position has now been taken by them. If telegrams from Athens, Corfu, and Constantinople all agree in that, it may be considered as certain. The Corfiote telegram of the 26th ult., which described the revolt of four districts in the east of the island, was traversed by the Constantinople telegram, which described both the loss of Malaxa and the success of the Turkish arms in a district called Keruza, now identified as Keramia. It is hardly possible to conceive that any success on the part of the Turks can have been so decisive as not only to crush the insurgent forces, but to ensure the submission of the Sfakian districts in their rear, one of the most impracticable regions in the world, which ought to defy the efforts of anything short of a thoroughly organised force of European troops practised in mountain warfare. The main action, in which the Turks seem in their turn to have taken the offensive, must have taken place on the 23rd. The news of the simultaneous rising in four of the eastern districts of the island—news of doubtful authenticity, sent from Corfu on the 26th, must of course be much anterior to this, and, moreover, can only have reached Corfu through Canea and the western part of the island, where the fighting is or was taking place, as there is no communication, except by slow-sailing vessels, between Eastern Crete and the outer world. It must be remembered that many of the Greek telegrams are not consciously mendacious, but honestly mythic. None have as yet made their appearance which are actually true,

except the last one from Athens. As for the Constantinoplé telegram claiming a great victory, it is in a fair way of turning out a downright official falsification. In the huge battle of 40,000 against 30,000, and the surrender of the Egyptian division to the insurgents, bag and baggage, pasha, horsetails, and all, the conflicting telegrams have managed to kill one another as completely as the Kilkenny cats, for it is very hard to find even an ear-tip or a tail-tip left as a voucher of either event having ever happened, unless it be the inconsiderable series of actions recorded in the Constantinople correspondence of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. As for any authentic written account of what is going on in Crete, we literally have nothing later than the action said to have been fought at Sélino on the 28th of August. A land action at Sélino would be like a land action on Flamborough Head or the Lizard, for it is impossible to say what on earth should bring the combatants to such a place. But as it has passed through the test of Mr. Finlay's acceptance and endorsement, we cannot but admit the truth of the story.

October 11, 1866.

It was very kind of the Athenian telegrapher to let us know that Heraclea in Crete was Herculaneum; and we must say that it was unusually careful on the part of the repeating stations between Athens and London to preserve the parenthesis which encloses this lucid and accurate explanation. We cannot even get commas and full stops in our ordinary telegraphic messages of daily life, and may well, there-

fore, be pleased and surprised at getting a real parenthesis. We were right in conjecturing that Heraclea was intended for Megaló-Kastro or Candia, but we were wrong in supposing the word to be so irredeemably meaningless now as it was to Pashley thirty-five years ago. He supposed its site to have been some miles eastward of the city. But the remains of two old piers have since been discovered to exist under water in the harbour of the city itself, according to Spratt. We are not quite clear whether or no Spratt was the actual discoverer, and as the obscure Heraclea or Heracleion is described as the port of Gnossus, it is clear that the two places can now be fairly identified. The hydrographic antiquary is here of higher authority than the very learned and delightful Fellow of Trinity. Moreover, the identification has recently been taken up by the revivalists in their ultra-pedantic way under the aggravating influence of Mr. Finlay's and Mr. E. A. Sophocles's friends, the *Logiótatoi*, the bane of Greece. Such Greeks as call Corfu *ή Κέρκυρα*, under the fond delusion that it was ever the vernacular ancient name of the place, instead of being an Attic peculiarity, are quite capable of substituting a perfectly obscure and non-significant word like Heraclea, of which the very form is doubtful, for the genuine native growth of their Byzantine forefathers, words full of meaning and full of history. And then they go to the bureau and telegraph it off to us as Herculaneum! No good will ever come of the modern Greek people so long as they continue to be ashamed of their immediate Byzantine ancestry and its vital traditions, straining after the shadow of a remote and inappreciable an-

cestry and its utterly dead traditions, which it is by European learning alone that they are trying to revive. That is one of the many evils which the little kingdom is inflicting on the aggregate race. The Greek Imperial claim, impracticable as it is, and baseless, in the altered circumstances of modern politics, if it does not call for our admiration, should at least deserve our respect, for it is the genuine outcome of the living Byzantine nature, which is at the heart of every Greek, however much he may overlay it with a ridiculous, sham-antique veneer to dazzle weaker Western eyes.

THE CRETAN REBELLION.

October 26, 1866.

'Ne t'y frotte pas, Alphonse, c'est trop dur,' was the exclamation of the Paris street ruffian to his fellow rowdy disposed to show fight when they were bullying an unprotected English girl, and were confounded in the midst of their pastime by the dreadful apparition of the great Guy Livingstone himself, clothed in wrath and vengeance. We find the occasion suitable to offer the same sound advice to M. Spartali, the Greek consul-general over here, should he again think of trying conclusions with the 'Times.' It is uphill work enough to fight any newspaper on account of what it may have stated in its editorial or collective character, even in the justest of causes; but to fight the 'Times' on behalf of the general veracity of the Greek Government, after it has once committed itself to a caution against the utterances of that Government, argues the sublimest faith or the most unsurpassed fatuity. No doubt the 'Times's'

warning was very provoking, and would probably have been instantly and fiercely resented by the agent of any *bonâ fide* European nation; but the Greeks, who are all vanity, have not much pride in them, except such pride as that ascribed by Pope to Lord Hervey. Had they even none at all, however, the 'Times's' words would hardly have failed of creating it. The obnoxious telegram, describing the forward movement of the main Turkish army, the three days' continuous fighting, and the ultimate repulse of the Turks to Keramia, three hours' distance from Canea, we are disposed to consider true, or at least founded on fact. The final pursuit of the retreating Turks by the insurgents may be rejected as without any military significance. If anything more than the wild skirmishing of irregulars, it must have hazarded the abandonment of what are evidently strong defensive positions, carefully chosen by or for the insurgents on ground with every inch of which they are familiar. But we apprehend that the main fact of a forward movement executed at last by Mustapha Pasha after a prolonged delay, every hour of which must have told more for the defence than for the attack, in the direction of Surva and the outworks of the inaccessible White Mountains, may be sufficiently relied upon, as well as the ultimate failure of that movement, like every other offensive operation of the Turks. We cannot see how the Turks are to conquer the island, except by the strictest insulation and blockade of the Sfakian and other mountain districts in the south-west, which form the heart of the rebellion; leaving winter to do its work, not unassisted by negotiation, in which last the Turks are

finding a powerful backer in a quarter which must astonish and puzzle them not a little. The work cannot be done in the field without irregulars, or men trained as irregulars. For this the Egyptian troops are utterly inadequate; and the Turks, who are so strong in this arm in their Greek provinces on the mainland that they might almost face a rising in Thessaly and South Albania with native Mussulman irregulars alone, seem to have provided themselves with nothing of the kind in Crete. Nor can they rely on the help of the Cretan Mussulmans; for these, in the present generation, are a disarmed and a cowed population of Lowlanders. The mountain paths in Sfakia are not only impracticable to a regular force, but they are hardly known. They have always been kept a profound secret by the natives, who have done their best to mislead or turn away even such few travellers as have sought to penetrate them, sometimes under suspicious circumstances. Spratt was suddenly and unaccountably taken ill when trying to explore one of the higher Sfakiot passes for his survey. The longer the insurgents hold out, the more difficult becomes the realisation of the Egyptian transfer, and the more disappointed those who advocate or build their hopes on that transfer. Yet the time may not be far off when Athenian and Cretan alike may bitterly rue the day when the one let itself shake off King Log only to iustal King Stork, and the other worked the grand Idea and smuggled in powder and rifles during eight years only to find himself a cat's-paw after all.

October 30, 1866.

The Cretan labyrinth is becoming more and more hopeless every day. We are no longer getting intelligence from Corfu, it is true, and that is so far a gain to the cause of simplicity. But then, over and above the Constantinople and Athens sets, we are now in the receipt of telegrams from Egypt of Greek origin, telegrams from Egypt of official origin, telegrams from Odessa passing through a Russian medium, and, dominating over all, the written commentary of the Paris *Moniteur*. Those who provide England with telegraphic intelligence have prudently abstained from inflicting upon us the Florentine messages, doubtless considering them somewhat too strong for the critical stomachs of English readers. Yet none the less is Florence an original primary source of Cretan news to the continental journals, and its intelligence is certainly richer, spicier, and falser than that supplied by any other of the emporia of spurious victories and defeats. The *Moniteur* says that there was no serious fighting of any kind after the 15th. Is it possible, after all, that the whole thing is a fiction, from beginning to end, and that there is no insurrection in Crete? The only voucher for the fact seems to be the wounded Turkish soldiers known to have arrived at Constantinople. But for these, one unavoidably drifts into the position of doubting St. Thomas. The telegraphic battle is no longer a simple duel between Athens and Constantinople; it is a free fight of the whole Mediterranean world, after the manner of animalcules seen in a microscope.

November 3, 1866.

The caverns of Melidhoni are as irrepressible as the Cretan insurrection itself. Mr. Finlay's last letter from Athens exposed their resuscitation by the Greeks in 1866 with all the incidents of 1822 in the most amusing way. And now we hear of no less than 8,000 Greek refugees being drowned in them by the rising of the tide. This news comes to us by way of Constantinople, in a telegram claiming a decisive victory for the Turks. Our first remark is, that the cavern, or caverns, of Melidhoni are not on the sea-shore at all, but miles away from it, towards the interior of the island. Secondly, that there are no tides in the Mediterranean. Can this part of the telegram have been composed by the Scotch engineer in the Turkish service whom we heard of the other day as having embraced Mahometanism? It reads uncommonly like a bit out of Sir Walter Scott. Perhaps there are duplicate caverns of Melidhoni which really are on the sea-shore. These, to be sure, would seem an unlikely place of refuge enough, seeing that they could not well be out of the reach of Turkish boats' crews. Perhaps the word tide may be a mistranslation, and refer, after all, to some swollen mountain torrent. Anyhow, as it stands, it reads like a fine sample of a lie in the rough. With regard to the real cave of Melidhoni, it is worth remarking that when Spratt visited it two or three years ago he found the skulls and bones of the victims of 1822—a tragedy so strangely repeated with absolute identity of incident at the caves of Dahra, in Algeria, in 1844—firmly fixed in the rock, and half

covered with stalagmitic incrustation; and from the presence of this he impresses caution in necessarily attributing high antiquity to bone remains found under similar circumstances in caverns.

November 9, 1866.

We should very much like to know the whole history of that attractive little telegram from Trieste which appeared in the 'Times' alone of last Monday's papers. It pretended to explain away the result of the action at Vryses, triumphantly proclaimed from Constantinople as a decisive victory, and admitted to be such at Athens with an honesty which, if tardy, is at any rate creditable, and, what is more to the purpose, profitable, to a people which has its character for truthfulness to redeem. Somebody at Trieste, it seems, is in possession of a private subterraneous or submarine wire of his own, one end of which is in his counting-house, and the other in the insurgent camp among the Cretan mountains. In this way he not only must naturally have all the best information on matters of fact, but may also be up to all the most secret plans and motives of his Cretan friends, who of course expect him to give them all due publicity in the time of need, as he has just done. Some such special means of communication must of necessity exist, or else how should we have come by the Trieste telegram, which told us in a breathless eager sort of way that the defeat at Vryses was only a 'Christian' stratagem after all, intended to decoy old Mustapha Pasha and his villains farther and farther into the Sfakiot fastnesses? Perhaps it was; we are not going to say it was not, and it may even turn out to

have succeeded, in spite of the later news about the rebellion being all over, though it must have been a pretty costly stratagem anyhow; but what we want to have told us is how the Trieste man came to know all about it. If not as we have supposed, it can only have been by divine revelation, spirit of prophecy, or clairvoyance, for considerations of time and space preclude the supposition that a Cretan insurgent could have called for pen and paper on the eve of battle, written down all his secret plans to be posted on 'Change at Trieste, and sent it off by long sea; such sea-borne commentary being only a day behind the electric flash of the original news itself. Seriously, the story is obviously nothing but another of those innumerable dodges of petty cleverness which remind one of the small unripe cunning of children rather than the strenuous subtlety of grown men, and which set the Western back up against everything Greek far more than anything else—indeed, they alone do so. We can fancy a meeting of smart, clever Greek merchants taking counsel of one another at the Tergesteum how best to speak up for their country and neutralise the effect of the obnoxious telegram, which if they could not contradict, they might at least try to gloss out of their own heads. We can hear them saying in their country's idiom, as they send off their gloss, *τώρα πλιά' καρδίσαμε τὸ 'Times'* And we now see for all result, that they have only succeeded in driving another nail into the coffin of their national reputation for truthfulness. It is the Athens telegrapher of last week, the man who looked the truth in the face and spoke it, who benefits his country, not these poor little Trieste dodgers.

JUPITER (JUNIOR) AT JUPITER'S BIRTHPLACE.

November 10, 1866.

The 'Daily Telegraph' has set up a special correspondent in Crete, or, rather, in the chief town of Canea, which bears to the actual seat of war much about the same relation that Balaklava would have borne to the allied camp if all non-combatant intercourse between the two places had been strictly prohibited. A correspondent of this kind, unless he be a man of very considerable experience in the Levant, skilled in its ways and knowing exactly how and where to cross-examine its varied and mutually antagonistic populations, how to elicit truth and how to see it intuitively, is of no use at all in that part of the world. But in Crete, one of the most primitive and unilingual parts of the Levant, he would not be able to move a step towards the acquisition of real information without a working knowledge of colloquial modern Greek. His senses might serve him under other circumstances, but what are they worth if he be shut up in a town and unable to go to the front? The letters of the particular correspondent under consideration do not give us any reason for changing this opinion. About the information contained in them there is nothing to be said further than that it consists merely of one set of party telegrams a fortnight old, writ large and painted in Greek colours. There is no great harm in that, but it is not worth having. We should be sorry, however, if it should come to exercise any perturbing influence on the sound, cautious, and well-expressed

judgment, based on that discriminating sense of real authoritative knowledge which is equivalent to its actual possession, with which our contemporary treated Cretan affairs on two occasions some six weeks ago, and did not treat Cretan affairs on a more recent one. Our concern is with one or two points in this correspondent's manner rather than with his matter.

Firstly, of Minos. We are told that Turkish officers, whose blood we may presume to be up just now, are saying, or said to be saying, that they are going to make a clean sweep of the island and exterminate everybody, just as the Russians did in Poland. Nothing is more likely; for we know that even Christian officers in islands are apt to say this sort of thing about insurgents, and to set to work at it too. By-and-by, indeed, we have little doubt that the Turks will come to sowing with salt. But the writer's way of putting it is that they are going to 'wipe out the race of Minos for ever.' This is said with the most perfect seriousness, with the evident intention of raising the reader's compassion, and with the obvious consciousness of having made a neat and appropriate allusion. Now the allusion is exactly as appropriate, neither more nor less, as one which in current political writing would call Pope Pius the Ninth the child of Numitor and Amulius, or claim support for the Papal Zouaves as the race of Rhea Sylvia. We see the full absurdity of the latter case at once, but we fail to see it in the former case because we are utterly unfamiliar with any realistic study of the modern Greeks, except in the sphere of commerce. Eastwards of Temple Bar no one

would be deemed the wiser or cleverer for calling Ralli Brothers the descendants of Cecrops and Codrus; nor would it much affect the Funds if he did. But in literature and politics we are always playing this trick. We simply do it because we have dropped a thousand years in Greek history. We steadily close our eyes to the study of those Christian and Romanic or Byzantine influences which, by slow and gradual operation, have so profoundly modified the nature of the Greek as to have effected as total a solution of continuity between him and his Hellenic ancestors, for all practical purposes, as exists between any modern nation of Roman descent and speech, such as France or Spain, and its classical Roman progenitor. Where primitive, untouched by education, and undisturbed by the ideas of the French Revolution, the modern Greek's soul is imperial, Byzantine, Christian. Classicism is but his veneer; it is not his own, for it is from the West that he has learnt it, and to please or cajole the West that he repeats it. He knows nothing of its spirit—absolutely nothing; and therefore his classic references are mostly Malaproprian, and have a ludicrous effect. They are sometimes so ridiculous that one's laughter becomes sympathetic and kindly for the sheer fun of the thing, as in the case of the barrister who applied some years ago in the Athens law courts for a legal reversal of the condemnation of Socrates. To the classical scholar the study of Byzantine history may seem nothing but a tale of degeneration and decay; towards forming an estimate of the modern Greek it is quite indispensable. We, indeed, would go further than this, for we hold that one at least of our great

Occasional Notes on Crete.

universities is bound, in the present state of subdivision in all matters of scientific and historical research, to supplement its professorship of classical Greek by one of post-classical and disintegrant Greek, with E. A. Sophocles for its text-book, and to supplement its teaching of ancient Greek history by an adequate exposition of Byzantine history, with Finlay for its authority and guide. This, not for the sake of understanding the modern Greek mind and speech, but for the sake of science itself. Yet neither the modern Greek mind nor speech will ever be understood without some study of the kind.

Before leaving Minos we are bound to set all alarms at rest about the extinction of his race. The Cretan Mussulmans cannot be held to have forfeited their genealogical rights by reason of the initiatory ceremony of Islam. They are as much children of Minos as the Christians, and the Turks would hardly go the length of exterminating them too. If they do they will assuredly go to that part of the nether world where they will have to answer before Minos at the bar of his own tribunal. And before leaving the correspondent whose letter has afforded us the occasion of raising a protest against our provoking habit of handling modern Greek matters from the idealistic rather than the realistic point of view, as shown by our constant obtrusion of inept classical references, may we venture a surmise that he is an Englishman of New, rather than of Old England? After stating certain things which, being of no value, it is not worth while to recapitulate, he asks, 'Whose fault is it if, under such circumstances, Russian influence in the Orient increases?' That is as it may be; but

we should like to know whether there is any British authority for the pure Americanism of using 'Orient' where we should say 'East.' Our word is very vague and loose, but nothing is gained by substituting the American word for it if that is only used in the same vague way. For denoting the British and Mediterranean East the word 'Levant'—a specific and precise word, as used by us—is quite adequate and suitable. Nothing is more curious than the details of the divergent and centrifugal tendency of the vernacular English language in Britain and the United States, severed politically, and held together by literary unity alone.

November 21, 1866.

The only trustworthy records of the Cretan insurrection within reach of the public are the very scanty letters from men-of-war stationed at Cana, the terse summaries of the Paris *Moniteur* based upon official French reports, and the valuable and entertaining criticism in Mr. Finlay's Athens correspondence. These, and these alone, form the ultimate accessible test of the truth or falsehood of the telegrams, over and above internal evidence, which, to be sure, has proved sufficient to dispose of nine-tenths of those wondrous fabrications. It is now certain that the insurrection, if not absolutely suppressed, has no longer any rallying point, and has quite lost all chance of holding out even in its strongholds, much more in the open field. It is possible that the *Stavros* chieftains, who tendered their submission to old Mustafa Paşa after the decisive victory, or rather, to judge by the

discrepant names, the decisive series of actions by which he forced his way to the commanding position of Askifo, may have done so for the mere purpose of gaining time for the arrival of further reinforcements from independent Greece. But it is much more probable that their submission was originally made in good faith—good faith, that is to say, with all such necessary reservations as it is becoming usual to think lawful in negotiations with heathens and non-Europeans—and that their hesitation to come to immediate terms, as reported, simply proceeds from their natural reluctance to part with their arms, as that would of course involve their surrender of the ‘right of private revenge,’ and the abolition of the blood-feud. Yet these are the only terms which the Turkish Government can possibly grant, as is obvious on the very face of the matter. Sfakiot ascendancy and terrorism throughout the island must be put an end to, once for all. As for the reinforcements, no more need be looked for this year. The only two ports on the south coast in the rear of the Sfakiot country are in the hands of the Turks; one Greek steamer with supplies had to turn back, for fear either of the Turks or of the Sfakiots themselves; nor is it likely that many more will be tempted to face the November gales off the iron-bound west coast at this time of the year. Sfakia must be well under snow at this moment, and its complete reduction can only be a question of time. The judicious lenity of the Turkish Government in granting a general amnesty to all Cretan combatants is worthy of all possible praise—not to say of imitation by Pharisee States which are apt to thank

Heaven daily that they are not as that loathed publican of a Turk. We are not sure that we can say the same thing, however, of the extension of the amnesty to the Greek Fenians or filibusters from the mainland. It may be wise policy to build a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, but in Crete, and under the circumstances, we think it would be a wiser one to hang him. The native Cretan insurgents, apart from the Sfakiots, are men who deserve every possible sympathy, for they are the misguided victims of a purely selfish and mischievous propagandism conducted now for nearly ten years continuously, for no purpose whatever but to gratify the restless ambition and place-hunting lusts of the corrupt 'politicians' of Athens—we use the word in its American sense. Greece, at any rate, will have no great reason for rejoicing when she finds some hundreds, or it may be thousands, of filibusters flung back upon her hands, with all their lawless habits encouraged and confirmed by a successful summer at free quarters, with perfect impunity at the end of it. She will find herself under homœopathic treatment for her chief ailment of brigandage with a vengeance.

November 22, 1866.

If the last Athens telegram is anything more than the merest tissue of self-contradictions and inconsistencies, it can only mean that the Sfakiots, who have borne the lion's share of the fighting in Crete, and without whom the insurrection could neither have been drawn to a head nor held together, have withdrawn themselves from the other insurgents, wherever they may be, so far as all collective action on their part is

concerned. This is the only meaning in which the term neutrality can be employed to denote their attitude. They are said neither to yield their arms nor their territory to the Turks, but to open their stronghold as a general refuge for non-combatant insurgents, abandoning it themselves in order to join the bands which still hold out, more or less, over the island. We take this last to represent the real state of the case, from the very nature of things. The Sfakiots would otherwise be starved out, frozen out, or snowed up. Their country is about as suitable for a refuge, and as capable of maintaining itself with its supply cut off, as the Grands Mulets. However, by dispersing themselves in desultory warfare all over the island, they will only inflict much more damages upon their fellow Christians than upon the Turks. But if any reader will turn to the pages of Spratt, he will see that they have been doing that all along, of course on a smaller scale. They are fine fellows, the flower of the Greek race for fighting qualities, and they cannot possibly have any sympathy or respect for the schemes and dodges of the clique which speaks in the name of the body calling itself the 'Cretan General Assembly,' and is allowed to conduct its political affairs. To call them church-going Yusufzies would about hit the mark of their civilisation for its good and bad qualities, and the only possible way to make anything of them would be to hand them over for a generation to the discipline of men of the Nicholson and Abbot stamp. Europe can produce such men at will: there are plenty in the Panjab, plenty in Algeria, plenty in the Caucasus, but not in the modern Greek kingdom, nor yet in the East. Some blight seems to have

fallen on the race, for it cannot produce an individual; it seems far less able to do so now, and within the free kingdom, than in the old days before the revolution, when it might fairly boast of more than one man of mark.

THE CRETAN REBELLION

November 29, 1866

The new Ottoman Lord Lieutenant of Crete has left for his island, with all sorts of benevolent resolves in his head, and with his pockets full of concessions towards the Christians. In 1858 these Christians protested against the godless colleges in which Mussulmen and Christian were alike to receive the same secular education, without reference to their respective religions, which his predecessor Veli Pasha endeavoured to establish at that time. They would not have them, nor would they have the streets of Canea lighted with gas, nor yet the road from Canea to Retimo, which the Pasha was constructing under the direction of Mr. Woodward, an Oxford man, who, it may be said by the way, if he be still alive, has it in his power to cast a clearer and deeper light on the obscurity of recent Cretan politics than any other living man. They will not, however, be now troubled with any of these things, neither with light, nor roads, nor godless education. But they will, no doubt, have as much tenant-right as they want, think they want, or cry for; and they will be at once relieved from the odious and illegal expropriation of an Established State religion which is due to one-third of the inhabitants only, yet to the maintenance of which all are expected to contribute. Some Turkish

statesmen are anxious to do all in their power to atone for past misgovernment, and it is evident that all the Constantinople Liberals are under the impression that with a redistribution of the land and with the established Mussulman Church—if we may be allowed the phrase—removed from its position of supremacy, the Cretan Christians will be perfectly satisfied henceforward, and the island will become again the first gem of the Eastern sea. Their language is very strong in denouncing the past misgovernment of their forefathers, partly as that serves to enhance the relishing consciousness of their own superior virtue. But Turkish Liberals seem to forget that the thing which conquered and misgoverned nations—atrociously misgoverned, let us say, up to the very edge of the existing generation—want, is not the reformation of their oppressors, but complete severance and final riddance from their conquerors. It matters not whether the nationality really be or be not a nationality; its political value turns on the opinion the aggregate chooses to form of itself, and on nothing else. So long as the Cretan looks on himself as of the same political faith and race as the free people of the opposite continent; so long as he scrapes together his savings to get him a storage passage to that continent, and gets his hated masters; so long as he looks on it as not only a realised ideal, but an instrument of Heaven's long-delayed vengeance; so long as current politics in that country are swayed by the Cretan vote and may be compelled to take an anti-Turkish tone at any moment; so long, we are convinced, will there be either smouldering discontent or active disaffection in that green island, in

spite of all the tenant-right and equitable church arrangement in the world. Not that such reforms become one whit less a duty to the masters; but they *are* the masters, and that is the root of their offending. Each generation of Turks up to yesterday has accepted the conquest of Crete by—we forget his name, but we will call him Strongbow Pasha—for the sake of its glory and its profits, without a thought of its duties and responsibilities. And now all the thought in the world will not efface the memory of the conquest. We hope that English critics will become less off hand and reckless in dealing with the nationalistic difficulties of foreign Governments, if they find any purpose or application in what we say.

December 1, 1866.

The Corfu telegram of the beginning of the week, which proclaimed a triumphant victory on the part of the Cretan insurgents, with a loss of 3,000 killed and 2,000 wounded on the part of the Turks, in all probability represents a real event, though utterly ridiculous in its figures. The 'Levant Herald,' as quoted in a Constantinople telegram of the 27th, announces an insurgent success. The last Athenian telegram says the same thing in moderate language and with particulars, and the official Turkish telegrams being wanting altogether, confirm this account by their silence, just as the silence of the Greek telegrams confirmed the Turkish reports of Mustapha Pasha's victories in the last ten days of October. The Pasha, having managed to pacify the Sfakiot districts, for the time at least, seems to have moved to the relief of the town and fortress of Retimo, menaced, as it

would appear, to some purpose, by an insurgent force under Coroneos, a Greek from the mainland, and to have failed in his attack on the monastery which formed the Greek chief's head-quarters, after what must have been an obstinate and sanguinary action. This success will of course revive the hopes of the insurgents, and will give an additional stimulus to blockade-running, which the Turks do not seem to have an idea how to check; but it serves chiefly to show how serious and deep-rooted the insurrectionary feeling has become, that it can so far dispense with the support of the Sfakiots, the chief fighting clan of the island, as to be able to hold its own in spite of their submission.

PROSPECTS OF THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

December 6, 1866.

The chief new feature in the Cretan insurrection is that it has now ceased to be localised. It is no longer concentrated in the western districts of the island and the neighbourhood of the Sfakian mountains, but it has multiplied its centres, and appears able to maintain itself in each with renewed vigour. The Turks seem to have lost their chance of crushing the movement by any single blow in the field, nor are the insurgents likely to give them any further opportunity of so doing, when their interest is clearly to prolong the struggle indefinitely, in the hope of at length forcing on a foreign intervention in their favour. The same reason tells against the probability of success in any negotiation undertaken by Mustapha Pasha himself or by the consuls inclined to sup-

port his authority. The insurgents do not want negotiation when playing a higher game. Winter, the Czar's ablest general in the Crimea, is but a capricious auxiliary to the Sultan in latitude 35°, now that the insurrection has shifted its centre from the lofty and almost Alpine fastnesses of the Sfakiots, and can do without them henceforward. The main difficulty is no doubt that of supplies; but the Greek revolutionary committees at Syra and Athens seem to have organised an effective system of blockade-running, which the Turks are quite unable to stop. Greeks have a natural genius for work of this kind; they can choose their own time for it, they know every inch of the coast, and their small craft can find points of access among the little creeks which indent the iron-bound southern and western shores, where Turkish steamers cannot possibly follow them. Volunteers from the kingdom are now coming in at a rate not only sufficient to keep the insurrection alive, but even to compel it to go on; and in this way, if only supplies be forthcoming, it is quite probable that the Turkish Government will altogether fail to suppress this insurrection, so unfortunate and so detrimental to the real permanent interests of the island, or will break down financially in the effort to do so. Premonitory symptoms of intervention have not been wanting for some time past. France, once the great initiator of European rearrangement, has shown herself—in so far as she has shown her cards at all—far more likely to intervene on the Turkish than on the Greek side; reversing her anti-Turkish policy with as sudden and violent a shift as an Atlantic gale, much to the bewilderment and disgust of the Greeks. England has

no policy at all in the matter, and may be supposed to be merely backing the new French conservatism for an object by traditional conservatism of her own without an object. These two Powers are not likely to intervene for the purpose of transferring Crete to a country which can neither, politically speaking, develop itself, nor yet govern itself; nor would they saddle themselves with the responsibility of expelling fifty thousand Mussulmans as an indispensable preliminary step. But the insurgents seem hardly disposed to be content with less than this. They want the intervention of Powers, if there be any such, greater than the Powers of Western Europe, able and willing to face difficulties from which they would shrink. Russia, if such a Power, can do nothing by herself, for she is comparatively weak by sea, south of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, and would hardly venture upon another expedition round by Gibraltar like that of Count Orloff at the end of last century, unless perfectly certain of the attitude of France. But if Russia could secure the co-operation of a first-class naval Power sufficiently strong to neutralise the resistance or enable her to dispense with the help of England and France, it is probable that she would avail herself of it at once. Now, for some time past, there have been obscure indications of American political action in this quarter. It is certain that American public opinion has been roused on behalf of the Cretans, and sympathises strongly with them, and it is equally certain that the late American negotiation for the cession of an island in these waters last summer was looked on far and wide in the Levant as a ground for anticipating an active

American participation in the Greek subdivision of the Eastern Question. If a joint Russo-American intervention, supported by Prussia, Italy, and of course Greece, should ever take place, it will have the effect, in all probability, of compelling the Western Powers to define their own position, and may force on them the disagreeable alternative of either joining the intervention as subordinates and half against their will, or of opposing the cause of Christians struggling for freedom, which would be invidious, and, in this country at least, decidedly unpopular. And the question would probably be asked here, What is it that France *does* want after all, that she quietly fomented disaffection for years in Crete, and then turns round and opposes it with all her might when it breaks out into insurrection at last? It is highly probable that the next few days will bring us a direct and strong expression of American opinion on the subject in the President's message; and the American consul's despatches, if communicated to Congress, as they certainly will be, are not only likely to be our first source of official information about Crete, but may not improbably influence our public opinion at home, in the total default of anything from our own Foreign Office, in a sense by no means acceptable to the Foreign Office.

December 6, 1866.

Garibaldi's letter of ardent sympathy with the Cretan insurgents, in which he eagerly proclaims his intention of joining them the first moment he is called to action, rests on very indifferent authority, and most probably is a forgery, as reported. But

there can be little doubt that it expresses his real feelings, however incorrect or premature it may be as regards his actual intentions. Disturbance in Turkey, for the purpose of distracting Austria and diverting her attention eastwards, has always been an important element in all schemes for the complete liberation of Italy, and now that Italy has been at length freed from the Austrian yoke the original motive for subversive action east of the Adriatic no longer exists, on the part of the Italian Government at least. But the secondary motive of sympathy with Greeks and Slavs chafing impatiently under Turkish rule remains as strong as ever, and the various schemes of concerted operation and groundwork of conspiracy cannot be foregone and broken up in a day. Garibaldi himself has always had a hankering after a descent on the Albanian coast, and was within an inch of accomplishing one in the early autumn of 1862. He has plenty of practical experience of these waters, and could probably take his own ship into the Gulf of Arta better than many professional Adriatic pilots. But if he were to go there now he would be likely to imperil something of more consequence than his ship, not only to himself but to the whole world. As long as he fought for Italy he was a hero and a stainless patriot; in fighting Turkey without reference to Italy he would simply fade into the light of common day, and lay himself open to be called adventurer and filibuster—dyslogistic terms the merest shadow of which should not be allowed to obscure his name. Moreover, if he ventured himself among the Rumeliote Klephts of the Turco-Greek frontier, he would not do their work

any better than themselves; at this time of the year he would starve in the mountains, and at the end of a week he would in all probability break his heart like Byron and Santa Rosa. We hope, before he goes a-klephting, he will read the history of the single-minded Piedmontese Count we have just named, and take it to heart. His winning game in Turkey would probably be that of religious mysticism and an appeal to his name as proof of his divine mission. Without the change of a single letter or a hair's breadth of modified accent, his name is pure current Turkish for 'the stranger took it,' and could not possibly be uttered by any Turkish-speaking Mussulman without suggesting the idea indicated. New religions and new empires are made in the East out of ideas like this.

December 11, 1866.

So extraordinary and desperate an act of heroism, as that which has just enobled the cause of the Cretan insurgents at the monastery of Arkádhí should not, if possible, be allowed to pass down to posterity with any inadequacy or want of authentication about its details. There is no doubt whatever, as to the fact itself, though the absurd figures with which it was at first announced from Corfu naturally induced every one to consign it to the same limbo as that to which we have long been accustomed to hand over all telegrams from Corfu, and notably the immediately preceding one claiming a victory, with a loss of 3,000 Turks killed, and 2,000 taken prisoners. It is not clear, even yet, whether the monastery was blown up by Coroneos springing his mines before abandoning

it, or whether the monks fired the powder magazine after the Turks had stormed it, and were in complete possession of it; nor is there anything like approximate certainty as to the numbers on either side who have perished. To ascertain these points is the province of history, and we may trust that the great historian who acts as the 'Times's' correspondent at Athens will investigate them fully, and thus fill up the necessarily brief description in outline which he has just sent us. Indeed, if he does not, we much fear that no one else will be able to do it properly, however willing. For the moment, it would be almost impertinent minutely to criticise the details of so grand and tragic an act of devotion—one, however, more than once paralleled, though on a far smaller scale, in the old Greek revolution. We love to associate great deeds of this kind with the name of a single leading mind; but, as yet, such fails us now, as it nearly always does in modern Greek history. The name of Yorgháki of Mount Olympus, the Rumeliote captain who blew himself up in the Moldavian monastery of Seko, to which he had cut his way with much address and bravery in the open field, at the close of the premature misdirected campaign on the Danube which precluded the true Greek insurrection of 1821, may yet remain for the representative of Greek patriotic self-devotion, as—after that of Constantine Kanaris—it is likewise the only exception to Finlay's stern sentence of judgment on the whole revolution: 'No eminent man stands forward as the representative of the nation's virtues.' Up to the present time, almost without exception, we have been apathetic and sparing of sentiment as regards

the Cretan movement, and the Greeks have only to thank themselves for this result, brought about by the bewilderment into which their preposterous telegrams have thrown us. An event of this kind is not unlikely to stir our sympathies to some depth. But it is not likely to make us intervene, much less to make France intervene, when such intervention must of necessity adopt one or the other alternative—either of expropriating and removing 50,000 Mussulmans, or of abandoning them to the mercies of men in hot blood, who would destroy them in a week. If England, or France, or both together intervene, they will simply be compelled to occupy the island. On other terms intervention is but idle talk.

December 20, 1866.

The English version of Mustapha Pasha's official despatch reporting the capture and destruction of the Cretan monastery of Arkádhí appears, from one or two slight indications, to have been made from an intermediate French translation of the Turkish original, in which it was first drawn up. Turkish has no distinct definite article; and, consequently, when we read that 'the members of the insurgent Assembly of the province were among the killed,' it remains uncertain whether the entire General Assembly of the revolted island had taken refuge in the monastery as a final rallying-point, and there perished bodily in the explosion, or whether there merely happened to be certain members of the Assembly among those who thus perished. The word 'province,' too, is open to ambiguity; for in Cretan parlance and application it

should mean the eparkhia, district, or sub-province, as distinguished from the entire island forming a single pashalik, eyalet, or first-class government. No doubt the word used was the latter, and the alleged victims of the explosion were members of the General Assembly, and not local deputies of the district. But as it stands there is no certainty upon the point. This, however, is quite a minor matter. The former question, on the other hand, is of importance; for no less an issue than that of the continuance or cessation of the insurrection as an organic movement, held together and directed from a common centre, is involved in the answer. And this issue becomes of particular importance at this moment, when our uncertain sympathies are beginning to take consistence, and are inducing us to consider whether we may not have ultimately to take part in an intervention. If those who direct Cretan politics were all destroyed, and if the defence of Arkádhi was the final stand of a central body and not a mere incident among a hundred other coincident fights, the insurrection is at an end for all practical purposes, in spite of filibusters, volunteers, and Garibaldians—men of whose passage-money we should like to see the mint and coinage, cheque and signature. This view, to which we by no means commit ourselves, may be supported by one fact, the utter absence of all telegrams from the island for upwards of a fortnight—ever since the announcement of the catastrophe of Arkádhi indeed. In this case intervention, whose first elementary condition, the disposal one way or the other of a large Mussulman population, serves to distinguish it at once from the apparently analogous intervention at

the close of the great Greek revolution, would not only be all but impracticable, but would be too late for any purpose, and would be merely playing an adversary's game. England has, after all, little or no will in this question, little or no knowledge whence to derive a will, and little or no regret for the absence of such knowledge. France, on the other hand, knows perfectly well what she does want, and what she does not want, to happen in Greek waters; she has acquired, and made public too, plenty of knowledge, by no means coloured with the hues of her most recent policy; she has at last wakened to the fact that she has an adversary who has a game, and she is determined not to play that game by making the most of a matter whereof both her presumed interests and the actual facts of the case incline her to make the least. We presume that we shall not take the initiative in proposing an intervention in Crete in opposition to France.

December 27, 1866.

‘The Cretans are concentrating with the object of commanding the passage of the Apocoronon at Sélino.’ Nobody would perceive this to be unmitigated nonsense from beginning to end except those who read these Cretan telegrams with a map of Crete before their eyes or their memories—in other words, nobody at all. Yet, when rendered into English equivalents, it is like talking of commanding the passage of the Sussex at Thanet. Apokoronon is not a range of mountains, but a province. Like Mesopotamia, it seems a word calculated to inspire

comfort, but, unlike it, belongs to no language at all. In good ancient Greek it was *Hippokoronion*; in good modern vernacular it is *Apokorona*. Why people who have occasion to mention it in English are always putting 'the' before it is as unaccountable as the similar honour 'we used at one time to bestow upon old Dost Mahommed Khan of Kabul, always calling him 'the Dost,' for some inscrutable reason or other. *Sélino* is a province and a fortress as well, but far away in the extreme south-west of the island, with the whole mass of the Sfakian mountains between it and 'the' *Apokorona*. The way to make sense out of the telegram is to retranslate it into the language in which it was originally drawn up or mentally composed. In Greek *eis* would be the preposition equally employed for 'to *Sélino*' and 'at *Sélino*,' but there would be no ambiguity or possibility of confusion between 'from' and 'of' in the former part of the sentence. In French, however, the phrase doubtless stood '*de l'Apocoronon à Sélino*,' meaning 'from *Apocoronon* to *Sélino*,' and this has been misrendered by the English translator, knowing absolutely nothing of the matter of his subject, as 'of the *Apocoronon* at *Sélino*.' The whole Athenian telegram, of which the above forms a portion, is so far intelligible that it indicates the position of the main force on each side subsequent to the catastrophe at *Arkádhi*, as well as the ultimate object of each. The previous Constantinople telegram, announcing continuous fighting at *Salfos*, explained nothing, for there is no such place. The insurgent head-quarters are now transferred to *Sélino*, because it rests upon the sea in a direction close to Greece, and thus most

favourable for the receipt of the continuous supplies of men and of arms from that country on which the insurrection now mainly depends. The Turkish army cannot possibly reach it by crossing the island and marching along the south coast, for this country there is wholly impracticable, as a glance at Pashley's frontispiece to vol. ii. will show. Mustapha Pasha is therefore obliged to march somewhat circuitously round the northern face of the White Mountains, and in so doing has received a severe check in what is, doubtless, a strong and specially chosen position at Karés, a real place. This news, true or not, is at any rate exceedingly probable.

January 2, 1867.

This week's Vienna telegram about English policy in Greece is hardly less mischievous than that of last week, about which we spoke our mind pretty freely. That one was merely the random, irresponsible letter of an Athenian correspondent, heedlessly caught up and invested with telegraphic importance by an agent having only a vague knowledge of its subject-matter. It undoubtedly succeeded in making mischief between England and France, in a small way, by rousing the jealousy of at least a certain section of the French press; but we can hardly admit that the Athenian correspondent in question did so intentionally—dear and habitual to his countrymen though such a policy may be—unless we suppose him to have been fully aware that his letter would have been made into a telegram; which, from internal evidence, does not seem at all certain to have been the case. The mischief in the present case consists in the representa-

tion of the act of charity and humanity performed by Captain Pym of the *Assurance*, in bringing off 340 women and children from the Cretan province of Sélino, as not only an official act cognisable by Government, but an one of which cognisance has already been taken in an unfavouring, if not a directly disapproving, sense! 'Contrary to the expectations of the Greeks,' it is said, 'the British Government have not assumed the responsibility' of this act. Therefore, it is thought necessary to flash all over Europe the name of an officer, who has distinguished himself by a noble act of humanity, under a subtle impalpable cloud of implied censure, for no better reason than because the Athenian coffee-house politicians—the most idle, politically ignorant, and worthless of all politicians—men who spend all day and every day swaggering about street corners in kilted groups, *jawing* and haranguing on subjects whereof they know nothing—are disappointed in finding that act to be of no political significance, and not in any way to involve a British support of the Cretan insurrection. More than this, the substitution of the *Wizard* for the *Assurance* in Cretan waters, which we believe to be merely an arrangement of naval routine, or convenience, is represented as a supersession of Captain Pym, and therefore an act of direct censure, brought about by Lord Lyons at the instance of the remonstrances of the Porte. The Porte was doubtless fully justified in asking a question on the subject, and of course did so; but the alleged removal of the *Assurance* in deference to its remonstrances is in the highest degree improbable. The Cretan Refugee Committee in London, which the Greeks, in Greece

persist in calling the Philo-Cretan Committee, for the sake of the colour of political significance with which it is their object locally to represent its operations as being imbued, has always been most careful to describe itself as a purely charitable body, absolutely divested of all political significance whatever. If any guarantee either of its sincerity were wanted, or of its ability to adhere impartially and with fulness of knowledge to its determination, it is to be found in the names of Mr. Finlay and Mr. Hill of Athens, the distinguished American chaplain to our British Legation. But this work of the purest charity seems really to run the risk of being thwarted in no small degree by the perversity of the reckless quidnuncs of Athens and Syria, whose empty insignificant talk is taken *au sérieux* by ignorant and unqualified telegraphic agents, men who magnify it, and consolidate it, and send it over Europe in telegrams. It should be said with emphasis that, as a rule, when anything is announced by the English 'Philo-Cretans' in a telegram coming from Eastern Europe, the intelligence therein conveyed is certain to be nothing but the journalistic efflorescence of the Greek animus, determined to see us compromising ourselves in their favour, and bent on making us do so if possible.

January 3, 1867.

Rhodes must be a mighty strange place wherein to maintain a newspaper correspondent to watch the Cretan insurrection. But that is nothing compared with the idea of having a newspaper correspondent at Rhodes for the purpose of telling you all about the Roman Catholic Albanians up in the northward cor-

ner of Turkey, or about the secrets of the Paris War Office. Yet the *Allgemeine Zeitung* has got, inherited, or just set up two of them, one for each subject apparently, as we see by last Sunday's number. General Bourbaki, well known in the Crimean war—who, we believe, is the son of a Cephalonian general who served through the old Napoleonic wars, and became a naturalised Frenchman—is stated by one of these Rhodian gentlemen to have gone off to Crete to take command of the insurgent force. This was written on the 28th of November. The other one caps him by announcing that thirty thousand Catholic Albanians have taken up arms, headed by their bishop. It is a pretty and seasonable thing to watch the snowball of bogus news rolling merrily from shore to shore along the Levant in this way before it comes to our newspaper offices at last.

January 11, 1867.

Pseudologically speaking, the first intimation of the suppression of the Cretan insurrection which we received from Constantinople and Paris after the Turkish successes at the end of October rested on a miscalculation rather than a direct falsehood. Mustapha Pasha no doubt had some reason to justify him in supposing that the insurgents would not be either able or willing to hold out after the submission of the Sfakiots, and the French consul's reports must evidently have confirmed this view. It soon turned out to be thoroughly wrong; but all that it proved was that the local authorities had no idea of the extent to which the Christian population of the island had been roused, and how well the system of blockade-

running had been or was being organised. Here, however, we were disposed generally to believe in the report of the suppression, not from any calculation about the Sfakiots or knowledge of precedents in Cretan history, but simply on the faith of the telegram itself and through the magic virtues always inherent in big print. No power of criticism will ever avail to shake this faith, nor are we sanguine enough to hope that much way is destined to be made among us by what we know from experience to be an inviolable principle, that all news from the Levant is false until proved to be true by critical or local research. We have just received another of these telegrams, a Turkish one, styled official, and invested with all possible weight and authority. This, dated Saturday last, sets forth that on that very day the Cretan insurrection was entirely over, and all that remained to be done was to clear the island of a few foreign adventurers. Now, there can hardly be any discount for miscalculation taken off a statement so specifically worded. It is odd how the exact day came to be known at Constantinople, seeing that no wire exists between Crete and that city. We must suppose the Turks to have 'proticipated,' as Mrs. Gamp says, but where is the reason for such 'proticipation' like that afforded in the former instance by the victory of Vryses? And what has become of the insurgent army, the volunteers, and the Garibaldians? Have they melted away? Have they taken refuge in the Cretan labyrinth? There are thousands of them to be accounted for, and they must be accounted for before we can recognise the absolute truth of this last telegram.

January 12, 1867.

The last Cretan letter in the 'Daily Telegraph,' commenced on the 10th of December, was continued and completed on the 25th and 26th, and thus contains detailed written news of unusual freshness. This, in the present instance, is of value, for it serves to throw some light on the military operations of both parties since the catastrophe of Arkhádi, the telegraphic reports of which were so utterly contradictory and incomprehensible—even trying each side by its own story, and leaving the question of truth and falsehood altogether aside—as wholly to baffle criticism. A late Athenian telegram, for instance, speaking of the insurgents' success at Karés spoke of that place as being in Apokorona, and induced us to believe that the Turks were moving in some incomprehensible way across country from Arkhádi upon Sélino, no telegram having ever mentioned their withdrawal to Canea before recommencing operations. There are, at least, three places called Karés in Crete, and the action turns out to have been fought at the one south-west of Canea, near Lakus and Thériso. One Greek telegram said the insurgents had failed to capture Kisamo and Sélino, while another contemporary Turkish telegram told us that the Turks had captured each place. This last instance is sublime, and would defy Mr. Finlay himself to reconcile or analyse. It is satisfactory, therefore, to get an intelligible written story at last. Sélino does seem to have fallen into insurgent hands, so far as one can make out, at some unstated period, and to have even become the most recent head-quarters of the in-

surrection. Mustapha Pasha, repulsed at Karés, does seem to have turned the flank of the insurgents, and to have forced his way to Sélino. In that case there is sufficient groundwork of fact to justify the Turkish official telegram announcing the complete suppression of the insurrection. But what has become of all the volunteers and filibusters, who amounted to some thousands? And when shall we ever know the true history of the Sfakiot rebellion, and of their subsequent and present attitude?

January 28, 1867.

The Cretan telegrams which have been dropping in up to the end of last week have not been worth comment, nor capable of it, even assuming them to be true. From the written letter of the 'Telegraph' correspondent, however, it is clear that the insurgents had taken their final stand, for the time being, at a position in the gorge of Aya Rumeli, or Agios Rumeli, as that gentleman called it, which is like saying Sanctus Mariá. A view is given of this by Pashley, in which it appears next to impregnable by force. The last batch of telegrams, however, read by the light of Mr. Finlay's latest commentary, makes it clear that this stronghold is the immediate object of Mustapha Pasha's operations, in which he has so far failed, if we may trust the truth of the report that he was repulsed in his endeavour to effect a landing at the mouth of the Aya Rumeli valley. The glen is approached on the land side by the pass called the Xylóskalo, or ladder, leading from the high mountain basin of the Omalo, and all but im-

practicable even for mules, according to the vivid description of its dangers given by Pashley and Spratt. The report of Mustapha Pasha's operations against Sfakia, telegraphed several days ago, no doubt referred to the obvious plan of commanding this pass and cutting off the free communication of the insurgents with the rest of the island, rather than to a resumption of hostilities on the part of the Sfakiot tribes—not but what that may have occurred too, for all we know to the contrary. Meanwhile, fighting is by way of going on elsewhere in the plains during the absence of the main Turkish army on the south coast. In this the insurgents are said to have been twice victorious, which may or may not be true; one victory being over five thousand Turks, near the place called Heracleum, which not a soul will find on the maps—but that does not matter. We have already said our say touching this name; doubting whether all the pedants in Athens will force it into European vogue either at Augusta, or Edina, or Eblana, or Lutetia, or Vindobona, in the teeth of good vernacular usage to the contrary, here and in Crete too. The volunteers who have had enough fighting have been provided by the considerate kindness of the Turkish Government with steam frigates to carry them back again to Greece, and they have actually been seen to arrive at the Piræus under the escort of a French man-of-war. They have been replaced by 480 fresh ones, headed by a brave man with a long name, described as a devoted Othonist, which is surely a very odd turn for any Greek to take just now. These men landed close to Megalokastro, and probably were concerned in the affair at

‘Heracleum,’ if there was such an affair. I fancy Lord Monck providing his Fenian friends with Government ships to take them back to Buffalo, and fancy them replaced by a fresh batch, and you have the Cretan position exactly. The excellence of this lies in its value as moral training for the orderly and virtuous Greek kingdom.

CRETAN NOTES AND PROSPECTS.

February 2, 1867.

If the Turks are in possession of the seaboard of Sfakia, as the last Athenian telegram informs us, it is clear that they must thus be in possession of the insurgent stronghold of Aya Rumeli, or at the very least have made good their footing at the mouth of that valley, which is the chief feature of the Sfakian seaboard. We are by no means inclined to believe such to be the case without some further confirmation. These things, as we have said over and over again, are usually telegraphed to us in an entirely random and irresponsible way, without ever passing through any preliminary criticism; and they will go on being so telegraphed to the end of the weary, blurred chapter. The Greeks, who are the original purveyors of news to the telegrapher, know very little of the details of Greek geography outside of their own immediate localities; for the native spirit of localism is strong within them, and, for that matter, is destined to be a power for good among them, in spite of its neglect and discouragement by their pedantic and ridiculous public men, who have not an idea beyond centralisation after European models.

Native Athenians, unless they have been in Crete, know nothing of Cretan geography, and do not care to see in what measure it is indispensable to the comprehension of Cretan warfare. They take the reports of Cretan affairs just as they find them, or evolve them, and then bring them raw to the office, without troubling their heads whether we get our news fit for the table or not. The point left uncertain is of the most vital importance: the Sfakiots, or some of them, have unquestionably taken up arms afresh against the Turks, after having been inactive since October last. The Turks have been repulsed in their first attempt at effecting a landing on the sea-face of their country, according to the last Athens telegram but one. If, therefore, they have succeeded this time, it is absolutely necessary to have it stated in a precise way how far their success bears on their combined plan of operations undertaken against the main body of the insurgents in their stronghold on the seaboard, instead of being left quite vague and uncertain. Of the ultimate success of the insurgents in wearing the Turks out and exhausting their resources we have never had any doubt since the turn of affairs in last November, and the proved inefficiency of the Turkish blockading squadron. They will wear the Turks out, because they are meant to wear them out. That is their *raison d'être*. Even if beaten in the field and forced out of their central mountain fastnesses in the west of the island, they will always retain enough consistency to constitute a nucleus capable of recognition for political purposes. They have it in their power to neutralise or force the hands of those European Governments which prefer quiet to disquiet in Turkey,

because the Cretans, and all Greeks, know perfectly well that they are never likely again to bring their preference of quiet in Turkey up to coercion-point. This is the issue which the Greeks believe that they can try on a larger scale than in Crete; and unquestionably will try, if nobody is going to prevent their trying it. They have a rooted conviction, says Mr. Finlay, that the three Protecting Powers are bound to protect even blockade-running and frontier intrigues. The great historian says this, as he says most things, with a certain austere irony, as of a lofty mind embittered by the vision of Western Europe practically encouraging the progressive demoralisation of the Greek Government against European and Greek interests alike; yet the Greeks are perfectly right in this conviction. Blockade-running and frontier intrigues will be protected, for they will never be stopped by anything short of coercion; and no European Government will undertake to coerce Greece in anything, or be tolerated by the public opinion of its country if it does so. If the Greeks do not know this, it is assuredly not for want of having it told them. Who might have won, who can yet win, and who unquestionably will win in that exasperating game which we call 'the Eastern Question' is not, after all, very hard to tell, with a moderate amount of elementary knowledge and of consecutive observation. Cards and honours are, upon the whole, pretty evenly divided among the players. But Russia and Greece, with heart in the game, know how to play, and what they are each playing for. England and France do not; and the latter country has been amusing herself ever since the

Crimean peace in the relishing and profitable occupation of leading up to Russia by trumping her partner's tricks in every single round that has been dealt on the Turkish board. Under these circumstances there is obviously nothing for England to do but to lay down the cards and decline to play any longer. In this parable of the whist table we think we have correctly stated the present position of the Eastern Question.

February 6, 1867.

If the Cretan insurrection be really over, there is no occasion for any more commentaries upon its progress. Otherwise we should be inclined to throw down the pen in sheer despair at the utter hopelessness of all attempts at any further criticism, after reading the last Athens letter in the 'Times,' even for such merely negative results as we thought we had been managing to obtain all along. There is not a word of the renewed rising of the Sfakiots, except in so far as the allusion to the Sfakiots who submitted to Mustapha Pasha may be held to imply the existence of insubordinate Sfakiots. Not a word of the great victory over 5,000 Turks at Megalokastro, unless that be the unplaced action with a few score of Garibaldians, in which they were all taken prisoners. * Not a word of the series of victories reported in all the Paris papers of the 24th; the repeated defeats of the Turks at Retimo and Sélino by the Greek captains, and the repulse of the Egyptians by the native Cretans under Griari—the Ram, apparently—the first name of a native Cretan warrior which has turned up from beginning to end, be it

said. Nor is there a word about the gorge of Aya Rumeli being occupied by any organised force of insurgents as a stronghold and final rallying-point. What is a conscientious critic, trying to make head or tail of it all according to his light, to do? There is no clue to the labyrinth of mendacity, nor is there any certain way of detecting the lie any more than of eliciting the truth. 'It is difficult,' says Mr. Finlay, 'to seize the whole truth on the spur of the moment.' We should think it was; and even afterwards too. 'The first flush of cool deliberate falsehood and calculated misrepresentation bewilders the unfortunate man who looks at the muddy torrent of information through which he must wade.' True, but if you fail to interpret this deliberately falsified information on the first flush, it becomes not worth interpreting at all, for the topic has lost its freshness, and is spoilt. For our part we have been disposed to lay more stress on the mythic than the strictly mendacious and intentionally calculating influence in the fabrication of all our Cretan intelligence, but of course we yield to the supreme authority of the stern and impartial Philhellene—if we may be allowed such a contradiction in terms—who has assured us of the true state of the case. We fear we are not sufficiently grateful to him for putting on the mud boots of his impervious shrewdness and unsurpassed insight and experience combined in order to wade in this muddy torrent on our behalf. The insurrection certainly seems over, according to him, as an organised military movement, and looks very much as if it had been more or less over ever since the Turks dissolved the insurgents by turning their flank at

Zurva without losing a man. Whether it be equally over as a political movement, is a very different matter, to which he by no means commits himself.

THE GERMAN GARIBALDIAN IN CRETE.

February 21, 1867.

Steadiness with honesty, says Mr. Matthew Arnold, is the true unmistakable characteristic of the genuine German mind. There never was a more perfect exemplification of this than in the letter of the German Garibaldian—a strange meeting of terms in all conscience—which, to our mind, is the gem of the Cretan Blue-book; a green oasis of truth set in a howling weltering tide of mendacity. The letter is well worth reading for the sake of the events it records, and the very vivid picture it draws of the hardships endured by the foreign volunteers who were induced to join the Cretan insurgents, who, in fact, may be said to have themselves constituted the main strength of the insurrection after the first successes of the Turks at the end of October. As regards the one batch at least, the most striking points seem to be the constant leakage of the force through single volunteers dropping off under pressure of hunger, the cold reception given to them by the native Cretans in many cases, the wanton destruction of the Cretans' cattle in one village, possibly under feelings of pique and retaliation, the desultory character of the warfare before Kisamos, so absurdly exaggerated at the time into true fighting, and the steady, continuous pressure of the Turkish advance. They were, indeed, actually surprised and surrounded at one time, and had to

cut their way out with great loss. And the whole story culminates in a plain statement of the ultimate break-up of the volunteer force, at the very time when we were being led to believe that it was stronger than ever by those who must have known perfectly well that it was broken up. As we said at the time, however, it mattered and still matters little whether the insurrection was or is over as a military movement, so long as it is considered to be in actual vigour as a political movement. It is not this plain tale of events for which the German's letter is most worthy of remark. It is for the manner in which it is told; the truthfulness, simplicity, and honesty which shine through every line, and all the more by contrast with the indescribable untruthfulness in which it is embedded. It should be more especially contrasted with the intolerable rigmarole of an Italian Garibaldian addressed to Garibaldi himself, which found its way into one or two English papers. There was not a sound bit from beginning to end of that most eloquent gush. This German writes as if he could not tell an untruth if he would, for he has not got it in him to be untruthful: while the Greeks—not the Cretan Greeks, for we have no Cretan statements, as such, anywhere since the fighting began—tell us untruths all along, not as meaning to lie, but from not having the conception of truth, nor the sense of truthfulness in their nature. Of course we say nothing about the genuine lies of Turkish and Greek officials, who may pair off and neutralise each other.

THE LAST CRETAN TELEGRAM.

March 2, 1907.

Eight thousand British troops from Eblana were defeated on the 13th and 14th near Athlone: the Imperialists received reinforcements from Queens-town, but they attempted in vain to occupy the province of Wexford. That is about the best way to represent the effect produced on those who happen to have any antecedent knowledge of Cretan topography by the latest telegram sent us from Paris, and described as 'emanating' from Corfu, setting forth how 8,000 Turkish troops from 'Heraclion' had been defeated, had been reinforced afterwards, and had then attempted in vain to occupy the province of Sélino—the province which they have been quietly holding for the last two months without firing a shot worth mentioning. No doubt it did emanate from Corfu, for they are not quite so bad as this at Athens, where they have learnt the elements of Cretan geography by this time. It serves to prove what we have said more than once, that no untraveller Greek knows or cares about any geography except that of his own district, or τόπος, as he calls it. As regards the event reported we have nothing to say. It may be the vast exaggeration of a common hill skirmish, it may have reversed the position of victors and vanquished, or it may be a downright and deliberate lie from beginning to end. We have no test to employ and no voucher to adduce for or against any of these views, and are fain to put up with a general impression that the story is about as true as our Irish parallel. But it is a pity and a shame to see it in an English newspaper. It is late

in its transmission, and it is ineffably absurd and nonsensical in its nature. One has a right to express discontent at the reappearance of these ignorant, heedless Corfu telegrams in the same columns which were occupied five days before by perhaps the most admirable and important of all Mr Finlay's admirable letters, giving a thoroughly critical and well-sifted account, condensed and weighty, of the operations in Crete up to what must have been within two days of the 14th. One genuine action is certainly authenticated by Mr. Finlay's letter as having been fought at Yerakeri (in Pashley Yerakeri, misprinted Yerdkeri in the 'Times'); but it was not between Turks and ('retan insurgents, it was between a body of starving volunteers who offered to return to Greece, if they could get food from the Turks, and the other volunteers, who wanted to prevent their making the application; and of course both parties claimed the victory. These idle stories are taken up and bandied to and fro in the press, which, naturally unable, as we have said, to bring them to any definite test of truth and falsehood, is of course unwilling altogether to forego the insertion of what may be true in some measure; and they thus serve to perpetuate loose, baseless impressions, which merely unsettle honest work. That is, to be sure, the reason why they are sent us. They are also sent as *flapdoodle*, as stuff to feed fools on: men who harangue assemblies for love of their own sweet voices, who have no previous elementary knowledge whatever of their subject, and who have neither the gift nor yet the desire of a mental sense of smell to inform them whether the antecedent facts supplied to meet their preconceptions or fancies are sound or tainted.

GARIBALDI MINOR IN CRETE.**March 6, 1867.**

We are told from Trieste that Garibaldi is by way of having replied to a Greek deputation that he would be ready to go himself to Crete under favourable circumstances, and that his son had actually gone there. Some weeks ago a letter of Garibaldi's to the same effect made its way into the European papers from an Athenian source. This letter turned out to be spurious as a matter of actual transmission, though it did no doubt represent the chief's sentiments with sufficient accuracy. We, however, availed ourselves of the occasion to remark that if Garibaldi ever went a filibustering east of the Adriatic he would not be able to do a stroke of real work, call it good or call it evil; he would sadly jeopardise a name hitherto known only as that of an unstained patriot hero, and he would simply end by breaking his heart in a week. These remarks we applied more particularly to the alleged expedition of Garibaldi to head the Rumeliote Klephts of the Thessalian frontier. But Menotti or Ricciotti Garibaldi would be ten thousand times more useless in Crete than the elder Garibaldi in Albania. They are not idealists certainly, and their hearts are not likely to break at what they will see among the Greek volunteers. But they are not leaders of men; they are wholly inexperienced locally, and have necessarily but little general experience of mountain warfare in a very rough and ready form; they have in all probability no knowledge of the one indispensable language in Crete, and their name is there a shadow, and not a substance. Coroneos and Zimbrakakis

will be very glad of their guns and their stores, and of as many red shirts as they can bring with muscle and bone inside, but they do not want boy-leaders from abroad who may be put there to supersede them. The insurrection was first deprived of its thorough Cretan semblance last October by the accession of the Sfakiots, the typical Cretan warrior-clan, which was, no doubt, effected partly by the successful advance of the Turks, but mainly by the visible transfer of the political part of the movement out of native Cretan into Hellenic or Hellenised hands. Sfakiots have no illusions, and want neither the *logiôtatos* or pedant schoolmaster, nor the lawyer, nor the Klepht, the three new things Greece can give to Crete. Since then the military operations as well have been conducted entirely by the above-mentioned leaders, who are not Cretans, but Greeks of the mainland, who have thoroughly succeeded in the one object for which they have kept it alive—that of securing the diplomatic intervention of the West, based on its popular sympathies with what is represented as being a universal Cretan sentiment, for the ultimate purpose of effecting the transfer of Crete to the Athenian Government. The movement since October has thus been a Hellenic movement on Cretan ground, and it has justified the reason of its existence by its success. The highest living authority on the subject tells us authoritatively that the insurrection is long dead in the east of the island, is dying in the centre, and is torpid in the west; that the question at issue is now solely one of political strategy, and that its body and soul are just barely kept together as the basis of a political object alone. The question, accordingly, has

now passed into the hands of the diplomatists of the West, and as they order so will it be done. When the movement was native, in the field at least, France raged at the Greek kingdom and the volunteers; now ~~that the movement is dead or kept up by volunteers alone, France has made it Cretan; but that is only by the will of France, a country known to make or unmake facts at pleasure.~~ Too many or too significant foreign adventurers will only be in the diplomatists' way. They will also assuredly disgust the Sfakiots and other Cretans who have an equal dislike to the Hellenic idea, and who want Crete for the Cretans, without doing an atom of good to anybody, themselves included. It is true that they may go with connivance, as the diplomatists may think the fire wants poking. But there seems no fire to poke, and, after all, the diplomatists can do without.

CRETE AND SERVIA.

April 1, 1867.

It is hard on Lord Derby to put him through the whole general Eastern Question twice within three weeks, merely upon the pretext of certain special counts which were not only capable of being treated by themselves, but which even required exclusively to be so treated, except under distinctly specified reservations. As he was made to enter upon both the internal and the diplomatic condition of European Turkey by a doctrinary anti-Turk of the newest school on the first occasion, and by, apparently, a philo-Turk of the Palmerstonian school on the last, his attitude has of necessity been facing round all the

thirty-two points of the Turkish compass more or less. We think that Lord Denbigh would have done better if he had confined himself strictly to the one matter he had taken in hand, and had contented himself with eliciting a reply to his plain question what Government had done or were about to do with reference to the alleged collective proposition to the Porte of the cession of Crete to Greece. Lord Derby's answer to that was eminently satisfactory, and decidedly represented the wish and the reason of the nation, however little it may have embodied its momentary sentiment. We shall neither advise Turkey to cede Crete, nor shall we support Turkey in resisting the advice of others. England has not been formally asked to join in an identic note advising the cession, nor would she have joined in it had she been asked. As regards Crete, that practically exhausts the matter. To go into Servia, Roumania, Turkish commerce, and the intentions of foreign Powers, only served to raise and complicate a discussion on conditionally relevant points. The mention of Servia doubtless enabled Lord Derby to seize credit for originating the arrangement by which Belgrade has been transferred to the Servians, and which, at any rate, serves to stave off all ulterior questions between Turkey and Servia for the present. To all appearance such credit does justly belong to Lord Stanley, with whose recorded advice the arrangement perfectly coincides. Lord Stanley, throughout the correspondence, in so far as it has been communicated to Parliament—we add this condition because it is quite clear that there is something to remind us of Sir Alexander Burnes's hard lot in the form of the present despatches

—has persistently ignored all ulterior ambition or nationalistic aspirations on the part of Servia, and has looked upon the possession of Belgrade as her primary or sole object, not as a secondary pretext for forcing a quarrel on Turkey. Now, as the Turkish occupation of Belgrade may unquestionably be treated by Servia as a grievance and a just ground of umbrage, and as its unconditional continuance does truly place Turkey in a false position towards Servia, we cannot but admit that Lord Stanley has acted with great prudence and skill in rectifying that position, provided always that he is prepared to take a corresponding part in impressing counsels of moderation upon Prince Michael during his approaching stay at Constantinople, by means of unreserved communication through Lord Lyons. If Prince Michael is thereby induced honestly to renounce frontier intrigues, secret treaties with Montenegro, South-Slavonic propagandism in its illegitimate sense, needle-guns, and bloated armaments, Lord Stanley's policy will be completely justified; and Lord Derby's roseate and almost millennial picture of the Turkish lion lying down with the Servian lamb, of additional contentment, additional security, and additional strength being added to the Turkish Empire, of Turkey removing occasion for ill-will, and earning the honourable sympathy and good-will of the 'Servian provinces'—whatever those may be held to mean—need not be considered as too highly coloured.

Lord Stanley's positive merits in this transaction are that he has reduced the question whether the Turkish occupation of Belgrade was a primary or secondary grievance to a simple and speedy test, and

that he has prevailed upon the Turks to give up spontaneously, yet not a moment too soon withal, a position which no one would support them in holding, while the Servians would receive unlimited private help and perhaps open public support in endeavouring to wrest it from Turkish hands. The contingent demerits of Lord Stanley's scheme (which under present circumstances we wish most carefully to guard against asserting otherwise than as a contingency) are that if the Servians should ever combine with Montenegro for aggressive purposes, as they are even at this moment said to be doing by some foreign papers, or should encourage the Christians or goad the Mahometans to take up arms in Bosnia, the north-western provinces would simply be cut off and detached from Turkey once and for ever. That may not seem undesirable to us, but when judged by the Turks as a possible result of advice offered to them, it must be considered from a Turkish point of view. There is not the least doubt, however carefully it may have been kept out of the printed papers, that the main Turkish argument for the retention of Belgrade was based on its military value in the event of open war with Servia, or possibly with greater Powers. To be told that the Belgrade garrison would then fail to be of this value, that it would be merely insulated in such a case, and become as a hostage in the hands of the rude half-drilled Servian peasant-warriors, is to call on us to forget what Turks, besieged by armies somewhat different from mere levies of brave militia, did at Varna and the sieges of Silistria and Kars. The real fact of the matter is that Lord Stanley has done the best thing, on the whole, that it was pos-

sible for us to do under circumstances which did not admit of our doing absolutely nothing at all. A single-handed English support of Turkey—and the tenor of Lord Denbigh's speech seemed to aim at this—is now quite out of the question, and has become in every respect undesirable. A collective support by Europe is still but a dream, for the European States are not as yet awake to the necessity, still less to the method, of a common defensive policy on the Danube and in the eastern peninsula, although it is they, and not we, who are chiefly, if not solely, concerned in the matter. They are all drugged like so many bees with the delusion that Russian ascendancy along the Danube is a special menace to selfish England at Calcutta, rather than a certain injury to themselves at Pesth and Vienna and nearer West still. Total abstinence, always suits us in the future, but somehow we always grumble at it when present. So there is nothing for it but to adopt a middle course, and recommend the Turks to ease themselves out of harm's way—to efface themselves, as the French say. That may run the risk of turning out no better than advice to commit suicide in order to save themselves from slaughter. But the Ottoman Empire, like a cat, has nine lives to spare, and can afford to throw a few away without much hurt.

Lord Derby knew nothing about the designs of France, Austria, Russia, and the rest of them. It would have been exceedingly improper if he had, standing then and there as Premier in Parliament; and it was not very wise on Lord Denbigh's part to place him in a position in which he had no choice but to disclaim with some ostentation any knowledge

of the kind, and thus to weaken the force of unofficial analysis of the policy or question of the motives of those Powers when made outside Parliament. If made, then, at all, these allegations should have been substantiated by positive vouchers, such as official documents and actual events. So long as Russia, to take the main point, is accused of nothing more tangible than ultimate designs upon Constantinople, so long is the public likely to remain blind to her definite and immediate work of hindering the consolidation of any independent and cohesive system of States along the valley of the Lower Danube except on Russian terms. The strongest leverage in this direction lies in that very dependence of Roumania upon Turkey which is so sedulously upheld for the presumed integrity of Turkey. That is a pure piece of diplomatic fiction, good in design but evil in practice, and Russia is unfortunately allowed to work it to the detriment of both parties, even though the enlightened of each country are only too anxious to cast it off. Instant severance of Roumania from Turkey under a joint European guarantee is all that is wanted fully to rectify the position of the two countries, and it would bring the loudly professed anxiety of Russia on behalf of newly emancipated Christian States under an infallible and crucial test. Yet Roumania is never mentioned here save in the two grooves—in the diplomatic groove by the philo-Turks, as an instance of breach of treaty and illegal encroachment on Turkish authority, and in the philo-Rayah, miso-Turk, or pseudo-progressivist groove as an instance of a struggling Christian population, solidary in sentiment and interest with all other Christian populations in Turkey, which has somehow

obtained another step to freedom through a breach of treaty. Now, the Sultan's personal and traditional pride is the only obstacle offered by Turkey to the total severance of Roumania. The only other obstacle which exists is to be found in the *grooviness* and insincerity of Western diplomacy and the opposition of Russia. We venture to repeat what we have already said more than once about Roumania, because we think, with all due deference, that both Lord Denbigh and Lord Derby quite misconceive the real position of that country towards Turkey, when the one, right enough as far as he goes, deprecates the election of Prince Charles as a violation of the treaty of Paris, and the other, in the teeth of ten years' proof to the contrary, upholds the theory of Turkish suzerainty as a substantial safeguard to Roumania. He should have denounced it as a mere pretext for hostile diplomatic interference. It is perhaps not yet too late to rescue Roumania from its false position as first victim to any forward movement that may be undertaken by Russia against Turkey on grounds wholly foreign to Rouman interests.

CRETE.

May 15, 1867

It is a great thing to get a Cretan telegram like the last one, announcing Omar Pasha's first failure. Whether it be accurate or no, it is at all events perfectly specific; equally so in regard to time as to circumstance. As our Paris contemporaries have been favoured with the third specification of place, as well, we may presume that Mr. Reuter's Paris agent,

or whoever it may be that arranges telegraphic matters at the Paris repeating station, does not consider the English public likely to care much about mere local names and other details of a Cretan mountain campaign; nor indeed does it. It cannot care much for the real names of places, after having so long been swallowing the sham name of Hieracium without a wry face. The telegraphic message itself was a quick piece of work. The action, described as extending more or less over forty-eight hours, was fought on the 4th: its result, so far, was evidently borne in hot haste to Canea in time to catch the steamer to Syra, whence the news would have been carried straight to Athens and Corfu, the accounts from which places are identical, being evidently the same sea-borne message. Corfu, by rights, should not have forestalled Athens as it has done, being farther from Crete by sea. There is no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the intelligence as reported. Nobody has ever thought it worth while to let the public know how and why the insurrection has now reverted to its original unbroken condition of last October, before the first victories of Mustapha Pasha and the subsequent secession or sulky Achillean neutrality of the Sfakiots. The only indication of the Sfakiot return to the Cretan cause is to be found in a suggestive hint, by no means amounting to a direct statement, in one of Mr. Finlay's letters during last March, commending the tardy wisdom of the Greek revolutionary committee in having be-
 thought themselves, albeit at the eleventh hour, of taking the Sfakiot chieftains into their pay. As the chieftains were already by way of having been

bought off by the Turks, the transaction seems Totnessian rather than Achillean; but though clearly venal as the British potwalloper, the Sfakiot is at bottom as fine a fighting animal as any in the world. His country is, again, the centre and core of the insurrection, and, if well defended, it can hold its own for an indefinite time against the Turkish regulars; if not permanently, at all events long enough for the purpose required. From the names of Krapí and Kallikraki (*lege* Kallikrati), mentioned by the French papers as the line of Omar Pasha's operations, it is clear, on referring to the excellent Admiralty chart constructed with so much pains by Captain Spratt, that the Turkish advance was made by two separate forces, moving simultaneously upon the central Sfakiot district of Askyfo from Canea and from Retimo. How regular troops could advance into such a country as that described very fully by Pashley and Spratt, without having previously opened it by military roads, is not easy to understand; but it is probable that Omar Pasha, under fear of the Sultan's displeasure, is working in a hurry against time, which is now much more favourable to the insurgent than to the Turkish cause. It must be remembered that the present repulse is likely to be but the beginning of a continued series of offensive operations conducted by Omar Pasha from some well-established base, from which it is hardly to be presumed that the mountaineers would be able to dislodge him by warfare which, for the present, can only be irregular. The root of the Turkish difficulty, however, is not there. It is in the folly of the Sultan himself, who, in the worst financial distress of his

empire, persisted in squandering untold sums in the purchase of bigger, and thicker, and costlier ironclads than any other Power in the world, merely for the sake of gratifying his pride. He now finds himself and his ironclads systematically baffled and defied twice a week by a couple of swift and very little blockade-runners. He has carefully provided himself with a stud of elephants, on which to go and hunt his old enemy the fox. If he fails in the present Cretan campaign he fails there once for all, for events so stand that he is made to stake everything on one issue.

May 16, 1867.

It is worth remarking that the recent Constantinople telegram of the 13th, which announces the receipt of despatches at the Turkish Foreign Office reporting a victory over the Cretan insurgents near Retimo, with a loss to them of 320 killed, makes no mention whatever of the much more serious fighting in the south-west of the island. Yet the Turkish despatches appear, by a comparison of dates, to have been conveyed from Canea to Syra by the same steamer which brought the news of the successful resistance of the insurgents to Omar Pasha's advance, as reported in the identical messages sent from Corfu and Athens, on which we have just been commenting. It may be inferred from this silence that the Turks had no favourable news to announce from that quarter, and therefore preferred to say nothing at all; consequently, that the Greek account is founded on fact: a conclusion to which we were already led from other considerations. The autho-

rities at Canea must have been cognisant of the fighting, if such fighting had taken place, at the time of writing their despatches. It is quite out of the question to suppose such fighting to be a pure invention, for pure inventions—in other words, downright lies—have been exceedingly rare since the first outbreak of hostilities in Crete, as we have always been careful to show, dwelling on the generally mythological nature of untruthfulness in these countries; and if the result of such fighting had been in any way favourable to the Turks, it is certain they would have made the most of it by telegraph. As far as the Retimo action is concerned, it shows, whatever its end may have been, that the insurgents have turned the early spring to good account, in strengthening and organising themselves very materially in the centre of the island, as they would hardly fail to do with the help of so thoroughly sufficient a system of blockade-running as has now been established. If merely scattered guerilla bands, they would not have been able to beat up the neighbourhood of a fortified town in a force large enough to lose 320 men.

May 21, 1867.

The Constantinople telegram, published three or four days ago, has been generally taken to be a downright contradiction of its Greek predecessor, and the two have therefore been looked upon either as mutually killing each other, or as being respectively true or false according to the predilections or aversions of the reader. The one claims an absolute victory over the Greeks, the other an equally decisive

victory over the Turks. Yet one instant's attention to the wording of the telegrams, or to the map of Crete, to say nothing of the course of events in that island, taken continuously, would show that they refer to quite different actions. The Greeks say that an attack of Omar Pasha's army on a grand scale upon Sfakia was decisively repulsed, clearly by the Sfakiots themselves. The Turks leave this alone altogether, and say nothing about it; confirming its truth by their silence, as we ventured to anticipate. The Turks say that they defeated a body of Greek volunteers, i.e. Greeks as opposed to Cretans, volunteers as opposed to insurgents, with heavy loss, near Retimo. These two events have nothing whatever to do with each other. These Greek volunteers, mostly Moreotes under the Mainote Petropoulakis, are in all probability the same ubiquitous body which fought the action of April 18th so graphically described by the 'Daily News' correspondent who accompanies them: and their operations are quite distinct from the others. No doubt we shall have in time a full account of the late action from the same quarter; biassed, perhaps, and too much pitched in the *issimo* key, which seems the natural note of all Garibaldian writing; but in the main as accurate as can be expected, and sufficiently picturesque. The only error of the Greek telegram seems to be the assumption of Omar Pasha's personal presence with the attacking army, implied in the report of his operations, when he had not moved from the coast; but that is a venial error in speaking with economy of words about what is practically a single army under one command. Quatre-Bras was Ney's battle, not Napoleon's; but one may

be allowed to call it Napoleon's attack. The Turkish telegram is of course meant to efface the impression produced by the Greek one in Europe, and it does seem on the surface to contradict it, but the two ~~only~~ really clash in the one point when the Turkish one says in so many words that what the Greek one says is untrue. But that is merely giving it the lie, not disproving or superseding it.

May 28, 1867.

Malevizî and Mylopotamo are Cretan provinces, not Cretan places, and it is no more possible to say in English that engagements took place 'at' them than that they took place 'at' Norfolk or Munster. The error arose from the Corfu telegrapher mistranslating his own or his active informant's Greek preposition *eis* into the wrong English preposition 'at,' when he should have used 'in,' being ignorant of English idiom or of Cretan geography—probably the latter. These engagements may probably have been more than mere skirmishes, having been fought, assuming them to have happened, in the same part of the country as that occupied or traversed for some time past by the Moreote volunteers. Their issue may very possibly have been fortunate to the Cretans, in so far as concerns their cause from the insurgent point of view, but it by no means follows of necessity that a single native Cretan took any part in them. The key to the telegraphic statement, that the east of the island has broken out into revolt is to be found in Mr. Finlay's last letter, reporting the descent of a large band of Mainotes on the east coast, and their occupation of the high upland basin of Lasithi, sur-

rounded by lofty and easily defensible mountains—the Eastern correspondent of the Western upland basin of Omaló, but at a lower level and larger in surface. This might possibly form the nucleus of revolt for the neighbouring lowland country, and is evidently intended as a diversion in favour of strongholds of the west and the roving bands of the north. As for the redoubtable Omar's devastating march on 'Heraclion,' it is doubtless a dreadful calamity to the country, but the chief weight of the blow is inflicted on common sense. In manner, it is like saying that Lord Strathnairn was marching on Eblana—an analogy which, indeed, we have had occasion to use before, and shall use again until we have extirpated that factitious and ridiculous sham of Heraclion from the English tongue, and have sown its pedantic foundations with salt. In matter it is equivalent to saying that he was marching on Dublin Castle, or the artillery barracks at Ballincollig. Is Omar in revolt, that he should be marching on the chief Turkish fortress and largest Turkish town in the island, albeit not the official capital? The moral of it all is, that the Corfu telegrapher or Greek informant has not the least idea of the geographical value of the words he is using, caring only to flash off his insurgent victory in outline, with local names thrown in at random to fill it up, and give it a little body and colour.

ALLEGED TURKISH ATROCITIES IN CRETE

June 25, 1867.

The Duke of Argyll and Mr. Darby Griffith and Mr. Monk, even if they have done nothing else to deserve the remembrance of posterity, have at least ensured the certainty of going down to future ages as the three men who actually and really believed in a Cretan telegram from Florence. Whether this be from the exigency of State purposes, or from the simultaneity with which great wits jump in the same direction, or from unconscious or conscious Hellenic wire-pulling, or from the embryonic and semi-articulate combination of a Philhellenic tea-room, we care not to enquire. They believe in Cretan telegrams from Florence, and they testify their faith therein openly and aloud. Now for the telegrams. We had two of them at the beginning of last week within a day of one another; each sent to us from Florence, and thither from Athens. Hitherto we have always had our Cretan news sent us direct from Athens, and we, for our part, have had the satisfaction of pointing out on recent occasions a gradual but decided increase in the truthfulness of the same, as established by internal evidence during the past months. Athenian news is now rarely self-contradicting or self-exposing, as at first; and it is not unreasonable to attribute this improvement to a sense on the part of the Athenian telegrapher who supplies England or France with news, that he has to meet the criticism of a more or less instructed public, as well as to a sense of the fact that a simple state-

ment of truth is likely to do more good than harm to the Cretan cause after all. To please the hot-blooded Italians, however, you must pepper highly, and they have their Cretan news highly peppered accordingly; none of which has ever been thought worth sending to, or at all likely to obtain credence in, the West before last week. It appears to have been sent off hurriedly to order on the present occasion, so as to do away with the impression of Turkish success produced on our minds by the official telegram which announced with much precision of detail the capture of the upland valley of Lasithi from the hands of the Mainote filibusters and the native Cretans who had gathered about them as a fresh nucleus of revolt. The loss of the insurgents in this was clearly understated; the completeness of the Turkish victory, implying, as it appeared to do, the total disorganisation or expulsion of the Cretan bands from the valley, and the unmolested occupation of its whole area as of a mountain fortress, we are disposed, by instinct perhaps rather than reason, to consider exaggerated; but, with all drawbacks, the impression of an authentic Turkish victory remained after reading that telegram. This had to be neutralised; just as Mustapha Pasha's victory at Vryses last October, which was the first knock-down blow, closing the first round of the Cretan fight, had to be neutralised. The impression then produced was sought to be removed by a most ridiculous telegram, despatched, apparently, to order from Trieste, wherein some merchants on Change there claimed to have received news, impossible to have come within the period, that the alleged Cretan defeat was in reality a joint

to draw the Turks on and destroy them. Similarly, on the present occasion, avail is made of these Florence telegrams as the nearest and readiest account, if not of Greek victories, at any rate of Turkish atrocities—which do as well for the purpose wanted—capable of taking the taste of the Lasithi victory out of the public mouth. The first Florence telegram had this about it, that it contained only one item which, whether true or not, could by any possibility be true; for all the other items exposed themselves by their very terms as being of necessity false. We thought it superfluous to show it up at the time. The second one was the one with the atrocities in it; the bait whereat our three statesmen have rushed, snapped, and gorged. And now, of course, after this great success of a purchase so clearly established on an edge of our public opinion, we bid fair to be flooded with an ocean of them; indeed, here is one while we are writing, one with the plain of Asthi in it, to say nothing of our old friend Heraclion—places whereof we wish the general reader all knowledge, comfort, and joy.

Of Mr. Darby Griffith it has been remarked—or, if it has not yet been remarked, it is now remarked—that whatever subject he touches dies by the visitation of Mr. Darby Griffith; and this is not unlikely to be the euthanasia of the Cretan question itself, or of modern English Philhellenism. To the Duke of Argyll we suppose it is no use pointing out that Omar Pasha, who cannot conquer the insurgent strongholds, is equally unable to triumph over the reign of law in nature, and by no possibility can be in two places at once. Nor can he have sustained a

defeat at Heraclion, which is Megalo-Kastro, which is Candia; not only because he was elsewhere, but because that fortress is in his own possession, and surely nobody could seek to defeat him there save his own discontented officers, possibly. To be sure, he, with all his regulars, horse, foot, and artillery, might have been defeated in the plain outside its walls by the insurgents come down from the hills without artillery, but we doubt whether anybody will be bold enough to put that interpretation on the telegram. Nor is it any use repeating that there is no such word as Heraclion in any living language spoken by man, and that no Cretan uses it in vernacular parlance any more than a Parisian calls his city Lutetia, or than any Scotchman calls the Duke himself a child of Diarmid. If the laws of nature and the Hellenic cause happen to come into collision, it is expected by many and very influential people in this country that the laws of nature are to give way, to judge by much public writing and speaking of the period. When handling details on Cretan ground, the Duke seems to be saying to himself all the while in the words of the Emperor Sigismund, 'Ego sum Dux Ergadelensis et supra geographiam.' The object of the tripartite questioning, however, was to elicit some public expression in condemnation of the Turkish atrocities reported in these telegrams, if anything approaching to an official confirmation could by any possibility be forthcoming, and not to enter into any preliminary enquiry as to the truth or falsehood of the telegrams themselves either in whole or in part. The official confirmation came in the form of a statement from Lord Stanley, given in his usual cold,

translucent, Wenham Lake way of putting things, that atrocities doubtless had been committed, but committed on both sides; and that the particular atrocities complained of lay under the suspicion of having been made to order, for the sake of enlisting European sympathy and of rendering European succour an unavoidable duty.

The world, as Sydney Smith said, is bursting with sin and sorrow; and if it be possible by any parliamentary questioning to commence any diplomatic process or initiate any pressure which may distinctly diminish the sum of human misery in one direction without increasing it in another, that possibility is alone sufficient to justify questioning, however invidious the assumption of judicial authority by the questioner may be, and at all risks of his liability to a *tu quoque* retort. Let good be done where it can be done. But if these stories of sin and sorrow be no more than so many mythic stories struck off at a white heat by the imagination of passionate fanatic warriors, in order to disturb the balance of our judgments, and lash us into an equally passionate sympathy with their cause—or, what is far worse and more probable, the deliberate inventions of cold-blooded and non-combatant calculators for that purpose—our public and open acceptance of them by eminent men, without a word of misgiving, and with the most barefaced credulity, merely serves to encourage and set a premium on mendacity and grievance-mongering, the two banes of the modern Greek character. Now, from the very beginning of the insurrection, these stories have been systematically manufactured. No story which has been in-

investigated has been confirmed, and every story which has seemed of sufficient magnitude to call for investigation has been disproved. Of course we do not speak of single and scattered cases, but of the one-sided, wholesale, systematic outrages and massacres, as given in the manifestoes and telegrams. The first massacre of five hundred Christians, half-believed in at one time by Mr. Erskine, turned out to be a pure fiction; and the transfer of the incidents of the cave of Melidhoni in 1822 to another cave in 1866, exposed by Mr. Finlay at the time, finally destroyed the credit of these manufactured stories. The burden of proof is now seen to lie on every specific story of this kind. Until it can show itself to be true, it cannot be considered otherwise than false. Unqualified belief in it therefore of necessity either serves to weaken our confidence in the judgment of those who avow such belief at sight, or else exposes them to the charge of being themselves dupes, fanatics, or partisans. In justice to the Duke of Argyll it must be said that he draws the line at the Florence telegram, and has not as yet committed himself to the manifesto of the Cretan Committee. That lower level it is the privilege of Mr. Monk to occupy. Mr. Monk thus believes in the Val d'Angelicana, in the women skinned alive by Omar Pasha's—Sir O. Pasha's, G.C.B.—own order, and the thousand women who perished of cold and hunger by being driven by the Turks up to the tops of the White Mountains at the very time when the roots and all the accesses of those fatal summits were in full occupation of the insurgents, and utterly unapproachable by the Turks defeated at every point. Mr. Monk on this subject

does not matter; when he does, Mr. Oliphant will tell Parliament whether his friend Sir Omar is in the habit of skinning women. This manifesto of the Cretan Committee was published in the 'Times' on the morning after Lord Stanley had exposed its real nature in one calm word. No other one of the kind has ever appeared in the 'Times' before, even though some twenty or more have been issued; and as this one is not more worthy of confidence than the others, but, on the contrary, has openly and officially had confidence taken away from it, we think the 'Times' would do no harm if it supplied some remedy for the evil which may be wrought by so monstrous and barbaric a fabrication circulating uncontradicted and uncriticised.

The most that can be said must as yet be expressed in general terms only, as Lord Stanley was content to express it. The nearer we approach high authority the more clement and moderate has been the conduct of the Turks: no doubt from the consciousness of having the vigilant eye of Europe upon them. More especially was this the case with old Mustapha Pasha. No charge of inhuman or outrageous conduct against the Turkish regular forces has been authenticated, and very few have been even made. Yet in their case the provocation, at the very outset, was extreme. Husni Bey, an officer of rank, who had been sent to the insurgents with a flag of truce, was found, after their retreat, tied to a tree, with his eyes gouged out. Let any military man say how his soldiers would stand such a sight as that. Such atrocities as have been committed—and we have not the slightest desire to extenuate or to detract from their number—have

been committed by Cretan Mussulman irregulars, who are the grandchildren of Cretan Christians, and by Albanians and Circassians, of whom the number is but small. They are reported to us in the way they come simply and solely for the purpose of producing the impression on our minds that they are committed by one side alone, and that they differ in kind, and not only in excess of their degree, from all other atrocities, past, present, and to come. We urge that they are committed not by one side alone, but mutually, by the irregulars of both sides; that the specific details with which they are sustained are in no case substantiated or worthy of credence; that they are committed not by order of the authorities, but in spite of it; and that they do not differ in kind from the excesses of other and Christian troops fighting under exasperation with irregulars. Apart from unauthenticated personal outrages and massacres, the burning of villages, and cutting down fruit trees for strategic reasons—nay, blowing up monumental buildings for retributory purposes—were thought very commendable, not to say glorious, things by English commanders in 1842; why should not Omar Pasha do in Crete what Monteith and Macgregor did in Afghanistan? ‘The Shinwarrees had not been thoroughly coerced. They had always been a refractory people. It was thought advisable to read them a lesson. So Monteith made a progress through the valley, applied the fire brand to their forts, and shot them down in their places of refuge. “At one time the interiors of thirty-five forts were in a blaze along the valley.”’ As for the fruit trees, why should not Omar Pasha make use of Macgregor’s explanation in

his defence? Macgregor pleaded that destroying the villages was of no use, for timber was so plentiful that they could be repaired again at any time, but to bring the rebels completely into power it was absolutely necessary to destroy their trees. — The measure which would be repulsive to a civilised mind, but in no other way can the Afghans be made sufficiently to feel the weight of our power, for they delight in the shade of their trees.' 'The Afghan mountaineer is not tangible to us in any other way.' So Macgregor, being sharper than Omar, 'cut deep rings through the bark to the heart of the tree,' which he found saved the trouble of cutting them down. (Kaye, ii. pp. 562, 563.) Now we are not speaking one word to the detriment of the British officer; we merely say that the Turkish officer, if doing what he is said to be doing, is doing what we have done before him. We have chosen to make use of other arguments besides that of *tu quoque* in the Cretan case. But the Cretan case, as regards such part of the atrocities as is true, rests on grounds which make the *tu quoque* argument unavoidable. When the impression sought to be conveyed by the Cretan advocate's proposition is *ego neque*—that Turkish atrocities are exceptional, and differ in kind from other atrocities—there can be nothing for it but to reply, *Tu quoque*, and to show that they are precisely the same as those committed at all times, everywhere, and by all people under similar conditions. It is not for the Greeks, of all people in the world, to provoke any special comparison of the Turks with themselves in this respect; no, not even with the awful and hideous tragedy of Scio in their scale of the balance. Unless it be understood

that Turkey is the recognised scapegoat of the sins of Christendom, we had better leave stories about Turks alone, which, taken as they are put into our hands, are simply so many fabrications giving way to the first test of criticism applied by any one honest enough to try and subject them to such a test.

June 28, 1867.

In one sense it is doubtless all very well to point out that Omar Pasha, supposing him to be really and deliberately cutting down the fruit trees in Crete—which we do not in the least believe—is doing no more than what we ourselves have done, and have thought ourselves virtuous and glorious for doing to boot, but it is none the less true that he will richly deserve the execration of everybody if he ventures to lay a hand upon them—if not of the professional and political friends of humanity, at least of all botanists and gardeners, and all who love the fruits of the earth and the fulness thereof. Here is the valley of Lasithi, an upland plain 3,000 feet above the sea; a happy valley, full of villages, full of produce, without any resident Cretan Mussulmans, and unmolested by Turkish officials. The Cretan insurrection never touched this valley, nor indeed any part of the eastern part of the island, until the recent filibustering incursion of 600 Mainotes brought over by the blockade-runners, who succeeded in establishing themselves in this valley through unpardonable rudeness on the part of the Turks, and made it a fresh nucleus of insurrection for the disaffected of that part of the island to gather around. This body of men, who have been reduced to maintain itself by living on the

villagers at free quarters, as we have evidence that they have done in other parts of the island. Then came the storm of war. The Turks have effected a lodgment within the valley, but they cannot be supposed to have cleared it of their enemies. Accordingly, it has been for some time, and may still be, the scene of desolation, barbarism, and bloodshed, wantonly and gratuitously inflicted upon these hapless villagers by foreign volunteers—the Broadheads of the Hellenic trade union, who are allowed free permission by Europe to *ratten* the Lasithiotes and the Thessalians with impunity, if they will not carry on their profession of ‘oppressed Christian’ on Hellenic trade union conditions. It is heartrending and exasperating to read in detail of the glory and the productiveness of the country for the desolation of which by these men the Continental Powers have to bear no small share of responsibility. There are not many places where to look for such details in the case of Lasithi—Spratt is our only authority in English. Khurmúzi, who long ago resided in the island for six years, and published a little work about it at Athens in 1842 under the title *Κρητικά*, which contains much curious information in a desultory way, tells us of apple-trees in Lasithi which must be unequalled in the world. There are trees there which bear yearly crops of five hundred oke each, or above twelve hundred pounds weight of apples. The fruit is deep red all over (*κατακόκκινα άνευ άλλου τινός χρώματος*), and three of them go to an oke, or, in other words, one is only just short of a pound. The place is a mountain paradise and its climate in spring, summer, and autumn must be one of the most perfect in the world.

Anybody might have gone there with perfect safety ; but nobody ever did go there except Captain Spratt. When it exchanges virtual autonomy for the theoretical autonomy which impends over the whole island, with its ultimate consequence of annexation to Greece, European travellers and men of science will find out at length that it will be about as safe a place to visit without an escorting army as the interior of Northern Greece is at present—to say nothing of Attica itself.

July 9, 1867.

From time to time, but unfortunately at rare intervals, the 'Morning Post' publishes very valuable military correspondence from Crete, apparently written by an officer accompanying or serving on the staff, of the Turkish Commander-in-Chief; whom, moreover, we may conjecture to be either a genuine Englishman, or else a foreigner well acquainted with our speech and its ways, to judge by his transcription of doubtful sounds in modern Greek names. One of these letters appeared last Friday. This gave a very clear and intelligible account of Omar Pasha's operations against the valley of Lasithi in the first week of June. With the help of Spratt's Admiralty chart every line of this comes out with entire accuracy; the two documents forming most satisfactory vouchers for each other. The insurgents do not appear to have defended the outer face or wall of the mountain basin against the Turkish advance, but to have taken their stand in preference at a succession of villages within the valley which afforded the strongest possible defensible positions. The strictly Cretan position of the Cretan force seems to

have melted away after each Turkish success, as might have been expected; what became of the nucleus of Greek volunteers round which the Cretans rallied does not appear. The insurgent losses, which we thought at the time to have been much exaggerated in the Turkish telegram which announced the capture of Lasithi, are stated at the same amount in the present letter, and appear to be given on the authority of a Greek officer who fell into the hands of the Turks, aide-de-camp to one General Bouyouklidis—the son of the Moustached One. We presume these must be Greek officers, for Cretan mountaineers know nothing about aides-de-camp. All this fighting, however, does not seem to have been absolutely decisive as regards the unmolested occupation of Lasithi by the Turks, unless the telegrams from Greek sources which we received some ten days ago be altogether devoid of foundation. Those described some sort of fighting to be still going on in the neighbourhood; in all probability desultory attacks on Turkish outposts and on their lines of communication. It should be remarked that the capture of Lasithi simply leaves the insurrection exactly where it was in May, before the Mainote volunteers landed in the east of the island at all. If the Turks cannot stop the blockade-running, they cannot stop the insurrection, which is in reality sustained by that, and that alone.

CRETE.

July 25, 1867.

The last Cretan-Greek telegram is nothing very new. Its outward semblance is not very favourable to the insurrectionary cause, and it may be reasonably inferred that its inner substance, the news from which it has been made up for transmission, is not less so, for it dates as far back as the 18th, and it came westwards from Athens to Marseilles by sea only. Did it represent any real success we should have had it several days ago, telegraphed from Athens direct. As our intelligence stood before its receipt Omar Pasha was reported from the Turkish side as having attacked the Sfakiot strongholds from their sea face, having succeeded in making his way into the country, having induced a large proportion of the insurgents to lay down their arms, and having actually secured either 5,000 or 50,000 rifles, which were sent to Constantinople. The different estimate is the difference between the versions of the telegram as it appeared in the morning papers—seemingly implying misprint in one or the other. The story was precise, yet not quite precise enough; and it still seemed to leave something wanting for the complete reduction of the Sfakiot district. The Greek news which followed upon this announced in vague terms the absolute failure and total defeat of Omar Pasha; damaging itself, as usual, by crass geographical ignorance or carelessness, and describing the two landing-places of Franco-Castell and Sfakia, situated at the water's edge, as being the most

elevated places in the country.' Mr. Finlay's last letter gave both stories, but did not attempt to reconcile them, not having any means or instrument of criticism to enable him to make a connected story or ascertain the state of the case. He inclined, however, to the belief that some extensive defection had taken place among the Sfakiots. If so, it will have been the third since last October. These warriors, as we have always done our best to bring our leaders to see, are fighting, in the first place for their own land, and only in the second place for the Greek cause, for which they have no antecedent sympathy except such as is involved in common desire to cut the Turks' throats. The present telegram says nothing, one way or the other, about any defection, as would hardly be expected, being Greek. It confirms the news of Omar Pasha's successful advance, but it represents Mehmet Pasha, apparently operating from the north-east, in order to effect a junction with Omar Pasha, as being 'surrounded' by insurgents in the high valley of Askypho. This may or may not mean that his communications are cut off: we cannot solve the riddle. It seems meant to convey the impression that they are in danger; but then the Greek telegrapher's object always is only to convey impressions under the guise of announcing facts. Still, had a complete junction been effected, we are pretty sure Turks would have proclaimed it by this time. Askypho, be it observed, is the chief of the Sfakiot villages; all this country fell into the hands of the Turks just before mid-winter, but seems to have been abandoned from the severity of the climate, and to have either been promptly seized by

the insurgents in the early spring, or to have been put into their hands by the Sfakiots at their second defection. The thousand women and children in the caverns who are 'in danger' from the Turks is merely the old story, as regards their danger. Omar Pasha is certain not to touch a hair of their heads. They are said to be, and it is probable that some really are, in the 'mountain caverns,' whether an English steamer has been sent to protect them. We hope she will be capable of sailing over the limestone formation. In short, the insurrection looks very much as if it were on its last legs for the third time; and so it clearly is as regards Crete. But the *Arkadi* is more lively than ever, and now has been joined by two consorts, and it is by the *Arkadi* alone that the insurrection lives, and will live, till winter.

CRETE AGAIN.

July 26, 1867.

We had hardly written the words in our yesterday's impression that, if the Turkish forces operating on Sfakia from the north-east had effected a successful junction with Omar Pasha, we should have heard of it at once by telegram, when, sure enough, in came the telegram itself—a triumphant one for the Turks—to all appearance announcing a final blow struck at the heart of the Cretan insurrection. The detailed military operation, easily traceable on Spratt's Admiralty chart, appears to be nearly the same as that which failed when attempted by Omar Pasha in the beginning of May, differing, apparently, by the main attack being made from the sea. When the

full details come out, they will be well worth the study of military men, assuming Omar Pasha to have accomplished his exceedingly arduous task by fair fighting, and not by the defection of the Sfakiots. Eight villages are said to remain unsubdued, of which ~~Samaria is named as the chief place of refuge~~ or stronghold of the rebels—Samaria, probably, from a Venetian *Santa Maria*; not as having anything to do with the Scriptural village. The Sfakiots have a strange popular belief that Samaria was the last refuge and stronghold of the ancient Hellenes, i.e. the Pagan Greeks, as opposed to the Romaic or Christian Byzantines of the Empire (Pashley, ii. 267). This, at the head of the gorge of Rumeli, by the impracticable pass called *Xylóskalo*, or wooden ladder, leading up to the *Omaló*, seems in a position capable of being held against any force, if only secure of its provisions. But it may be looked on as all but certain that its submission will only be a question of time. The best idea of the difficulty of the country may be conveyed by the fact of the mountains rising abruptly from the water's edge to the height of 8,100 or 8,200 feet (Spratt's hand is uncertain here, for his measurement was approximative, not accurate, on this point), within a distance of four miles as the crow flies. There is hardly anything in Europe like that, not even the Albanian coast north-east of Corfu, unless it be in Switzerland, on the north and one part of the south bank of the Lake of Wallenstadt, for instance. Now we shall see the diplomatic cauldron set again a-boiling, and, as usual, the wrong compromise finally established at the board of green cloth by the jarring statecraft of Europe, after a full con-

sideration of the hypothetical claims of hypothetical Cretans, tempered by reluctant consideration of certain very real treaty rights secured to the Porte —on paper. The whole history of modern Greece is from beginning to end the history of such compromises among diplomatists, which always turn out to be the wrong compromises, because the best-meaning diplomatists reason from hypothetical premisses, and not from ascertained information and verified facts.

CRETE.

December 20, 1867

Nobody will be the wiser for the last Cretan blue-book. It is tumultuous and chaotic, and it defies analysis. You might as well take a theodolite into the Cretan labyrinth underground, and try and survey that, as unravel these episodes by any light the book supplies. To take one particular alone, let any historian, or any military critic, accustomed to trace the operations of even the most desultory and barbarous warfare, attempt to make out for himself the very roughest outline of any six months' marching and fighting of the two contending parties in Crete by the light of those vice-consular reports which are Lord Stanley's sole ultimate sources of information. One page of them will be enough to make him realise the thorough hopelessness of his task. Readers of the Blue-book will simply find in it that which they mean to find. The one-sided or one-viewed, who seek for proof of the bad faith of the Greek Government, the patriotism of Greek individuals, the un-

varying success and prowess of insurgents in all encounters, the fatal meddling of diplomacy, the bloodshed and the massacres, will find full confirmation, everything in the right place, just, as it were, written to order. Those who want something more than mere fuel to feed their preconceptions had better stick to their instincts or their Finlay. There is nothing definite here to guide their judgments: nothing, from calm Lord Stanley blowing hot and cold as mechanically and unfeelingly as Dr. Reid's patent ventilator, down to that precious vice-consular pair, the Messrs. Calocherino, Greeks passionately Greek, who write English official despatches about a burning Greek question in Greek, and who do not even know the name of their immediate chief, usually calling, as it appears, Mr. Consul Dickson Mr. Consul Dunlop. In plain English, we are constrained to say that this Blue-book is a heap of rubbish, in which it is not worth while rummaging on the chance of finding valuable matter. Our own natural concern in the whole business has been to keep well clear of all complication, to give presumable good advice to all parties, sparingly and cautiously, and generally to turn off the gas—the old Palmerstonian gas, all flare and no light, whereby we were once wont to study our Eastern questions—down to the lowest point short of actual extinction. Lord Stanley has done all this perfectly, and it is mere carping and ingratitude to point out any particular inconsistencies in his action; whereof, to be sure, there are plenty; but then who reproaches a patent ventilator with inconsistency for its hot and its cold? The Cretan complication, as

entangled by the cross action of diplomatists and belligerents, might more than once have been disagreeable and even dangerous to us; we should be thankful for being kept well out of it, and not ask too many questions about what we shall never manage fully to understand. Lord Stanley's sources of information, the character and position of his agents, and, generally the efficiency of his office, and the state of the British public service in Crete and elsewhere in the Levant, is a very different matter. That, partly revealed in the Blue-book, forms a very serious subject of enquiry indeed—an enquiry which will probably be conducted in a way altogether agreeable to the Foreign Office sooner or later, if they delay much longer in taking warning by such signs, for example, as the Messrs. Calocheris's Greek bulletins disguised as British consular reports, in setting their now half-ruinous house in order before the Eastern crash comes.

To understand the immediate position of affairs in Crete, it is, on the whole, more necessary to bear in mind the antecedent condition of the indigenous population of the island and the permanent mutual relations of its several divisions than to waste labour in fruitlessly unravelling the tangled web of occurrences since the outbreak of insurrection. Those of our readers who wish for a clue to the sequence of events will do well to read and remember an article in the 'Saturday Review' of October 5. Those who want a key to the diplomatic and external part of the transactions will best find it in the letter from the 'Times' Athenian correspondent contained in the issue of that paper for November 12. These two

documents afford us the only continuous general view of the series of external and internal events in Crete as yet recorded; both are clearly from the same pen—that is, the pen of one of the greatest of living historians—one whose authority upon all subjects connected with the mediæval and modern Greek race and its history, an authority earned by fifty consecutive years' residence and living study at Athens, is not only the highest, but is unique. It becomes a public duty, we may say once for all, to guard against any risk of the opinions of such a man being lost in the promiscuous heap of modern ephemera, at all hazard of violating the principle of anonymous journalism; on this account we now refer, as we have often before referred, to the special authority of Mr. Finlay as one not to be ignored; it either ought to be followed, or some sufficient reason for differing from it is bound to be assigned, at least by any one deeming it worth while to write seriously upon modern Greek matters, and not merely as a display of rhetoric or Christianity. But, before the question is studied by its events, it must be learnt from its foundation. Neither the origin nor the course of the insurrection is to be comprehended by the usual division of the Cretans into Mussulman and Christian. The true division is that laid down by Spratt, in a most important passage of his useful 'Sailing Directions for Crete,' published for the Admiralty—that into native Mussulmans, Christian Highlanders, and Christian Lowlanders, practically three co-ordinates. Of these, the former, a population of converted Greeks, constantly miscalled Turks, once dominant and tyrannical, now for several years

past tame and even cowed by the Christian mountaineers, crowded for refuge into the fortified town at the first outbreak, itself a proof of their loss of ascendancy, the more warlike among them taking service with the Turkish army as irregulars or Bashi-bozuks. These are the perpetrators of such murders and outrages as have been committed, exasperated at their expulsion from house and lands by a movement which in their eyes was equally unjust and atrocious. The second division, the Christian Lowlanders, are the insurgents. It is necessary to say that they were not driven to insurrection, at the least by Turkish oppression, but by foreign incitement acting for years together on strong national feeling, and at length pulled like a trigger by a single finger for an object which had nothing to do with Crete. Their disaffection has always been more or less open, they have constantly set the Turkish Government at defiance, and have never concealed their intention of turning the Turks out of the island at the first favourable moment; not from any wish to annex themselves to the Greek kingdom, a desire only felt by the townsmen educated in Syra or Athens, but ready to simulate that desire if unable to get rid of the Turks in any other way. Their idea is that of nationality in its purest and simplest form, for their taxation and their grievances were nothing, and they were oppressors, if anything, rather than oppressed. These men were not numerous, nor powerful, but their strength lay in the connivance and sympathy of the mountain body, thwarting all the efforts of the Turks to restore their authority. The Christian Lowlanders, during the

mass of the village population of the island, were between the hammer and the anvil. Their grievances, though overstated on their behalf, were substantial, but they were such as are common to all subjects of the Sultan, and not peculiar to them as Cretans or as Christians. They had no love for the Turks, nor yet any active desire to change their condition. They never revolted, for half of them have nothing of the insurrection till it was at their doors. The highlanders revolted for them, and the revolt was recruited by the accession of Lowlanders whose passive dislike of the Turks was roused into action by the success of their mountain brethren, or who were broken and ruined by the destruction of villages and the suspension of field labour during the progress of the insurrection. Unlike their Mussulman brethren, they had no strong places of refuge into which to fly, and though the amount of actual outrage to which they were subjected has been monstrously and wilfully exaggerated, being even disproved in the aggregate by their own statement to Admiral Simon, they most unquestionably have been suffering great distress from starvation and exposure. The bulk of this population has now disappeared from Crete. They have been transported to Greece, where they form a strain on the resources of the country, which unfortunately falls on the patriotic private individual, and not on the Government, which simply seeks to gamble with its patriotism. Nobody is now left in the island but the Turks, the people huddled together in the towns, and the insurgents. These last, all but masters of the position since Aali Pasha's ill-judged mission, laugh at all idea of con-

ciliatory missions, of autonomy, and the like. They simply mean now what they meant all along; to fight with as much force or show of force as they can muster, until they can cajole or urge the Powers, which they see are making no secret of their sympathy, into overt political action in their favour. When they find they have utterly failed in this, they will give up the game—until the next opportunity. Meanwhile, they have availed themselves of the armistice, imposed upon the Turks by the allies and supporters of Turkey as though with the direct object of restoring the fallen fortunes of an insurrection against Turkey, in order to concentrate their forces and recruit their stores; and by the last accounts they are confronting the diminished forces of the Turks in the very same mountain gorge as that where they took their first stand in September last year. When the Turks overcome them and trample them out, as they may do with the help of winter, and since the recent blows sustained by the blockade-runners, they will have recovered a desert. The mass of Cretans who might have accepted autonomy, or have registered their wishes before a diplomatic commission, or have given themselves up to any other European makeshift, are now all gone. To send the Grand Vizier in person to conciliate a people who merely existed by hypothesis, and who in reality were being transported out of the island at the rate of a thousand a week, was a crowning blunder, and not its least fatal effect will be that of sacrificing the highest dignity in the Turkish empire to certain failure before the eyes of the Mahomedan population. We shall soon find occasion to revert to the view taken by us last April—that, as a matter of policy

only, and at whatever cost to their pride, the Turks, on the whole, would act more wisely now, as many months ago, in rectifying all their false positions by playing the forward game, and in giving up that which they cannot keep except at a loss, in the face of their imminent and deadly peril, than in clinging to the shadow of an integrity which their friends are only undermining in the interest of their foe.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE IN CRETE.

December 24, 1867.

We animadverted recently in strong terms upon the circumstance revealed to us in the last Cretan Blue-book, that our ultimate sources of official information respecting the course of the Cretan insurrection, in all parts of the island excepting that under the immediate cognisance of Consul Dickson, actually lay in the reports of two Greek gentlemen, one holding the post of unpaid vice-consul at the city of Candia, the other that of unpaid consular agent at Retimo. These reports, no doubt, are addressed in the first instance to Mr. Dickson, the immediate official superior of the Messrs. Calocherino, and they do not reach the Foreign Office without having undergone, or had the opportunity of undergoing, the criticism of that gentleman, to say nothing of their being mostly transmitted through the offices of the higher ambassadorial authorities at Athens and Constantinople; but still the fact remains that the ultimate feeders of the British Foreign Office upon a question, the root of which is said to be Greek nationalistic feeling, are not Englishmen, but Greeks.

Our remarks of last Friday, coupling these gentlemen together in an absolute identity of capacity, character, and feeling, are rather hard upon Mr. Vice-Consul Calocherino as they stand, without further explanation; for he, at all events, writes his despatches in English, while it is his namesake who writes them in Greek; it is the agent only, and not the vice-consul, who usually miscalls Mr. Dickson Mr. Dunlop, and we are bound to say that the superior officer's reports are, on the whole, of value, and written conscientiously, and with critical intention as well as critical power. This may be tested, and the two namesakes or relations well contrasted, in the relative accounts given by each of Omar Pasha's eastward march in the middle of last May, or of Reshid Pasha's march from Candia, to join him at the same time with a force far too small for the occasion. One account is passionately Greek, being merely the substance of the insurgent bulletin; the other is as good as anything an Englishman could have written, and is an honest account.

We owe Mr. Lysimachus some reparation, in so far as we may seem to include him in a common censure with Mr. George. But the real fact of the matter, and that which we write for the purpose of asserting emphatically, is that, be these gentlemen worthy or unworthy, competent or incompetent, they have no business where they are. It is not fair upon them, nay, it is even hard and cruel upon them, that they should be where they are, compelled to put strong official restraint upon their patriotic feelings, and, as it were, sit in the judgment-seat upon their very selves; and to do it for nothing too.

In this particular instance it may be presumed that these two functionaries date from the time when every maritime town in Turkey was full of Ionians, mostly small traders and seafaring people (neither more nor less than so many English subjects when in that country), the duties and responsibility of whose protection devolved upon England. That could not be done efficiently, nor indeed at all, without an official staff in some measure composed of Ionians themselves, or even of non-Ionian Greeks. The cession of the Ionian Islands afforded an obvious opportunity for a general revision of the consular establishments in the Levant, in order to effect a thorough Anglification of the public service; yet it was allowed to pass by. The Foreign Office pays no attention to the vice-consulates and minor agencies in Turkey, and it often pays a great deal too much attention to the consulates when the fit is on them. Will it be believed, that after the warning of the autumn of 1858—a warning surely sufficient to have demonstrated not only that the island of Crete was a mass of combustibles, but that those combustibles were being sedulously economised and artfully disposed, with the direct object of preparing for an incendiary outbreak at an undetermined future time—will it be believed, that from that time till the actual outbreak last year our Ganea consul was positively changed six times? The reason of these changes is simply inscrutable; we believe it merely to be a certain wantonness of routine. An island under the peculiar circumstances of Crete should have been the object of the most continuous official care; it should have been confided to some steady

man of tried ability, instructed to make himself thoroughly master of a subject very complicated, and only to be fully understood on the spot, ultimately acquiring paramount influence without palpably seeking to acquire or make a display of the same. So far otherwise was the real case that Mr. Hay and Mr. Guarracino, and Mr. Dunlop averaged little more than a year apiece in the island; Mr. Dickson had not been much more than a year there when the first open signs of disaffection were given last spring, and does not seem ever to have travelled about in it. What continuity either of policy or of information can be sought for in the despatches of men drawn from all parts of the Levant, from the Black Sea, from Barbary, wholly ignorant of Crete on first arrival, and each spirited away the moment he began to look about him? It is too bad, and it is not to be justified by the circumstances that there was nothing for us to do, and that we therefore did nothing. There was everything to know, and everything to see through. Who is answerable for these things? The chief of the Foreign Office, like the law, *de minimis non curat*; his hands are full of momentous questions of policy, to say nothing of Parliament, and he cannot know everything about the minuter details of his office. But if he does not make an effort to know, he must take the consequences, and must run the risk of finding himself some day in front of a matter, of the least importance in quiet times, suddenly grown into one of maximum importance, without any adequate body of information wherein to find the key of the subject. He habitually prefers running that risk to disturb-

ing the internal machinery of his office, and giving trouble to his clerks, and so matters go on from hand to mouth as before, just as they seem likely always to go on. The Foreign Minister, in fact, is like the Russian Czar himself—a mighty ruler, yet still a slave in the hands of his own bureaucracy. It is very easy to talk of reform, but not by any means so easy to practise it against a dead weight. We are far from advocating any violent change of system with the appointments to Levantine consulates, nor have we the slightest wish to substitute new for old machinery. We only ask for more consideration by the Minister himself for special fitness of place and person in filling up each appointment, when its nature is political, rather than commercial. These matters ought not to be left in the hands of clerks. If Foreign Ministers persist in so leaving them, the natural retribution will be a parliamentary riot, and the second coming of the Roving Englishman; both of them things whereof our officials are mightily afraid. Mr. Layard was once a new broom, and his spell of power in the Foreign Office was long enough to have enabled him to sweep the Levant consulates clean, had he chosen to take the trouble. Mr. Layard may now contemplate in Mr. George Calocherino and his grisly tales of massacres and tortures the Nemesis or avenging fiend of his own apathy.

December 28, 1867

The series of diplomatic documents on the Eastern Question which, as was announced by the telegraph the other day, has been published by the *Journal de St.-Petersbourg*, begins with a description of the negotiations which took place between the Powers at the end of last year respecting the union of the Danubian provinces. The despatches on this subject show that the attitude of Russia on this question was based on the Convention of August 19, 1858, and that she declined to pronounce herself either for or against the union, and withdrew her representative from the Conference on perceiving that there was no chance of her views being adopted. The first of the despatches about Crete is a report from the Russian Consul-General there, M. Dendrino, who ascribes the insurrection to the circumstance that the Turkish Government had left the Cretans no alternative but 'either blindly and entirely to submit themselves to the caprices and abuses of the Turkish Pashas, or to resist their pretensions with arms in their hands.' The result of the interview between the Emperor Alexander and Fuad Pasha in Livadia is described in a despatch from Prince Gortchakoff to Baron Budberg, the Russian ambassador at Paris, dated September 21, 1867. The Prince says that the Porte has evidently resolved 'positively to decline any proposal for giving up Crete, or admitting an enquiry of the Powers into the present condition of the island. All it will do is to give an amnesty for a limited period on the removal of the volunteers, to

permit any Cretan to go abroad and alienate his property in the island, and at the same time to maintain the blockade and retain the military positions occupied by the Turkish troops.' This the Prince regards as equivalent to a summons to the Cretans to disarm and then place themselves at the mercy of the Turks. 'No guarantee is offered either for present or future security; nothing but vague assurances. And as for the general organic reforms for the remaining Christians, we were told that the matter is still under consideration.' The sort of 'organic reforms' proposed by Russia is pretty clearly indicated in another despatch from Prince Gortchakoff, dated the 6th of April last. In the memorandum attached to that despatch it is stated that the reason why all attempts at reform in Turkey have hitherto failed is that they were made on 'a false basis'—that of the 'amalgamation of conflicting elements;' and that there can be no real reform until the social, political, and administrative institutions of the Christians are made distinct from those of the Turks.

CRETAN TELEGRAMS AGAIN.

February 24, 1868.

The Cretan telegraph wires are beginning to stir again after a long winter's rest. Their utterance, however, is very much after the fashion of Baron Munchausen's famous post-horn, which was frozen up during the winter and then trumpeted forth all the accumulated tunes of the past autumn as it began to thaw. What conceivable use is there in telegraphing Cretan news to us at third hand that is

twenty days old, assuming it to be true, or to the purpose? When the Greeks have any Cretan news to tell us, they are perfectly capable of sending it to Europe themselves by means of the end of the telegraphic wire which is at Athens, and we have never found them unwilling to do so. If there had been any actions in Crete on a considerable scale at the beginning of this month, with thousands engaged, and with a marked result in favour of the insurgents, they would not have let the triumph pass untold and untelegraphed, we may be sure of that. Nor, from the very beginning of the insurrection onwards, have they or any foreign newspaper correspondent in Athens ever thought it worth while to condense into a telegram the current day-to-day writing of the newspapers upon Crete, avowedly as such. Such writing is merely for local consumption, and good for the day alone. Under these circumstances, there is no conceivable object in a telegraphic agent at Trieste or the like distant seaport taking up the story after it had got old and stale to send it to Western Europe as a novelty. Thus we are told in the present tense of the 'native Turks'—that is to say, the Mahometan Cretans, who have hardly a drop of Turkish blood in their veins—petitioning Aali Pasha to be removed from the island, and of Aali Pasha refusing, at a time when we in London and Paris had already heard for nearly a week that the Pasha had left Crete and arrived at Constantinople. The real fact is that there is nothing whatever to say about Crete, when you have once said that the Russians are still transporting refugees from the island, and openly landing supplies for the

insurgents, and that the blockade-runners are as efficient as ever. The insurgents are making raids on the Turkish lines when they have a chance; and the Turks are trying to catch the insurgents and put salt on their refractory tails when they have a chance. The Greeks of Athens, having nothing more to say about it, wisely say nothing—their wisdom being doubtless quickened by a sense that when they attempt to speak about Crete in detail, their sayings break down somehow, and do not meet with the credence desired. The Trieste telegrapher is simply doing them an ill turn by seeming to speak for them and turning molehills into mountains apparently with their mask on his face. Of the political aspect of the matter, as distinguished from events and operations, there is doubtless plenty to say; but the shortest way of representing it and the most handy for reference is to liken it to the great scene in 'The Critic,' with Don Whiskerandos and the uncles and nieces all at a dead standstill with their daggers at each other's throats. The Turks can't put down Crete, or at least prevent the Greeks from blockade-running, and the Greeks can't wrest the island from the Turks, and the allies can't keep Russia off, and Russia and Greece can't make the allies coerce Turkey; and if Lord Stanley could come in as the Beefeater and command them in the Queen's name to put their arms down, all might yet be well; but he can't, and that crowns the edifice of this wondrous aggregate *non possumus*.

CRETE

January 1, 1869

The late Constantinople telegram announcing the surrender of Colonel Petropoulakis, the well-known fighting chieftain of Greek volunteers, whom we only heard of the other day as having just landed in the south-east of Crète at the head of a small but apparently well-equipped force, including even a battery of artillery, has just been confirmed by another telegraphic announcement to the same effect. The said confirmation, however, rests on mere assertion, it should be observed, and is not accompanied by any voucher. There is, therefore, no way of bringing the truth of the intelligence to the test. It seems extraordinary, certainly, that a man of very high, indeed of exceptional, personal courage and decided military capacity like the old Mainote captain—a real man, not an Athenian windbag—should let himself be taken or fling up the game in this way within a fortnight; being, moreover, so well acquainted by his past experience with the wonderful facility afforded by the country itself for baffling almost any pursuing force of regular troops. Were Petropoulakis not already well known as a patriot, it might be suggested that the Turks had gained him over by very simple means, but that is out of the question in his case. We suspect that the old warrior simply found that there was no native nucleus of revolt at the place where it seems, according to Mr. Finlay, that he landed; that the mountain refuges, available in summer, were under snow,

as usual in December; that the plain country had come to be covered with a network of military roads and blockhouses since he left the island, and that its scanty population was not too well disposed towards the volunteers who had come like a flight of locusts to eat them once more out of house and home. Under these circumstances there would be nothing left but surrender—under conditions, presumably, of which we are told nothing. The Turks are naturally anxious to appear in court with perfectly clear consciences in this matter of Crete, and would fain obviate all possibility of its being there pleaded that a Cretan insurrection, or what may by courtesy be so called, continues to exist: consequently, they make the most of this last story telegraphically, knowing by instinct that Crete is sure to turn up at the Conference in spite of all preliminary limitation. As regards the actual fact of native insurrection, apart from this last expedition, it is certain that during the whole of the past year one or more bands of Cretan mountaineer insurgents have been maintaining a footing in the island, shifting about from one fastness to the other as each became too hot to hold them; the Turks preferring to draw them gradually to a head within bounds by constructing a system of roads and blockhouses, rather than waste the strength of their troops by useless pursuit in the field. We know from a valuable eye-witness, an occasional correspondent of the 'Morning Post,' that one of these roads was actually driven through the heart of the Sfakiot country by the autumn, for he rode along it. The insurgents were in great distress for food and medical stores during the

summer. Mr. Skinner, their best, indeed their only wary and judicious, advocate and champion in England, made a strong appeal on their behalf in the columns of the 'Times,' which elicited one of the most ill-nourished controversies in a small way on the abstract merits of Turk and Greek that we ever had the misfortune to read. The bands, subsequently, were gradually driven to the province of Mylopotamo in the north-centre of the island; very mountainous, yet maritime, facing the Archipelago, full of little creeks and nooks, and consequently most convenient for blockade running by the *Enosis* (whom the people pronounce this as Eton Greek?), on whom alone they had to depend, as it would seem, for regular provisions. New accessions of volunteers they did not receive, for additional mouths to feed were by no means wanted. The unstarved remains of these bands we suppose still to be roving on thereabouts, and it is perfectly open to any one, quite as open as ever, to consider them as the representatives of the entire agricultural and pacific population of the island—the Cretan Christian aggregate, whom many believe to have taken up arms as a whole in revolt against intolerable Turkish oppression. The best practical commentary on that view is to be found in Mr. Finlay's pithy intelligence that on a recent occasion the Cretan Christians, themselves the insurgents by hypothesis, if we may be allowed to repeat our usual and unavoidable formula, were so indignant at the destruction of their property by the real insurgents, that they actually took up arms and fought in order to help the Turks in capturing a cargo of the *Enosis*, which was being landed in a

Sfakian port under the protection of an insurgent band 500 strong. The bulk of the native Greek Christians in Turkey have their own feelings on the state of things in the East, and those feelings, hostile enough to Turkey, and longing for a united Greek aggregate as an ideal, do not in the slightest degree lead them necessarily to seek annexation to the Hellenic kingdom of real life. That such should be the case is the crowning disgrace of Hellenic statesmanship. Yet the contrary proposition will be vehemently stated at the forthcoming Conference, and we wish we could be sure that action will not be taken accordingly.

January 2, 1869.

We wrote our observations on the surrender of Petropoulakis under the impression—derived from a letter of Mr. Finlay's, in which that chief was styled D. Petropoulakis—that the person described was the elder warrior of that name. More recent information describes as him as Leonidas, the son. The surrender is equally significant either way. It will be remembered that it was in company of the father and the son that Mr. Hilary Skinner 'roughed it' most of the time he was in Crete.

*ARTICLES AND NOTES
ON CENTRAL ASIA AND RUSSIA.*

From the *QUARTERLY REVIEW* of April 1865.

Travels in Central Asia. By Arminius Vambey. London, 1864.

THE past year will be memorable in the annals of the Geographical Society for two of its greatest and most legitimate triumphs. On the first occasion, an Oxford first-class man told a stirring tale of adventure in an absolutely new and virgin country, hitherto unvisited except under conditions which reduced the traveller to the category of a mere senseless corpse in a coffin. He told his tale, too, more as Herodotus would have recited at Olympia than like a commonplace voyager of the nineteenth century. He spoke with all the spirit and picturesqueness of the old Greek combined with the careful eloquence of a trained orator, and his crowded audience admired and applauded the accomplishments of the speaker no less than they appreciated the interest of the primeval Eastern country thus brought before their eyes. The severest stickler for science unalloyed by popularity-hunting, clamorous for pure geography, then felt and admitted that the Society had fully retrieved its character since its last great field-day in 1851, when its proceedings, to say the truth, were not of a truly geographical, so much as of a more or less ethnologically-pithecolical, character. Doubtless the great

pleasure felt by all Mr. Palgrave's listeners was derived from the thorough sense and conviction brought home to them by his command of language, of the intellectual power and acquirement which enabled him to guide and control all the various changes and chances of travel. The hearer's perception of a strong mind and will riding safely on the whirlwind of fanaticism and directing the storm of opposition, was infinitely quickened by the manifest gifts of the able orator. Yet when, on the second of these occasions, the slight and delicate figure of our Hungarian dervish, worn and wasted by toil and hardship, first confronted his London audience, the power and resources of a resolute and cultivated mind were at least made equally clear, and that, too, in spite of his defective power of speaking a foreign language, rather than by the help of any management of its beauties and its artifices. Extra-Chinese Central Asia cannot, it is true, be called a virgin and unknown country in the same way as the centre of Arabia, nor can a visit to it be held to constitute a real epoch in the history of discovery like a visit to the Wahhâbi kingdom; but it is, if possible, even more hermetically sealed to the traveller from Western Europe. In the one country such a traveller is but a mere nondescript stranger, one whose habits and manners are hardly known and cannot be tested by comparison; one whose race would be assigned to Europe through default of knowledge rather than through actual knowledge, and he can take his chance in this way. In the other country he is not only a hated object, but a dreaded object and a familiar object as well. No European can possibly retain a disguise undetected in Turkistan

owing to this very familiarity, unless his disguise be so perfect as to have become to him a second and Asiatic nature; and even then, to all intents and purposes an Asiatic, he will have to run the gauntlet of a thousand chances of ultimate detection and its consequences. It was not to be expected, therefore, that our Dervish should have any English at his disposal beyond the merest waifs and strays of school recollections, when his whole recent life had been a struggle for existence, such as to press every idea out of his brain but that of self-preservation, under the sheer necessity of concentrating his thoughts every day and hour on that one subject amid the horrors of Turkistan. Yet his oral narrative was very amusing and entertaining, bringing forcibly to light the constant danger in which he stood and the chesslike game of insidious attack and dexterous defence in which he played his part so well. Before we proceed to follow his career, as set forth in his written narrative now before us, it will, perhaps, be considered not unnecessary if we say a word or two respecting the regions which formed the scene of his enterprise, the objects of his journey, and the conditions under which he carried it out, as compared with those under which the same quarter had been previously visited by Englishmen.

The geographical names by which we are wont to distinguish the various component parts of the vast region loosely called Central Asia by us, and High Asia by the Germans, are neither precise nor clear, and require some modification on a more systematic basis. At one time, everything east of the Caspian, south of the Siberian frontier, and north of Persia

and Afghanistan, was called Independent Tartary, in contradistinction to the immense space bounding it on the east, called sometimes Chinese Tartary, sometimes Mongolia, from the race of men then supposed exclusively to inhabit it. This last covered everything in the Chinese empire except China proper, the Manchurian country, and Tibet; but its south-western portion, immediately adjoining the outlying dependencies of Northern India, was commonly called Little Bucharis—it is impossible to conceive why. A more extended intercourse with Asiatics has led to a better knowledge of the ethnology and geography of these parts, and consequently to the partial adoption of the more reasonable terminology which distinguishes them as Chinese Turkistan, Russian Turkistan, and Independent Turkistan. The Mongols are not a settled people, and have hardly any towns;* indeed,

* The chief Mongol towns, such as Urga, lie on the high road between Peking and the Russian frontier, traversed three or four times of late years by Europeans. The Mongols, however, have a native word, *khoto*, for a city; the Turks have no native word. *Shahr* is Persian—the ancient *kshatram*, the root of the *kshatrapá*, *satrap*, or town-ruler: *kessy*, to us a familiar name of Ottoman villages, is the Persian *kúy*, itself obsolete and poetical, but surviving in vernacular Persian in its diminutive *kúchka*, a street; *kand*, as old as the name of Alexander's Maracanda for Samarcand, is Persian, and means *excavation* or *digging*, borrowed by the Arabs, and under the form *khandak*, it gave the Saracenic and Venetian name to the island of Candia: *Báitgh* for *báitgh*, known to us by the name Khan-baligh, Milton's and Marco Polo's *Cambala*, given by the old Turks to the 'Imperial city' Peking, has a Persian root, only living in poetry, and obsolete in the spoken language, *ráy*, * rich man; so that it means 'a place of wealthy or great people.' Of this root we shall say more further on. It is curious that no systematic attempt has yet been made to investigate the civilisation of Central Asia by means of the evidence afforded by the Turkish language, after the manner so excellently applied to the Finnish by Arndt and the Malay by Crawford, worthy of implicit trust so long as he is

so far as the country called Mongolia, west of the Gobi, has towns at all, these towns are of Turkish race in its oldest and purest form. But the unsettled and nomadic tribes of the same parts are equally of Turkish race, and even appear to form a majority rather than a minority as compared with the Mongols. These are the Kirghia, who range eastwards up to the very desert of Gobi. The name is restricted to one branch alone among themselves, the general name being Kazák. The Russians spell or call this Kaisak, perhaps to distinguish them from the Slavonic Christian Cossacks, so well known to us, whose name, nevertheless, is the same, with a slight difference, as that of the wild Turk robbers. Chinese Turkistan, then, may be held to represent the former Little Bucharia, being the province called Altishehr, or the Six Cities, by its Turkish natives, and Nan-lu by the Chinese. To this may be added the area of Kirghiz pastoral migration within the Chinese empire. Russian Turkistan is actually the name officially adopted for the new government or province of that empire, comprising the Kirghiz steppe from the Aral to the Issik-kul, or Hot Lake, together with the recent conquests—whatever may be their exact amount—from the territory of Khokand. Independent Turkistan consists of the three principalities or governments into which the Uzbek immigrant conquerors, the last wave of Turkish aggression in Asia.

on Malay ground or water. The Turk's inherent habit of water is one of our most prominent stock fables about him. The dwellers by the Balkash had native words for ship, and for the great and the small; for mast, sail, stern, oar, and rudder; for anchor and cable; and so with other branches of invention. We have not space to mention the subject as a bare suggestion.

have crystallised or grouped themselves. The most inaccessible of these, Khokand, is, broadly speaking, the valley of the Upper Jaxartes, a very fertile and anciently-peopled district, the seat of both commerce and cultivation, having many towns bearing Persian names, and a considerable population of Tâjik, or even Iranian-Persian race. Our former maps showed a range of mountains running due north and south, forming right angles with the Altai and Himalaya, variously called Belût Tagh or Billûr Tagh, the Mountains of Clouds or of Crystal, as the eastern frontier of this country. This, under the name of Bolor, has been restricted of late to the southern portion alone, immediately abutting on the junction of the Himalaya and the so-called Hindu Kush. North of this the mountains trend eastwards, and form the southern boundary of the valley of the Jaxartes, the origin of which lies in the Muz-tagh, and the extension of which is much further to the east than has been laid down until very recently. The second principality is that of Bokhara. This is the valley of the Zarafshan, or Gold-strewer, a river rising in those unknown mountains which lie between the headwaters of the Oxus and the upper Jaxartes, and which, so far as we know, shelter the undescribed Hill States of Hisâr and Karategin from the aggression of their Lowland neighbours. To this may be added the central portion of the valley of the Oxus; so that Bokhara corresponds in a general way with the ancient Bactriana, although it lost the essential part of that province when shorn of the territory of Balkh by the invasion of our old enemy and subsequent ally Dost Mahammed of Kabul. The third is Khiva.

This is the lower valley of the Oxus, the ancient Chorasmia, in the inscriptions *Uvarazmi*, still called Khwārezm in Oriental classics and modern official style. All of these governments are cast in precisely the same mould; in all the dominant race is Uzbek Turkish, as distinguished from any other Turkish clan or subdivision; in all the subjugated class is of the old Persian race called Tajik, or, in Khiva, Sart, with a tendency to exchange its old language for the increasing Turkish. The soil is cultivated in all, except Khokand, by slave labour, the produce of slave forays carried on by nomadic tribes, under the control of the Uzbek authorities, at the expense of their more civilised or sectarian neighbours. From this source, too, domestic slavery is continually recruited with an unfailing supply of victims, and the wild tribes which kidnap for these infamous slave-markets are also the chief instruments of mutual warfare among the Princes themselves in their intestine feuds.

To the independent traveller from Western Europe this portion of Turkistan is practically accessible on the southern side alone. Access to Turkistan from the north, across the broad wastes of the Kirghiz steppe, naturally enough depends solely on the co-operation and goodwill of Russia, and that Power has, of course, always reserved its influence for its own agents employed on diplomatic or commercial business. Such reservation has not been so much from illiberality as from its having had no superfluous influence to bestow on travellers for other purposes in this quarter. We pass over, therefore, the northern approaches to Independent Turk-

tan, as also the eastern approaches from the Himalayan side through the Chinese provinces. To say nothing of the vigour and the wonderful detective adroitness displayed by the Chinese authorities in carrying out their system of strict exclusion—an adroitness once baffled, however, by the Schlagintweits in their visit to Khoten—this part of the world is only just short of inaccessible physically. The pass from our tributary province of Ladakh, a dependency of Cashmere, which leads, under the name of Karakorum, over the Muu-tagh, or Ice Mountains, is upwards of 19,000 feet high, and is, we believe, the second pass in the world in ascertained elevation. The long southern line, stretching from the south-western angle of the Caspian to the roots of the Himalays, along which settled Asia stands, as it has ever stood, confronting nomadic and Scythian Asia, affords the only available choice of routes. These resolve themselves into two sets or groups, the Persian and the Afghan. The former group comprises two main roads, each of which, however, has one or two subordinate alternative tracks, used when the others are unsafe from robbers or otherwise. One of these may be called the Hyrcanian route, leading from Mázanderán to Khiva, across the old bed of the Oxus, through the region of the Yomut Turkomans. By this route Arthur Conolly tried to reach Khiva, but failed, having been kept wandering round and round in an aimless circle by his Turkoman escort, bent on defeating his object. The second route is that by Meshed and the Desert and Oasis of Marv—a district which its very ancient name shows

to have been always more or less a desert.* Of the Afghan routes, the principal is that from Herat, converging with the last-named Persian route at Merv. The second is, perhaps, better known to us than any, being that which passes from Kabul over the Hindu Kush to Bamiyân, and thence by the valley of Khulm to Balkh. Most of this was frequently traversed—once, for its mountain portion, by a military force—during our Afghan occupation. As things stand now and since the Afghan war, however, a traveller could only hope to enter Turkistan in this direction with the permission and the countenance of the Afghan authorities; and these, though their goodwill might be secured through a resolute exertion of influence by their powerful neighbour of Peshawur, are now more vigilant and suspicious, more sharp-set and skilled to nose out a lurking Frank, especially one of the English type, than even the Uzbeks themselves. Nor, as we have said is the case with the Russians in Turkistan, would our authorities of North-western India throw away such influence for any considerations short of material State necessity. As for the south-western routes, any attempt to enter Turkistan from that side would not meet with any adequate support from Persia; for Persia, save by fits and starts, is quite powerless to protect her own unfortunate subjects,

* In Sanskrit *Maru*, a desert or dead soil; in the Hind. *Aravats Mûru*, and even now locally often called *maru*. It is said to have been surrounded by deserts, however much greater than the proportion of fertile land in ancient times, being the source of the *Murghâb*. Such deserts must not therefore be supposed to be the result of timber and desiccation produced by the hand of man, but to suppose too universally at present.

and it could only be made with the consent and under the hazardous escort of marauding Turkomans, with whom the sale of human beings is not a mere transaction but an exciting passion.

When Turkistan is once reached, the difficulties and obstacles which there lie in the path of the Frank must be considered as originating with the rulers rather than with the mass of the people. Mahometanism has of late years here assumed a character of narrowness and bigotry as yet unexampled in the history of Islam, yet deriving its support from the most literal interpretation of the Koran and the Sunnet. This spirit of bigotry is further inflamed by the universal sentiment or avowed article of faith, that the Frank traveller is but the forerunner of the Frank conqueror. A hundred anecdotes referring to this feeling are scattered up and down works of recent travel in Central Asia, some of which may probably occur to the reader. The neatest Asiatic speech, and the one best embodying a formula, we think to be that of a former Grand Vizier of Persia, and bitter opponent—in Russian interest, and perhaps more—of England, Haji Mirzá Aghasi, who once said to a diplomatist, with a curious anticipation of his imperial patron's simile, 'Yes, Frank politics over here are like Frank doctoring—you come and feel our pulse, say we are very ill, then take our money, and bleed us to death.' We meditate with wonder on the ingenuity of argument which enables European officials to hold their own in controverting this position in discussion with shahs and viziers; we feel indeed much as Bothen felt when he admired his own dragoman trying to argue down the hostile

Arabs who sought to compass his death, for making so good a fight out of an unseemly line of defence. Here at home we can easily call down our new political god, material progress, and appeal transcendently to the overruling rights of encroaching and civilised Europe when in contact with stagnant Asia. But it is difficult to put this into the Jaghatâi Turkish, so as to be acceptable, or even intelligible, to an Uzbek with a drawn sword, and the traveller's life in his grasp. The Uzbek ruler feels himself already undergoing Eastern punishment—walled in alive, brick by brick, in the advancing and inexorable structure of Russian, and, as he also thinks, of English conquest and dominion. It is no wonder that he increases rather than relaxes his supervision of every stranger who visits his territories, and turns the spiritual as well as the temporal means at his command to account for this purpose. The recrudescence of that Mahometan bigotry which is now the distinguishing mark and the chief glory of the Uzbek in Islam, has waxed strong in Turkistan since the beginning of the century. It has no connection with similar sentiments currently alleged and taken for granted, though on imperfect, confused, and unsifted evidence, to prevail in the Ottoman East. Nor does it seem to have been the result of the strong Puritan movement of the Wahhâbis—with which, as unorthodox or hyper-orthodox, it would be in antagonism. Nor do we know, with our slight means of judging, whether it is affected by the orthodox continuation of the Wahhâbi movement transferred, under that name, to Indian ground, where, with augmented impulse, it worked, and yet works, with a

farour little known or noticed in this country, yet which had a very decided action in bringing about the great rebellion of 1867.* There is reason to suppose the inherent tendency of the Bokharian's character to be inclined towards religious practice and devout meditation; but the present religiosity of the country is a matter of official command and police regulations rather than of spontaneous spiritual revivalism. It was first set in motion, as an engine of statecraft, by Mir Murâd Beg, otherwise called Begi Jan, who ruled at Bokhara early in this century. This very able and astute man, who has been well compared to Lewis XI., made use of it in order to consolidate his own despotism. He did not punish at random and capriciously, like an ordinary Asiatic despot, but he never forgave any enemy; and by enforcing with rigour the letter of the Koran and the traditions, he always ended by bringing his enemy within the grasp of the Holy Law. Since his time all the Uzbek states have been framed on the model of Bokhara; but they have not produced a man of equal ability and force of character, though once or twice they have been in the hands of liberal-minded governors and good men. The system is distinctly popular among the people, in so far as regards the accurate observance of the divine law. Under a strong hand there is absolute equality in the face of the Word, and corrupt justice, in its execution, is reduced to a minimum. This austere level

* A good account of the life and chief writings of Syed Ahmed, the leading Indian reviver of Mussulman animosity, is to be found in a paper in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1852. Mr. Ludlow, in his 'Lectures on India,' also lays much stress on the subject, to which he has contributed some additional information.

of theocratic rule is not felt to be partial or oppressive when every Bokharian man alike is liable to be flogged to midday prayer on Friday if he fail to attend of his own accord, or every woman to be stoned to death for adultery, and when every conscience accepts the decision. We are shocked at the paralysis which has here fallen on all freedom of thought; the Asiatic is mostly content to think as a grocer indeed, when original thought comes into his head, he disclaims rather than claims it, and is careful to father it on some great classical name if he wishes it to pass. It is freedom of speech along his own groove, and the power of reviling and burning the father of his oppressors, which is to the Asiatic as the air he breathes. This, already somewhat curtailed in Persia under northern suggestions of wholesome censorship, has been destroyed in Bokhara by the organised police espionage which, instituted for religious inspection, has ended by becoming the instrument of an intolerable tyranny, against which the sanctity of the harem itself has not been able to remain inviolate. Corruption increases with the weakness of the governments; delation is at a premium, and no man escapes persecution whom it is worth while to persecute.

It is clear enough that travel, out of disguise, in such a country can only be undertaken by officials invested with the authority and sanctity of the diplomatic character. It is only in this way that a Frank can retain and avow his nationality. Before the Afghan war, and the visible advance of the rising tide of European arms and ideas, there was not on the whole much difficulty in the way of even the un-

official traveller profiting by the rare chance of some liberal potentate being at the head of affairs. Under such circumstances Bokhara was visited by Moorcroft and his party. On his return, the liberal ruler of Kunduz, Kilich Ali Beg, was found to be dead, and Moorcroft experienced very harsh treatment at the hands of his successor, dying, as did Trebeek and Galt, of illness brought on by hardship—at one time it was said, probably without reason, by poison. Burnes, whose very interesting work has become our chief Central Asian classic, was protected by a very liberal man, who openly sought for intercourse with Europe, the Kush Begi, or Grand Vizier, subsequently beheaded. He always wore native costume. We cannot venture to say how far he had or had not diplomatic instructions; but when he passed through the territory of Moorcroft's oppressor, Murad Beg of Kunduz, he had to disguise himself to the very tips of his fingers, in order to escape out of the Beg's clutches, as he did at great risk. Burnes belonged to the orientalising period of our Anglo-Indian social deposits; and we can therefore commiserate with clear conscience the pain of the situation which forced him to cringe before the Hindu vizier, Atma Ram, at Kunduz, and toady him by running nervously over the names of the whole Pantheon of Indian gods. The remarkable Dr. Wolff, on his first journey to Bokhara, was certainly not protected by any diplomatic character; but we cannot go the length of saying that he had no disguise, if disguise be attained by the doing off as well as the doing on of garments. If we may believe his words, he performed six hundred good miles of Central Asiatic journey in dervish's

full uniform, consisting of the skin bestowed upon him at his birth. During the Afghan occupation, Turkistan was traversed in all directions by subordinate British missions, pushed forward from our central mission at Herat, the outpost of our conservative influence and policy in Central Asia. To this course we were urged by the sense of uneasiness caused by the counter-demonstration of the Russian army sent against Khiva, and sent under the ostensible motive of a far higher moral ground than that which was made to serve for our fatal vagary of king-making knight-errantry at Kabul. Lieut. Wood and Dr. Lord had gone shortly before to Kunduz from Kabul, the former gentleman going on through Badakhshân to the source of the Oxus, which he was the first to discover, 15,000 feet above the sea. Abbott was sent from Herat to Khiva, and went thence onwards in charge of a mission from the Khan to the advancing Russian force. Before reaching the Russian posts he was set upon, beaten, and pillaged by a band of Kirghiz, at the instigation of a Turkoman chief, and only saved his life by the arrival of a faithful and brave young Afghan armed with letters and authority from the Khan of Khiva. Shakespeare, who subsequently earned his most enduring fame by his gallant rescue of the English captives from their confinement by Akbar Khan, followed Abbott. He obtained the release of hundreds of Russian slaves from their long captivity, exchanged them against the Khivans seized by Russia, and made successful progress, amidst the applause of a grateful people, from Orenburg to the capital of the great White Khan. The elder Thomson was sent from Tehran to

Khiva, and escaped only by great dexterity from the inevitable fate of detention, followed by death, which awaited him on the receipt of the news of our Kabul reverses. Stoddart went early to Bokhara; Conolly to Khiva, Khokand, and Bokhara: Rawlinson was to have joined him at Khokand, or accompanied him to that place. There, and at Khiva, all these diplomatic agents, properly supported by their country, were treated with kindness, and, so far as suspicion would allow, even with distinction. On the causes which led to the dreadful fate of the two martyred officers whose names have now come to be the inseparable accompaniment of the mention of Bokhara to Englishmen, we cannot now dwell. The whole evidence on the subject is compressed into the masterly narrative of a special chapter by Mr. Kaye, in his history of our war in Afghanistan—a work as awful, as simply artistic, and as clear and lofty in its moral as an *Æschylean* trilogy. It is distressing in more ways than one to refer to the matter even after this lapse of time; and it is not now for us, therefore, *infandum renovare dolorem*.*

No official communication, with the exception of

* We came across an extraordinary statement in a recent book of travels the other day. Mr. Kavanagh, the author of 'The Cruise of the Eva,' tells us he saw in Kurdistan the prayer-book of Conolly, and was shown by an 'interesting Kurd' the tree to which Conolly was bound when murdered. This, after all, need not be explained by the supposition of a dream, or reference to the author's good Hibernian name. Two English officers, Grant and Fotheringham, were murdered in South-western Persia in 1824, by one Kelb Ali Khan, a Lur or Baluchian chief; and Mr. Kavanagh may have fallen into confusion regarding the names. Otherwise, and indeed in any case, the carelessness is a little too bad, and such as we should not have expected to meet with in a book like 'The Cruise of the Eva.'

a native once or twice despatched to Khiva from our mission at Tehran, has been held with Turkistan, from the return of Thomson until the appearance last autumn of an uncouth booted Uzbek ambassador from Khokand amid the brilliant throng of Sir John Lawrence's famous durbar, imploring assistance against the invading arms of Russia. We had gladly washed our hands of Central Asia and all its pollution, nor had any other Power, save Russia, even the remotest diplomatic or commercial relations with Turkistan, or the faintest shadow of such a pretext to cover the operations of a 'scientific mission.' What we have since known of the country, therefore, we have known through Russia. Dr. Wolf's second journey has formed the only exception, up to the visit, captivity, and release of the four Italian silk-growers last year, who have published a very brief account of their adventures and sufferings in the Turin paper *La Stampa*. We are much inclined to dwell at length on this extraordinary man; on his high moral courage and resolution in great things, combined with incredible physical timidity in small things; on his humourous candour and irretentiveness of mind, always dripping with scatterbrained religious small-talk. The Oriental, seeing him ride into Bokhara on his donkey, as he chanted, dressed in full canonicals, from his open Bible, or as he danced among the hooting Turkoman boys of Ser-rakhs, singing of the abject base world from the *Mesnevi* in Persian, become dogged in his mouth, would say literally that the Western Dervish was truly *melbis*—one disguised in spiritual clothes, and with religious exaltation—and would reverence him

rather than molest him, whatever the police might do under government orders. Such a man would indeed be safe so long as he avoided religious controversy, *exceptus accipiendis*; by which we mean, in English words, that the controversialist must be Dr. Wolff—and it will be long before Europe produces another Dr. Wolff.

Disguise will, doubtless, enable the European to reside safely in this country, provided it be without flaw and perfect. But this proviso suffices to exclude, more or less, everybody in Europe except Burton, Palgrave, and Vambéry. Disguise as a native merchant is hardly possible to a Frank, who may be shown up at any moment by those who really are that which he assumes to be: as a Jew or Armenian, it is only courting outrage and plunder; and as a Hindu, it is impracticable. Perhaps the ill success of Arthur Conolly's attempt to penetrate to Khiva is to be attributed to his adoption of the native merchant's disguise without knowing how to act the character, or to his imperfectly drilling his people in their part. At one camp he gave a chief's wife a silk scarf and shawl; at another his servant recklessly flung cakes of sugar into a bubbling kettle of rice; and the Turkomans, of course, credited the man who thus flung about valuable commodities with untold wealth to be had for the seizing. Accordingly, they hampered and beset him in every way. The least sign of unprotected wealth is the traveller's death-warrant. When Byron was talking big to Sir John Malcolm about his intended travels in Persia, and asked for advice, he was recommended to begin by casting off the brass buttons of his swallow-tailed

coat, as he was going to a country where anybody would cut his throat for the sake of the brass. Under this very temptation, or that of his botanical tin box, the scientific traveller Schultz was shot down by the Hakkari Kurds about 1830. No disguise of any kind can now be maintained by anyone who has stopped short of acquiring such an absolute mastery of accent and idiom in some one Oriental language, and perfect adoption of some one form of national character and manners, as to defy detection under the severest tests. There are probably not ten men in all Europe, Russia even included, who could stand such a test as regards Central Asia. To assign this great increase in the difficulty of eluding detection to the Austrian Lloyd's, and the establishment of a line of steamers in the Black Sea, may seem like assigning the cause of the Goodwin Sands to Tenterden steeple; but it is mainly the case, nevertheless. A month's journey is now saved to the Central Asiatic bound for the great capital of Islam, the halting-place where he can make more money and find more means of support than anywhere else, and where, therefore, he loves to tarry awhile on his weary pilgrimage to the Holy Places of Arabia. Knife-grinding, and small peddling in petty Frank wares, such as scissors, thimbles, reels of thread, carried about in a brown Frank till or box, with a glass top to it, are, besides religious mendicancy, his favourite occupations. In pursuit of these he frequents the European quarters by preference, where the tourist may see him squatting or lounging any fine Sunday morning in Pera Street, staring with all his eyes at the gaudy trinkets of the *endimanchées* Frank belles. He may see him,

but does not see him, for he only sees with the eyes of his *laquais de place*, or of his local acquaintance—men by habit narrowed to their own business alone; and to these eyes the wild appearance and outlandish garb of the Toork or Afghan merely convey the impression of something from the interior, *un Musulman comme un autre*, good for nothing in diplomacy or commerce, and representing nothing in the Eastern question. But the Central Asiatic learns plenty about the Frank, even though the Frank learns very little about him, in Constantinople. He is jostled by infidels at every step—he hears talk about infidels at every street corner; his ear gets accustomed to infidel accents, and his eye to infidel gait and habits. If his wits are about him and his curiosity awakened, he becomes a connoisseur in the flavour of the different growths of Frank infidelity. When he returns to Bokhara he becomes as skilled and as available to discriminate between the Frank actor and the true believer, as surely as any wine-taster can tell sherry from Marsala. When Forster crossed Afghanistan in 1788; when, in 1810, Henry Pottinger performed his adventurous feat of traversing Beloochistan in the disguise of a horse-dealer; or when his gallant nephew Eldred appeared in the streets of Herat, the scene of his future glory, as an Indian Mussulman, they could afford to look unlike natives, and to be ill made up in their parts, in an unsophisticated time and people. Such a journey cannot be made now, least of all from India into Turkistan. The ill-suppressed imperious air—the unidiomatic Persian, spoken with the Indian pronunciation so hateful to Central Asiatics—all the countless marks which

stamp the dominant Englishman—would convey no idea in those days to men who had never seen Englishmen. But since the Afghan war introduced us to the Central Asiatic, with the fulness, perhaps we may say the unattractiveness, of a photograph, no man may hope to carry a disguise undetected up the Khyber or Bolan Pass, or advance unguarded by official protection. What happens even there when the disguise is detected may be shown by the fate of Wolff at Kabul, at a time when no reason existed for hating an Englishman. He, coming from the West, and without rhyme or reason, cast off his own Western clothes, and tried to pass as a Mussulman pilgrim. He was soon found out, and Burnes arrived in the city by the merest accident in time to save him from murder, but not from maltreatment. This was in Afghanistan, and the saying goes that the tyranny of the Afghan is but the clemency of the Uzbek. *Hilm i Uzbek, zulm i Afghân*. The part must be played perfectly, or not played at all.

But it is not given to every man thus to combine at will the parts of Mezzofanti and Garrick. The three typical representatives of successful travel in disguise, whose names we have mentioned above, had to lay the foundations of their art broadly and deeply, and to take their time about it; nor would they have succeeded, even then, had they not been men of great ability and strong original genius or inclination for travel. Burton spent many a long year living almost exclusively among the Mussulmans of India; Halgrave must have been upwards of ten years in Persia; Vámbéry was for more than six years living and working in the 'best Turkish houses' at Constantinople, and long

himself off from European society, and thus, in our eyes, committing a sort of moral suicide, merely to qualify himself for leading the utter dog's life depicted with so much vividness and animation in the strange narrative now lying before us. The motive which urged the adventurous Hungarian linguist on his perilous journey must seem to the English reader more extraordinary than the adventures themselves. A pilgrim to the shrine of an ancestral language—one who courts the crown of martyrdom in the sacred cause of comparative etymology—is a phenomenon who stands in need of all, and more than all, the genius and eloquence of a gifted foreigner to convince us that there is such a thing as the science of language; or even any science in language—who can produce a Sir William Jones, but not an Anquetil, nor a Csoma Körösy. Mr. Vámbéry was impelled to travel by the desire of studying practically and in its purest vernacular form the etymology of a language, as yet little known in Europe in that form, yet covering in dialects, never amounting to mutual unintelligibility, a greater continuous geographical area than any other language in the globe. The Turkish language, which strongly influenced the Magyar both in its earlier and its later seats, has also an original kinship with that remarkable speech, and his wish was to ascertain and assess with exactness the nature and value of this original kinship. Turkish dialects, diffused by conquest over so large a portion of the globe, are only thoroughly known in Europe under their Ottoman form, and this affords only partial help in studying the works written in the Jaghatái or most cultivated Eastern dialect, which, less numerous, are

more important than anything Ottoman, as those who have read Kravine's version of the Russian translation of the Emperor Baber's memoirs will readily admit. The Jaghatai literature has never been really understood by our Orientalists, from the difficulty of obtaining anything like a competent knowledge of the spoken language. This last, deviating and branching into many sub-dialects among the Northern, Russian, and Siberian Turks, is much purer in Independent, and almost identical with the written language in Chinese, Turkistan; the literary standard being one and the same, so far as the writer can attain it, from Kazan to Yarkand. Unhappily, the word Turk is so completely identified in our minds with the single Ottoman portion of this great race, that it confuses when used as a general term for the entire race, by appearing to speak only of a part, when the whole is intended. Tartar is also inconvenient, for it may and does include the Mongol and Manchu as well, and is useful as a generalisation which indicates and includes these races in their common social aspect and nomadic stage of development. Some term is wanted to comprise the whole stock, and at the same time to convey the idea of its nature. There is really nothing for it but to fall back on the word Turk, renouncing the use of the same, whenever confusion may arise, in the case of the Ottoman, and denoting the Turkish nature of the Central Asiatic singly by calling him a Toork, awkward though the spelling may be. Some Germans have taken to call the race "Turkmen," because the natives happen to pronounce Turk "Turmen" at Kazan. This will not be imitated here, we should think, any more than their insufferable new language.

fashion of writing 'iranisch' for 'iranisch.' The Russians get over much difficulty by keeping Turk for the Ottoman, using Tatar (never Tartar) in a special, not a vague, sense, as meaning all non-Ottoman Turks *minus* the Yakut, and calling the Mongol Kalmuk or Mongol. So much of our information is likely to come from Russia henceforth, that it is as well to bear these distinctions constantly in mind. Yet even this deprives them of a descriptive generalisation for the whole Turk group of Ottoman *plus* Tatar *plus* Yakut.

Classified by language, the Turk and the Mongol, closely allied, form one order, generally and well called Altaic, co-ordinate with the Ugrian or Ugro-Finnic, to which the Hungarian is now positively ascertained to belong. Each order, distinctly related to the other, forms a subdivision of the great primary class, now called Turanian, sometimes Ugro-Tartarian. Mr. Vámbéry seems to have considered it an open question whether the Magyar belongs to the Finnish or Turkish branch of this main stem. If Finnish be used as a general term for the whole Ugro-Finnic or Ugrian order—a use which we deprecate as tending to confound the generic with the specific, by the extended and consequently ambiguous use of a name firmly established as that of the species—we believe it is now matter of absolute certainty that the Hungarians, whose original seat and language have been wrapped up in much unnecessary mysticism, belong to this branch, and their closest connection distinctly lies with its Vogul and Ostiak subdivisions. That the affinities of the Magyar lay in the north-easterly or Scythic direction has been

known ever since Gyarmathi pointed out its resemblances with the Lappish and Finnish last century; and it is much to Gibbon's credit that he noticed this and guardedly adopted its conclusions. This, however, is so constantly mixed up with loose talk about their 'Asiatic' origin in our popular writing, that our notions on the subject are very hazy and confused; and we ourselves feel much indebted to Dr. Latham for the clear and excellent way in which he sets forth the ethnology of the whole group, as determined by language, and puts aside his pet Lathamian paradoxes on Ugrian ground. Since Mr. Vámbéry's journey the matter has been set at rest as regards ~~the~~ by the publication of Hunfalvy's *Vogal-Grammar*. We know now that this people occupied the government of Orenburg for its original or primary original seats—that it left them for the West, partly under expulsion by one set of Turks, partly in concert with another—and that their nearest congeners are their next neighbours of that period, driven into or forsaken in the savage forests of the Ural, and hunting and fishing there now under the name of Vogul and Ostiak. We have no hope of checking by any remonstrance the loose talk and manifold or discrepant application to which the word Asiatic has been subjected; but we cannot help animadverting on the mischief it does by confounding into one the two utterly distinct natures of the true Asiatic, Persian, Semite, or Indian, and the Scythian or Turanian, who has been his foeman and conqueror, as well as his partial imitator, during all time. To the old Greek, who gave us the word *Asiatic*, the had nothing conceivable to do with ~~Asiatic~~ the

name of Russia, Scythia is now not a country, nor an empire, forming part of any conventional Europe or Asia; it amounts to a continent of itself, and will come to be recognised as such some day. The Russian, his Slavonic nucleus apart, is no European, and can afford to do without the name: he is a Europeanised Scythian, leavened by our civilisation; the Ottoman Turk is no Asiatic, but an Asiaticised Scythian, who has hitherto been, and may always essentially be, inclined to the Asiatic and lower civilisation. The Magyars have not discouraged this talk, for they have always shown a repugnance to being specially united with so hopeless and barbarous a race of hunters and fishers, stunted, wizened, and pagan, as the Voguls and Ostiaks; though they have never gone the length of denying this affinity and lying in the face of science, as our own minor British nationalities are apt to do in like case. Their tendency has, not unnaturally, been to lay stress on the undeniable points of at least historic connection with noble tribes, such as the Circassians, or with the all-conquering hordes of Attila and the myriad overwhelming waves of Turkish migratory conquest, which broke over and swept the borderlands of the West and South without a century's respite during a thousand years of authentic history. The tottering arch of Ottoman conquest, spanning the wide lands from Belgrade to Baghdad—Gibbon's famous figure—still totters as a hundred years ago, and may go on so tottering until a shock comes from without; but the imperishable arch of Turkish philological conquest still spans with firm and unbroken continuity the yet wider lands which stretch

from the Adriatic to the foot of the Chinese Wall.* There is something in this to strike the Hungarian imagination—enough perhaps to make Turkish kinship a glory rather than a shame, or at least to engender the feeling that ~~the Turk is not a conqueror~~ than water. Let it be remembered, ~~that the Turk is not a conqueror~~ though the Turk Attila was greatly destructive as a lion, the Turk Akbar was one of the most illustrious of mankind.

Mr. Vámbéry arrived at Tehran from Constantinople an accomplished and perfect son of Osman, but without any more definite plan than that of starting for Central Asia by whatever route might happen to

* The influence of the Turkish language upon Russian, only slightly touched upon some years ago in a contribution to the French *Journal Asiatique* so far as we know, is a curious subject of enquiry. In length and breadth, nature and degree, it corresponds exactly with the well-known Arabic influence on Spanish. Abstract or political terms introduced by the high-handed conquest and dominion of another race, taxation and tribute, horse-furniture, natural objects of the steppe, and the like, are its chief characteristics. By the use of the vague word Tartar, meaningless in a specific sense, or by the term Mongol, only correct for a very transitory period of the conquest of Russia, we are led to lose sight of the thoroughly Turkish nature of that conquest, and of the ingrained retributory feeling of Russia towards Turkey—Russia the inheritress both of Ivan Vassilievitch storming the gates of Kaman in the sixteenth century, and of Constantine Paleologos dying in the breach in 1458. But it is by the application of the philological scalpel to the mass of Russian proper names that we chiefly get at the Tartar: e.g. Aksakof, namesake of Aksak Timur, the lame chief of the Persian name we have made into Tamerlane, Tufirakof and ~~Chirakof~~ and Yusupof and Urusof, and Aivasofski, and ten thousand others. It is most curious to think of the headlong spirit of dogmatism in subjects quite unfamiliar to it which recently led one of the ablest of our weekly papers recklessly to explain certain special characteristics of the name by their 'Asiatic' nature—the Pole, one of the names of the Pole, is only Asiatic as all we Aryans are Asiatic, without a single word of a Mongol proper name—in contradistinction to the European names in the world.

be safest ; that by way of Herat for choice. He was fortunate enough to find an old friend, Haydar Effendi, accredited here as Ottoman Minister. The Effendi, a speaker of French, and a leading Turk of the liberal school, received him with open arms, and entered warmly into all his plans, keeping his secrets in the diplomatic style. The Herat road was found to be closed, as Dost Mohammed was then besieging that town. As nothing was to be done, Mr. Vámbéry roved for several months over Persia in a semi-dervish character, and we hope some day to hear of his adventures when so doing, for Persia is the true home of Bohemians, and our Dervish knows how to tell his story with the real vagabond Bohemian flavour. On his return to the capital, he found the embassy beset by a gang of Toork pilgrims, bound homewards for the remote interior, who had come to complain of extortion practised on them by the Persian authorities at Hamadan, on their return from the great Mecca pilgrimage. The Turkish mission at Tehran exercises a sort of patronage, based on the sentiment of common origin and common orthodoxy, but devoid of all political character, towards these Central Asiatic pilgrims ; protecting them as its clients, and furnishing them with a dole of money out of the Sultan's bounty. These men, always seeing Mr. Vámbéry, in his ordinary Europeanised Ottoman Turk's dress, on intimate terms with the Minister, and talking Turkish with him, had no possible reason to consider him anything but a real Effendi, such as they had seen and heard in the West. But when they heard that Rashid Effendi was at heart a Dervish, as well as an Ottoman cousin, and had a spiritual 'call'

to pilgrimage as far as the holy places of Tartary, they eagerly embraced an offer which not only gave them an honest, true believer for a companion, but also an influential patron in high quarters. To Mr. Vámbéry this was evidently such an opportunity as might long be looked for in vain at another time, so he made the most of it, and everything was arranged for an immediate start accordingly. Encouraged and supported in the warmest terms by the Minister, and duly armed with an Ottoman passport—the scrubby little *Teakereh*, we presume, so familiar to our tourists, no doubt a work of high art in Central Asia—the Dervish set out in the spring of 1868 for Khiva, by the least dangerous road thither, through the country of the Yomut Turkomans.* His companions, twenty-three in number, were chiefly subjects of the Chinese empire, the others being from the upper Jaxartes, or settled parts of the Khanate of Khokand. The leading man among them was one Hajji Bilal, Court Imam, as he is styled, to the Wang, or Mussulman Governor, under Chinese authority, of the city of Ak-su. Next to him stood Hajji Salih. These two simple and excellent men, looked up to by the others and influencing their conduct, evinced a special friendship and an honesty of purpose towards the Osmanli stranger, which was proof against much temptation, and which is very pleasant to read of. All were true men of the road,

* According to the modern light by which we are told to view the Turkish character, Haydar Effendi should have given the name of the infidel dog, 'the letters of Protus,' being in the habit of spitting at the pre-cited journal, of spitting at the sight of the *Teakereh* and saying *Tobah*—the first time we ever heard of a Turk speaking his contemptible sentiments in the Hindustani, or Indo-Persian, idiom.

who had travelled much and far, opulent paupers and kings in their rags, as old Saadi says; they knew Turkey well, and were thus able to vouch for Reshid Effendi's nationality at every step. The range of a Dervish's wandering may best be indicated by saying that one of these men had been more than once, ~~and~~ ~~most~~ ~~on~~ ~~foot~~, to Constantinople, Mecca, Tibet, and Calcutta, and twice over the Kirghiz Steppe to Orenburg and Taganrog. So they all fared forth from the eastern gate of Tehran on a fine spring morning, intoning their *tellins* or religious chants with light hearts, and doing their best to cheer up their low-spirited Osmanli friend, sad of heart at having severed the last link which bound him to Istanbul, and so ill brought up in that irreligious capital as to be unable to find solace, like the rest, in the Mussulman Brady and Tate. We confess to something like affection for these faithful men, and readily believe that Mr. Vámbéry's heart was wrung when he parted from them at Samarcand. So much is said, not without justice, about distinctive Asiatic perfidy and lack of principle, even under no temptation, that we think it right to lay stress on so striking an instance of mutual help and fidelity among Asiatics. Thus they went on, crossing the mountain-streams and skirting the forests of Mazanderan, through lovely scenery, bright in the first burst of spring verdure.

Karn-tepeh, the Black Hill, at the head of the Gulf of Asterabad, was the first halting-place. This is an Afghan colony, planted here by Nadir Shah. Being, therefore, orthodox Sunnis, yet not Turkomans by race, they serve as a channel of negotiation be-

between Persians and Turkomans. This, morally speaking, is the first step on Central Asiatic ground. Suspicion of the stranger, as a stranger—were he the prophet Mohammed himself—starts up at every moment. The first word spoken was one of disquietude and denunciation by a disreputable opium-eating Afghan, who seems to have been expelled from Kandahar by Sir H. Rawlinson during our occupation; and this man's hostility nearly got Mr. Vámbéry into a serious scrape at Khiva. A boat had to be hired at Kara-tepeh in order to convey the party across a corner of the Caspian to Geumush-tepeh, the Silver Hill, whence the final start across the desert was to be made, after arrangement for the purpose with the Turkomans. This race, here bordering on the Caspian, have become inveterate pirates and kidnappers by water as well as by land, and have repeatedly plundered and enslaved the crews of Russian trading coasters in these parts. The honest navigation, therefore, has been taken under the superintendence and protection of the Russian military settlement of Ashur Ada, originally a perfectly arbitrary and high-handed usurpation of Persian territory, but serving at least this one good purpose of control. Persia cannot protect her own unfortunate subjects, for she is prevented by treaty engagement from having men-of-war on the Caspian, to say nothing of her want of power and public spirit. Nor will she apply to Russia for such protection, for she has always protested against the occupation of Ashur Ada, and deems it wrong to give an inch of right to a Power which does not take an ell. So Russia protects her own navigation only,

punishes those who molest it, and enforces the inspection of all boats, except, of course, those engaged in secret piratical expeditions against Persian villages. These last, if caught, are seized; but otherwise are let to take their chance as a Persian, not a Russian, concern. Like Eton boys, they must keep up the form of shirking their master. Authority for this purpose is delegated to a Turkoman, styled Deryâ begî, or Lord of the Sea, with the pay of forty ducats a month. But he is a drunken dog, always fuddled with *vodka*, and his sons, who act for him, have a secret understanding with the robbers. Our party sail across to the Silver Hill past the island fort, and are duly inspected alongside a Russian man-of-war. It was Easter Sunday, and Mr. Vámbéry was strongly affected by the sound of the church bells; still more so by a Russian officer saying, 'Look, what a white Hajji!' He thanked his stars that he got through without being confronted with the drunken Lord of the Sea, who had experience of Europeans, and would have seen through him, and handed him over to the Russians, and between them he must have been detected and exposed, though of course not injured otherwise than by his journey being stopped.

At Geumush-tepeh he began to practise as a Dervish, healing with the touch and with the holy breath, pious recitations, and the like. He made many warm friends, and acquired the good will of Khanjan, a leading chief. His great hit was finding two men of some pretensions to learning; a perfect godsend to Mr. Vámbéry, a book-learned Orientalist as well as a linguist. One of these had an Osmanli commentary on the Koran, which he could not read off-

hand like his own dialect, and was glad to get a 'coach' through the stiff passages. The Russian's reputation rose to the stars in consequence, and his face was declared to be white with the light of Islam. Though now and then exposed to vague à priori suspicion of having ulterior political objects, he was so well protected that he could range about free and unmolested, and was able, pending the bargain for crossing the desert, to make many excursions, one long one up the Gurgân, among the Atabây Turkomans. But his three weeks' sojourn in Hyrcania was one of pain and bitterness to him. The rattle of the chains of the hapless Persian slaves was always in his ears, and the cruelty with which they were treated was never out of his sight; a cruelty quite unmitigated by any sense of its unfitting them for their ultimate destination, the Khiva and Bokhara slave-market. During his stay four Persians were taken by sheer treachery and brought here; the case was so bad that the Russians threatened a landing, and he was called on to shoulder a musket to defend the settlement. Atrek, near the river of that name, is the central dépôt. We are rejoiced to know that it has been taken and destroyed, according to very recent news, by a Persian force, for once succeeding in its duty. Here the Effendi was shown a poor Russian prisoner as a sight supposed to be welcome to an Osmanli. Five hundred ducats were asked as his ransom; and the Turkomans would not lower their terms, as a chief of theirs had recently died captive in Siberia, and the Russians, fearing the precedent, would not accede to such a price. After much delay the party start in pomp and circumstance, escorted by three pri-

farmer for the Khan of Khiva, who had been advised to drink their milk. The chief of the escort had his own suspicions, too, of the Effendi—having travelled in Southern Russia—and the Afghan Mohammed did his best to detach him from the Dervishes, so as to have the denouncing and despoiling of him at the fitting time.

One wilderness is much like another wilderness; so, though the route now traversed is, geographically speaking, new ground, we shall not stay to notice it. All the natural features of the country bear names among the nomads, but, owing to the ceaseless suspicions instilled into the Turkomans by the Afghan, and to the fears of the head of the caravan, who had been nearly killed by the Khan for letting a Frank—probably a Russian—take notes with a lead-pencil some years before in another part of the desert, he dared not ask even simple questions. Nor was the route without danger from the Tekkeh, and further on from the Chaudor Turkomans, the last in open revolt against the Khan. At last they reach the borders of cultivation, and the wanderer's heart rises at the sight of the fixed villages, the rich alluvial soil, and the careful cultivation, far surpassing anything in Turkey, and even now, after having seen the delights of Europe, as beautiful as ever in his memory. But he had other things to think of here than fertile fields. His own position, and the certainty of torture or death if detected, became critical. He determined at last to throw himself on the protection of one Shukrullah Bây,* a man of high

* This word has nothing to do with the Ottoman title of Bey, the softened pronunciation of Beg or Big, which apparently at Bokhara is

character and influence, who had begun his career as envoy to Major Todd, at Herat, and had long acted as a diplomatic agent for his native country at Constantinople. What followed we willingly leave to be described in his own words :—

At the very entrance of the gate we were met by several pious Khivites, who handed up to us bread and dried fruits as we sat upon our camels. For years so numerous a troop of Hadjis had not arrived in Khiva. All stared at us in astonishment, and the exclamations, 'Aman essen geldinghiz' (welcome)! 'Ha Shah bazim! Ha Arazlanim!' (Ah, my falcon, my lion!) resounded on all sides in our ears. On entering the bazaar, Hadji Bilal intoned a telkin. My voice was heard above them all, and I felt real emotion when the people impressed their kisses upon my

pronounced *Bi*. It is the archaic Persian *Bây*, rich. This is simply the Neo-Persian form of the ancient *Baga*, God, the additional meaning of which as *rich*, *great*, we can restore by it, as well as by means of the Sanskrit *Bhaga*, God, divine and rich. The good old Aryan root has travelled over the world. In all Slavonic lands, under the form *Bog*, it is the name of God. It passed into Mongol, perhaps from the early Persian *Bagadâra*, 'a holder of wealth'; more probably from the Sanskrit, *Bhaga-dhâra* through direct Buddhist communication, and took the form of *Bahâtur*, under which the Turks received it. Turkish conquest, striking on all sides, implanted it in Russia, Persia, and back again in India; thence ultimately it has arrived as a useful English word in London, in this form of *Bahâdur*. In Russia, spelt *Bogaty*r and pronounced *Bahâtyr*, it flows side by side and uninterfered, like the Rhone and Saone, along with the true Slavonic derivative of the old root, *bogâtyŕi*, rich: in Turkey Proper alone it is unknown, except as a book word from recent Persian. It may even have reached Semitic ground, and become the Arabic *bahâ*, price, value; but this is uncertain. The Turkish name of wheat, *Boghâdy*, seems to be also from the Persian compound of this root, which would have been *Bogâ-dan*, 'God-given.' Curiously enough, this word has before now been traced from the Slavonic *bog-dan*, also meaning God-given, to the Sanskrit, and the affinity of the Aryan tongues was unknown, and the words were treated singly. The Turkish word dates from the time, without doubt, long before Turks ever fell in with Slavonians.

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hands and feet, and upon the very legs which hung from me. In accordance with the custom of the country we dismounted at the karavanserai. This served also as a custom-house, where the new arrivals of men and merchandise are subjected to severe examination. The testimony of the chiefs of the karavans have, as is natural, the greatest weight in the balance. The functions of chief of the customs are filled in Khiva by the principal Mehrem (a sort of chamberlain and confidant of the Khan). Scarcely had this official addressed the ordinary questions to our Kervanbashi, when the Afghan pressed forward and called out aloud, 'We have brought to Khiva three interesting quadrupeds, and a no less interesting biped.' The first part of this pleasantry was, of course, applied to the buffaloes, animals not before seen in Khiva: but as the second part was pointed at me, it was no wonder that many eyes were immediately turned upon me, and amidst the whispering it was not difficult to distinguish the words 'Djansız' (spy), 'Frenghi,' and 'Urus' (Russian). I made an effort to prevent the blood rising to my cheeks, and was upon the point of withdrawing when the Mehrem ordered me to remain. He applied himself to my case, using exceedingly uncivil expressions. I was about to reply, when Hadji Salih, whose exterior inspired respect, came in, and, entirely ignorant of what had passed, represented me in the most flattering colours to my inquisitor, who, surprised, told me, smiling as he did so, to take a seat by his side. Hadji Salih made a sign to me to accept the invitation, but, assuming the air of one highly offended, and throwing an angry look upon the Mehrem, I retired. My first step was to go to Shukrullah Bay, who, without filling any functions, occupied a cell at that time in the Medresse of Mehmed Emin-Khan, the finest edifice in Khiva. I announced myself to him as an Efendi arrived from Stamboul, with the observation that I had made his acquaintance there, and had wished, in passing, to wait upon him. The arrival of an Efendi in Khiva, an occurrence so unprecedented, occasioned the old man some surprise. He

came forward himself to meet me, and his wonder increased when he saw a mendicant, terribly disfigured and in rags, standing before him: not that this prevented him from addressing me. I had only interchanged a few words with him, in the dialect of Stamboul, when, with ever-increasing eagerness, he put question upon question concerning his numerous friends in the Turkish capital, and the recent doings and position of the Ottoman empire since the accession of the present Sultan. As I before said, I was fully confident in the part I was playing. On his side, Shük-rullah Bay could not contain himself for joy when I gave him news of his acquaintances there in detail. Still he felt not the less astonishment. 'In God's name, Efendi, what induced you to come to this fearful country, and to come to us too from that paradise on earth, from Stamboul?' Sighing, I exclaimed, 'Ah, Pir!' (spiritual chief), laid one hand on my eyes, a sign of obedience, and the excellent old man, a Musselman of tolerably good education, could not misapprehend my meaning, i.e., that I belonged to some order of Dervishes, and had been sent by my Pir (chief of my order) upon a journey, which is a duty that every Murid (disciple of an order of Dervishes) must fulfil at the hazard of his life.—Pp 122-125.

This is well told, and the chief point of it, salvation through knowledge of Ottoman-Turkish, brought clearly out. Any reader of the 'Arabian Nights' knows what follows. First, the triumphal reception and favour shown by the King, who gives him a daily allowance of two tenghe, which would strike us more if we were not told it was one franc fifty centimes, as our Dervish says, under the apparent wish to introduce the decimal system among the Turks. Then comes a standing invitation to pick his rice and mutton-fat seven or eight times a day at all the great lords' tables, where he must either cram or throw up

the game. Then we get the envious man. This is the Mehter, or Foreign Minister, an enemy of Shukrullah's, jealous of his great catch of a holy Ottoman lion, and bent on calumniating the Dervish out of the field. The rivals meet before the Khan. They there have a writing-match and a trial of wits, where Mr. Vámbéry turns the tables on him again, and indites a fine letter of compliments to the Khan in a good Ottoman hand. Virtue triumphs by calligraphy, and he settles the Mehter, a slow-witted man and indifferent penman, once for all. Free, and at ease again, he enjoys himself without restraint among the Khivans, rough-hewn people, but the finest characters, he says, in Central Asia. He made an excursion to Kungrad, a little-known place, of much importance since the Russian occupation of the mouth of the Oxus. We regret he has vouchsafed us no account of this place. In Khiva itself there were horrid sights. There is no wanton cruelty, but there is judicial ruthlessness, and not a day is said to pass without an execution. Once he witnessed a most revolting scene. A large caravan of merchants trading to Orenburgh had been plundered and stripped of everything by the Chaudor Turkomans. Fifty-two Khivans were left to perish of cold and destitution in the frozen waste. The robbers were taken, and their eyes put out previously to their heads being cut off. Our blood curdles at Mr. Vámbéry's vivid description. Yet it should be borne in mind that in the days of Morier and Malcolm this punishment was common in comparatively polished Persia, and that far worse than this was officially announced in the 'Tehran Gazette' as having been inflicted on the Bábís who

had made an attempt on the Shah's life, so lately as 1852. Any tourist strolling down Pera Street can buy for a few piastres from the turbaned Persian pedlars, who there affect a quasi-Bokharian costume, in order to pass as Sunnis, the ghastliest book in the world. This is a series of pictures, called 'Siyaset Nâme;,' or, the Book of Executions, such as are, or used to be, inflicted in Persia. The display there found of ripping and splitting, and gouging and skull-sawing, is something inconceivable. This is the cruelty of the true Asiatic, the cat's cruelty; the Scythian Turk's cruelty is the dog's or wolf's ferocious brutality. To take the taste of these horrors out of the reader's mouth, we subjoin Mr. Vámbéry's account of his final parting from his good protector, for whose head, alas! we are not quite free from mis-giving:—

I was really deeply moved to see how the excellent old man tried to dissuade me from my purpose, sketching to me the most horrible picture of Bokhara Sherif (noble Bokhara). He pictured to me the policy of the Emir as suspicious and treacherous—a policy not only hostile to Englishmen, but to all foreigners,—and then he told me as a great secret, that a few years before even an Osmani, sent by the late Reshid Pasha to Bokhara as a military instructor, had been treacherously murdered by order of the Emir, when he was desirous, after a stay of two years to return to Stamboul.

This warm dissuasion of Shükru'llah Bey, who at first had the most confident belief in my Danish character, surprised me extremely. I began to think, 'This man, if he is not sure of my identity, still, having seen some of me, has penetrated my incognito, and now perhaps has some widely different idea and suspicion.' The excellent old man had in his younger days been sent in 1839 to

Heart to Major Todd, and had also been several times to St. Petersburg. He had often, as he told me, frequented in Constantinople the society of the Frenghi, a source of great pleasure to him. What if, entertaining some idea of our real way of thinking—of our efforts in a scientific direction—he had, from some peculiar feeling of benevolence, taken me under his protection? When I bade him farewell I saw a tear in his eye—a tear, who knows by what feeling dictated?—P. 142.

From Khiva they all start in good spirits, well-mounted, well-stored, and clad in fine new attire, by the generosity of the rough-hewn and warm-hearted ones. They crossed the Oxus, but had first to go through a row at the ferry about passports. The passport system rages in Turkistan in a way the grandfather of Austrian or Russian officials never saw even in a dream, and we shall hear plenty more of it. The intention of the caravan was to move up along the Oxus, without any fear of water running short, until they hit the main southern road to Bokhara. The Emir of this place, however, was away besieging Khokand, and the Alamans, or plundering bands of the Tekkeh, were out all over the country in consequence. They had thus no alternative but to cross the waste of Khalata, called Jan Batiran, or the life-destroying. They were now in the dog-days, and had to accomplish this at the imminent risk of perishing by thirst or by the pestilential blast of the *Teb-bād*, or fever-wind. At the last stage, just as they had reached the end of the desert, they were struck by the deadly breath of the simoom, and the traveller had only just enough strength left him to stagger into the hut of some poor Persian slave cultivators, who freshened him up with bread and

sour milk, and thus saved his life. As they moved on towards the holy Bokhara they fell among worse thieves than the Alaman. They were impounded by custom-house officers, who grinned when they saw our Dervish, and called for his trunk at once, taking him, as a matter of course, to be a Frank, by his tall-tale face. He grinned in return, and produced his old bundle of rags and a tattered book or two. His companions struck in for their friend, and claimed him as one of themselves, and he got well out of the scrape as far as he alone was concerned. The whole party, however, had to be penned up till all were duly *visés, signalés, constatés*, cross-examined as to motives for travelling; and, in short, had gone through all the good old procedure which some of us are not too old to remember in its mildest form in France, and which, if mitigated of late years, is by no means extinct in another holy country which we are told is but Bokhara over again when scraped. Once in the town they obtain rest for the sole of their foot in the Tekiyeh of Khalfa Husein, the very holiest of all the holy religious establishments, where the Emir's writs do not run, and the chief of the police himself has to think twice before sending his detectives and spies. Here they are safe enough. Rahmet Bi, the chief of the police, had been left in charge of the town by the King before going to the wars, and this man naturally tried the Osmanli stranger by the severest tests in his power. The Dervishes, standing staunchly by their friend, were interested in upholding the privileges of their order, and enlisted on his behalf all the clerical feeling of the place. The best guarantee for his safety lay in the fact that the police spies were mainly

returned Hajjis, or residents from Constantinople, who were thoroughly satisfied that, whatever object he might have, he was at least a true son of Osman. Not that he was left undisturbed. One day the chief convoked a council of all the learned doctors of law and religious luminaries of Islam, in order to entangle him in his talk. They plied him with hard casuistic questions, and put him under the harrows of a competitive examination in sanctity, pitting him as a representative of Ottoman theology against all Bokhara. He held his own, but had to take refuge in the humble attitude of a learner at last, sitting patiently at the feet of the doctors, and putting counter-questions, not for self-assertion, but for the good of his soul. Had it been Burton, he would have revelled in a trial like this, and exulted in the display of his robust Mahometanism and command of its technical theology. The Osmanli is not viewed at Bokhara with the same simple respect and cordiality as at Khiva—not that a true Osmanli goes to either place once in twenty years or more. At Bokhara everything is tainted with the views of a narrow hateful bigotry, carefully fostered for political purposes. Many Bokharians visit Constantinople, but very few Khivans, and these men bring back unsatisfactory accounts of the lax ways and backsliding of the Turkish Caesar of Rome.

The city has been so well described by Burnes, that, though tempted much by our author's picturesque narrative, we shall not give any extracts in illustration of it. He here meets with his first Chinese, a tea-merchant, and a real Celestial by race. This man was from Komul, the easternmost town of

the Turkish world, on the borders of the desert of Gobi, inaccessible to Europeans, unvisited and undescribed. He was great upon tea, of which he had sixteen kinds, distinguishable by touch. In his house they kept the best of Chinese-Turk company, and held high revel and instructive talk about an unknown land over their tea and their Mantay, or pudding of hashed and spiced meat.

Bokhara charity, so far as there is any, begins and ends at home. With all their fine talk and outward show of religion, they had not a farthing to bestow in the way of alms on the pilgrims. These were at an end of their resources; and they had to sell their donkeys and get on as best they could. The party now broke up, some going at once to Khokand, and those bound for the Chinese territory accompanying our traveller to Samarcand. They travelled in two-wheeled carts, two of these sufficing for their reduced number. The road was found full of bustle and animation, with constant traffic of carts, owing to the Khokand war. The country was not only fertile, but populous, with market-towns and villages every half-hour, and plenty of baiting-houses, having good store of provisions, and gigantic Russian tea-kettles always on the boil for public use. On arriving at Samarcand, Mr. Vámbéry had the good luck to be quartered on the chief of the police, who, satisfied himself, avertéd all further molestation. But the Emir happened to be here, and the object of an interview had to be sustained. This was without danger, as Rahmet Bî, the temporary governor of Bokhara, had couched his report of the matter in ambiguous terms. All went off well, however, with

a pleasant bantering passage of arms. 'You a traveller all over the world,' said the Emir, 'with your lame foot?' 'Well,' said the Dervish, 'your majesty's illustrious ancestor, Timur, was lame too, and did not he conquer the world?' Here, again, we get the true flavour of the 'Arabian Nights.' The Emir, of course, rewards the ready-witted Dervish with thirty tenguhe, and a ser-pây, or dress of honour from head to foot, so that he retires a proud man, with his nose in the air.

The city of Samarcand, unvisited by Europeans, from the time of the Spaniard Clavijo's Embassy to the Court of Timur, until the time of Khanikoff, some twenty-five years ago, has been well described by the latter gentleman, an English translation of whose work has been published. Mr. Vámbéry, however, had special advantages for visiting the Timurián relics at his ease, and gives a very interesting account (for which we wish that we could make room) of the two principal ones, the great college, or Medresseh, and the Keuk Tash, or Green-stone, words which an Ottoman would pronounce Geuk Tash, and understand Blue-stone, so far as he understood the adjective, to him obsolete, at all.

But the final parting had now to be faced and undergone. There was much persuasion and much dissuasion to pass before Mr. Vámbéry could make up his mind finally to abandon all thoughts of prosecuting his journey into the remote interior of the Chinese empire. At last he consoled himself with reflecting that to-day's egg was better, after all, than to-morrow's fowl. He reserved for the future the intention of returning and eating the fowl, and

tore himself resolutely away from his sincere and warm-hearted friends. The new party which he joined on his route southwards from this point was very far from being to him as the old one. Yet even these do not seem to have bothered or molested him with any ill will, or cast the evil eye of envy upon him. The route from Samarcand to Kerki leads at first over an insignificant desert; but it is well travelled, and at short intervals there are wells, each permanently provided with a rope, bucket, and a donkey to draw the water. There is not the remotest risk of robbery here, away from the Turkomans, and with a rigorous police, which makes the country as safe as ancient and poetical Ireland. Karshi is an important town. Its chief manufacture is of damascened knives, described as surpassing those of Sheffield and Birmingham in temper and durability, which seems a strong thing to say. It has a fine public garden or alameda, where a motley crowd of the cream of Tartar society may be seen thronging every afternoon round the public tea-kettle for their five o'clock tea.

The next stage is the fort of Kerki, on the Oxus, here twice as broad as the Danube at Peath, and flowing with a strong current. The ferrymen, religious Uzbeks, row the party over for nothing. We pause and enquire whether even a fanatical ferryman would punt a doctor of divinity across the Isis or Cam for nothing. Vexation and trouble here take a new type. Everybody with hair on his chin and a decently low pair of cheek-bones, is at once suspected of being a runaway Persian slave. Now Persian slaves, even when legitimately ransomed or emancipated, are liable to a transit duty of two ducats head.

The Kervan-bashis, or heads of the caravans, are, therefore, always trying to make up these with a good proportion of contrabands mixed with true men, wishing to evade the tax and smuggle their friends through. The Governor of Kerki laid hands here on the whole party, and wanted to throw them, bag and baggage, into the castle prison. Mr. Vámbéry stormed at him for the dear life in such Turkish as came uppermost. This was Ottoman rather than Uzbek, for the crisis was too imminent for him to stop to pick and chose his purest Turanian. The commandant of artillery, however, was a man of Tabriz, himself an emancipated slave, who had often been to Turkey, and whose heart warmed to the now unfamiliar sound of the old tongue. He interfered, gave his voucher for the Osmanli, and got him a tip of five tenghe like a good boy. After waiting here for a caravan to be made up for Herat, they went on to Andkbûy. This was a flourishing town, but was reduced to ashes by our able but most infamous and treacherous *protégé*, Yar Mohammed of Herat. Though Uzbek, it is under the influence of the victorious Afghans of Kabul, whose conquests have been greatly extended in this direction. The next place of importance, Maymäna, reached after crossing dangerous marshes, is the most southern of the Uzbek states, and is the bulwark of Bokhara against the aggression of the Afghans. The people are warlike and resolute Turks, who have repeatedly defeated their invaders, and only two years ago beat back Dost Mohammed in person. A great—perhaps the greatest—trial seemed to lie in wait for our traveller here. We think his escape most fortunate. When

at Constantinople, Mr. Vámbéry, with an eye to his future journey, took lessons in the Jaghatâi or Eastern Turkish during some months from one Khalmurad, a Mollah, and native of Maymána. This man, an old hand in Turkey, saw at once that Reshid Effendi was no Effendi at all. In these days, when spurious information and baseless conclusions about Turkey are so rife, it may be necessary to say that this matters nothing on the Bosphorus. Negation of the Frank character will enable any one there to pass for a Mussulman to all intents and purposes. Any European can live in a Turkish quarter by changing his hat for a fez, keeping Turkish hours and Turkish society, and observing the same rules of outward decorum as his neighbours. So long as the parochial opinion is not offended by any flagrant breach of manners, the modern Ottomans, the most easygoing of people, and most willing to live and let live, are perfectly ready to accept such a man, and let him insensibly pass in their mind as a true believer, without caring a para about his attendance at mosque, or compliance with other rites. Such attendance, indeed, would be disliked, for it would force on the question of his real religion, which, with their perfect experience of Europeans, could not but terminate in exposure, leading to downright conversion, ill-treatment, or expulsion from the quarter at least. Thus our late gallant countryman, Guyon, who had never embraced Mahometanism in the remotest degree, came to be treated as a Mahometan by default, so to speak; and at his death his Mussulman neighbours were strongly disposed to resent his receiving Christian burial, and to stop the removal of his body from the Turkish

quarter where he had lived as a Turk. No Uzbek would take this lax view of Frank conformity, and Khalmurad always had his eye on the Effendi. The latter, knowing this, was alarmed accordingly. His first enquiry on reaching Maymäna was after his old teacher. 'What, Khalmurad,' said his host there, 'my dearest friend, a friend of yours! He has attained the mercy of God; but for his sake I will do anything; and here is his orphan child.' So Mr. Vámbéry again plucked the flower safety out of the worst of his dangers. He heard subsequently on his return to Tehran, that the Mollah was not dead, but had passed through Tehran on his way home, and had asked after Vámbéry. Life was made a burden on this part of the journey, by the constant recurrence of irritating delays and custom-house squabbles in this land of border Khanates, on account of the unfortunate Persian contrabands. More unfortunate still, but for the accidental presence of Mr. Vámbéry, would have been the fate of a party of our old friends the Turkish Bashi Bozuks, whom we confess we hardly credited with so much enterprise and daring.

In the last campaign between Russia and Turkey, they were engaged with a *razzia* (Tchapao), in the Caucasus, by command of Government, or, as is more probable, on their own account. During this time they had fallen into the hands of a Russian patrol; and, as they well merited, were transported to Siberia. Here they were daily employed in the woods of Tobolsk with felling trees, but were kept at night in a prison, and not ill-treated, for they were fed with bread and soup, and often also with meat. Years elapsed before they learnt to speak Russian; but they did at last learn it from the soldiers that guarded them. Conversation being now rendered possible, confidence was in-

spired; bottles of brandy (Vodki) were tendered reciprocally, and as, during last spring, one day, more than usual of the warming liquor had been handed to the two soldiers on guard, the captives seized the opportunity, and, instead of oaks, felled the robust Russians, exchanged their axes for the arms of those whom they had slaughtered, and after wandering up and down for a long time, and under perilous circumstances—in which they were obliged to feed even upon grass and upon roots—they finally reached some Kirghis tents, to them a haven of security; for the nomads regard it as a benevolent act to aid fugitives of that description. From the steppes of the Kirghis they passed by Tashkend to Bokhara, where the Emir gave them some money for journey expenses. Although on their way it had often been suspected that they were runaway slaves, it was not until they reached Maymene that they really incurred any serious danger.—Pp. 252, 253.

These men had the benefit of a Kirghiz underground railway, and of a dialect akin to their own spoken every inch of the way; not good for argument, perhaps, but good for asking bread and milk and meat. Yet this feat is nothing to the daring of a party of Circassian prisoners of war confined in the fastnesses of the Altai, a thousand miles north-east of this, who broke desperately from their lingering captivity, cut their way through detachment after detachment sent hurriedly against them, but missed their way, and, wandering blindly over the steppe, were finally overpowered by numbers. Even for the gallant and unfortunate people who performed it this is a most gallant exploit—a people, alas! whose despairing patriotism, now transferred to Turkish soil, is but too likely to merge into fanaticism, and to give much trouble to the Turkish Government and to

Europe. The frontier of Maymāna, and consequently of Turkistan, is reached at a place called by the very Mongol-looking name of Tchitchektoo—not far from which, by the way, is the town of Mogor, which we wonder Mr. Vámbéry did not notice as bearing a name absolutely identical with the oldest form of his own national name now written Magyar. Probably Mogor, however, is but a variety of Mongol.* Here he bids farewell to the Uzbek nomads, of whom he says:—

I will not deny that I parted from this open-hearted, honest people with great regret, for the nomads of their race whom I met in the Khanates of Khiva and Bokhara have left in my mind the most pleasing recollections of any natives of Central Asia.—P. 255.

Before leaving, a third tax is levied under the title of Kamtchi pulu, or horsewhip-money, as the right of the escort. On Mr. Vámbéry remonstrating, a merchant replies, 'Thank God, it is only taxation now; once we used to be plundered outright, and that by order of the Khan himself.' The country held by the Jemshidi branch of the Eimáks is now traversed. These people, occupying the outlying territories of Herat in this quarter, are, with the exception of those specially called Moghul Eimáks, of Iranian origin, or, at least, are speakers of archaic Persian. They are as inveterate robbers as the Turkomans themselves, but as their range is limited they can hardly be called true wide-roaming nomads. The road here runs between the hammer and the anvil; between the Turkomans on one side and the Jemshidi and Firúzkhí—transplanted mountaineers

* There is another Mogor eastwards of Kandahar.

from the town of that name near Tebran—on the other. The valley, perfectly fertile and productive, is desolate and abandoned. The danger to the whole body of the caravan is here at its greatest, and the escort received double whip-money from the Persian slaves. The Jemshidi have, however, gradually melted away, owing to perpetual warfare. Many of their number are the returned descendants of a colony forcibly planted on the Lower Oxus by a former Khan of Khiva, who had made their way back to their old mountain homes.

After crossing a narrow mountain-pass, only accessible to a regular army with the friendship of the Jemshidi, the party reach the Murghâb, a beautifully clear light-green mountain-stream, with a strong current, mostly unfordable. Taxation has run wild here, and has nearly killed all commercial intercourse, in spite of the Asiatic townsman's natural turn for trade. The Afghan rulers of Herat are on good terms with the Jemshidi, and foster their power as a check or breakwater against the Turkomans and Uzbeks; in return for which the chief of the Jemshidi taxes the caravans double, once for himself and once for his masters. The slave-tax, without a shadow of excuse for it, has been introduced here, and the other taxes are as much as had to be paid in all the Uzbek states put together. An Indian, for instance, had bought a cargo of aniseed in Maymana for thirty tenghe; twenty tenghe per load was paid for carriage to Herat, and, up to the present point, eleven altogether for custom duties. But here alone he was called on to pay thirty. Of course the rich natural productions of the country are left quite un-

touch, and trade is confined to a manufacture of goat's hair called shâl, even by the women, which finds a ready market in Persia—no, for the matter of that, a goat's-hair fabric called shâl does in Paris and London too. The people had no bread, and the poor Dervish got no custom for his glass beads and holy breath and powders of health, and was hard put to keep body and soul together. The Herati members of the caravan were all anxiety, as they approached the city, to hear news of their wives and families, as they had left while the siege was still going on, but they were detained at Kerrukh for an entire day. This was in order to enable a wondrous Jack-in-office and bully, the chief of the customs, in comparison with whom a French *douanier* in his most perverse moments—and they are often very perverse—must be a perfect angel of humility, to draw up a list, not only of the travellers, but of everything they had with them or on them. This functionary, with his arrogant Afghan air, was worse than any among the Uzbeks. The baggage was marched off under escort; the poor men had to strip to their shirt and drawers in the cold, and then pay duty upon each article, which is worse than Boulogne or Calais, where they only tax new and unworn clothes. Towards evening up came the Governor of Kerrukh, Bahadur Khan, swaggering and asking for his whip-money. He was a portly warrior of soldier-like mien, with a fine red uniform coat buttoned up over his great chest; such a man as we too know something of, and have learned to call Bahadur likewise. But the honest Hungarian's heart was so cheered up at the home-like sight of the military buttons that

he let his surprise beam forth in his face. The Khan, or Major, as he is called with the English word, caught the look, and watched him narrowly in consequence. Seeing the foreign features, he questioned the Kervan Bashi, being at the same time all affability to the Dervish. But he laughed in the face of the latter when he tried to give himself Dervish's name and come the Bokharian over him, and, when they parted, very adroitly tried to take him off his guard by holding out a hand to shake, English fashion. This time the Dervish was too quick for him. He raised his arms and was about to bless him by reciting the opening chapter of the Koran, when the Major withdrew, laughing, and no more inclined for blessings than a French colonel.

Herat was seen in a state of the utmost misery and desolation, just after the last and most destructive of the many sieges to which it has been a victim. It is now little more than a heap of ruins, of every age and in every stage of decay. The central bazaars alone remain perfect, and here alone is there any throng and bustle of men. The crowd is more motley, and its constituent races are better defined than in Bokhara. All are armed, but all cower at the sight of the Afghan tribesmen, who are their new masters. These stalk about, feared and detested by all, even by their kinsmen the Afghans of Herat, who formed the previous upper layer of conquest, but who make common cause with the Persian substratum against the Cabulese invaders. The Afghans seem to have gone mad with rapacity. It is not enough to kill the goose for the golden egg, they must needs draw the goose alive. Everything bought and sold is taxed,

and taxed at random for as much as it will yield to the tax-gatherer's squeezing. Mr. Vámbéry, entirely at the end of his resources, had not a farthing to carry him on to Persia: he sold his worn-out donkey for what it would fetch, but between debts and taxation got nothing out of that, and was forced to sleep on the bare ground in an old ruin, even though it was in the depth of winter. He applied to a Persian envoy here for money and for leave to join his *cortége* to Meshed. But he got neither money nor protection from this man, who was very polite, very suspicious, and very searching, asking the ragged figure before him whether he had brought any fine horses from Bokhara. The Dervish, in despair, felt compelled to appeal to the Prince—a lad of sixteen, left at Herat by his father, who had gone to Kabul to look after his own interests as a claimant to the throne of that place. The Prince was found dressed in full uniform with high stand-up collar—the modern all-rounder not having got so far into Asia—seated in an arm-chair and reviewing the *élite* of his troops, the 'Risaleh Company,' full of boyish glee at the noise and the manœuvres and the captains thundering forth 'Right shoulders forward' in English. These men, says Mr. Vámbéry, had a very military bearing, far more so than the Ottoman army; and were it not for their pointed shoes and the tight straps to their short trousers, they might even pass for European troops. What followed at the interview we shall not attempt to abridge:—

True to my Dervish character, on appearing I made the usual salutation, and occasioned no surprise to the company when I stepped, even as I made it, right up to the Prince,

and seated myself between him and the Vizir, after having required the latter, a corpulent Afghau, to make room for me by a push with the foot. This action of mine occasioned some laughing, but it did not put me out of countenance. I raised my hands to repeat the usual prayer required by the law.* Whilst I was repeating it, the Prince looked me full in the face. I saw his look of amusement, and when I was repeating the *Aman*, and all present were keeping time with me in stroking their beards, the Prince half rose from his chair, and, pointing with his finger to me, he called out, half laughing and half bewildered, 'Wallahi Billahi, Shuma Inghiliz hestid' (By G—, I swear you are an Englishman!)

A ringing peal of laughter followed the sudden fancy of the young king's son, but he did not suffer it to divert him from his idea; he sprang down from his seat, placed himself right before me, and, clapping both his hands like a child who has made some lucky discovery, he called out, 'Hadji Kurbanet (I would be thy victim,) tell me, you are an Englishman in *Tebdil* (disguise,) are you not?' His action was so naive, that I was really sorry that I could not leave the boy in his illusion. I had cause to dread the wild fanaticism of the Afghans, and, assuming a manner as if the jest had gone too far, I said, 'Sahib mekun (have done); you know the saying, "He who takes, even in sport, the believer for an unbeliever, is himself an unbeliever." † Give me rather something for my *Fatiha*, that I may proceed further on my journey.' My serious look, and the *Hadis* which I recited, quite disconcerted the young man; he sat down half ashamed, and, excusing himself on the ground of the resemblance of my features, said that he had never seen a *Hadji* from *Bokhara* with such a physiognomy. I replied that I was not a

* This is in Arabic, and to the following effect: 'God our Lord, let us take a blessed place, for of a verity Thou art the best quarter-master.'

† Traditional sentence of the Prophet.

Bokhariot, but at Stambuli; and when I showed him my Turkish passport, and spoke to him of his cousin, the son of Akbar Khan, Djelal-ed-din Khan, who was in Mecca and Constantinople in 1860, and had met with a distinguished reception from the Sultan, his manner quite changed; my passport went the round of the company, and met with approbation. The Prince gave me some kranas, and dismissed me with the order that I should often visit him during my stay, which I accordingly did.—Pp. 277-279.

The road from Herat to Meshed runs across a belt of utter waste and desolation made by the hand of man. Formerly, and until lately, inhabited, it lies full in the storm track of the Tekkeh Turkoman forays; its people have consequently abandoned their villages and withdrawn to the far south of Khorasan, as a Swiss mountaineer abandons the home which he knows to lie in the defined and recurring tracks of the destroying avalanche. Meshed was reached in safety at last, and Meshed was to Mr. Vámbéry the beginning of Europe. He flung himself in the arms of Colonel Dolmage, an English officer in the Shah's service quartered there, and in the delight of new-born life and liberty forgot Turkomans, desert, fever-wind, and all. He was received with much favour and natural curiosity by Sultan Murad Mirza, the able Prince Governor of the province, and furnished with ample means to continue his journey to Tehran, which he did alone, apart from the general body of Dervishes now made aware of his character; accompanied, however, by the faithful Mollah Is'hak of Kungrad, who had attached himself to his fortunes personally, and whose friendship was proof against

his sudden resumption of black infidelity. Another storm-track of Turkoman inroad west of Meshed was safely crossed, and he joined his old friends at Tehran at last, to their great satisfaction. At Shiraz, between Meshed and Tehran, he saw his first European in European clothes; an Englishman purchasing cotton. He said, 'How d'ye do?' and the Englishman replied, 'Well, I never!' seeing the tatterdemalion figure who addressed him. Probably this man was the unfortunate Mr. Langfield, who, according to recent accounts, was murdered by some irregular cavalry for the sake of the ready money he, very imprudently, carried about his person, amounting, we have heard, to a thousand pounds. From Tehran he hurried home as fast as he could, staying only three hours at Constantinople to see the distinguished Internuncio, Baron Prokesch. The Turks, to us the type and the scapegoats of Asia, were in his eyes the merest regular-featured Europeans; and their capital, if eastern at all, only a gorgeous drop-scene to eastern existence. He steamed up the Danube to Pesth, where he deposited in triumph his Uzbek henchman as a material guarantee of his travels, and made the best of his way to England, in his idea the land of generous appreciation and of active interest in Central Asia; a belief we shall not seek to disturb, when it has given us the literary first-fruits of so enterprising a journey.

After what we have extracted from this book we have very little to offer the public in the way of indicating or criticising its merits. There are just such as should belong to a personal narrative of wild adventure: Mr. Vámbéry is always animated, pic-

turesque, and easy-flowing. His comments on political and social matters, and the general spirit of his remarks on the people of Inner Asia, are worth attention and commendable; never disfigured by commonplace abuse or by the affectation of paradoxical praise. This merit we conceive to proceed from aptness of instinctive view and fairness of disposition, rather than from any maturity or shrewdness of judgment, for the Dervish is evidently by nature a volatile, Irish-tempered man, with much artless vanity. But after the prodigious efforts of repression it must have cost him to cork and bottle up his volatile particles of soul, we enjoy of all things the champagne-like burst and mantling cream of innocent self-consciousness. We have one fault to find, which is serious. It is his neglecting to take the trouble of reducing his German measurements to English miles throughout the book. Now, it is not enough to know that when he says twenty miles he means eighty. Twenty miles conveys a fixed, definite impression of distance to our minds; and we cannot stop at every page to modify this by taking thought and doing sums in reduction every minute.

Our Central Asiatic books, few enough in number, are all very entertaining, with the exception, perhaps of poor Moorcroft's posthumous papers, which are plain, dull, and business-like; and all are valuable. Burnes, we have said, is a classic, and he wrote in a style of great purity and conciseness, which it is delightful to read. Conolly wrote in high, almost boyish spirits, and with ardent Christian convictions united—a rare combination—to strong sympathy with Asiatics. Abbot, a man of poetical reading and

temperament, romantic and imaginative, painted with extraordinary vigour and quaintness of touch, and revelled in wonderful rhapsodies, only redeemed from absurdity by their intense originality of expression: his political remarks on the progress of Russia, written in 1843, with all their strange humour, are the best we know on the subject. Richmond Shakespeare's brief paper in *Blackwood* of June 1842, is capital; free, roving, and picturesque. We conceive it no small praise to Vámbéry to say that he stands, in point of general merit, and, the power of entertaining his reader, fully on the same level with the best of these authors, yielding in point of style to Burnes alone.

Mr. Vámbéry has completed his book by adding, in the form of a supplement, a series of notices on the politics, statistics, recent history, and general state of the various Principalities of Turkistan, the Turkomans, the Chinese Turks, and the like. This is certainly not the least valuable portion of the work. Perhaps it might advantageously have been expanded, and framed into a separate work, distinct from the personal narrative. Most of this is not only first-hand but fresh as well. That which is derived from the information of others—the part relating to the Chinese province—is practically equivalent to first-hand, owing to the great facility for enquiry offered by the terms of confidence and intimacy which he enjoyed for so many months in company with the first set of Dervishes. Much of it is very curious and new, and goes deeper into the subject than Burnes's, Moorcroft's, Mir Ismet Ullah's, or Baillie Frazer's chapters of gathered odds and ends

of information on this inaccessible part of the world.* We would willingly extract and comment on the major part of this chapter, which brings out in striking light a perfectly new and unfamiliar view of the Chinese: that of their unexpected aptitude for tolerant, able government as a dominant race. The Mahometan Turks under the rule of the Chong Kafir, or Great Infidels, are loud in approbation of their justice, equity, and firmness; and more than approbation it is useless for a non-Mussulman to expect from a Mussulman. The Chinese have left the Turks a native administration and complete internal liberty, and the country enjoys great material prosperity, which is disturbed by one cause only, the efforts of the dispossessed Khojahs or rulers of Kashgar, sheltered at Khokand as the Neapolitan Bourbons at Rome, to create rebellion in the capital of their former dominions. It was in one of these rebellions that Adolf Schlagintweit perished.

* Mir Izzet Ullah was a native sent by Mr. Moorcroft into Turkestan, both independent and Chinese. His journal is the fullest account of the latter province now existing. It was carefully edited by the late Professor Wilson and Mr. Norris, of the Foreign Office, and may be found in vol. vii. of the Royal Asiatic Society's Journal. The post stations on all the main routes are given in full. Those from Kashgar to Peking, a road utterly inaccessible to Europeans, are very curious, showing how philology can bridge an unapproachable chasm. The Turkish names, beginning close to the Chinese wall, are mostly significant, and are strongly marked off from the Chinese. They almost all serve to describe the features of the country. One of the best is '*Utera girma*,' i.e. *ne ultra pergas*, 'Do not enter further.' *Chong*, below, is the old adjective for *great*, familiar to us as the Ottoman adverb *chok*, *very*. The names *Chong Tash*, *Chong Ulang*, the great rock, great forest, belong to Turks, if they still survive unabsorbed, tributary to the Sovereign of India in the province of Ladakh—Turks who have native names for the glacier and the wild yak, little as we connect such things with the word Turk.

The Turkoman chapter is equally good. We hope soon to read M. de Blocqueville's account of his captivity among the Tekkeh, which, not exactly seeing Turkoman life from our traveller's point of view, must be very curious. This French gentleman, it will be remembered, joined an army of the Shah's on its march towards Merv as an amateur photographer; and when this large force, an actual disciplined army, shamefully let itself be surprised and swept off by a night attack of an inferior body of the Akaman, he underwent captivity and hardship in the tents of the wild men, until it was found possible to come to terms with his captors for his ransom, constantly increasing in the amount demanded. The tribe among whom he resided, too, are the most savage and untameable of the whole race; they form its largest division, and their country is inaccessible as yet to the only chastising Power which combines strength and public spirit; in other words, to Russia. These Tekkeh, or children of the 'he-goat,' are the great and typical Turkoman tribe, holding the same position in that race that the Anezeh hold among the Arabs, or the Comanche among the south-western American Indians. If there were white or brown slave marts in Texas as well as black slave marts, that state would exactly represent settled and Uzbek Turkoman in this latter comparison, which we trust Texas readers will excuse for the sake of the completeness of the remaining analogy. The northern provinces of Mexico—Durango and Chihuahua—long stood in identically the same position of a regular hunting-ground for Comanche slave-hunters that Khorasan stands in towards the Turkomans.

The Turkomans in no way resemble the hordes of Timur, overwhelming for conquest's sake, destroying all who resisted, yet always reconstructing and making codes of law in a rough and barbaric but not unjust fashion—the *Yasa* of Jenghiz and the *Tuzukât* of Timur. They are rather as a chronic and unchecked disease, eating its way by corrosion into the body of Persia, and almost into the very vitals of its most extensive province. There is nothing in the world more worthy of commiseration than the fate of the wretched Persians who are the victims of these man-stealers. Yet, after all, it only requires public honesty, good management, and disciplined effort on the part of Persia to hold in check, if not actually to break up and destroy their power. And it is just this power, the most hateful feature in Turkistan, which is secured for a long time to come from the wholesome control of Russian conquest by its unapproachable position in the interior.

The closing remarks of this work may perhaps serve to revive a subject of former uneasiness and warmth of discussion among ourselves which has now long lain dormant. Russian encroachment in Central Asia, at one time arrested by the strong hand of winter, laid on the advancing army of Perofski, has for twenty years past substituted a system of military colonies, steadily pushed forward from post to post, for one of direct military invasion. The great Kirghiz steppe, broad, and, until the recent wells were dug, impassable in the west, is narrow enough in the east to allow regular troops to pass, with due control of the route, to the valley of the Jaxartes, and the fertile Khanate of Khokand. The barrier

of inner Central Asia has now been passed. Russia has for a moment resumed her old military attitude of defiant aggression; and some, if not all, of the Khokand territory, after such resistance as the natives, untutored in war, could offer, has fallen a prey to her victorious arms. On arriving in England, brimful of this news, which had also come to us by dribblets through Indian channels, Mr. Vámbéry heard everywhere that it was an absurdity to conceive it could affect our interests or our position in any way. 'Let us,' he was told, 'hear no more of a question so worn and so out of fashion. If Russia undertakes the meritorious and onerous task of civilisation, in such wild and barbarous regions, so much the better for all. England has not the slightest cause to watch such a policy with envy or jealousy.' And Mr. Vámbéry is not quite satisfied with this easy optimistic view of a subject which was enough to destroy the sleep and half empty the purses of the whole past generation of our statesmen.

For our own part, we profess to understand the meaning of both parties, and are not without sympathy for each. Five-and-twenty years ago Mr. Vámbéry would have found every man of us, Lords and Commons, Palmerston and Urquhart, dailies, weeklies, and quarterlies, hungry and battling for scraps of information about Turkistan, like Turkish street-dogs round a bone. But now he finds that he has brought his Central Asiatic wares to a very heavy and sluggish market, and he is naturally discontented at meeting with either carelessness or antagonism. On the other hand, so far as the view thus alleged to be the prevalent one in England is

the result of conviction, based on a direct increase of knowledge, and on a subordination of petty narrow instincts of hostility or blind self-preservation to the broader interests of humanity rightly perceived, we sympathise with it, and entirely justify our countrymen. But we believe this to be the case only exceptionally, and that our vanity leads us to mistake that for acquiescence which is in reality but apathy. We willingly lend our ears therefore to Mr. Vámbéry when he protests against utterances which are, to a great extent, but the voice of the sluggard complaining that we have roused him too soon—and all the more when the voice, as is its wont, is too self-complacent, not to say pragmatistical, and self-righteous, in its tones. The last generation bragged in its complacency about the keys of India and the Douranee empire, just as the present generation is bragging about humanity and the British lion lying down with the Russian bear; and it was equally free from misgivings as to its own work. Now we do not like, old-fashioned as we are, this sudden *volte-face*, turning our back on and stultifying our past selves in this way. Our self-love, not greater, perhaps, than that of other nations, has a window in its breast, and its visceral workings and contortions, under the fierce crave of constant hunger, lie open to the whole world. But Mr. Vámbéry, a stranger among us, who has never read a year's consecutive files of any newspaper, knows nothing of its operations, and is quite unused to the process by which we extract the nutritive matter of self-satisfaction out of circumstances not wholly satisfactory. He therefore seems to grumble a little at the line taken with regard to his

political suggestions, which, indeed, are of the very slightest and briefest nature.

We confess we do not hold the circumstances to be wholly, or at least unconditionally, satisfactory. It is assuredly a great boon to humanity that some of the most fertile countries in the world should be restored to life, and touched by the breath of material progress. It is matter of thankfulness that bad and cruel tyrannies, held disgraceful among Asiatic nations themselves, should crumble to dust at the first blow from the Northern Giant. To us it seems a matter of absolute certainty that Russia must advance as it were by a law of growth until she has firmly planted her standard on the northern foot of the Hindoo Koosh. Her advance, imperceptible from day to day, is, and has been, slow and resistless as the advance of an Atlantic tide. The nearer England and Russia agree upon certain limits to be maintained immutably by their own moderation, mutual good understanding, and by what may become ultimately their essential identity of policy in Asia, the less will be the chances of hostile collision, and the better for the world. But what we look upon with apprehension is the fathomless gulf of Afghanistan, ever raging with intrigue and discord—never apparently to settle down into a fixed government. This gulf, from the nature of the country, seems likely for a long time to intervene between the two powerful empires. Russian policy has always run in the groove of political intrigue, and her agents cannot perhaps extricate themselves from it if they would; we too are under constant temptation to coquet with the politics of these states; either party may be led

by Asiatic adroitness, the ambition of frontier officers, or other causes, into a course which may lure both parties on into a monstrous expenditure of blood and treasure. 'I should like, indeed,' says Mr. Vámbéry, 'to see the politician who would affirm that Russia, once in possession of Turkistan, would be able to withstand the temptation of advancing, either personally or by her representatives, into Afghanistan and Northern India, where political intrigues are said always to find a fruitful soil.' No doubt, if there be a defective joint in the defensive armour of our Indian empire, that joint is more liable to be probed now than before. We must just make up our minds to this. But this gives us all the more reason for tightening the rivets. If there be such a joint in an otherwise noble fabric, it is the want of sympathy between a high and typical European race and the ultra-Asiatic race over which it rules.

There is one condition upon which alone the Russian tenure of Turkistan will be a source of clear satisfaction to us, and that is, a thorough understanding between London and St. Petersburg. What we now deprecate in England is apathy and want of knowledge on the subject—the loose humanitarian or egotistical makeshift writing—and the constant oscillation between utter neglect and raving panic. There are even now pamphlets and newspaper articles—more in India than here—written under the last of these influences; perhaps even statesmen may be found here not quite free from it. But if we cannot be roused from apathy by anything short of a panic, we own that we prefer even the panic for the sake of the information we are thereby stimulated to acquire.

Information about current politics in this quarter which the unofficial public gets is very meagre and confused, and rarely altogether correct. Something is vouchsafed by Russia, or is picked out of Continental papers; something filters westwards through Persia and Turkey; most of it—perhaps the least authentic part—is taken from the correspondence supplied to Indian papers by their native *akhbar navis* or news-writers in Central Asia—mere retailers of bazaar gossip; and these hardly enable us to construct an intelligible story with all the help of check and counter-check.* When panic rages in England, it is mostly roused by the sensation articles of the Indian press on this last set of alleged facts—articles often written with smartness and ability equal to the best metropolitan standard, but generally provincial in their vehement way of pushing their idea to its extremest. They are unrestrained by the self-control and sense of responsibility so remarkable in our best London papers, because they exercise a less direct influence over Government operations. The energetic and working English class to which their writers belong—the active, ardent, inexorable Englishman whom, when in the harness of progress, we now idealise under the name of Anglo-Saxon, has never felt the restraint of a land frontier putting him face to face with an equally powerful empire, such as is familiar to anybody at Paris, Vienna, or Berlin. In India, one of a visibly dominant race, he is apt to

* The 'Morning Post' we may distinguish among our journals for its assiduous observation and judicious selection of Continental news on the subject. Its own commentary we think a little too tinged with Russophobia, though this perhaps is unavoidable, as the only way of attracting attention.

become as one '*Jura negans sibi nata,*' and he is getting to chafe under the prospect of such a frontier which is likely to enforce on him a new position and new responsibilities. In perusing his facts we are prone to adopt his extreme conclusions; and this goes far to account for our bursts of passion when we are moved at all. The occasional outbreaks of overbearing offensiveness or contumely towards natives, the slight estimation of their ideals and their literature, which are the only blot on our occupation in India, and one for which our Government is not in the least to blame, are evils which must be mitigated, and our sympathy with natives will have to be increased, in front of a Power whose whole command over Asiatics is said to lie in her placing them on a footing of social equality with her own central race, and her absence of all caste feeling. Too much has been said, it may be, on the Continent, about her capacity for sympathy and absorption—her '*Assimilationsfähigkeit,*' as those wonderful Germans call it: too little has been said here, we are sure. It may be well to reflect that the words '*nigger-classic,*' applied to Firdausi and Hafiz, are not as yet to be found in the Russian dictionaries; and that the two great vernacular languages of extra-Arabian Asia, neglected here, are taught in Russia with admirable vigour and success. In India nobody is taught Turki, knows anything about it, or seems to have heard of it; and Persian, when learnt voluntarily by us, is learnt as a dead, not as a vernacular language—as the Persian of 'Stratford-atte-Bow,' not of the Eastern Frenchmen of Isfahan. Yet the encouragement of Persian study, we believe, would go far in breaking

up the standing Mussulman Hetairia which frets under and almost menaces our rule. If Hindustani, adopted by us as the future general language of India, is to be a language, and not a jargon, it must become so by means of its alliance with Persian, the speech which all Indian Mussulmans have at their heart, and use as the one feeder, or channel of other feeders, for all their abstract thought, their politics, science, and poetry.

Military invasion of the territories of a Power holding the Khyber and the Bolan defiles we conceive to be so utterly out of the question as not to be worth a moment's unprofessional discussion. A stampede of irregulars, Timur and Jenghiz fashion, is to the holders of the passes but as a cloud of mosquitos. A regular army would have to cross six passes, only open for a few months, to get from Turkistan to Kabul; and Kabul, viewed and occupied by us as the political capital of the country, is not on the high road to India but off it. If on it at all, Kabul and its mountains are only so as Meiringen and the Bernese Oberland are on the way to Italy, *a way*, but not *the way*. The true military road to India lies by Herat and Kandahar. If there be such a thing as a key to India above the passes, it is this latter city. Our power was maintained here during the Afghan war and rebellion, not only triumphantly but also beneficially. The awful disasters of Kabul have made us forget the success with which Kandahar was held, and the ability with which its civil administration was exercised by Rawlinson. There is no reason whatever to make us shirk and shut our eyes to the contingency—which we trust may never

be realised—of a second occupation in the event of a seriously hostile attitude assumed towards us by Russia. The possession of Turkistan, the submersion of the Caucasus, the reduction of Persia to a state of moral vassalage against the grain, we hold to be no hostile attitude, and have been long prepared for them. These things—deplorable as is to us that one particular of the annihilation, in the very teeth of their half-hearted and injudicious bottle-holder, of a European race of warriors and patriots, wild, bold, and primitive as the Germans of Arminius or the Iberians of Viriathus—are not directly alarming to us more than to other Europeans, but they call imperiously for our attention and our pondering well in mind. We are fully confident that our Indian statesmen are herein doing their duty and acquiring the needful knowledge on the subject; and we trust that our home public, augmenting and steadying its interest in the same, will continue to put the best face on the matter, without overstraining and distorting its features into a mere meaningless smile of self-complacency. Russia was not all vice ten years ago, nor is she all virtue now. She may seem, and in some degree is really, modifying her former policy; but she has not yet turned her swords and spears into ploughshares and pruning-hooks. They yet reek with the heart's blood of a most noble European nation. She must be watched, and she must be understood. We do not deplore, nor do we ecstatically admire, but on the whole look favourably, on *Jenghis Khan's* reappearance in our day as a Prince of the Empire, a wearer of white gloves, discouraging on petichomanie with Mr. Sala; or on the

son of a Kirghiz Khan coming forth as a scientific traveller under the name of Velikhanoff, and not sparing his fellow tribesmen in his new-born imitative European zeal. The prospect open to us is, under certain conditions, encouraging; and we think that, in this direction at least, Europe and Asia will be benefited, even assimilated, by mutual contact. The Russia of Alexander II. is not the Russia of Catherine and Potemkin; and she now bids fair to become content with a natural growth where formerly she was barbarously eager to covet and to annex. An attempt now to arrest her progress up to a certain point is, to use the striking metaphor of Abbott, the Khivan, but an attempt to confine a vigorous young forest sapling within the glass walls of a greenhouse. Beyond this we honestly believe that both Russia and England can each, in the long run, be the better for being thus placed on the best behaviour at home and abroad, if only by a respect for the moral leverage which each may exhibit to its former rival as lying in its hand ready for it to exercise over the native population of the other. The victory, if contest there be, will favour the conquering empire at least as much through its sympathy with Asia as through its command of European arts and forces, and it will therefore be a deserved victory.

(From the *PALL MALL GAZETTE* of August 18, 1865.)

The Russians in Central Asia. Translated from the Russian, by T. and R. Michell. London: Stanford, 1865.

THIS book is a series of Russian memoirs by different hands on various countries in Central Asia, selected, translated, and strung together by one or both the Messrs. Michell, with the view of enlightening and reassuring the English public regarding the advance of that empire south-eastwards.

Now, three things are necessary to produce a good English translation of Russian works upon Central Asia, dealing both with personal narrative of travels in a little-known region, and with the historical, geographical, and other information thereby acquired. Firstly, a knowledge of the Russian language, in which the original is written. Secondly, a knowledge of the English language, into which the translation is made. Thirdly, and chiefly, a knowledge of the subject-matter under treatment, of its elementary groundwork, and of all its collateral bearings. With regard to the first point, Mr. Michell, the translator of the ambitious compilation now lying before us, is both a fortunate and a deserving man: fortunate in having among Englishmen almost a monopoly of the possession of the Russian language, the speech of some sixty millions of men, whose daily work is aggressive enterprise, breaking new geographical ground, and at least commercial rivalry with ourselves. He is a deserving man for seeking, as he has done in the present instance, to turn his rare and valuable acquisition to the good purpose of en-

lightening the darkness of his fellow countrymen upon a subject which should be of the highest curiosity and importance to them. How he has performed that part of the task which consists of translating his original we cannot undertake to say, but as one good half of that original consists of more or less uncouth proper names, it matters all the less, and we give him, therefore, due credit for an exact version. How he has managed the proper names aforesaid we shall see before we have done with him. The English into which he has made his translation is not that of one having complete familiarity with and mastery over our language, but it is good enough for all practical purposes; and, if the book is unintelligible, it is not Mr. Michell's bad English which makes it so. To be sure, he now and then only confuses when he means to elucidate. We were horrified, on first opening the book in the middle, at hazard, as people will do, at finding a long story about the Montenegrins and the Mont-Albanians fighting away right in the middle of Tartary, with Turks to keep them company, as was to be expected. Many—perhaps most—readers will languidly take it all for granted, yawn, say, 'It's all the East, you know,' or seek refuge in some other approved formula of *kismet* or expression of literary resignation, and pass on to the next page. But, after all, we conjecture it to be merely this, that Mr. Michell finds in his Russian text the words *Bielogortsi* and *Chernogortsi*, meaning White mountaineers and Black mountaineers respectively, and seeks to convey a more elegant turn to his translation by giving it in foreign compounds instead of plain English. Nobody will

be the worse for this, nor will anybody be the better for it, and we forgive the deed for the will. This last sentence would stand as our verdict upon the whole book, if it were not for the manner in which our third and fundamental requisite—preliminary knowledge of the subject-matter—has been ignored and neglected. This we cannot forgive; and we are not going to mince matters in speaking our mind about it.

For, if the food now offered to us be of fair quality, and the cooking unexceptionable, the catering has not always been judicious, and the dishing, the serving up, and the carving are simply infamous. In other words, the carelessness and the slovenliness with which this work has been edited and allowed to go forth are disgraceful to all concerned in it. The translator's work in matters of this kind is merely mechanical, assuming it to be always correct. The important part of the business is the share taken by the editor or general superintendent, and it is this which, by sheer inattention, ignorance, and misprision of blunders, has in the present case gone far to ruin the book, seriously impairing its value, if not rendering it altogether worthless. As it stands, it is all but worthless, except to those who possess the key to it by sufficient previous knowledge of the subject; and this is merely a periphrastic and allusive way of mentioning Sir Henry Rawlinson, who alone among human beings over here would be able to turn it to any account. In a sensible, modest, and well-written preface, the translators, knowing no better, express their obligations to the late Mr. Hume Greenfield for what they call his 'valuable assistance in editing the work and con-

ducting it through the press.' It is this 'valuable assistance' which seems to have been the shirt of Nessus which has killed the book. It is anything but pleasant to be compelled, as we are now compelled, to speak in severe terms of the sins of the recently deceased, of men who may have been blameless, nay, meritorious, in other respects; but there is no choice before us. Nor, as all parts of the volume are equally pervaded by editorial notes, albeit few and far between, can we accept the decease of the editor as an excuse for the occurrence of sins which are of commission as well as of omission. These notes, when not elementary, useless, and in a work of this kind, childish, as that which tells us that Mazanderan is a province south of the Caspian, are heart-breaking and shameful, as in the following instance. The text says, 'The high judge Kazy, is responsible for all religious matters.' And the editor puts as a note to, 'Kazy' this:—'In all probability the same as the Arabian "cadi." Which is the elder language, or may it not have been introduced with the spread of Mahometanism?' This is too bad, and we are quite at a loss for an illustration to convey a sense of its transcendent ineptitude. Perhaps this will do:—'The French word *thé* in *thé dansant* is perhaps the same as the English *tea*. Which is the elder language, or may it not have been introduced with the spread of Chinese trade?' What with notes, and what with the text, the book swarms with this sort of thing, and a great deal besides, for some of which the translator must be made to bear his share of censure. The whole value of a work of this kind, made up of proper names, lies in the accuracy with which such proper

names are transcribed and handled. We have an excellent example of this, when done at its best, in the translation of a manuscript account of travels undertaken by a native of India in the southern parts of this same country of Central Asia, written in Persian, and done into English and put into proper shape by the late Professor Wilson and Mr. Edwin Norris of the Foreign Office, the Nestor of living English philologists. The version from language to language was nothing; the *réduction* was everything: upon this last these eminent scholars spared neither time nor labour, and did not deem a day wasted if they had to pass it in hunting up all sorts of outlandish dictionaries to find out, for instance, whether the station of Dong Baylak was written with one dot under the *b* or with two dots under the *b*, which would make it *y*. They knew that if Central Asia was worth writing about at all, it was worth writing about well. In consequence of this labour well bestowed, Meer Izzet Ullah's journals are now, and are likely to be for some time, the one standard authority for Chinese Turkistan among geographical writers. But here, in the present work, we have such things as one and the same place called Komula in one line, Komul a line or two on, then Khami, then Khamil, all in two pages; just as though a Frenchman were to call the Duke of Argyll first Campbell, then Kemble, then Cawmill, all in one breath. Here we may discriminate. Komula is probably accounted for by being a Russian genitive case, unsuspected or overlooked by the translator. The inflections of Russian are an undoubted source of confusion, in dealing with proper names, to a trans-

lator who does not know the right nominatives, and is too lazy or careless to find out somebody who does, or to look them out for himself. Thus, again, to take a trifling instance—the first that comes to hand—mention is made of a people called *Sarty* in Turkistan. Doubtless the translator found *Sarty*'s nominative plural in his Russian text, which might have its nominative singular either *Sart* or *Sarta*. The translator takes a shot at *Sarta*, instead of applying to any Orientalist, as he should have done, who would have told him that *Sart* is the ordinary name for a local Persian on the Lower Oxus. Petty errors like this, but of which this is the slightest, abound in every page, and by their accumulation may drive the few readers who are likely to take an active and intelligent interest in this book either to frenzy or to despair.

We have adverted to the nature of the Russian language as being one source of misapprehension and confusion. This point is curious, and, if we had space for it, would be worth working out in full. An additional instance or two will not be out of place. The first picture we see in the book—and we are very glad to see them as a relief—is that of a Central Asiatic 'rough' to all appearance, only somewhat the worse for wear. This personage is called *Darga*, one of the ministers of the Khan of Khiva. This seems a man's name, like any other name. A little further on we hear of *Darga* as a title, however; and it dawns upon us then that we have before us merely the *Darogha*, or chief of the police, bearing the ordinary appellation of every chief of police among Persianised Mahometans from the Tigris to

the Bay of Bengal. Though, on the whole, people who have been to India are not rare in England, yet neither translator nor editor came across any help here, or got any one to throw light on what appears unfamiliar to all by means of knowledge familiar to some. The error here arose from the Russian having no definite article, so that context alone could tell what was a name and what was a title. But readers may be reminded of 'the grandfather of Hoggs' going with the immortal Hajji Baba to the East India Museum, and showing him a Turkish Capudan Pasha's sword as being that of one Captain Packer. Again, the first geographical name we come to in the first paper in the book is that of the Lake of Aibugir, a sort of appendage to the south-west corner of the Aral. The map at the end of the volume, however, to which we naturally turn, only gives this lake in the form of a Russian adjective, and with a variant spelling of the body of the word, thus, Aibueeoorskoe, which looks odd rather than pretty, to say the least, and, of course, puzzles the unwary. The most fruitful source of mistakes, however, is not the Russian grammar, but the Russian alphabet. The benighted Muscovites have no more *h* in their alphabet than the dwellers in the Minorities have in their utterance; while Mahometans, who use the Arabic alphabet, have two. So Russians transcribing proper names, especially Asiatic ones, with *h* in them, are put to queer shifts in so doing. In a Russian book now lying before us, called 'Peregrin Pikel'—an old friend with a new face—there appears a character called Gatchvé, whom everybody might not recognise at first sight as being our old acquaintance

Hatchway; *g* being the general makeshift in Russian for a foreign *h*. One not knowing the original word of any foreign language may thus, in taking it at secondhand from Russian, be liable to mistake *y* for *h*, and *h* for *g*; and this mistake is made with unvarying and strange constancy throughout this book. In this way, so well known a word as that which we usually write Ghazee, for the religious warrior of Islam, always appears as Hazi in these pages, and may serve as a measure wherewith to indicate, the high-water mark of the translator's or editor's knowledge of even current and popular Orientalism, above which it so clearly lies. We repeat emphatically what we have already said, that every page of this work is vitiated and poisoned with errors of this description, with the proofs of gross carelessness and inattention, and with neglected items capable of being converted, through judicious illustration appealing to knowledge presumably possessed by the general reader, into stepping-stones or oases which may freshen him up, as it were, and encourage him to proceed on his way over much unavoidably hard and dreary ground.

Here is a strange article, for instance, called *biari*, exported from somewhere to somewhere else, which *biari* looks as mysterious as Sydney Smith's famous 'kimes.' Skinning and dissecting it, however, we first strip off the final *i*, which may be the Russian nominative plural. Then, restoring the Russian letter for *ia*, we get a character resembling our capital *B* slewed round to the left, so, *В*, which is used also in Russian transcription for the common continental *e* or German *ä*. Thus we get at last to

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the word *bes*, which is the ordinary Turkish for cloth, and is simply the English *baize*. Now a competent editor would have made this bit of baize serve as one of these spots of verdure wherewith to enlist the reader's sympathetic intelligence, instead of letting him drift on into the ditch behind his blind guide.

Our own readers, indeed, may cry out against us for detaining them in this way over so much verbal criticism. We beg to assure them, however, that we have but barely touched the subject, compared with the fulness of detailed correction and censure which it requires, and for which verbal criticism is the one thing necessary. The substance of the present compilation calls for separate treatment, irrespectively of its method. Much valuable matter, for which we are bound to express our acknowledgments to the Messrs. Michell as translators and compilers, can be extracted from it by those who know how; and, though we pretend to no special claim in this respect, we may endeavour to do so on a future occasion. But in its present garb and condition this book is one long outrage upon all Orientalists, or others who have any knowledge of Central Asia. The natives of that country call their river-side thickets *djengels*, the translator tells us, not having the remotest conception that he is simply taking the word *jungle* at second-hand through Russian ears and pens. We can only say that any critic who beats up Mr. Michell's *djengels* will find a great deal more both of the larger and of the smaller game of error than he will know what to do with. Meanwhile, we close with two extracts. 'Gold, in nuggets, forms the staple of trade between Karategin and Kokan, and

slaves (*lapis lazuli*), turquoises, and rubies, constitute that between Badakshan and Yarkend.' From which we now ascertain the Tartar word for slaves to be *lapis lazuli*.

Here is another, remarkable from the artless reference which we have put in italics:—

Such were the sanguinary means by which the Mont-Albanians once more acquired the ascendancy. Subsequently, in 1758, Burhaneddin, assisted by his brother Khan-Hodja, rose in insurrection, of which all the circumstances are to be gleaned from the Chinese historians. After an obstinate struggle, which lasted three years, Burhaneddin and Hodja Djagan, defeated by Chaokh, the Tzian-Tziun of Ili, fled to Badakshan, where they were slain by Sultan Shah, ruler of that place, and their heads sent to the Chinese camp.

Now we give this for a fair ordinary specimen of the staple of the book, which goes maundering on like this for scores upon scores of pages, enliened by nothing but errors and misprints. That Tzian-Tziun is too much for us, however. We own that he unmans us; and, having already taken it out of our lungs in scolding, we are fain to sit down at last and relieve our feelings by a good cry.

SPURIOUS TRAVELS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

April 24, 1866.

Those who have read Mr. Michell's well-timed and valuable collection of recent Russian memoirs upon Central Asia cannot fail to have had their attention arrested by a very startling footnote in the earlier part of the book. In this we were informed that a manuscript had then recently come to light in the

archives of the military topographical department of the Russian War Office, written by a German Baron whose surname had been purposely erased, and containing the narrative of a journey performed by him in Central Asia, which, if authentic, would have been one of the most adventurous exploits ever achieved by European travellers. The Baron was described as having been in the confidential employment of the East India Company, entrusted by them with a roving commission for the purchase of horses north of the Himalaya. In the discharge of this duty he traversed the inaccessible regions which intervene between the northern apex of India and the modern Russian frontier conterminous with Chinese Turkistan—countries which, up to the present time, have only been known at their extremities, or by hearsay, or by the feeble light of information afforded by natives. The curiosity of this story was enhanced and made mysterious by the intentional suppression of the author's name, taken in combination with the distinct statement of his having been in the Company's service, avowed or unavowed. This statement naturally made a stir among our leading geographers and Anglo-Indians, and communications were at once addressed to Russia with the view of eliciting further information. Previously to the appearance of Mr. Michell's book, however, a new memoir appeared in the 'Transactions of the Imperial Geographical Society,' drawn up by M. Veniukof, a distinguished geographer and traveller. This, nominally an essay upon a nation or tribe of people called the Belors—~~who~~ whoever they may be—is based upon the narrative of the German Baron, and mainly consists

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of sufficiently copious extracts from it. Of this Mr. Michell has just made a translation on behalf of our Geographical Society. In the meanwhile a brief separate summary of the narrative had been addressed by the eminent Orientalist, M. Khanikof, in reply to Sir R. Murchison, having the advantage over the extracts of giving an account of the journey in a continuous form. When we reviewed Mr. Michell's book last autumn we took occasion to say, in reference to the outrageous crust of provoking surface-error in dealing with proper names with which it is coated throughout, that its important contents would be practically useless to anybody who was not already master of the subject in so far as known; such being merely another form of naming Sir Henry Rawlinson. Veniukof's memoir and Khanikof's summary fortunately found their way at once into Sir Henry's hands, and afforded him sufficient means of critical examination to obtain a general insight into the nature of the German's adventures, and to pronounce upon their authenticity or spuriousness with a fair degree of certainty. The verdict, cast into the form of an oral and extempore running commentary upon the extracts given by Veniukof, was delivered by Sir Henry at the last meeting of the Geographical Society.

It appears that the Baron, whose MS. is dated 1806, made his final start from the capital of Cashmere on the 8th of May, in some unspecified previous year, possibly 1805. Cashmere, we may remark, is here treated as the extremity of *terra cognita*. This is true enough for 1806, but it was very far from being so in 1805. At that time it was,

from political reasons, all but inaccessible to Europeans, and at that time only visited by one traveller, viz. Tavernier, since the days of Bernier. It is obvious that some account should have been given in explanation of the Baron's process of reaching Cashmere at all. Yet he not only penetrated there without any difficulty, but actually did so at the head of an expedition almost amounting to a small army, having under his command Lieutenant Harvey and forty sepoy, at a time when the rising power of the Gorkhas on the one hand, and of the Sikhs on the other, are known to have been hermetically sealing the upper provinces of India to European access from the south, and when it was with the utmost difficulty that Runjeet Singh could be prevailed upon to receive Metcalfe's friendly mission, much less allow a company of sepoy to march on end through his territories. This at once goes far to condemn the whole story. Being on Cashmerian ground, we may as well say, for our part, that the strongest negative evidence exists that no such a person was ever in that province. Godfrey Vigne, Baron Von Hügel, and Dr. Henderson, a very enterprising and little known traveller, happened to meet at Cashmere in 1835. It occurred to these gentlemen to raise a monument there in honour of their European predecessors. They obtained Runjeet's permission from headquarters, and duly carved the names on a slab of black marble, which has by this time probably disappeared. These, as currently known up to that year, were but seven in number—Bernier, Forster, Moorcroft, with his two companions, Victor Jacquemont and Wolff. Had the Baron or the apocryphal

Lieutenant Harvey ever been in the valley in 1805, they and their sepoys could not possibly have been forgotten there in 1835. It must be remembered that Cashmere, now so well known, and surveyed as accurately as Switzerland, was then an Afghan dependency, as impenetrable to British influence as Inner Tibet now is. They started on the 8th of May, and on the 9th they sighted a volcano called Darunudan, at a point which the context shows to have been hard by or across the Indus—a distance which might have been accomplished by a moderately fast express train within the time assigned, but by nothing slower. Still, it must here be borne in mind that the extracts embedded in Veniukof's memoir are not continuous; and allowance must be made for this when subjecting them to criticism. Not that this principle will help the Baron in the present case, where he has assigned dates to his days. Here, in the valley of the Indus, the Baron takes his final plunge into the unknown world. We are absolutely without landmarks to guide us in so far as his narrative is concerned, and are adrift on an unknown ocean as vaguely as Columbus after the first fortnight's sailing. All we know is that what the Baron saw there nobody else has seen, and that what we know by hearsay and by enquiry is exactly the contrary of that which he describes himself to have seen. There are volcanoes where none are known to exist; there are wine-bibbing infidels of the blackest dye in a district known to be entirely Mahometan. The volcano story, indeed, embodies two halves of truths put together so as to make a whole falsehood. There are one or two insulated hills within the Cashmere

valley bearing names which may be twisted into 'Darumudan,' but they are far away from the road which leads north-west, and they are not volcanic. There is a splendid mountain visible from that road, but not volcanic either. There is a very curious volcanic patch of ground locally called the *Suhoyum*, or *Burning Ground*, described in the '*Ayîn i Akberi*,' and visited by *Vigne*. But then this is a dead level, and off the road, though in the right direction. Henceforward the route continues through the unknown mountain land until the Baron arrives at the city of *Kashgar* on the 12th of June. Previously to this, apparently when well on the tableland of *Pamir*, the '*terrace-roof of the world*,' as it is well and strikingly called in Persian, he had detached the lieutenant and the sepoy in charge of a contingent of horses, purchased in a region where nothing but yaks, and possibly little mountain ponies, are known to be used, to make the best of their way across the rocks and glaciers back again to India. The plains of Hindostan were then the scene of Lord *Lake's* famous *Mahratta* campaigns. The party had the ill luck to fall among *Mahrattas*; and they disappeared without making a sign, being destroyed, taken or slain in battle, Mr. *Harvey*, sepoy, horses, and all. While all this was going on the Baron made divers excursions from *Kashgar*, and ultimately made his way back to India round through the *Uzbek* states of Independent *Turkistan*. The British authorities there made his position uncomfortable, and vexed his soul by talk of making him responsible for the loss of the horses. But he extricated himself from this predicament with honour, whatever that may

mean. When men of the sword have recourse to tall talk about honour, it has been observed that it is because they have no better argument in store. In this case it seems to mean that his conscience felt no qualms at abandoning the service of the Company—assuming him to have ever existed in the flesh—and palming off this prodigious figment upon the Russians, who have, strange to say, been accepting it without a word of hesitation or of criticism ever since its discovery. How he got to Russia, or if he ever went there at all, does not appear from anything as yet made public. The narrative is written in German, and exists also in a French translation. The MS. is described as magnificent in appearance, and is said to contain forty beautiful sketches from nature, which we sincerely hope will some day fall into the hands of Sir Andrew Waugh or Colonel Strachey, or some other competent Himalayans. Then it is full of geographical positions alleged to be determined by actual astronomical observation, and it is these more than anything which induced the Russians to accord their full credence to the authenticity of these travels at first sight. But it is these also which, more than anything, determined Sir Henry to reject the whole story, perceiving as he did the utter impossibility of such instrumental observations being scientifically taken by unmolested European travellers in the wildest and most impracticable country on the earth.

April 25.

M. Veniukof, in communicating to the public the strange story to which we referred in our article yesterday, does not appear to entertain any mis-

givings with regard to it, or any sense of its being made up of inconsistencies, and even impossibilities, which require explanation, to say the least. His own introductory portion of the memoir, nominally on the people whom he calls Belors, is so far valuable as showing to us how very limited is his knowledge—which we may fairly take as a favourable sample of the best Russian knowledge—of the considerable mass of information which has been accumulating upon the Indian side during the last thirty years respecting the region in which he places the Belors; the complicated mountain mass north of the apex of India, containing the respective head waters of the Oxus, the Yarkand river, the two main northern affluents of the Kabul river, and the river of Gilgit and other minor streams falling into the Indus. Of course we do not wish in the remotest degree to discredit his knowledge or to institute invidious comparisons. This region lies within the special domain of our investigation, just as that north of Pamir lies within the Russian domain; and it is for the geographers of each side to inform the others out of their respective fulness. Our two sheet-anchors of knowledge in this direction are the personal narrative of Wood's journey to the actual source of the Oxus on the one side, and on the other Godfrey Vigne's travels in Little Tibet, supplemented by several scientific and accurate memoirs of the actual survey of the latter country. Between Wood's farthest and the farthest point reached in the Gilgit and Yaxen valleys there is but a small district untraversed by Europeans, and the nature of this, little known though it be, is quite well enough known for the

purposes of negative criticism. We are able to say that no such people as Belors have ever been heard of here. None have been found in Gilgit by the English officers who went there. None have been heard of in Chitral, a Mahometan principality at the head of the river called Kama when first made known to us, but now generally called Kuner. No Europeans have actually been to Chitral, though Dr. Henderson, who succeeded in getting to the head of the Bajore valley, and was there seized and imprisoned for having been caught writing, was very near it; but we have plenty of coincident knowledge about it, obtained from perfectly different points of observation far apart, yet all agreeing and consistent in detail. One coincidence is striking enough to merit remark. This last country seems to be called Kaushkaur at Peshawur, and its people, or some of them, Cobi or Gobi—a name found in the Baron's MS., who probably got it from Lieutenant Macartney's memoir annexed to Elphinstone. Major Leech gives a vocabulary of this Kaushkaur language collected in Afghanistan, which is absolutely identical with the Chitrali given as collected in Little Tibet by Cunningham, and each, so far as the examples are the same, nearly identical with one collected as Chitrali by Vigne. Again, the country of the modern Dardus on the valley of the Indus is physically almost inaccessible, for the great river there bursts through what must be like a hundred miles of *Via Mala*; and is equally inaccessible politically, for it is in a wild state, and its neighbours call it *Yaghistan*, the land of révolt, rebeldom—a nice friendly country for tame sepoy to traverse. It has not been visited, but its

people, the descendants of the Daradæ of the Greek and Daradās of the Sanskrit classics, are known to be Mahometans, the names of their tribe subdivisions are well ascertained, and we have vocabularies of their dialects. There are certainly no Belors here. The only people within the area remaining over for consideration are the so-called Siyâh-Pûsh, or black-vested Kafirs of Kafirstan. Here, without any personal exploration, we have an abundance of information from numerous and copious sources—from Elphinstone's report based on Molla Nejib's visit, who penetrated to the heart of their country, even reaching a point three days short of Badakhshan, down to the valuable series of memoirs lately drawn up by Captain Raverty from native reports obtained at Peshawur. Of their language we have four vocabularies to begin with, mainly agreeing, though clearly of different dialects: Burnes's, Vigne's, one collected by Trumpp in Afghanistan, who was able to construct a good grammatical sketch of the language, and one sent to Mr. Norris from our mission at Tehran, picked up from an old Kafir woman who had somehow strayed there. Their language is a mountain Prâkrit, or descendant of Sanskrit, run wild, and the people are, more or less, of Indian race and origin. Their area is fairly well known: anyhow, we are sure that none are to be found on the Indus. Yet one of their names for God, which varies as Imra, Imrai, Yamrai in the vocabularies—a word we suspect to be neither more nor less than Yam-rai, or King Yama, the well-known Indian Pluto—is encountered more than once by the Baron upon the Indus, or close to it, where there are none but Ma-

hometans, hundreds of miles away from any known Kafirs. It is safe to say that the Kafirs are not Belors, and that they do not talk a language called the Hill. They do not, nor does anybody else. We can draw the matter to a head here, as regards M. Veniukof at least. It is these Kafirs whom he appears to consider identical with the Baron's Belors, for he refers to Burnes's and Wood's information regarding the Kafirs as so much illustrative evidence on the subject of the Belors. But, by doing so, he shows that he knows hardly anything of the mass of accumulated information which we have been acquiring since the days of Burnes upon the whole of the mountain area which the Baron represents himself to have traversed; and he seems quite unaware of the fact that we are now in a position to define and lay out this area philologically and ethnologically with outlines of considerable approximate accuracy, thanks to Vigne, Strachey, Cunningham, Montgomerie, Godwin-Austen, and others who have worked from the side of Little Tibet or Baltistan.

The real case about Belor is simply this: a name as like Belor as their languages will admit is given to the Baltis of Little Tibet by the Chinese on the one hand, and by the Dardu tribes in the valley of the Indus on the other; the word being apparently the same as that from which the Persian forms Balti and Baltistan themselves arose. In other words, these Belors, in so far as they exist at all, are but Little Tibetans, whose country is much better known to us now than the Vallaisan Alps were thirty years ago; but lies away to the north-east of the Baron's alleged route. Far away from this, across the table-

land of Pamir, there seems to be a town or district called Bolor, the position of which was fixed in 1750 by a Jesuit in the great survey executed for the Emperor of China; there may also be a river Bolor in the same place, and there is authority for assuming a range of mountains to exist under that name, but probably on a limited scale, and running southwards from the main chain separating apparently the Central valley from that of Yases or Gilgit, rather than on the vast scale, stretching north and south for hundreds of miles, given in our ordinary maps. Additional confusion on the surface is caused with regard to this name, as applied to mountains, by the similarity of other names applied in this direction to the same or other mountains: such as Billûr Tagh, the mountain of crystal, and Bulut Tagh, the mountain of clouds. It must be these latter which the Baron visited, as his voyage was *in nubibus*. But the separation of the two sets of names, the Tibetan set and the Pamirian set, is absolute and certain. Our knowledge within this area is not chaotic, as M. Veniukof says it is; it is rudimentary and imperfect, but quite clear in outline to a clear sight. If the Baron travelled among the people of Little Tibet, under the name of Belurs, we can reject his statements by positive knowledge; if he means by them the people of and beyond Pamir living in the district or on the river Bolor, we can say that, to the best of our present knowledge, the only people there found are Wakhanis (about whom we know a good deal), Tajiks (who speak Persian), or Kirghiz (who speak Turkish). The Bili language, indeed, seemingly suggested by the word Bolor or Belur, strikes us as a

piece of sheer impudence on the Baron's part. If, at all events, there should possibly turn out to be any such language north of the mountains, it would have no business whatever in the early part of the Baron's route on the Indus. He uses it as a general term, and it is in these that the story breaks down. We necessarily have great difficulty in checking and controlling his purely topographical details, but his generalisations are quite enough to explode the whole thing altogether. This Bili language is too bad. Hindi scholars will be at once aware that if it exists anywhere in Central Asia it must be among the Miao-tse of Eastern Tibet, who are evidently the ancestors of the Catti of Germany, and doubtless colonised Kattywar in India.

We have ventured to take our own ground in criticising this paper rather than to reproduce Sir Henry Rawlinson's remarks, which were sufficiently well reported at the time. We think, by the way, he laid a little too much stress on the single point of the rabbits seen by the Baron, rabbits notoriously not existing in Asia. Who can say what word the Baron's original text uses in this case? Mr. Michell translates from a translation, and the word at first may possibly have been hares, or marmots, or some other rodent's name. Be that as it may, the exposure and confutation of the whole story was complete, and it was not undertaken one moment too soon, for our maps have already begun to be affected by the Baron's nomenclature, and the Russian and other continental geographers have hitherto believed implicitly in him, without raising one dissentient voice. Sir Henry's preliminary step was the obvious one of

instituting a search among our various Indian public offices for some record of Lieutenant Harvey, his sepoy, and the horse-dealing transaction. Nothing of the kind was found; no lieutenant, no detachment of sepoy, and no horse-dealing expedition. This last, indeed, is obviously a suggestion derived by the fabricator of the travels from his knowledge of Moorcroft's expedition to purchase horses in Turkistan fifteen years later; and we may say that the whole narrative is made up out of similar suggestions, generally antedated in point of time, misplaced in point of locality, or otherwise mismanaged. Now, as we are thus able to say that no such persons as those named by the Baron ever existed, a fact which the Russians were naturally unable to know of themselves, it is clear that we are in a position to extend our doubts to the rest of the narrative before approaching it in detail, and to lay the burden of proof upon those who have assumed its authenticity. It is possible that some controversy may arise out of the matter; at any rate, we think that as the Russians have said so much, they are now bound to say more, and to offer some explanations as to the way in which they became possessed of the MS., and the nature of their dealings with its owner. We believe him to have been an adventurer, who sold them a book of sham travel in a country about which they happened to be interested, and excited to the last degree, during the period of Napoleonic alliance and the days of Tilsit, while we cared nothing; in the same way that we might have bought a similar work of sham travels—travels in the same country during the period just preceding the Afghan war.

when our own excitement about Central Asia was at its highest point. No doubt the Baron gave his own story about his confidential employment by the East India Company. But we are quite ready to take our chance of any damaging disclosures in this, provided we are told what we want to know and have a right to ask for. Live corporations, as we know, have no souls, and merely dead corporations have no ghosts. We are not likely to feel susceptible about a tale which is probably as apocryphal as the narrative of travel itself.

April 6, 1866.

A fortnight ago Sir Henry Rawlinson put a question to Mr. Layard relative to alleged Russian encroachments south of the Jaxartes, duly receiving a sufficiently satisfactory answer. The topic was so far removed from any current popular interest that many of our contemporaries did not even take the trouble of reporting the circumstance at all. None made any comment upon it; nor do we know that it attracted any notice in any way except, as we understand, a passing admiration for the unparliamentary and genuine Persian accent in which the half-oriental speakers pronounced the names of Bokhara and Turkistan. Possibly some difference was observed in the attitude and demeanour of Mr. Layard, when undergoing cross-examination by a master of his obscure subject, as compared with that not unfrequently displayed by him in the presence of men like Mr. Darby Griffith, let us say, trying to put him through his paces about Belgrade or Moldo-Wallachia—equally obscure subjects, but which lack the master hand to take them up. Let us here say that it is not unnatural that

Mr. Layard should be put out and lose his temper, as he is said to do, when compelled to answer questions on subjects of which he is master at all events of the ground work, when addressed to him by those who cannot state them without offending by elementary blunders in detail—a point not hard to demonstrate. It is most curious to contrast the apathy with which we have been receiving this question and official reply regarding the Russian advance in Central Asia with the extreme eagerness which the Russian journals have been displaying on the subject. They repudiate, with the utmost animation, any possible liability on the part of Russia to be held responsible to any party upon a matter entirely concerning her own interests; at the same time that they freely volunteer the statement, precisely the same as Mr. Layard's statement, that the Russian Government has no idea of advancing beyond its existing frontier. Now Mr. Layard never said that the formal assurance given to this effect was elicited by any official demand on our part, nor do the Russian papers deny that such assurance was really given to us. They simply take up the subject as an opportunity for a clear statement of their right to manage their matters their own way in Turkistan. But it is curious to see in detail how fully and well they write upon this subject so all important in our eyes thirty years ago, and to contrast this with our neglect. With the exception of the unique masterpiece in last October's 'Quarterly'—the authorship of which is obvious—we really now produce little more than mere civilisational optimism on our side, and mere panic-mongering on the Indian side, in such remarks as we make.

June 15, 1866.

From a leading article in yesterday's 'Times' we gather that a decisive engagement took place on the 20th of May between the Russian and the Bokharian troops, ending in the total defeat of the latter, with a loss of nineteen out of twenty-one guns. Nothing whatever can be gleaned from the article as to the actual ground upon which this fight took place; but if the original information had been placed before the public as received, there could be no room for any doubt as to the completeness or the deficiencies of its statement. In the course of the article the Russians are sometimes said to be 'at Bokhara' and sometimes 'in Bokhara.' These two expressions do not necessarily mean the same thing, and the difference may be essential and important. The one can only mean that the Russians are in actual possession of the most important city and the spiritual capital of Central Asia. The other may mean either that they are in that city, or in the territory which we may conventionally denote by the name of that city, for want of any better name. But, not having the information in its original state, we are quite in the dark as to which may be meant, and can only ascertain by inference. The home public may be indifferent on the matter, but it is one of considerable importance in the eyes of the Anglo-Indian community and of the geographical public. Why Russia cannot fight her own battles and do her own 'progress' in Turkistan without the subject being invariably here treated with reference to an impending military invasion of India we are at a loss to conceive.

The subject cannot be touched without the invasion being either apprehended, or deprecated, or pooh-poohed; without the exhibition of violent irritants here and strong sedatives there. The only possible cause of anxiety to us arises from the effect which the progress of an advancing Power, advancing in the line of traditional conquest, may have upon the public opinion of an alien and subjugated population ruled by us in India. No power of our own can now avail to stop this cause; not even the most inexorable justice, the highest administrative excellence on the part of our Government, so long as mankind, and particularly Asiatic mankind, are liable to panics and accessible to intrigue. We have done with native 'barriers,' and we cannot possibly check the Russian advance even if we would; all we have now to do is to make the best of it, and to fulfil our duty towards the natives of India as we are now fulfilling it. Besides this, we at home have got to learn geography, and to beware of coloured lines on maps. We suppose it is the incautious use of these last which has led our contemporary to tell us that Badakhshan touches the Punjaub. It touches it in just the same way that the upper valley of the Aar touches Piedmont. The Punjaub, properly a geographical term, may be legitimately used as a political term since the establishment of our administrative province under that name, and may thus be made to include countries like British Afghanistan, or even Cashmere and Little Tibet; but that will not make it touch Badakhshan. The road from the Upper Oxus, up the Dereh i Mastuj over into Chitral, and thence over another pass into Yasin and down to the valley of the Indus, is just

known to exist, and that is all; no European has ever traversed it. That, and the long way round by the Panjshir valley or by Kabul and Bamiyan, and one or two unknown roads through the Kafir country, are the only lines of communication with Badakhshan from the south. The countries hereabouts are not yet ripe for the application of red lines wherewith to indicate political or other condition.

August 27, 1866.

Mr. Henry Kingsley says he would like to be an Eton-bred young lord, with time, health, and money at command, so that he might go and spend it all in finding out the mystery of the Victoria Nyanza. Many people are said to wish to become lords, but the motives with which they are usually credited are nothing better than refined counterparts of those which made the Hampshire clown wish to swing on a gate, and eat fat bacon all day long. Conversely, it is not impossible that lords may be found who would have no objection to unlord themselves, and become other people. Mr. Kingsley's motive, at any rate, is not likely to be surpassed in originality as long as lords last; and as we doubt very much whether the actual modern Eton is going the right way to produce a crop of noble young Babers or Burtons—to take two opposite types of explorers—we must only be content with regret that Mr. Henry Kingsley cannot put back the dial of his own life for fifteen years like King Hezekiah, become an Etonian lord, and go off to the Nyanza with a Fletcher rifle and Sir Roderick's blessing. But if there is one

adventurous outbreak of this kind which we should prefer to Mr. Henry Kingsley's ideal journey, which, after all, must be dreary pottering work among rush-drains and the like for half the time at least, it would be to make a young lord of Mr. Charles Kingsley after his brother's pattern, and send him over the Himalaya into Chinese Turkistan. Conceive the original Kingsley out for a day's wolf-hawking in Khoten, mounted on a great Tartar war-horse, with the great black eagle perched at his saddle-bow. That would be something like sport—sport the like of which has never yet been fairly described by European man, and which must surely be the king and emperor of all sports. His day with the Bishop and Aben-Ezra after the gazelles in the desert at the back of Tripoli just gives a faint shadow of his rapture, and of the way in which he would chronicle his sport. We hope, then, that Mr. Johnson's account of his recent daring visit to Khoten, which we understand is about to be brought before the British Association, will not be long in finding its way to the hands of either brother, the first men to appreciate each of the varied elements of untrodden ground, fresh geographical scenes, fresh Alpine climbing thousands of feet above the Alps, fresh natural history, fresh everything. Mr. Johnson's story is, indeed, very remarkable, and we sincerely trust that when the Geographical Society come to take it up and put it fairly before the general public, they will, for once, speak with their heart in an Asiatic subject, and go as well upon their Asiatic as their African leg.

Mr. Johnson, civil assistant to the great trigonometrical survey of Cashmere, happened to find him-

self last year measuring and triangulating at a remote station near the head waters of the Karakash River, on the very verge of our tributary the Maharajah of Cashmere's dominions. He had received overtures while at Leh during the previous year from the new ruler of Khoten, who had just expelled the Chinese from that province, declared his independence, and taken the first opportunity of entering into relations with the nearest British officer within reach, and inviting him to visit his country. Mr. Johnson was able to resume these negotiations when stationed at the Kara-kash. On receiving the Khan's renewed guarantees, and assurances of safe conduct, he ultimately made his way to the capital across the Kiun Lun chain by a difficult pass, 18,300 feet high. This was then newly discovered by Juma Khan, the Vizier of Khoten, who had been sent to meet and escort Mr. Johnson at the latter's desire—a most worthy and intelligent personage who, among other things, at least deserves honorary association with the Alpine Club. He stayed four days at Ilchi, the capital, and made his way back, over the Himalayan passes, after enduring much hardship in consequence of the lateness of the season. The chief seems to have wished to detain him indefinitely, either as a hostage or security for some sort of relation, political and commercial, with British India, or as a military instructor; but Mr. Johnson got off by quietly pointing out to the Khan that detention could not serve any possible purpose; which the Khan, a reasonable man, appears to have understood without much trouble. Mr. Johnson's personal observations in this unknown and

inaccessible region are, of course, of the utmost value in every respect, apart from the work of his survey. The Schlagintweits crossed the Kiun Lun before him, but we cannot undertake to say positively whether or not any of the brothers actually penetrated to the town of Ilchi. We have an impression that the unfortunate Adolf may have done so, but at all events, with this possible exception, the country has been entirely unvisited by Europeans, and its natural inaccessibility must have been infinitely enhanced during the continuance of Chinese rule by their rigorous system of exclusion. The Chinese provinces of the west, however, have of late years been the scene of a series of more or less successful Mahometan revolts, not only in Turkistan, but even in China Proper. The present chief of Khoten, who had been *cadi* of that place during the Chinese rule, threw off the yoke on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca, in the course of which he traversed British India, and saw the results of our own Government with approving eyes, and achieved complete independence. He has held his own ever since, more particularly against his western neighbours of Yarkand and Kashgar, themselves in the flush of successful rebellion against the Chinese, but hard pressed by the people of Khokan to the west, who, as we know, are in turn driven to the wall by the Russians. The ex-magistrate, Mr. Johnson's friend, is a natural king of men of the Carlylese pattern, but he has begun his career late in life. He is eighty years old, six feet high, stout, of a fair complexion, and altogether a goodly specimen of the old Turkish gentleman, such as he was in the days before Ottomans

were heard of. He rules a province of 250,000 inhabitants, whereof his capital, Ilchi, contains 40,000; fine strong men, and short but pretty women, fair and cleanly in apparel, and dressing well, all Turks and Mahometans, great eaters of meat and drinkers of tea, all carrying on a considerable trade in the face of great difficulties, and most anxious to trade with ourselves in particular. The country, well watered by moderate showers, and irrigated from the rivers which flow northwards from the Kiun Lun, is fertile and productive enough to stand a favourable comparison with Cashmere itself, but its climate is described as being much superior; both dry and equable. This fertility is much increased by a fine impalpable dust or mould which is everywhere deposited from the boundless deserts which approach the cultivated country on the north-east, even coming within six miles of the city. This is wafted without wind in perfect calm, and fills the air so as completely to darken it. The phenomenon occurred during Mr. Johnson's stay, and he was then unable to read print at noon without a candle. The great desert is an ominous neighbour. It is raised by storms of wind into vast billows of sand, settling down into hills of three or four hundred feet high, and it has at times overwhelmed and destroyed entire cities. The tradition of the country is that three hundred and sixty were thus overwhelmed and buried in one day. The sites of these cities are partially known. Gold coins, some weighing four pounds, are found in one, but this is kept a profound secret by those who know the position. But the store of tea used for the actual consumption of the people is now dug out of one of these ruined

cities, and Mr. Johnson brought a brick of this tea away with him. The Chinese supply is now cut off. Mr. Johnson naturally points to the Khoten market as an obvious profitable outlet of our own British Indian teas. All the cities of what was once Chinese Turkistan, with the sole exception of Kashgar, are thus new cities, representatives of older cities swallowed up by the desert, and this was alleged to Mr. Johnson as the reason for the entire absence of all records and memorials of antiquity, such as might naturally be expected in so secluded a quarter.

We have merely touched upon a point or two in Mr. Johnson's most interesting report. Its practical value, however, lies in its important information and suggestions as to commerce. There is now every possible wish on the part both of the authorities and the people to facilitate commercial transactions with ourselves; there is a ready market for many leading articles of Indian produce, and there is no natural obstacle in the way which may not be avoided, if not overcome. There does not seem to be any occasion to cross either the Kiun Lun or the Karakorum ranges, the difficulties of which, from the absence of grass for the baggage animals and the entire lack of water and fuel, are not to be surmounted except at the most favourable season of the year. The Kiun Lun subsides into the plain at its eastern extremity, and this plain is perfectly practicable for wheeled carriages as far as the Khoten towns, conditionally on the goodwill of the wild Tartar shepherds who frequent it, and who are quite amenable to a moderate subsidy for the free passage of caravans. By this route it is now possible to maintain a direct

communication between the British territory and Khoten, without once touching the Maharajah of Cashmere's dominions at all. The main Himalayan range would of course have to be traversed, but the difficulties in this do not seem to be very great, and, at all events, are to some extent within our own remedy. The Niti Pass, suggested for the purpose by Mr. Johnson, does seem to have been once used as a commercial road, according to the traditional account given to Moorcroft in the country, and that traveller himself came upon the remains of an old road in that very neighbourhood, partly paved, and partly cut bodily out of the solid rock, like a Swiss mountain road, apparently the work of the most flourishing Mogul period. Beyond this the question would be merely one of arrangement. The Maharajah of Cashmere, an unsatisfactory potentate, who seems proof against fair persuasion in many matters, monopolises all the trade of his trans-Himalayan or Tibetan provinces with Turkistan, and his agents at Leh have his authority to raise any taxes they choose on the property of independent traders from the North. This, which was made a great grievance by the Khoten chief to Mr. Johnson, has killed private trade; and points to the advisability of avoiding the Maharajah's country altogether, if the evil is considered past remedy, or one unadvisable to touch on account of *la haute politique*. The trade with Yarkand, the greatest of these towns, would be equally open to us, now that the Chinese are expelled, but the western roads are much more difficult, and are beset by robbers. These last, people from the unvisited country of Hunz or Kanjut, have a mountain fastness

just beyond the Karakorum Pass, whence they sally forth to plunder the Yarkand caravans and sweep off the traders to sell as slaves. Mr. Johnson had to change his route for fear of these men, of whom he actually saw a body with his telescope. The very profitable commerce of the large cities lying far to the north, along the great river which loses itself into Lake Lop, of which Karashehr is said to be the principal, may in this way ultimately find a way to British India. The shawl-wool of Ush-Turfan is described as being the finest in these countries. But we venture to predict that here we shall not be the first to avail ourselves of a new market.

The country of Khoten, like all the Northern Himalaya more or less, is highly auriferous, and its streams wash down gold in abundance. The gold, which is not in actual circulation, is sold in small packets. The same quantity which fetches eighteen rupees in Cashmere can here be obtained for ten; an extraordinary cheapness, which the Maharajah of that country probably turns to account. The gold diggings were worked by convicts during the Chinese period, and their chief settlement, a place called Karangoták, which was passed by Mr. Johnson, seems still kept up as a penal colony. A fair account of the actual diggings was given by Ahmed Shah Nakshbandi in the 'Bengal Asiatic Journal' some ten years ago, in his report on the trans-Himalayan regions. We cannot close our brief recognition of Mr. Johnson's great service, without calling attention to the extraordinary accuracy and fidelity with which Moorcroft's account, solely gathered from the oral reports of

natives, is now proved to have been sifted and put together. The great majority of Moorcroft's statements are fully confirmed by actual observation.

September 21, 1866.

There is nothing more wonderful than the recklessness and effrontery with which men, who must be perfectly conscious of their own absolute ignorance, are always plunging headlong into generalisations about the East, each more intensely absurd and aggravating than the other. We could hardly believe our eyes when we read the law laid down in the Paris correspondence of yesterday's 'Times,' that a Mahometan State like Turkey would never have thought of cavilling or raising any question about the right of coinage in its dependencies so long as it remained in its unregenerate Eastern condition; but that, having now acquired a smattering of European ideas, it has learnt what a mint really means, and has taken to arrogate certain rights of supremacy to its own, it being well known that Sultans are by nature far too fond of coin to care very much who coined it. The thing is hardly credible; but there it stands in black and white, sure enough. Why, if there is one single idea more essential to Asiatic sovereignty than any other, more universally adopted throughout the whole length and breadth of Islam as the one symbol of supreme authority, it is the right of coinage combined with the right of name in the special Friday noonday prayer. Every independent Mahometan sovereign, from Morocco to the farthest Malayan east, employs one and the same

formula to proclaim his supremacy or his independence, and calls himself now, as he has always done from the earliest spread of the faith, the Lord of the *Sikkeh* and the *Khutbeh*, of the coinage and the sovereign's prayer. It is the one distinctive symbol of Eastern rule, if ever there was one. The writer in question will do well to study the numismatic history of India during the last century, in the days of early British settlement, before again going in at matters of which he knows nothing. Of course, in the larger empires there are provincial mints, as in Egypt now, but these are Imperial mints and strike the Imperial titles. The case reminds us of the cool way in which the Emperor turned his back upon himself last year about a similar matter. In the first edition of his Algerian pamphlet he wrote: 'The Arabs have lived till now in that sort of territorial community which is the law of peoples in the East. They have a very imperfect notion of individual right and property.' In the second edition this appeared as, 'The Arabs have not lived till now in that sort of territorial community which is the law of peoples in the East. They have a sufficiently exact notion of individual right and of territorial property.' The recklessness of this is more than imperial, it is god-like. Yet we shall know where to look for a parallel to it once a week if the Eastern question should really turn up. It all comes from *cleverism*, if we may use the term—over-generalisation with no knowledge of particulars; brickmaking with straw alone.

November 23, 1866.

The 'Old Indian' who has written a letter to the 'Times' justly commending the accurate and careful, but necessarily condensed, report given by that paper of the recent proceedings at the Geographical Society on the subject of Central Asia, does not appear to have had access to Mr. Johnson's original narrative, or to be acquainted with it, except through the 'Times' report, otherwise he would hardly have undertaken to reply to charges brought against the Maharajah of Cashmere, in which that potentate is specifically represented as wilfully placing obstacles in the way of such trade as exists between Turkistan and India, by the assertion that no extensive trade can exist, owing to the impracticable nature of the country. The whole point of that part of Mr. Johnson's report which refers to commerce is that a trade does exist in spite of every physical difficulty, and would flourish if it were not for the rigid monopoly of the Maharajah, who has succeeded in deterring all private traders from attempting to compete with him by ruinously prohibitive taxation, which is compelling the Chief of Khoten to adopt or threaten retaliatory measures. The existence or non-existence of trade between Cashmere and the late Chinese provinces of Turkistan is not a matter of open speculation and *à priori* reasoning. The Maharajah may be a 'much abused' man out in India, and may be wrongfully abused on every other account, for aught we know to the contrary, but it is quite impossible to consider him an injured and unjustly blamed man in this matter, in the face of Mr.

Johnson's positive and authentic statements. No doubt he would have much to say for himself at a geographical soirée, if put upon his defence. Most people are in the habit of saying a good deal for themselves when put upon their defence. However, he is now gone to plead before a sterner judge than Sir Roderick, if he really be the person whose death is announced in the Indian telegrams as the Maharajah of Kamgheer, as we suppose he must be. This event opens a boundless vista of frontier politics, complicated with geographical and ethnological questions, altogether beyond the ken and outside the precise knowledge of ninety-nine Anglo-Indians out of a hundred; though the correspondent of the 'Times' certainly shows that in a general way, he knows what he is writing about.

ALLEGED BRITISH AGENTS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

December 20, 1867.

Can it really be true, as the words of last Saturday's 'Spectator' certainly seem to imply, that we at this moment have a British agent in the heart of Central Asia, doing the all-comprising work of an Anglo-Indian envoy at the hitherto inaccessible and unvisited city of Yarkand? 'What in the world are we at in Leh,' asks our contemporary, 'with Dr. Caley as "Governor-General's agent" at Yarkand, that is, envoy, advising, protecting, and making treaties?' Is this really the case? No Englishman has ever advanced as yet farther from the South in the direction of Yarkand, than Dr. Thomson, the geographical gold medallist of last season; he only reached the crest of the Karakorum, and that was

about 1850. The line taken by the Schlagintweits and Johnson was north-eastwards across the Kiun Lun to Khoten, or its capital Ichi, not to Yarkand. One can hardly conceive it possible that a mission of such vast geographical importance, putting commerce and politics aside, can have been undertaken without more stir made about it—if not in the press, at least by Sir Roderick Murchison and the learned societies. Geographers, both here and even more particularly on the Continent, have long been looking with the utmost anxiety for some sign of life and enterprise in this direction. If it indeed be true that we have taken upon ourselves the political responsibility of a mission to Yarkand, whatever else that may effect in the way of good or harm, it should at least furnish the scientific world with a store of entirely new and quite invaluable information. The Indian papers, notably the ‘Friend of India,’ abound with curious detached scraps of news from interior Central Asia—this seems a pleonasm, but one is obliged to use some such term in order to distinguish the country north of the Himalaya from the parts about Afghanistan and Eastern Persia, usually called Central Asia by us—news not always to be relied upon, much coming through uncritical native channels, but always worth attention and continuous recollection. Possibly the Yarkand mission may have been first reported in this way. Dr. Caley (spelt by the ‘Times’ Calcutta correspondent Cayley, which is at any rate the right way in Yorkshire) has certainly been for some time past at Leh, we believe for the purpose of protecting the Yarkand trade from the exactions levied by the Maharajah of Cashmere

upon native merchants, for the sake of preserving the monopoly for himself, in the manner described fully by Mr. Johnson, whose account of his journey to Khoten was reported by us at some length last year, as well as previously in a very interesting letter from Cashmere in the 'Times' of July 13, 1865. But we are inclined to doubt whether he himself can actually have crossed the Karakorum, though he may have despatched a native agent to the new ruler of Yarkand. Anyhow, we hope we shall soon hear all about it in full. It may interest our readers to know that the geographical position of that important city, now no longer Chinese, but the capital of an extended and conquering Tartar kingdom, was for the first time definitively fixed two or three years ago by a native Indian attached to the Trigonometrical Survey, who had been despatched for the purpose by Captain Montgomerie, after some preliminary training in the art of taking observations. These are now accepted as final among geographers, and, combined with the observations of Johnson at Ilchi, at length give a nucleus of definite character to the map of Central Asia which it has never as yet possessed; its geographical positions heretofore resting on the discrepant statements of the Jesuit surveyors of the Chinese empire last century, of the Schlagintweits, and of Klaproth—Klaproth, over whose reputation as a geographical authority dark clouds are gathering, and likely to break at no long period.

While on the subject it is worth while to advert to a very extraordinary item of Central Asiatic news which is to be found repeated here and there among

the Anglo-Indian papers of the last two or three months. This announces our feudatory, the Maharajah of Kashmere, to have declared war on the ruler of Kashgar, whoever he may be (we presume he must be the new and aggressive ruler of Yarkand, Yakub, commonly known by the Turki title of *Kush-Begi*, literally Lord of the Ear, the Turkistani equivalent of the West-Asiatic vizier, he having formerly held that office in Kokan), and to have marched, or to be about to march, an army against him. One would like to know for certain whether the Maharajah, as our tributary, has or has not the right to declare war in this way without the sanction of his superior, or how far he is entitled to hold or commence an intercourse with foreign Powers on his own account, as we are assured he is actually doing with Russia; but apart from these considerations, and looking merely to the intelligence here given as we find it, we are disposed to think that it rests on a curious geographical misconception, arising from a two-fold use of a virtually identical name, applied to two totally different countries. To march an army, regular or irregular, northwards across the Karakorum Pass, 18,300 feet above the sea, over a region where, for thirty-three stages, occupying nineteen days of travel at an average elevation of 15,000 feet, there are no inhabitants, no food, and no forage, would be a miracle, if not an impossibility. Nor, for that matter, could an army move in this way on Kashgar, without first passing the Yarkand territory, from the geographical necessity of this case, unless it be by Captain Godwin-Austen's glacier passes, which are out of the question, or by the side valley of

Hunza, of which district nothing is known but the name, and a few words of the language given by Alexander Cunningham. But the Maharajah has really been of late very much employed elsewhere in fighting and annexing among the tribes in the valley of Gilgit, the chief north-western affluent of the Indus; and his tether in this direction is unlimited by any settled frontier. The pass from the country called Yasin, that is, the upper portion of the Gilgit valley, leads over the mountains by a road of which we know nothing beyond the bare fact of its existence, down upon the head waters of a river variously called Kuner and Kama, flowing ultimately into the Kabul river at Jelalabad. The country it traverses is loosely called Chitral on our maps, but the names by which two states forming its upper portion are commonly known in Afghanistan are Upper Kashkar and Lower Kashkar. These wholly unknown countries lie in the direct line of the Maharajah's path of annexation, and we have little doubt that it must be to them that the report refers. Our dearth of knowledge is so great in this region that we can only hope it may be true, whatever may be its political import. Why is this part of the world less interesting than Central Africa? *Quousque tandem, O Roderice?*

RUSSOPHOBIA IN INDIA.

January 7, 1868.

It is not fair, nay, it is eminently unfair, to make merely a random and indiscriminate use of the word 'panic' in characterising the frame of mind under which the Anglo-Indian press and public is now de-

voting its attention to various separate questions in Central Asia, grouping themselves, more or less naturally, round the broad fact of Russian progress in that country. We are getting insensibly into the habit of employing it regularly, without the least misgiving or sense of injustice, as a general term equally applicable to all writing which seeks to call attention to the subject; to the soberest suggestions that we may some day be called upon to take a more forward position in the rear of the two chief outlets of Afghanistan, no less than to that most insane summons, which we have been told represents the feeling of all men of all races and colours in India, which calls on our Government to 'use Herat, hold Kabul, and tie down Russia to the right bank of the Oxus'—an invitation which, for the sheer curiosity of the thing, we should much like to see Lord Stanley embody in a diplomatic despatch for Prince Gortchakoff's benefit. Now, there is such a thing as a panic of deprecation as well as a panic of scared aggression; and the former is really more mischievous than the latter if its effect be that of stifling enquiry and suppressing all public writing upon the subject, except on the terms of taking either the optimists' or the apathists' view of Russian progress. We wish for our own parts to take our stand on the position just laid down by Mr. Grant Duff, whom no one, we presume, is likely to accuse of Russophobia; who, indeed, in this and in all foreign questions may be said to quiver this way and that way as it were scientifically with a tremulous rectitude of opinion, like the hand of an aneroid, in the direction to which he points. 'Let us watch with the greatest care the progress of Russia,'

he says. 'Let us treasure every scrap of authentic information that comes to us from Central Asia. But let us keep well away from what has been truly called the fathomless gulf of Afghan politics.' To this last particular we may be allowed parenthetically to add the qualification, so long as the gulf remains as unfathomed as it certainly seems to be for the present. **With regard to the other two points we cannot help urging that so long as all writing which seeks to call attention to Russian progress is systematically 'roughed' and put down as 'panic-stricken' writing, so long as all scraps of authentic information about Central Asia are shovelled away into the rubbish heap of dead newspapers as things of no actuality, things never to be read unless used as baits for the hook of sensation politics, so long will this country know no middle term between the profound deadly apathy of ignorance and the hysteria of true political panic; of which it must take the consequences, as the retribution of apathy and ignorance. How is information to be stored, or Russian progress to be traced, if the writer is supposed to be necessarily under a panic, leading up to aggression, and fit only to be hunted down as a Russophobe or a crypto-Russophobe? But then what chance has such information of being read at all, unless connected with a sensation topic?**

The best way to deal with the prevalent Indian agitation on this subject is, we maintain, not to put it down with the rough hand, but to remonstrate with it, and to point out by means of our authentic information the incorrectness of the premisses from which its conclusions, apparently very legitimate, are

usually deduced. It is the greatest of mistakes to suppose that the Indian public has more knowledge of the far interior countries of Central Asia than we at home. Their general readers have more *notions* on the subject, but not more knowledge. We know nothing, and care nothing, trusting fully to the map-books and the encyclopædias for all being right when the topic turns up. Among the Indians, on the other hand, every man has his view, but if you criticise him whenever he propounds that view, you will generally find that his actual knowledge of current events and géography is little better than that of the London general reader, and it is usually expressed in far more incautious and headlong terms. No better proof of this can be found than the letter just written by Colonel Adye, the able chronicler of the Umbeyla campaign of 1863, to Saturday's 'Times.' His view is advocacy of immediate friendly relations with the Afghans through political intercourse with their 'legitimate Sovereign,' thus erecting them into a protection against the advance of Russia, and remedying the evils of the false and, to them, very irritating position which we have taken up by our present North-Western frontier on their side of the Indus, such frontier not being treated as a final one, but as the momentary halt of a steady advance which, in conjunction with the Russian advance, is said to menace the Afghans with 'extinction.' With the reasoning by which this view is supported we not only do not meddling, but strongly deprecate meddling. What we want is to enquire whether the premisses on which it is based be correct statements of fact or incorrect statements of fact. The Russians, says

the Colonel, are now—if not actually, at least virtually—masters of Bokhara, whether the city or the country the Colonel does not say. Now, the simple fact is that the Russians are not even potentially masters of Bokhara. It is a year at least since they reached their most forward point there, Yangi Kurgan, the 'new fort,' a little in advance of that town which Burnes writes as Jizzak. They can conquer Bokhara by a stampede if they choose to give all their resources to it, no doubt; but if they attempt to do so they will go far to destroy their chance of permanently consolidating their existing conquests on and north of the Jaxartes, which are already costing them much expense and much trouble. Their hands are full for the present; the capture of Khojend last July year closed the first act of their aggression; they have not advanced or moved a step since, nor are they likely to move. Their next operations must almost of necessity be along the Upper Jaxartes, giving them the possession of a rich and populous country, wholly unvisited by Europeans, the famous patrimony of the Emperor Baber, who alone describes it for us, surpassing every region of Central Asia in fertility and natural resources so far as known, being the heart of the surviving Khanat of Khokan. Meanwhile, they are occupied in the far East with watching the progress of events in the valley of the Ili, where the Tunghani, or soldiers of Chinese race and Mahometan religion (the word is East-Turkish for 'vert), have thrown off the Chinese yoke, and established some sort of native dominion in the city of Ili or Kulja. The true facts of the case are excellently set forth in a striking communication

apparently derived from a first-hand knowledge of Russian sources, signed 'T. L.,' and addressed to the last overland number of the 'Times of India.' This clearly shows the great embarrassment of the Russians in the administration of their existing conquests, which, even as it is, seem too much for them. The Indians have unfortunately got a fixed idea into their heads that the irresistible Russians are not only at this moment using the line of the Jaxartes as a base for a southern advance, but have actually worked their way to a footing on the banks of the Middle Oxus, whence still further to operate southwards. Till this is taken out of their heads more harm than good will be done by merely rating them magisterially about their 'panic.' For the present, we believe as a matter of fact that the Russians have attained finality in the matter of territorial progress just as much as we have. Our best course henceforward is to learn elementary facts, and not to pool-pool offhand the convictions of entire influential classes without first enquiring whether it be not some misapprehension of facts which lies at the bottom of their variation of opinion from ourselves; whether we cannot learn to work together, in short.

The best heads of elementary instruction for the purpose of rectifying, harmonising, and concentrating our own and the Indian public opinion on the various branches of the Central Asiatic question we take to be briefly as follows:—Firstly, the keeping each question or thesis of discussion separate from the others, unless purposely comprehended with them, which last the writer will only do at his own risk; thus, not treating a writer who advocates the ab-

sorption of Cashmere into the Indian empire, or the exercise of control over its ruler by forbidding unlicensed diplomatic intercourse on his part with Russia or Yarkand, as necessarily a Russophobe preaching an aggressive movement in the north-west; each topic to be kept separate, and cleared as much as possible from generalities. Secondly, the immediate construction by geographers of a *revised map* of Afghanistan, showing roughly—for our present knowledge does not admit of its being done otherwise than roughly—that Kabul, the conventional capital of that loose-knit country, does not lie on, but off the trunk road of invasion of India from the north-west, and that its occupation, together with that of the neighbouring country, would not necessarily follow as a consequence of a future forward movement upon Kandahar or even Herat, should that ever be deemed expedient: the general term of Afghanistan being made usually to comprehend two lines of country, physically distinct, and presenting far different degrees of difficulty in every respect. Thirdly, a clear historical statement of the periods at which Russia really endeavoured either to embarrass English rule in India, or actually entertained the project of invading India; pointing out the then altogether fatuous and chimerical nature of that project, the extreme rarity of its conception, and the entire absence of trustworthy information at each time in her possession. This should be contrasted with her permanent and present desires, as revealed throughout her history, of consolidating a Christian empire founded on the ruins of Mussulman Tartar rule, and of securing ultimately the full commercial

command or monopoly of Central Asiatic markets. Fourthly, a complete exposure of the chaotic state in which the very best maps—ours and theirs alike, except Colonel Walker's last—represent the country between the Upper Oxus and the Indus; the Russian map of Veniukoff, reproduced in the last volume of our Geographical Society, being taken as the base of such exposure. We have each been the victims of an elaborate mystification—or rather of two—in this respect, the key to which we believe will ultimately be found in the volume of memoirs which the Foreign Office is said to have bought, in Canning's time, from Klaproth, for the sum of 1,000*l.*, if our geographers are ever allowed a sight of that mysterious document. Fifthly, and chiefly, the instant republication of all *Rawlinson's* articles. We hope some day to work out one or two of these heads in detail, especially the third one.

RUSSIA AND CHINA IN CENTRAL ASIA.

January 25, 1868.

The condensation of recent correspondence from Central Asia in the St. Petersburg press just forwarded to us as a telegram, according to which certain military measures alleged to be taken by China for otherwise unspecified purposes are interpreted as being directed against Russia, must not be understood as indicating anything more serious than the opinions of the individual newspaper correspondents. Their political *vellétés* may be, and in all probability are, a long way ahead of the matured resolutions of the Russian Government authorities, which probably stop far short of a deliberate official imputation of

hostile designs to China. This reservation made, the news itself may be taken as authentic, and the announcement of the Chinese military preparations accepted as a fact. There can be no doubt that these are really directed against the revolted provinces of the north-west, where it is obvious that the Chinese Government would seize the first opportunity of recovering and re-establishing its lost authority. It is not generally known, or at all events not as yet fully rooted in the public mind, that during the last five years the great Chinese empire has been all but torn in pieces by a series of successful Mahometan insurrections. These have even spread to China Proper, of which the south-western province appears to be at this moment in the possession of complete independence, and to be in a fair way of holding commercial and possibly political intercourse with ourselves at the nearest accessible point of our north-eastern frontier. Unless exception be made for the unknown Turkish districts of the far interior, from which no information has as yet made its way, such as Turfan and Khamul, it may be said that all the provinces of the Chinese empire which are Mahometan in religion and Turkish in nationality have by this time succeeded in throwing off the Chinese yoke and in establishing native governments. These, as might be expected, are at war with one another, busy in extending territory at each other's expense. The most successful of the new chiefs appears to be the ruler of Yarkand, who has already made himself master of all the adjoining districts, including the important province of Khoten, visited by Mr. Johnson in 1864, and who may possibly be holding some sort of com-

munication with the Indian Government through Dr. Cayley, its agent in the town of Leh, for commercial objects in the first instance. This energetic warrior, by name and title Yakub Kushbegi, is naturally pushing his way in all directions, and, as he seems bent on becoming the master of the numerous and rich towns lying on the southern face of the Celestial Mountains in a long series stretching eastwards from Kashgar, it will be wholly impossible for him to avoid either friendly or hostile contact with the Russians. A single mountain pass, both lofty and rugged, it is true, and involving a double ascent, is all that intervenes between their most forward position south of the Issi Kul and the great commercial city of Aksu, quiet when under the Chinese, but now forced on Russian notice by the appeals of struggling rivals. The religious chief of Kucha, one of the most eastward of these towns, has already despatched a large mission to implore Russian assistance against the conquering Kushbegi, which, whatever its result may be, has at all events been hospitably received at Tashkend, and is being entertained by the chief native officer of that town under Russian direction.

Another independent Mahometan government has arisen in the valley of the Ili, north of the Celestial Mountains and east of the Russian possessions, from which it is not separated by any physical obstacle whatever. The city of Kulja or Ili, the capital of this district, was always treated by the Chinese as the most important of all these places in a political sense. It was their official head-quarters in the north-west and their chief penal settlement; being,

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moreover, colonised and held by a large military body of native Chinese who had embraced Mahometanism. These men, however, appear to be the nucleus of the insurrection and the new dominion. Here again the Russians must of necessity come either into intercourse or collision with the old or new government, according to their acceptance of either alternative presented by the position—whether to side with the Chinese in recovering their lost authority, or with the men of Ili, in maintaining a native government ultimately intended to be made amenable to Russian supremacy, with no more direct annexation than is unavoidable. The Russians, whom we are always vaguely supposing to be aiming at nothing less than the material conquest or molestation of India, are in reality working hard, and with perfectly definite aims, for the exclusive command of the rich commerce of interior Asia. This, there is every reason to believe, will be secured by them before very long, unless they manage matters much worse than they are wont to do.

The treaty between China and the Turkomans reported in the telegram is probably a geographical mistake or misconception of the Petersburg telegrapher, who indeed had need to be a strong hand if he is to be permanently telegraphing to us about places and things between Russia and India. The Chinese can no more get at the Turkomans nowadays than at the Cretans, though it is probable that during their brief rule in Badakhshan during last century their farthest western sentries may have been kidnapped now and then by stray bands of those wild men in the Balkh and Kunduz prairies. Nor, if they

could get at them, would they find anybody with whom to make a treaty, nor perhaps anybody who understood the meaning of that word at all. These Turkomans are incorrigible robbers and man-stealers, and are a people, as they say of themselves, without a head: with no authorities, no institutions, no nothing; not even with petty chiefs or sheiks like the Bedouin and the Kirghiz. If there be any foundation for the statement at all, the specific word Turkoman is in all probability used loosely and erroneously for some one of these new governments above-mentioned, which, though not Turkoman, are as thoroughly Turk as our last year's guest, the Grand Turk himself—indeed much more so. Perhaps it refers to the Buruts or Black Kirghiz of the mountains, who furnish a very important contingent to the unsettled and fighting population of these parts.

The last number of the 'Friend of India' has published some interesting and apparently authentic contributions to our knowledge of what is going on in Central Asia. These would appear to have been placed at its disposition by Government, as they are contained in a letter dated from Khokan on the 6th of September, and written by our 'official newswriter' in that city. It is from this source that we have taken the statement of the chief of Kucha's appeal to the Russians for assistance against him of Yarkand. In addition to this we are told that the rulers of two inaccessible and unknown mountain districts lying between Khokan and the loop of the Upper Oxus, named Derwaz and Karategin—places of which we may say parenthetically that not a living soul knows anything whatever, beyond their chieftain's claim to

Macedonian descent, unless it be Sir Henry Rawlinson; and all that Sir Henry knows is simply the fact that he knows nothing and cannot get at any knowledge—have been spontaneously and strongly recommended by the King of Khokan, to whom they were heretofore tributary, to tender their full allegiance to Russia, without loss of time. For this purpose their agents were sent on by the King to the seat of the local Russian government, and, at the time of writing, were waiting at Khojend for an interview with the general accordingly. If this be true, it shows not only that the sovereign of the once extensive principality of Khokan, so long known to us as Sir John Lawrence's importunate suitor, despatching urgent embassies one after the other to implore his aid against the advancing Russians, has not only reconciled himself to circumstances, and submitted to that which can no longer be resisted, but even finds it worth while to court Russian favour by transferring or transmitting the allegiance of his own outlying tributaries. In this way the farthest south-eastern extension of Russian influence will speedily become all but actually conterminous with the elastic north-western frontier of our own feudatory, the Maharajah of Cashmere's most recent territorial acquisitions up the Gilgit valley, being separated from them by barely a hundred direct miles, so far as one can tell. We wish, therefore, while as yet there is no panic in this particular direction, to give prominence to the alleged fact, being anxious to anticipate and point out the futility of any such panic which may arise through the fallacy of geographical proximity. This line of country, unknown as it is, has been wholly unnoticed

as yet in public writing on the Central Asiatic question; and therefore there is considerable risk lest, when we come in time to hear of Russian political or commercial agents roaming freely among the ruby mines of Badakhshan, we shall lose our head more seriously than ever, as we wake suddenly to the fact that they are to outward appearance turning the flank of Afghanistan, and are, as it were, within a stone's throw of our own boundary. The fact is that this line of country is wholly impervious to a military force, while words fail to express the degree to which any attempt at a direct hostile movement is out of the question for the present. It would always be so except in the remote contingency of actual war, and then it could only be used for a diversion. Let it be remembered that the point of greatest geographical proximity is the point of greatest military inaccessibility.

CHINA AND 'CHIWA'

January 27 1868.

The St. Petersburg telegram about the military preparations of China and the uneasiness of the Russians thereat, about the treaty between China and the Turkomans, and all the rest of it, which was published in identical terms by all the mutual London papers of Thursday, and in which we found an opportunity for reviewing the relations of divers old and new States of Central Asia in Saturday's impression, turns out to be an arrant piece of telegraphic frailty after all—and, what is worse, of telegraphic frailty at our end of the wire; at the English end which received the message, not in the

German middle which repeated, or the St. Petersburg mouth which first uttered it. One of the first things we did after writing that article was to take up the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; there, sure enough, the whole transaction stood revealed as clear as daylight. It was not of China that the message treated, but of that country which the Germans spell as Chiwa, and which we English know better in the form of Khiva. German repeating clerks at telegraphic offices have no reason to turn *w*'s into *n*'s; but as the word Chiwa conveys no meaning to an English clerk, it would naturally be transmitted to the newspapers in the nearest intelligible English form, and appear as China. We have no cause to regret having written our commentary, much less to modify any statement of fact or opinion in it, believing it to be a fair representation of the relative positions of all the parties concerned in the politics of interior Central Asia. But there was not the remotest special occasion for it, apart from the general interest of the subject; for the text on which the sermon was preached was a corrupt text. The news as it now stands may be of much more immediate concern to ourselves. Russia has now been inactive for some eighteen months, employed apparently in consolidating her conquests on and beyond the Jaxartes. The amended news, however, goes to represent her as about to force on a war with the State which holds the Lower Oxus, until now, strangely enough, let alone. If war ensues, and if the Turkomans are involved in it, the settlement of Ashur-Ada, the important Russian *tête-du-pont* south-east of the Caspian, cannot fail to be turned to active account in coercing those wild

tribes, and it is by no means improbable that serious complications may arise with Persia through the Russians attempting to occupy for military purposes those territories on the mainland over which that Power claims authority. It will not be easy for us to ignore and back out of any question of direct Russian usurpation of Persian ground.

February 5, 1868.

It is very strange that Dr. Vámbéry, of all people in the world, should go to the 'Times' for his Central Asiatic news. Last Friday's number of our contemporary contained a letter from him, commenting upon that telegram about the attitude of China and Russia, which went the round of the English papers at the end of the previous week, and which, after having ourselves criticised it in much the same sense as Dr. Vámbéry, the sight of a German paper enabled us to explain, as a mere mistake of China for Khiva, evidently confined to the English press. It is a pity that Dr. Vámbéry was in such a hurry to rush into print, at least before verifying the English telegram by means of his own country's journals. We refer particularly to the circumstance because, if Dr. Vámbéry had first come across the intelligence in its proper form, he, and he alone, would have been able to afford us the necessary explanations.

No man out of the Russian service has a personal knowledge of Khiva, the Turkomans, and the Lower Oxus, in any way to compare to that of the Hungarian wanderer; yet it will soon become very necessary for us to be in possession of the elements of a sound

opinion about those countries, at the risk of being overwhelmed or carried off our legs by an unsound or tumultuous one, when the Indians come to realise the fact of the Russians being once more in motion. It is strange the way in which we have all of late been discussing the Central Asiatic question when it was asleep and in a purely abstract condition; while, now that it seems to be in the way of rousing itself, and the Russians are in motion again after eighteen months' inaction, nobody has a word to say on the subject. It is to be hoped that Dr. Vámbéry will instruct us thereon before long. It will never do for us to be left to treat of Khivan politics by means of that knowledge of reference which we all know to be the modern substitute for actual knowledge, which, at any rate, Lord Malmesbury (may his darkness be enlightened) says is the equivalent of knowledge.

February 24, 1868.

We were all very lively about Central Asia a month or six weeks ago, since which time we have consigned that somewhat arid and unpromising topic to the repose it was felt to need. Those, however, who are well aware that the subject of Russian movements in Central Asia is not dead, but only dormant, and who are anxious to follow their course and store up information against the day of its awakening, will do well to read with attention the very long and interesting letter in the last overland number of the Bombay 'Times of India,' signed 'T. L.' We have already called attention to the first letter bearing this signature, as being written

by a man who had mastered his subject at first hand, to all appearance, and had acquired and lucidly arranged a great store of facts and of valuable commentary thereupon. These letters are undated both in respect of time and place; but it is clear that their writer somehow has access to the very freshest Russian information, either in an original shape, or in the form of translation expressly made for himself. His writings have the useful effect of allaying excitement while they stimulate vigilance. They regulate the spirit of enquiry while they rouse it. The gist of the matter consists of the accumulation of political and administrative difficulties which the Russians are beginning to experience in holding their actual conquests in Turkestan; difficulties which, though not endangering their tenure of what they now hold, at least to any serious extent, at any rate serve as a very decided check upon further progress for some time to come. The Russians have, to all appearance, got a wolf by the ears, and do not very clearly know as yet how to manage him. Their main difficulty for the present is the impracticable nature, in a military sense, of the country of steppe and desert which separates them from Russia Proper, necessarily their only secure base of operations. This difficulty is not insuperable by any means (its extent and nature are clearly shown in Rawlinson's 'Quarterly' article of 1865), but it is enough to make the work of keeping open communications and reinforcing the army extremely costly and troublesome, not to say precarious at times.

February 26, 1868

It is very hard to say precisely what it really was that brought up the subject of Afghanistan and Sir John Lawrence's masterly inactivity some two months ago when the 'Times' first set it going as a topic of public controversy; apropos of nothing, so far as the outer world could see. The 'Spectator' in a remarkable article, one to be remembered for future use, attributed it to a wish to support the authorities at Calcutta against the immense pressure which, quite unfelt by the home public, is constantly being exercised by the Anglo-Indian community, the great club of seven thousand imperious conquerors, upon the local Indian Government, and this no doubt is the correct view, apart from immediately determining causes. We are now getting the counter-strokes of our discussion back from India. The 'Friend of India,' adverting to the subject, attributes it to the arrival in England of Sir John Lawrence's late Foreign Secretary, a very clever man. With all deference to our contemporary, this will not hold water. The clever secretary in question did not arrive in England until some time after the topic had been fairly started—at any rate, his initials are affixed to a statement that he was abroad while the controversy was going on—and when he did come he was put into quite small print, just like common people who knew nothing about the matter. His letter controverting the aggressive views of Colonel Adye, about the most masterly writing on the subject of Central Asia which we have seen for many years past, was altogether eclipsed by a letter in very large

print, signed by a very authoritative name, which appeared two days afterwards; one which was authoritative rather than masterly, possessed of authority rather than calculated to earn it. A leading article appeared the same day, referring to both, in which the small-print man played a very second fiddle to the large-print man. This we felt to be neither just nor profitable; but it is an invidious thing to comment on the typographical arrangement of contemporaries and their assessment of their correspondents' relative importance by the size of the print in which their letters appear. More invidious is it, however, to put a man who knows his subject in living detail and at first hand in small print, and a man who only knows it generally and at second hand into great print.

PUNDIT —'S SCIENTIFIC JOURNEY IN TIBET.

February 29, 1868.

The last Indian mail brought to England the detailed report of one of the most remarkable geographical explorations which have been undertaken during the present century. This is the journey of a native Indian Pundit across the Himalayas to the famous city of Lassa, the capital of Tibet, his return thence, after a few months' residence, along or parallel with the whole upper course of the great river, now identified to almost absolute certainty with the Brahmaputra, to Gartokh, otherwise called Gortope or Garo, the Chinese capital of Western Tibet; thence ultimately finding his way back to British territory across the main range in the neighbourhood

of Kumaon. This represents some 1,200 miles of ground traversed, which had never in recent times been passed over by any European traveller, and which, though visited by three or four Jesuits at different times during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, had never been delineated by them, or described otherwise than cursorily in the *Lettres Édifiantes*. In the whole distance between Garo and Lassa one point alone had been ascertained, the great monastery of Tashilumbo visited by Captain Turner during his embassy at the close of last century, and beyond which he was not allowed to proceed. The Pundit's work is chiefly noteworthy and valuable, however, not for the achievement of his journey, remarkable as that is, but for its affording us accurate scientific results. He was selected some years ago by Captain Montgomerie, the very distinguished Superintendent of the North-western Trigonometrical Survey, for the purpose of undergoing a course of special scientific training in order to qualify himself to survey and take observations in countries which it would be hopeless for any European to attempt to visit in his own character. The scientific results and personal narrative of the Pundit's great journey thus undertaken have been digested into an excellent memoir by Captain Montgomerie, which, together with a translation of the Pundit's own diary, the mass of his observations, and a memoir by the Captain on the Brahmaputra, make up the report of that officer which has just reached this country. A very good geographical criticism of the whole is to be found in the place of honour in the last number of the 'Friend of India,' to which we willingly

refer our readers for the present. It is to be hoped that full justice will be done to this very remarkable achievement by some public notification of the circumstances from the chair of the Geographical Society at its next meeting, supposing that on that occasion it may not be possible to make Captain Montgomerie's report the staple of the evening. The Pundit, it may interest and amuse our readers to learn, was in disguise as a Buddhist pilgrim all the while, and was helped in his observations by the spiritual appendages of his outfit as such—his praying-machine and his rosary. The latter helped him to calculate the number of his paces for his route-survey; the former, through Captain Montgomerie's forethought, was neatly fitted up with a compass and slips of card under the prayers. As, fortunately for the Pundit, it is a gross breach of etiquette for a Tibetan to approach or interrupt another when busy with his praying-wheel, he usually lagged behind the caravan to take bearings, and warned anybody off whom he saw likely to interrupt him by giving an extra twist to his praying-machine. The Pundit's name, for obvious reasons, has been kept back. It need hardly be pointed out how much his success redounds to the credit of the distinguished officer who first originated the idea of training Asiatics for the special purpose of geographical exploration in unknown lands.

Central Asia and Russia.

'THE 'TIMES' GEOGRAPHER-BAITING.

March 7, 1868.

It is a dreadful thing to see the haughty heartless way in which the 'Times' writes about our poor friends the geographical explorers. This proud journal should be more merciful to them. It should spare their weakness in the fulness of its own knowledge—that knowledge vouchsafed in such bounteous display last Tuesday on Tibetan ground. We willingly admit that there is relish in tickling geographers under the ribs; nor have we ourselves always been able to resist the temptation of chucking them under the chin, as it were, and indulging in little familiarities with them which we are sure that none have felt inclined to resent, except the very surly ones, or the very thin-skinned ticklish ones, such as would live softly in cotton wool. But the 'Times' goes in at them with a bludgeon. It lays about it with a fine impartial sense of the futility of all geographical exploration which is only to be paralleled at the time-honoured institution of Donnybrook fair. Whenever it sees the globular bulge of a geographer's skull through the canvas, be it the Arctic man's, or the African man's, or the Central Asian man's, its natural instinct is to fetch it a good sounding crack. And here it must be owned that Captain Sherard Osborn, for one, has more than once defied the 'Times' to tread on the tail of his coat in good set terms, with full knowledge of what would follow; hungry for his bellyful of fighting, strong in a good cause, and perfectly well aware that he would not by any means get the worst of it

in the very pretty bouts of cudgel-playing which always do follow on each occasion. But it is clear that when the 'Times' goes out geographer-baiting, it must choose a sound stick, and not a rotten one that will break in its hand, as it has just been doing in its above-mentioned article. It pooh-poohs or loftily patronises alike Tibet, and Captain Montgomerie, and the Pundit without a name, and the Anglo-Indians who want to know what lies behind the Himalayas, and the natives who furnish Pundits weak enough to lend themselves to the acquisition of the arts of surveying and what Mr. Squeers would call trigonometrics—in fact, everybody that can possibly be associated with Tibet, and the poor Pundit's journey therein, catches it finely. What was the use of the journey, it wants to know, when we knew all about Tibet before 'in a general way?' And then it tells us in a general way what it, speaking for other people, happened thus to know; and very curious the knowledge is. The Tibetans are subjects, 'after a fashion,' of the Chinese empire; they obey the Grand Llama (*sic*); they grow tea; even their country has been surveyed; it is traversed by a great river, parallel with which, and occasionally crossing it, runs a great trunk road to the city of Lassa; all which may be seen in good maps. Here the reader has to stop and take breath, as he would on a Tibetan mountain-pass. To begin with—and it is uncommonly hard to know where to begin in all this—let us say bluntly that, barring Chinese work, the country has not been surveyed, not even in the wildest dreams of geographers. It has never been even touched, save once at a point barely within its

frontier; in 1788, and that was by the very means of one of those official missions against which the 'Times' is now launching all its thunder—now, too, when nobody is talking of sending them. So far as maps of the country are good maps, so far as we know anything about the great river and the road, they owe their goodness simply to Captain Turner's embassy and the hearsay information gathered by him. But the best of the thing is, that all this about the river, and the road occasionally crossing it, and the mileage, is, after all, just neither more nor less than the new information derived by the writer from a hasty perusal of the Pundit; but antedated, confusedly mixed up with previous half-knowledge, and then more or less unconsciously put down to the score of the balance of information in hand. As for 'after a fashion,' everybody, we suppose, will be able to recognise in those words a *hedge*, a qualificatory commonplace of the kind largely and, to some extent unavoidably, in use among public writers for the purpose of dissembling the want of needful special knowledge by the assumption of an outward critical attitude. The Tibetans in reality are thoroughly and with entire acquiescence the subjects of China; everything which concerns their foreign relations, and consequently their dealings with ourselves, is exclusively in the hands of the Chinese authorities. Why the Grand Lama shall be spelt with two *l's* it is impossible to say. He might as well be called the Grand Alpaca. Can it be the associations of shawl-wool as an article of Himalayan produce? What on earth has a large, hornless, and much salivating Peruvian animal, the liquid or *mouillé* initial

of whose native name the Spaniards have transmitted to us according to the orthographical expedients of their alphabet, to do with the central object of Buddhist outward adoration—that which ‘shows the way,’ as the true name denotes? In these matters we do not notice small errors, seeking to be tolerant about orthographical variations in particular, but this is not a small error. About the tea-growing in Tibet we are content to put it to every schoolboy, as well as to any grocer, to say whether it does or not grow there. We charitably hope that the writer had some impression of Tibet being a highly tea-drinking country floating about in his mind, dimly blended with an impression of Assam and Kumaon, and other sub-Himalayan and cis-Himalayan districts, being great tea-growing countries; and that the two impressions ran lazily together. But tea grown at an average level of 14,000 feet above the sea! Tea for the use of the Alpine Club grown on the Grands Mulets after that; tea (green of course) in Greenland; tea in Iceland, ‘where, to be sure, you have, by a providential arrangement of nature, both tea-kettle and plenty of boiling water as well, the same plainly showing that Iceland is destined to be a tea-growing country in ages to come; Walrussian tea from America; cheap Labrador tea for the working man—but no more of this; our readers have doubtless had enough of it, and would like us to ring and have the tea-things of absurdity cleared away and taken downstairs into the pantry of oblivion.

It is impossible, however, to leave the subject without taking somewhat more serious notice of the extraordinary misapprehension by which the Pandit’s

name is represented as kept dark in consequence of the 'incredible malignity' of the Tibetans. But for this precaution, we are told, the poor man's life would not be safe from their stealthy vindictive pursuit, even on our own territories. They are eager to avenge the impious intrusion upon their sacred land, and are thirsting for the life of the sacrilegious Pundit, dogging his steps and following him about everywhere like a Fenian centre after Mr. Gathorne Hardy: And this of the Tibetans; the most simple, kindly, easy-going, pious, praying, *ovine* of human beings; men who care for nothing, and have resigned all political action to their Chinese masters without the faintest misgiving—to think that they should be transformed in this way into a nation of malignant and vindictive man-haters! The real reason of the suppression of the Pundit's name is simply to guard against his gaining notoriety, and his thus being turned back by the Chinese frontier authorities in the event of any future explorations—a duty discharged by them relentlessly towards all suspicious characters—as well as to keep him in the background as much as possible when in Nepal, away out of the ken of Sir Jung Bahadur and his functionaries, whose jealousy is not one whit less than that of the Chinese. So far from our ever attempting, in the lust of the geographical flesh, to infringe upon the peremptory rules laid down by either China or Nepal against the admission of foreigners, we have always scrupulously observed them, carefully respecting their susceptibility. Sir Jung has forbidden geographical observations at our residency at Katmandu; we have, therefore, abstained from such.

Private parties and officers have always responded to the appeal usually made to their honour by the Chinese officials along the Himalayan frontier, and have never, therefore, sought to gratify curiosity by pushing their way farther in. So far from pressing the geographical question, we have always shirked it. On one occasion only, about 1860, a proposal for crossing the whole country, as far as the Russian outposts, was made to Government by Major Smyth, the same officer, we presume, who recommended the Pundit for employment; this fell through because the Chinese Government, in answer to Sir Frederick Bruce's application, declined the responsibility of issuing and enforcing a passport for the Major. We now hear that they have allowed a member of our mission at Peking, a Mr. Bowra, to accompany the quinquennial Nepaulese tributary embassy on its homeward route; a truly magnificent journey, which will enrich human knowledge in a way that will far more than repay the trouble of the application, if the 'Times' cares for that. There seems, after all, to have been really very little trouble about this last matter, when once taken up at head-quarters. The 'Times' seems to have had for its object, in writing its article, the deprecation of all intercourse with hypothetically savage neighbours, who may at any moment seize upon our agents and involve us in an expensive war for their rescue; and the Pundit's journey is accordingly made the text whereupon to preach this doctrine. Now, nobody has any objection to the doctrine; the only thing to be said is that it comes to us sadly marred in the preaching. Seeking to improve an occasion, the 'Times' has taken a

wrong occasion. Tibet, Afghanistan, and all Indian frontier countries are classed in the same category as unamenable to civilised laws, and as being therefore sagaciously put into Coventry by Sir J. Lawrence. All we can say to that is just this, that Tibet is an integral part of China as to its foreign relations, wholly co-ordinate with China Proper; that the credit of observing the Chinese regulations which guard it belongs not only to Sir John, but to every Governor-General since Warren Hastings, and that it is singularly unbecoming a great and responsible paper like the 'Times,' to seek to enforce what may be sound political doctrine by going out of its way to sneer at the spirit of geographical enquiry and scientific research which has made the world what it is. Sir John Lawrence is not the man to care for praise which in the same breath blows hot and cold on such noble work as the great trigonometrical survey of India, uniting an utter want of sympathy with its object to an entire ignorance of its method and result. In this spirit the leading men of that period pook-pooked Columbus out of half the Courts of Europe, for did they not know all about it already 'in a general way?' So, doubtless, had the Tyrian merchant-princes their leaders of public opinion in their day, eager to take up the tale against the pestilent sea-captains who must needs put out beyond the Straits into the Sea of Darkness. So it was from the beginning, and so it ever will be—nay, so perhaps it ought to be, as the world goes; only, let us say, with a less proportion of the Philistine ingredients.

March 28, 1868.

'Punch' confesses himself troubled in spirit at the prospect of having to understand what Russophobia means, and to get up the geography of Central Asia for the conversational purposes of society. Judging by the increasing prevalence of articles on these recondite subjects, he foresees, not without misgivings, an uncomfortable time coming when everybody will have to do small-talk with his neighbour about the Oxus and Jaxartes; when it will be quite the incorrect thing not to be able to entertain the lady you take down to dinner with discourse both sprightly and serious about the Tunghani and the valley of the Ili. Therefore our contemporary announces that he intends to take his map of Central Asia home with him, and set to work and study it. If he does take it home, we strongly advise him to put it in the fire instead of studying it; or, if unwilling to let the good perish with the bad, to find the centre of Central Asia as per third book of Euclid, and then cut that out with a sharp instrument. It is all based on forgeries, mystifications, and fabrications, one on top of the other. Were we the most ill-natured of mortals, our heart would relent at this deplorable prospect of a fellow-creature, let alone a brother journalist, poring in all trustfulness of spirit over the double Wakhan and the river Bolor, and the crooked lake Dzarik kul, and the like delectable fictions, which lie as thick about the upper course of the Oxus as ruby mines, which nobody but Colonel Walker, of Calcutta, has as yet had the wit

to pack off and send to the right about, one and all. We must save 'Punch' from all risk of drowning his wits in the river Bolor.

A WORD ON AND TO DR. VÁMBÉRY

April 27, 1868.

Dr. Vámbéry, the ex-dervish, is much in the habit of writing letters to the English newspapers. The most recent of these, written some few days ago, gives us occasion to make some general remarks upon his name and his English, as well as upon its particular subject-matter. First of all as to his name. It is undoubtedly troublesome to English printers that they should have to give him his full Hungarian complement of acute accents. We have not much occasion for accented *á*'s in this country, and do not stand in any habitual need of them. Still, we venture to maintain that so long as he remains a Hungarian he has a full right to his native orthography when we write his name; as much right as a Frenchman has to his accented *é*'s, which we never dream of omitting in French names. In the Hungarian orthographical scheme, accented *á*'s represent one sound, and unaccented *a*'s mean another sound; we have no call to put one for the other, so long as we have suitable types in our founts for each. Accented vowels in Hungarian, as also among their Bohemian neighbours, from whom the earlier cultivated and alphabetically-writing people, the Hungarians, probably derived the practice, denote quantitative prosodial length, in contradistinction to the usual practice of most other European nations, where this acute sign

generally denotes the tonic accent or stress, and the horizontal bar is the mark of prosodial length. Thus, accented *á* in Hungarian denotes a true long *ā*, while unaccented *a* denotes a sound more like our English short *ɔ* as in *hot* and *not*, than an *a*; the same sound of *a*, it may be remarked, being a decided characteristic of Austrian German. Of course the line must be drawn somewhere, on principle, in the English reproduction of outlandish names, and that should just be where the line falls naturally in practice. When types do not exist, in every-day printing at least, there we may fairly and of right omit the special orthographical marks of foreign nations. We should be inclined to draw the line, for instance, so as to exclude the strange hooks or sub-linear commas by which the Poles denote certain nasal sounds in their language; and this is what we happen to do by natural practice. In writing English, we write the Polish names without the nasals; when we print Polish as such, Polish rules must of course be observed. Dr. Vámbéry, the Hungarian, has by this principle a right to his own accents; if we do not understand the reason of them, it is our business to copy them whether or no. Mr. Farrar, the great new English philologist, does better still, for he seeks to improve upon them. He has apparently got as far as German on his linguistic travels, and he knows that there is no natural *á* in that language. But Hungarian, and tongues farther off still out that way, are apparently ranged by him in the category of so many varieties of German, much as everything continental is classed as so much foreigneering French in the eyes of the less educated Englishman, on whose artless ethnology Mr. Farrar's

is certainly an improvement and an advance. He therefore writes the Dervish's name as Vămbéry, knowing; as such a great philological^o authority should know, that if Hungarian must be made to come out as German when it won't come out of itself as German, and if plain *a* will not do for that, there can be nothing for it but double-dotted *ă*—which last, we may remark, does not happen to exist at all in Hungarian. This, without a word against Mr. Farrar's ability in discussing the origin of human speech, let us take occasion to say. But while about it, we may just as well remind him that he had better abstain for the present from touching on any particular one of the various speeches of the world until he has first learnt the ways of its alphabet.

Professor Vămbéry always writes in a hurry; he does not seem ever to look over what he has written, and he does his writing injustice and harm by that neglect. This fault is conspicuous in the later chapters of his most recent work, the 'Sketches of Central Asia,' a work which has been well received at home, and even more so in India, where a leading Calcutta paper justly calls it 'a charming book.' His English is all done anyhow, so that half one's pleasure is spoilt in the reading. It is just the same in his letter to the 'Times,' evidently written in the full fervour of excitement on reading Mr. Forsyth's memoir on our Central Asiatic commerce, dashed off in a hurry, and posted without a second glance. In this letter, when alluding to the above memoir, he has occasion to say 'the memoir in question.' But he says 'the questionable paper,' an idiom which he should know, or be told, cuts the ground from under his own feet when

recommending the memoir to our consideration. Again, meaning to write, 'I have no hesitation in saying,' 'I say with confidence,' 'I dare to say,' he writes 'I dare say,' a very natural misapprehension of idiom, but still one against which he should be warned. Our Dervish holds by his English connection; he is fond of addressing the English public, who in turn fully appreciate him, welcome him, and treat him justly and kindly in their organs of criticism. But he must find friends at Pesth to whom he may submit his English rough copies; if not, we must even venture ourselves to put him on his guard against hasty work, and to appeal to him to look after his English a little more. He has plenty yet to say to us about Central Asia, which we shall hear with interest and pleasure when the time comes. But it must be decently composed—decently written, moreover, or else he will once more undergo the penalty of seeing sights like his Uigurs turned into *nigurs*, a misfortune which befell him at a contemporary's hands a week or two ago, thus turning the announcement of a highly creditable palæographical achievement of his into mere dust and ashes in the mouth.

The main argument of the Professor's letter consists of a plea for commercial intercourse with the revolted, and now free and consolidated, provinces of what was once Chinese Turkistan. On this point itself we have nothing to say further than to express a hope that Sir Henry Rawlinson will lose no time in finding or making an opportunity for expanding into some definite statement the very brief heads of observation, forcible and unanswerably cogent as they seemed to

us, which he laid down at the last meeting of the Geographical Society with reference to it. Dr. Vám-béry may safely leave his cause in Sir Henry's hands, especially when it is being so thoroughly and efficiently supported in the Indian press. Our particular remark to the Doctor is to beg of him, in his own interest, to leave out all mention of Afghanistan whenever he deals with the separate question of purely commercial intercourse with trans-Himalayan Turkistan. Not even for the sake of asserting that the reasons which may justify abstention from intercourse with the one country do not hold good in the case of the other, should so unsafe a reference be made. Be it right or wrong, manful or timid, on our parts, our public will not hear anything about Afghanistan at this moment; least of all, with Abyssinia right before its eyes. That last analogy may be quite wrong, but the aggregate English public has taken the analogy into its head, and cannot be driven out of its position. It has made up its mind to be content for the present with limited political intercourse with Afghanistan through a native resident, joined with a vast amount of underground non-political intercourse through traders and through military adventurers in our ranks, to say nothing of English wanderers in Afghanistan, about whom a curious chapter of contemporary history or romance might be written. For the future, it resigns itself to Sir John Lawrence as best judge. On this we desire to pass no comment of our own; we can only say, without hesitation, that it is the feeling of our public, in so far as any feeling on the subject can be ascribed to it as a consentient whole. But we think that no effort should be spared, in consequence of this

very fact, to make the absence of real analogy between the commercial question in Turkistan and the political question west of the Indus a primary thesis of argument, and thus, by clearing the ground and by rendering the former subject, taken by itself, familiar to us, to bring public opinion to stimulate or support our Indian authorities in seriously and actively removing any obstacles which continue to separate the Indian from the Turkistan market, two markets absolutely made for each other and audibly crying out for each other. Trade between them is even now forcing its way through the channel, hardly adequate though some may deem it, which has been at least opened for it by the action of the Indian Government in establishing frontier fairs. It is here that Dr. Vámbéry is able to render us a great and real service. He is the only European scholar, Russians apart, who has a vital knowledge of the Eastern-Turkish language; certainly the only one who has ever had the chance of becoming familiar with that form of this enormously diffused speech, which is spoken at Kashgar and Yarkand. Both the native and English traders at the fair of Palampore would gladly welcome a small vocabulary with some little prefatory grammatical sketch and a few practical phrases and dialogues drawn up in Turki and Persian, Turki or Hindostani, or English as an alternative language, and done in the plainest and easiest way. It so happens that nobody could possibly do this but Dr. Vámbéry, and we believe it would be of the greatest service in every way if he set to work at it. But time passes, memory fails, and the Doctor's Khivan Mollah, whose history forms the most striking and

touching chapter of the 'Sketches in Central Asia,' will be but an uncertain guide to the specialities of Yarkandi Turkish. So he must begin at once.

RUSSIA AND BOKHARA.

May 27, 1868.

Telegraphic intelligence from St. Petersburg relating to the Russian position and doings in Central Asia, has of late been reaching us much more systematically than heretofore. Its latest particulars are of a nature to create uneasiness or complacency as the case may be. Friday's telegram reports that the Russian Governor-General of Turkistan had given up an intention of returning home on leave, in consequence of his apprehension of renewed hostilities with Bokhara. This intelligence is now closely followed by a still more definite statement, distinctly acknowledging the existence of hostile intentions on the part of Russia, and justifying them by a reference to the bad faith of Bokhara. This last telegram is prefaced by the very ominous declaration that Russia does not cherish any plans of conquest in Central Asia. From all this it becomes pretty clear that, by this time, open war may once more have broken out between Russia and Bokhara, after nearly two years' intermission, unless the latter should yield to her mighty rival without a blow. The actual determining cause of these hostilities must of necessity remain more or less unknown to us for some time to come, unless we care to accept Russian references to general principles, such as the bad faith of Bokhara and the duty of protecting the weak

Khanate of Kokan against its stronger last-named neighbour, as standing for anything definite in the way of political reasoning. It will be a long time before our home public has means of obtaining a critical insight into the transactions of this part of the world through its proper channels, the authorised and competent agencies of the Indian Government in the adjoining countries, and the commentaries of the best portion of the Indian press. We believe that the Russians speak in sufficiently good faith when they thus seek to repudiate any long-laid, pre-existing, and indefinitely reaching plan of conquest in this direction. The whole tenor of our most authentic information from Turkistan has been to show that since the storm of Khojend, and the final successes of their campaign of 1866, the Russians have really felt their hands to be quite full. They have, as a matter of plain fact, been chiefly occupied with the consolidation and the internal organisation of their vast accessions of territory on the central Jaxartes, and, perhaps most of all, with the very embarrassing problem how best to keep up a secure and efficient communication with their base of operations in Russia itself. Their arms have been occupied with no more direct foe than one Sadik, a wild Tartar brigand, who has made some name for himself by his ubiquitous energy in harassing the Russian lines of march, to and fro, across the wastes of the great Kirghiz steppe. But, concurrently with this, the Russians have always maintained a more or less active foreign policy here, and it is not reasonable to suppose them wholly unprepared for or undesirous of the only possible result of that policy. We may not

exactly believe that the Russians are acting according to any distinctly cut and dried plan of deliberate territorial conquest in Central Asia, but as they go on conquering piecemeal all the same, plan or no plan, we must needs prove the pudding by the eating, and not by the cook's amount of volition. There is no blinking the very positive fact, that not a single conquest out of the successive and never-ending waves of Russian progress ever happens to be so disposed as to preclude the possibility of further conquest, and to attain an honest finality. Judging by results, indeed, it is always arranged for the exactly contrary purpose. Each conquest deposits the germ of a future aggressive movement which the Russians would like everybody to think is hatched by the mere sun and air of circumstance, but which there is no denying to be mightily fostered by diplomatic incubation under the warm maternal breast. Protectorate over nomadic or half-reclaimed Kirghiz hordes leads to war with Kokan, exercising a similar protectorate; war with Kokan is war with a territory conquered by Bokhara, and involves war with that country as a consequence; that leads naturally to the total collapse, and, apparently, to a formal Russian protectorate, of such portion of Kokan as is allowed to remain yet unabsorbed by the victor; and the Russian relations with Bokhara then become those of two directly conterminous States in totally different stages of civilisation. From this point onwards no more need be written, for there can be but one ending to such a condition of things in a case where no physical barrier exists, and where the greater Power, master of its own actions, while repudiating all de-

sire of further progress, yet openly declines to set its face sincerely and resolutely against such onward advance. So far from doing that, the Russians are known to have long been urging the Bokhara ruler to concede them the right of establishing commercial factories at two towns or points on the Oxus, together with that of independent jurisdiction over Russian subjects in Bokhara, apparently after the manner in which European States exercise authority over their own people in Turkey. Persistent refusal of these demands can become a *casus belli* at any time that Russia chooses, independently of any other cause, and it now seems as though Russia does so choose.

The way in which a Russian campaign in Southern Turkistan interests us is solely in regard to the general amount of disturbing influence which it is calculated to produce in India upon the English as well as upon the native community. Otherwise, we have no concern with it whatever. It is altogether out of our power to affect its fortunes by any direct national action of our own, and the nation has certainly no wish to do so even if it could. In default of special knowledge, however, there is considerable risk of the subject being reduced to first principles instead of being handled in detail, and of its being treated as an intentional demonstration against India; as the next move in a long foreseen and systematic series of calculations, aiming at Indian empire as its crowning prize. Now the invasion of India we hold to be as yet no more than a purely abstract question for technical military criticism, needing to be discussed as a matter of pos-

Central Asia and Russia.

sibility only, and not as a matter of actuality and imminence, necessarily in connection with the forthcoming Russian campaign taken as a current event. When the Russians have made themselves masters, or shown manifest wish to make themselves masters, of a southern position so far in advance of their present frontier as to indicate a reasonable probability of their ultimately taking up, either through drift, design, or necessity, an intentionally or contingently hostile attitude to ourselves, it will be full time to take active measures in defence of our interests; but surely no such position has been taken up as yet. If Bokhara be conquered and absorbed, as many Russians desire, and if its conquest lead to demonstrations ultimately tending to acquire the control or possession of a place like Herat, a really commanding position, under colour of commercial or diplomatic pretexts, the time will have arrived for precautionary and decided counteraction upon our part. But the more Russia goes on entangling herself in the toils and troubles of a campaign, almost certainly involving a series of additional operations in the hill districts of the Upper Zarafshan and Oxus, so much the further will she be led from the true political, commercial, and military high road to India, in a direction leading only to a sevenfold mountain wall, or to the Cretan labyrinth of an Afghan negotiation. There is hardly anything in reality more to apprehend now than before, unless it be a fresh aggressive panic in India, clamorous for instant counteraction—a more dangerous thing to us than a Russian agent at Kabul. It may well be feared that, if the Anglo-Indians chafed at their

inaction in presence of a campaign on the Jaxartes, there is some risk of their breaking away altogether in presence of a victorious Russian progress on the Zarafshan and the Oxus. Unfortunately both the native and the English communities are very much at the mercy of native newswriters for their intelligence from Central Asia; men of the most entire incompetence for their task, devoid alike of elementary geographical or political knowledge and of judgment, who habitually mislead the less instructed portion of the Anglo-Indian press with fabulous tales of Russian advance based on wild native bazaar reports. Fortunately, on the other hand, the Calcutta Government is not above supplying authentic information from time to time to the leading local papers. The twofold scare is what we dread; all the more because things seem as yet far too unripe to admit of its being remedied by any action or any shuffle of cards in turbulent Afghanistan. At all events, we sincerely hope no attempt will be made to remedy it by preaching optimistic sermons about Russian civilisation to our Indians, who will not stand that sort of thing. The true danger of a too rapid Russian advance lies, we apprehend, in its tending to force on a moral test of our imperial position in India, how far true or false, before we have had time to consolidate that position and set our house completely in order. If the subject race be fully conscious of sympathy in sentiment and solidarity in interests with its rulers, we shall be occupying a true position, proof against all vicissitudes. If it be otherwise, we may be sure the Russians know that well enough, and, so far, lay calculation thereby,

whatever may be the extent to which they are undertaking to play a definite long game.

June 10, 1868.

Bombay and Orenburgh—that is to say, if it be indeed Orenburgh, and not Semipalatinsk, or some other south-eastern point—have just been having a telegraphic race of it with their respective burdens of idiotic news from Bokhara, and Bombay has won the race by a whole day's length. Strictly speaking, however, it is Peshawur rather than Bombay which must be taken as the true telegraphic terminus towards Central Asia on the Indian side. What the corresponding terminus on the Russian side may happen to be it is quite impossible to say with accuracy, for we in England know nothing, nor have we any printed means of knowing anything, about Russian telegraphic lines in Turkistan, whether military or civil, how far they reach. Perhaps 'T. L.,' a writer whose initials are final and, we strongly suspect, are only to be found by reading his name backwards from right to left in Oriental wise, will some day enlighten the public on this matter, for nobody else knows anything about it here, and he knows everything. The interesting point of the circumstance is that courier-borne news from the country about Samarcand can reach England as quickly by way of Peshawur as by way of the Kirghiz steppe and the Russian telegraph, supposing it to be of importance enough to ensure the most rapid transmission possible, at least so far as appears from the present case. The Russian Government authorities may, it is true, be in possession of it for some time

before they allow it to pass westwards, but about that we cannot, of course, tell. We have no doubt that the reason of this news having come with such exceeding rapidity to the Indian frontier is, as we conjectured last week, the probability of its having been conveyed officially during that part of the journey, having then had the full benefit of the Afghan Government couriers across the mountains from Balkh to Kabul, where it was doubtless communicated in its fullest and most sensational form to our resident agent. The Russian and the Indian stories differ in details, but manifestly refer to one and the same event, occurring on the 1st and 2nd of May. This is to be clearly distinguished from the minor Russian expeditions of last March against the hill tribes in the Ak Tagh near Jizak, the details of which have been lately published in the *Invalide Russe*. There is no necessary connection between events in Turkistan and events in Afghanistan, doubtless. When such connection is manifest it is because attempt has been made to establish it by those finding interest therein. The *Invalide Russe* goes the further length of saying that it is physically impossible that the Russian Government could influence the 'situation of affairs' in Afghanistan. Perhaps so; but, if that be the case, why did they go and expend so much thought and money on Simonich at Herat, and Vicovitch at Kabul? Why, for the matter of that, it is they and not we who invented Afghanistan, just as surely as that it was France and not Russia who invented Crete only the other day. We only took up the invention in the most evil of hours.

RUSSIAN PROGRESS IN TURKISTAN.

June 19, 1868.

That which chiefly interests us in the very long article about affairs in Turkistan which has just been translated in full from the *Invalide Russe*, and sent to the 'Times' by its Berlin correspondent, is the story of the band of Afghan soldiers who recently sought protection under, or transferred their allegiance to, the Russian flag. As the leader of these men is himself a grandson of old Dost Mohammed, and consequently related to each and all of the struggling competitors for sovereign power or ascendancy in Afghanistan Proper, it is obvious that the Russians must have thus acquired the means of immediate diplomatic interference in the contention now, or until now, raging in that country, if only they choose to avail themselves of the same. The story itself is given with more fulness in the French edition of the *Invalide* than in the original Russian, as it appears in the 'Times' correspondence. This French edition, which, however, is probably based on another number of the Russian paper, goes into much detail respecting the first overtures for naturalisation made by the Afghan soldiers, thoroughly disgusted with their treatment in Bokhara, to the Russian frontier officer, the successful action in which the Afghans described themselves to have completely defeated a Bokharian chief who tried to prevent their getting away, and their ultimate reception on Russian territory after a rebuff at the outset, administered under his superior's instructions by Colonel Nossovitch. Now, the importance of this

lies, as we have indicated above, in its tending to precipitate direct relations between the Russians and the people of Afghanistan, with whom we ourselves are entertaining relations impossible for us to break off, even if we would. They must have come into some sort of contact with the Russians sooner or later, in consequence of their territorial possessions in Turkistan. Of these the Russians must take cognisance by the force of circumstances, irrespectively of any original scheme to that effect, whether such ever existed or not. The Afghan refugees, originally 950 in number, took a prominent part in the battle of Irdjar, fought by the Bokharians against the Russians in 1866, whose power they thus learnt to realise. It seems that they now express themselves desirous of returning home, and the *Invalide* says that it is intended to send them back to Afghanistan in small detachments. It would be interesting to know whether they have accordingly returned as Russian subjects with Russian passports in their pockets, or as mere natives.

Of course, we are not imputing to Russia the slightest hostile intention towards ourselves in this matter, having, indeed, consistently done our best to show all along that the intentions of the Russian Government do not go for everything in Central Asian politics. They are but one factor among many, in determining the course of events in this part of the world. It is usual to say, and it is being said by high authority, that the Russians, if established even far to the south of their present position, would not of necessity be bad neighbours. We have not the least desire to say they would; at least in so far as

concerns any evil intention on their part. But, whatever their intentions may be, be they 'evil or be they good, it is, we apprehend, quite indisputable that the simple fact of their neighbourhood would by itself constitute a disturbing influence upon native opinion within our frontier, generating an uneasiness of which open signs are already showing themselves, and which may be expected to gain further ground in the ratio of the Russian advance. It is for us to meet that as we best can, for indeed it is a very serious matter. Meanwhile, it should be observed that the Russians themselves make no mystery of their thoughts, but are quite ready to speak out their opinion freely enough on their side, now that their press is quite unrestricted in comparison with its state at the time the Central Asiatic question was last before the world. They seem to be quite unanimous in taking for granted that the respective attitude and bearing of Russia and England thus brought into contact in Central Asia is to be of necessity one of mutual mistrust and suspicion, if not of covert hostility. If the important pamphlet on the whole subject by no less a personage than General Romanofski himself, the new Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in Turkistan, should ever come to be translated from Russian for the education of our public (which we need hardly say will never come to pass), it will be at length realised how naturally the Russians seem to treat such a prospect of frontier intrigue as a matter of course, as indeed why should they not, for they know well how to play the game? It is a great satisfaction to see meanwhile that the question with us is no longer under-

going discussion by generalities, but is narrowing to the very practical issue whether our best course will be to interfere at once in Afghanistan, or to leave everything west of our frontiers to take care of itself for some time to come. This is the issue which we trust will be definitively brought to a head by Sir H. Rawlinson's forthcoming motion or question in the House of Commons.

THE FALL OF BOKHARA.

June 30, 1868.

• The Bombay telegram of May 25 was premature in announcing the Russian occupation of Bokhara. That message merely referred to the battle before Samarcand and subsequent entrance into that city by the Russians on the 1st and 2nd of that month. It is now only by the Orenburgh telegram of June 24 that we are made aware of the fall of the holy city itself;* the interval between the two periods indicated by the dates being just such as to suffice for the easy march of an army of occupation from one point to the other. Neither city appears to have offered the slightest opposition to the Russians after their first action with the Ameer's forces outside the walls of Samarcand; nor would the agricultural population along the valley of the Zerafshan, down which the route to Bokhara lies, have had any more wish than they had power to resist them. To the cultivators of the soil as well as to the peaceful citizens of the great towns the Russians would appear as deliverers, not as conquering enemies. No Kars,

* This news was afterwards contradicted.

nor Varna, nor Silistria need ever be looked for in Turkistan; though the nearest approach to such resistance as that which has immortalised the Ottoman arms in the case of those cities will probably be found in Khiva when its time comes. Indeed, the principle of nationalities, little enough as we think of it in connection with Asia, tells considerably in favour of the Russians. The agricultural and the trading classes of Turkistan are, in the main, of Persian speech and race, representing, in fact, the former indigenous Persian population of the great ancient satrapies in these countries, and differing from the Persians of Iran by archaism of dialect and by religious sect only. Under the names of Sart and Tajik they are fully conscious of a nationality separate from that of the Uzbek Turks, who are the fighting, political, and unsettled or nomadic classes of the country. This difference has been naturally and systematically turned to account by the Russians ever since the capture of Tashkend three or four years ago, most unquestionably to the great benefit of civilisation. It is reasonable to suppose that, as the Russians would not have moved upon Samarcand in the first instance if they could have helped it without loss of name and character, so neither now would they be saddling themselves with the military occupation of a much larger city if they found it possible to draw the line anywhere and stop at Samarcand. Their previous frontier along the main north-eastern road gave them the fullest potential command of Samarcand all along, being the mouth of a long defile in the Ak Tagh mountains, called the Yilanlik Dereh, or Valley of Serpents, extending for

sixteen miles between Jizak and Yenghi Kurghan, and not thirty miles from Samarcand itself. That city, and all Southern Turkistan to boot, has been at their mercy any time these last two years, and would have been conquered long ago but for a very positive desire to regulate too fast a growth and keep it under some control; nor is such desire a matter of inference only, but one of authoritative testimony as well.

The disturbing influence on native opinion in our Indian empire, which we again take occasion to remind our readers is our only concern in the Russian southern advance in Central Asia, hardly incurs any great risk of augmentation by the present news, seeing that the Russians have been pretty well down south, at least as far as the Oxus, for years past, not only in the opinion of natives, but of not a few Englishmen as well. The occupation of Bokhara need hardly produce any immediate or considerable shock upon men who have been told, and who have been steadily believing, that the Russians have been cantoned at Samarcand during all last year by the hundred thousand, and that they are all there for the definite purpose of invading India, entertained at St. Petersburg. So pertinaciously has this story been sent down the passes from Afghanistan, indeed, that we are fain to believe it really to be no piece of natural mythology, but to have some sort of core to it all the while, and to be but the honest native exaggeration of the old Russian frontier position of Yenghi Kurghan above mentioned. Apart from this, however, let us just examine the real state of the case. The Russians now stand committed, according

to all outward appearance, to a distinct territorial possession of the entire Khanate Bokhara, following as a necessary consequence upon their occupation of the two capitals and the intervening territory. Did they find it convenient or possible to stop, they would have stopped before moving on an unresisting city. By this they further commit themselves to a new series of diplomatic relations, from a new base, equally of necessity inherited from their predecessors. They must now come into immediate contact, one of supervision or of hostility, with the man-stealing Turkoman tribes, whose chief slave market will be at once and for ever closed to them, and whose whole manner of life will thus undergo a sudden and violent change. They must come into some contact with Herat, and they cannot of course do that without seeking to modify its politics in their interest, which, in so far as commercial politics at least are concerned, they have hitherto been taught to think of as one unavoidably hostile to British interest. Of Afghanistan Proper we say nothing, being convinced that, like ourselves, the more they look at it the less they will like it, and the more either they or we interfere in its affairs the more surely will the intruder be playing his adversary's game. But it will be very hard, if not impossible, for them to keep altogether aloof from relations with a State in actual possession of extensive territorial conquests along the Oxus once belonging in major part to Bokhara. Nor are they wont ever to shirk the game of diplomacy. In this rapid glance we say nothing at all of relations of some kind necessarily about to be precipitated with Khiva, with the cluster of petty Uzbek States be-

tween the Oxus and the Murghâb, even fluctuating in allegiance between Herat and Bokhara, with the Eymak and Hazâreh chieftains, with the blue-eyed and fair-haired Kâfirs of Kafirstan, the brothers of the Franks, the most interesting and the most unknown of all the waifs and strays of humanity, with Badakhshân and the hill States on the unknown eastern frontiers of Bokhara, whose very names are enough to make geographers' mouths water; not even of relations with our anomalous feudatory the Maharajah of Cashmere, who has been already coquetting with the Russians as it is, and whom it appears now that we have no power, or at least no right, to stop from still more coquetting if he pleases, for it has, we believe, been just ruled that he is at liberty by treaty to hold whatever foreign relations he cares to entertain without any respect to us. Our own chief curiosity will be to observe the precise manner in which the new position of Russia will affect its relations with the settled and, so to speak, civilised State of Persia—a State which we are wont to put down with an almost brutal levity of thought as the mere tool of an aggressive Russia, yet which, so far from being that, is actually in the position of the Spartan boy, with the fox eating into its side; ignoring of set purpose all the Turkoman kidnapping incursions which depopulate its Caspian coasts under the very eye of the Russian settlement at Ashur Ada, rather than apply for help to the Russians, and thus officially recognise that settlement which it rightly deems a usurpation. All these are more or less necessities, and they are elements fraught with political change which must affect the native public

opinion of our great Indian empire; which will even affect it all the more in proportion as it begins to acquire consistency and to feel its own strength. While on this point there is no harm in reminding our readers, finally, that the Russians are now numbering a very influential and, numerically, a by no means inconsiderable aggregate of Hindoos among their subjects; colonies from Moultan and Shikarpur, in direct relations with India, who hold in their hands the whole financial and much of the mercantile business of Central Asia. There, at once, is a direct point of native contact set up, and a certainty of future contrast between British and Russian rule indicated, to which it will indeed behove us to look in time, and look well.

Events march; but meanwhile the Russians are desiring nothing, quite nothing at all, and have really not the slightest design upon India. Have we not been expressly so told one morning last week in a widely-circulated contemporary, speaking in very authoritative and indeed peremptory tones, such as are appropriate to ministerial rather than to editorial speech, and in France are held to indicate it? We hope the Indian public will be very appreciative of the fact thus *communiqué*. But we must not have dead horses flogged as though they were live ones, all the same. Nobody here supposes that the Russians want to invade India; at least we sincerely hope so. Nor does any reasonable being in India suppose it either, that we know of. If any caution were needed, it should have been written in Hindustani, not in English. Here we are past needing it. We see that the events take place whether Russia desires

them or not; that Russian desire at head-quarters has little enough to do with the matter anyhow; and that we are consequently no longer vaguely suspicious of what Russia means, but all the more minutely vigilant of what Russia really happens to do.

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

October 22, 1868.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Those who regard the advance of the Russians in Central Asia with apprehension are wont to confine their attention to the possibility of a Russian army making its way into Hindustan by way of Bokhara and Afghanistan, and to dismiss once for all the idea of danger on the side of Turkistan by the assumption that a pass like the Karakorum, upwards of 18,000 feet in elevation, is an insurmountable obstacle to an invading force.

Now I would venture to suggest, that with the imperfect knowledge we have hitherto been able to acquire of that tract of country called Little Bokhara, and of the means of ingress and egress it possesses, it is premature in such persons to come to so determined a conclusion until they have convinced themselves that the Karakorum route is the only one which connects that country with British India and its dependencies.

During a short sojourn at Leh, the capital of the Cashmere province of Ladakh, I have had some opportunities of conversing with persons well acquainted with the subject; and I am informed that to the east of the Karakorum, a road passes from this place over the hills known as the Changchenmoo range, and across the high Salt steppes north of it to the foot of the Karakash pass, which would present no difficulty even for laden camels. Dr. Cayley, the officer on special duty at Leh, told me that he has explored this route, and that it is his conviction that the Karakash pass may be totally avoided by striking off from

the Salt plateaus in a north-west direction so as to join the Yarkund river above Kajian, from which place a road at an easy gradient descends to Yarkund.

Mr. Forsyth, a commissioner in the Punjab, who has lately paid Leh a visit with the avowed object of gaining intelligence as to the means of promoting the trade which at present exists between Turkistan and British territory, has, I hear, prevailed upon an agent of Yacoub Kushbegee, ruler of Yarkund, to return by this route in company with some merchants.

Why the road by the Changchenmoo range has not been preferred hitherto to the Karakorum route, can only be accounted for by conjecture. In Oriental countries the mere firman of a ruler has not unfrequently been sufficient to counteract a national benefit.

It is known that the Russians, by virtue of a commercial treaty with the Peking authorities, obtained leave to establish a factory at Kashgar, for the furtherance of trade with the province of which it is the capital. But it is not generally known that this permission was granted in consequence of a request which had for its object the establishment of a cantonment and trading station at a place called Guriah, which lies on the high road between Yarkund and Khoten. Those who fail to see in the trade of Central Asia a sufficient inducement for the Russian advance might well be apprehensive that this request pointed more directly to a hostile intention against Hindostan. We learn from news which reaches us through the merchants in this city that Russia is by no means likely to forego the advantage gained by the concession of the Kashgar factory, although the firm rule of Yacoub Kushbegee has succeeded to the authority of the Chinese Ambau in Eastern Turkistan. A few months ago a bridge was built over the Naryn, and Russian envoys reached Kashgar, and urged the permission obtained from Peking before the Yarkund ruler. The latter refused utterly to listen to their representations, and it seems only too likely that he may already have em-

boiled himself with Russia by throwing down the bridge over the Narya. If Russia advances into Turkund, Kashg, Kushbegee has no chance, and what will our Russophobists say if the Siberian frontier is advanced to the province of Ladakh ?

Now, Sir, I am no Russophobist ; and I see no greater reason for supposing that Russia has any hostile intention against the plains of Bengal, than we have against the stalls of Nijni Novgorod. Why, for once, should we not accept friendly assurances with friendly returns ; or, if we suspect intentions, why do we not take some steps for ascertaining them ? We have the impressions of Russian travellers, why do we not enquire the designs of Russian diplomatists ? The traffic returns at this place show, even under the late unfavourable circumstances, a thriving trade between Eastern Turkistan and the Punjab. The traders here are confident that it is an increasing one. All that is required is security of life and property in Turkistan. Those who have read Mr. Lumley's report on the Russian tea trade, know that when this is secured our Himalayan teas will find a ready market in Russia. What say the Russian travellers alluded to above ? They say, ' It is first of all necessary to establish a feeling of security in these parts.' Can it be that the masterly inactivity which threatens to leave our border affairs in such uncertainty and confusion in India, has pervaded the counsels of the home Foreign Office ? Is nothing being done to clear up the national cloud of misunderstanding for which our press is responsible ? Here are two European Powers, ostensibly ready for the same result, both desirous of such a state of affairs in Central Asia as will make the flow of trade and civilisation possible, but who, looking at each other through the medium of a semi-barbarous country, allow their imagination to conjure up spectral forms of doubt and danger and difficulty. What we require is a combination of two strong Powers, not to crush, but to establish a weaker one. If to proposals of such a nature Russia turns a deaf ear, it will

be time to look for deeper motives; meanwhile, the expression of the sentiments of distrust and suspicion which are so frequently published, are unworthy our character as a straightforward nation. We shall doubtless hear more of the Changchenmoo route, but let us hope it will be as the highway of a trade opened out with Centra' Asia, by a coalition with Russia, not as the dreaded passage for the spectre of a Russian invasion.—Your obedient servant,

YARKUNDEE.

Leh Sept. 3, 1868.

'YARKUNDEE' ON EASTERN TURKISTAN.

November 9, 1868.

If we are right in understanding our correspondent from Leh, whose interesting letter appeared in our impression of the 22nd ult., as seeking to counsel Lord Stanley through the home press to place himself in direct and formal communication with the Russian Foreign Office, for the purpose of 'establishing security' in the dominions of the Kushbegi of Yarkand by combined official 'civilised' action, we are afraid that we must disappoint our correspondent if he expects any co-operation for that end on our part. We cannot, indeed, too earnestly deprecate the slightest official notice being accorded to Russian progress in any part of Turkistan, both now and for many a day to come. Had any such notice been taken, the natural opening for it would have been on the outbreak of hostilities, it matters little through whose fault, between the Russians and Tartars, and with greater bitterness than ever, before the ink could well have dried upon Prince Gortchakoff's circular of November 1864, formally proclaiming, if not

solemnly pledging himself to, a distinctly final line of southern frontier, once for all. In default of any similar public event susceptible of official cognisance, it would be supremely inexpedient and tactless in us to moot the subject ourselves. Rawlinson says it would just be calling the wolf up to the hall door by way of keeping him off. A frank and full understanding on the subject between Russia and England is, no doubt, as we have always said, the one thing desirable in this matter; but that must, and we trust will, be first the result of the progressive enlightenment of England and Russia, under the influence of careful responsible public teaching and increase of detailed knowledge on both sides. We venture to say that we have fairly entered upon the way of such enlightenment in England, and, as a consequence, we think our correspondent is not justified in identifying, as he does, the whole press here with the unduly alarmist portion of it—if, indeed, there be such a thing yet alive or significant. Till such matured understanding exists, communications between Governments on questions of general principle are no better than so much planting of dry sticks in barren soil, to be watered with official notes in vain hope of gathering good fruit. For more detailed reasoning on this point—a point on which we believe that many worthy persons share our correspondent's aspirations, having an otiose impression, probably got from recollections of the Roving Englishman or the commonplace of hustings declamation, that diplomacy is but nonsense, hocus-poens, mystification, red tape—we beg to refer him and them to certain remarks on page 579 of the 'Quarterly Review' for

October 1865, where the particular subject is treated at some length by one who is the highest authority upon it. Here we cannot help saying that nobody is justified in treating the whole subject on general grounds, unless he writes with full and recent knowledge of the above article, and of its successor in the ensuing October of 1866. Not that we have any business to fling that in the face of a man who writes from Leh, where the 'Quarterly Review' is not filed, but we take an opportunity of saying so once for all, and of renewing at the same time our solicitation, made last January, to their author to republish them forthwith.

What our correspondent tells us about the state of Russian relations with the Kushbegi, and his somewhat detailed account of the new and practicable route by the Changchenmoo to Eastern Turkistan, must be considered valuable and deserving of attention. We knew before, from Russian documents which appeared at length last summer in the mostly excellent Berlin correspondence of the 'Times,' that the Russians, having already secured from the Peking Government the treaty right of maintaining a factory and a consulate at Kashgar, had been so far attempting to put this right to the test since the expulsion of the Chinese, that a Russian merchant had himself lately proceeded to Kashgar with a venture, and had been there personally ill-treated. In addition to this provocation, our Leh correspondent now assures us of the utter repudiation of this treaty by the Kushbegi, as well as of the Russians having originally sought to fix their establishment at a spot much nearer our frontier. There is thus a double cause of

enmity, or ground of war, between the Russians and Yakub Kushbegi. We do not, however, entertain the least apprehension of any immediate active hostilities on a large scale taking place here, so long as the Russian hands are full in Western Turkistan—on a scale, that is to say, such as to justify apprehension in India. To those who do apprehend a Russian advance from the Tibetan side we recommend a perusal of the sedative note on pp. 560, 551 of the above article, on the Kashgar factory. Our correspondent says he is no Russophobe, which we are glad to hear, but when he hopes that he will hear of his Changchenmoo route as the ‘highway of a trade with Central Asia opened out by coalition with Russia, not as the dreaded passage for the spectre of a Russian invasion,’ we are constrained to point out to him that he is here making his giant in order to kill it. Indeed, he himself admits that nobody has ever dreamt hitherto of a Russian invasion by Tibet, and only then, when indicating the route, goes on to wonder what the alarmists will say when they hear of it, or of a rupture between Russia and Yarkand. Without troubling ourselves what alarmists may say, we may take occasion to thank our correspondent for the route, or rather for the verified details of the route, for it has been known before, though not exactly visited or recorded by Europeans. That admirable traveller and picker up of odds and ends of information, Godfrey Vigne, we think, was the first to mention it and its availability for traffic. We think one of the Stracheys actually surveyed part of it. Johnson, who seems himself to have crossed a path which cannot be far off, as the valley he as-

cended is called by him the Changchenmoo, calls particular attention to this road, practicable to wheeled carts, and presenting no difficulty, leading up to the lofty barren plains of Changtang or Rudok, 14,000 feet or more above the sea, and so down on Turkistan by easy slopes. This must be that which we now are told has been actually explored by Dr. Cayley with a view to commercial advantage. We do not like to venture on criticism on this last point, not having seen the report of Mr. Forsyth; but thus much is certain, that a beginning to an extended commercial intercourse has been laid by the recent establishment of a fair at Palampore in the Himalayas, though we are not in a condition to say whether or not Government action may need further stimulus in regard to this trans-Himalayan trade. At any rate, we can do no harm in again insisting on the existence and advantages of this route—a route which, if the above identification be correct, we first adverted to in our report of Johnson's journey to Khoten more than two years ago. But we do utterly protest against its being set in a framework of speculation upon Russian invasion, instead of being plainly recommended for its intrinsic commercial and geographical importance. Yet it seems hard to avoid doing that when writing in an Anglo-Indian atmosphere.

We have misprinted Guriah for our correspondent's Gumah. Gumah, Johnson says, is a small town of 6,000 houses, between Ichi, the chief town of Khoten, and Yarkand. In Eastern Turkistan the towns run so large that one of 6,000 houses may be called small by contrast; but it will surely be fully entitled to return two representatives to the Khoten Parlia-

ment when the millennial Anglo-Russian coalition comes to pass. Also we entreat our correspondent never to talk of 'Little Bokhara' again. His own term of Eastern Turkistan, as used later on, is 'better than any other. Chinese Turkistan will no longer do, now that the Chinese are expelled the country. There never was any sense in Little Bokhara, and it is pretty well abandoned in our more recent maps. And before leaving the subject altogether, we must remind him, when contrasting our full knowledge of the views of Russian 'travellers,' as derived from the Messrs. Michell's work, with our ignorance of the views or intentions of Russian 'diplomatists,' an ignorance to be laid at the door of our hypothetically inactive, and therefore incurious Foreign Office, that the 'travellers,' whose reports are published in the aforesaid book, are not travellers susceptible of contrast with diplomatists. So far from that, they are just the contrary, with the one exception of Captain Valikhanof, who was in disguise when at Kashgar. The others are diplomatists or officials, to a man, travelling on affairs of state. As for the rest, we over here are pretty well content for the present to let Lord Stanley go to work his own way in all things.

October 31, 1868.

Turkistan, it must always be borne in mind, is a purely ethnological and geographical expression, not in any way a political one. If it can ever be used politically, it can only be so used under specified reservation. Thus, when told, as we are now told, that Shere Ali Khan of Kabul is threatening to invade

Turkistan, it is presumable that he is not threatening the Russian districts of that vast area, nor yet any of the native khanates which still retain their independence, but the south-eastern districts of Balkh and Kunduz, which have been under the Kabul dominion for the last quarter of a century, and where Abdul Rahmân Khan is still holding out for the expelled ruler of Kabul.

November 14, 1868.

So preternatural a blunder in the veriest elements of Central Asiatic geography as the confusion of Little Tibet or Baltistan, with the newly consolidated Turkish realm of the Kushbegi of Yarkand can hardly be the result of anything but mere oversight. With this drawback, the long letter in the 'Times' Calcutta correspondence of Thursday, relative to our prospects of trade with Central Asia, is one of considerable interest and value. We have no occasion to revert to the subject ourselves on its own account, for the letter of our Leh correspondent, 'Yarkundee,' which anticipated all the points now elaborated in the 'Times' letter, has been already criticised at length in these columns. There are, it is true, certain things of importance not quite clearly presented in the Calcutta correspondence, which stand in need of further elucidation, and which may give rise to serious misapprehension if not put straight. The Russians appear, both from this, and from 'Yarkundee's' correspondence, to have based their demand of 1860 from the Chinese Government under special treaty for an establishment at the town of

Gumah, over and above their Kashgar demand. Now the entire context of the passage in which this is stated is such as to create an impression that the Russians have not given up this demand, but are actually pressing it on the Kushbegi, who is supposed thus to have inherited Chinese obligations. But this is nowhere stated in express terms. It is, however, highly desirable to know whether they are or are not doing anything of the kind. Gumah lies, in reality, some distance east of Yarkand, on the way to Ilchi. It is said in express terms to command the new Changchenmoo route, but as we have not as yet been told anything about the further or Turkistani extremity of that route, we cannot say whether this is a precise statement or a verbal flourish asserting a general truth, like those by which it has long been habitual to call places 'keys' of somewhere or other, and which mislead you like the grandfather of deviation himself.

November 18, 1868.

The last 'Times' correspondence from Calcutta presents the Turkistan question as one of immediate practical importance. Not only does it announce the actual occurrence of such public events as we recently expressed our conviction could alone form the groundwork of any official communication with Russia, but we are told that the Indian Government has taken the matter up and submitted the question to the home authorities with the view of inducing them to obtain co-operation from Russia in neutralising Eastern Turkistan. We cannot possibly tell whether

the two events—that is to say, the defeat of a force of the Kushbegi in a collision with a Russian force on the Narym, and the demand of the Russians for a post at Gumah—be well authenticated or not; but if the usually cautious Indian authorities have taken action on such a report, we presume they have good grounds for believing it. We must confess that it seems to us very much like an alarm raised by the Kushbegi for the purpose of committing us to a protectorate of his dominions, but of course we should have to reconsider such an impression in the face of the present Government action. The news, it must always be remembered, can only come from the Kushbegi's agents in the first instance. And we are not even yet satisfied with the manner in which the alleged modern renewal of the Russian demand for Gumah is allowed to be inferred as a necessary consequence of the same demand in 1860, instead of being categorically stated as a proposition by itself. But this demand is the pivot on which the whole turns, it seems to us. We have never believed the Russians to contemplate any direct menace or even any aggressive attitude towards India. Yet a cantonment at Gumah would certainly be very nearly a menace, and it would unquestionably be considered one in India. Adolphus Slade's formula in 1834, in reply to the alarmists of that day about Russian aggression, was the pithy and exact remark that Russia did not mean to invade India, but to grow to India. A movement on a post so isolated and so far in advance of the present military lines is not a movement of natural growth, and to us it is almost inexplicable. We shall look with great anxiety to see if

the Bombay 'Times of India' contains any more of 'T. L.'s' invaluable contributions on the subject as viewed from the Russian side with the help of Russian materials.

THE KOKAN MISSION TO RUSSIA.

November 19, 1868.

Our readers have by this time had about as much as they can stand from us regarding the Kushbegi of Yarkand, at least as that potentate is represented to us from the Anglo-Indian side. We have been lately told of him as being now quite firm on his new throne, eager to trade, and yet all of a tremble at the mere shadow of Russia, and unable to trade with us unless he can get the joint guarantee of Russia and England against Russian advance; all this being said in one and the same breath. We, for our part, firmly believe that the Russians have neither the intention nor the ability to cross the Thian-Shan in order to plunge into fresh hostilities at the present moment, when they are stated on high authority to be staggering under the burden of accumulated conquests on the Jaxartes; and we think it a matter of deep regret that so obvious and beneficial a policy as that of increasing our commercial relations with Eastern Turkistan, under singularly favourable circumstances, should come recommended to us, not on its own merits, but on grounds which gratuitously assume that Russia would otherwise be the virtual mistress of Eastern Turkistan. Mr. Forsyth and those who follow his lead have really only themselves to thank if their admirable scheme of trade fails to attract

Central Asia and Russia.

the home public as it deserves. They are misled by the optimistic sentiments of our press about 'Russian good neighbourhood' and the like, which are not *bond fide* convictions, but mere aspirations, impressions, or masks meant to veil ignorance of detail. The want of tact in it all is provoking. But little as we fear Russian aggression on Yarkand in this sense, we think that a complication is likely to arise in another direction for which the Kushbegi, on his side, will only have to thank himself.

The Russians are of set purpose careful to keep us telegraphically acquainted with the movements of the envoy just despatched to St. Petersburg by the Khan of Kokan. One of these announcements has moved Dr. Vámbéry to write a letter to the 'Times,' which appeared one day in the middle of last week. This is a lively and amusing production enough, with its little parable of the mouse in the cat's paws invoking blessings on 'dear kitty'; but, apart from that, it shows a sagacity in interpreting the Khan's motives for sending this mission which is most creditable to the dervish, and it deserves to be read with attention. The Kushbegi of Yarkand, like all conquerors, having gone so far, does not know how and where to stop, and is apparently meditating an invasion into Kokan, of which country he is a native, and was once the chief minister. What Kokan may comprise in the way of territory nobody seems to know, or has any means of knowing here; even the maps of Sir Henry James at the War Office and Colonel Walker at Calcutta leave it quite uncertain; but, be the Khanate great or small, it is certainly under some sort of semi-dependence on St.

Petersburg—presumably some such as that of the Nizam at Hyderabad upon ourselves; and it is highly probable that on the strength of it he is seeking protection against the doughty Kushbegi. We cannot offer any opinion as to what may come of this, not knowing, any more than our neighbours, what the actual obligations incurred by Russia towards Kokan may be. There is only one communication between the Kushbegi's present dominions and the Khanate of Kokan. This is the Tirekty Dawan—not Terektin, as the Messrs. Michell deduce erroneously from the Russian adjective 'Terektinski,' which they find in their original. The word means the 'Pass of Columns' in the somewhat Mongolized Turkish of Eastern Turkistan, and this name is an indication of very great archæological interest which need not be here specified. This route is described as being animated by a constant traffic, and it must be perfectly practicable in a military sense for the greater part of the year. We do not expect to see a set Russian army in battle array moving along it, but we have no reason to doubt that Russian civil or military officers will be despatched with the Kokan force in the event of hostilities, or that Russian diplomacy will find its opening here as elsewhere, and turn the existing circumstances to account as usual. One consideration of this diplomacy is now avowed to be the pressure which their advance in Turkistan would enable them to exercise upon British policy in the Bosphorus; from which it would appear that, like the Vienna papers, they believe that there is still such a thing as a specially British policy on the Bosphorus. Such being the case, they are likely to be very much

mystified by Lord Stanley's late edifying contributions to an explanation thereof from the Pan-Christian point of view, taken in combination or contrast with his sound and excellent workmanship.

FALSE ALARM ABOUT RUSSIA AND INDIA.

December 19, 1868.

The letter signed 'Ex-Political,' in a recent number of the 'Times,' recommending the despatch and even naming the personal appointments of a mission to the Kushbegi of Yarkand, is not so much worth notice for the direct propositions it contains as for the very striking illustration it affords of that strenuous Imperial instinct of every Anglo-Indian—every member of the 'great club of seven thousand gentlemen'—which was set in so strong a light by the 'Spectator,' in a remarkable article about this time last year. The writer entirely sets aside all thoughts of difficulty or inexpediency in such a mission, such as are known to have deterred the Viceroy from any step of the kind; because, being irresponsible, he feels no difficulty himself, and he has the strong sense within him of power to surmount or beat down all obstacles. An impartial reader at home, however, may be inclined to turn aside from the prospect of sending a mission, supported by a body of heathen Hindoo soldiers, to reside in a city of fierce Mahometan Turks, in a frame of mind both of religious and patriotic exaltation, entirely unused to the presence of foreigners, and exulting in their newly recovered independence from an infidel yoke. The mission may be expedient, but the 'wing of Gbork-

has ' would be a real risk. At any rate, Sir John Lawrence has turned aside from anything of the kind, and we have the best reason for believing that his successor will be equally slow in taking action as suggested—for some time at least. Knowledge of Russian movements is represented in this letter as being a likely consequence, rather than as the primary motive, of the proposed mission. Had it, indeed, been the motive, all we can say is, that the proceeding would have been very like that of the Chinese who burnt down his house to roast his pig. A knowledge of Russian movements—not a perfect, but a by no means inadequate knowledge—is not hard to obtain without any hazardous apparatus of this kind. Indeed we doubt very much whether we should get access at the Kushbegi's Court to anything much better than whatever the said Kushbegi may choose to tell us—than a Gumah story over again, in fact. We were exceedingly sorry to see the 'Times' reviving that worn-out story last week without the slightest provocation of any current event. When a weekly contemporary, exceptionally well informed about India, adopted under reserve the two statements of the 'Times' Calcutta correspondent—firstly, that the route by Gumah was not only practicable for armies, but even afforded occasion for distinct uneasiness as a menacing track of Russian invasion; and secondly, that the Viceroy, under such apprehension, had applied home to urge the Government to communicate with Russia, in order to secure a joint neutralisation, we said that we were sure the Viceroy had done nothing of the kind, and that, as regarded invasion, Sir Henry Rawlinson had com-

mitted himself, now a month ago, to the most positive and categorical denial and disproof of any such military capabilities as ascribed to the route. Of course we have nothing to say if the 'Times' chose to overlook or ignore our own contradiction; but it has no right whatever to overlook or ignore a public statement made before the Geographical Society by the greatest, or rather the only special and comprehensive, authority upon Central Asia. There was no occasion for reopening the subject, and by so doing the 'Times' has unfortunately excited instead of allaying uneasiness. And here we may say that Central Asiatic geography and ethnology, albeit things neither popularly cared for nor perfectly known, are really useful, perhaps we may even venture to say indispensable, things when the public has occasion to consider propositions about Central Asia. If not, we are logically compelled to assume a special instinct, a grace or a revelation on the part of those who would fain form or guide opinion about them. Our knowledge may be imperfect, and yet be quite good enough to enable us to say that it is an inconceivable absurdity to call a high level pass like the Changchenmoo 'a hole in a wall.' It is ridiculous, this hole in the wall—a hole to play bo-peep through with the spectre of an advancing Russian army. For those who may be induced to hold, as they are bid to hold, that, as the geography of Central Asia is not fully known, nobody is at liberty to know more details than those of its most unknown portion, we beg to say that last year there were published, on the part of a very influential society, two thousand one hundred and odd volumes in sea-green backs,

each containing what Sir Roderick Murchison is responsible for being an adequate representation of the whole country with the hole in the wall in it; that these, and other preceding volumes of the Geographical Society, all full of Central Asia, are by no means difficult of access; and that, if a public writer shows himself acquainted with their contents, he is making use of matter which is quite authoritative, and he has a full right to do so; always admitting at the same time that his details may fairly procure him a glance of the evil eye now and then, and may be, of course, the legitimate game of the harmless comic eye.

In looking back at all this gratuitous and wanton scare about Russian invasion from the north-east, we cannot help wondering what will happen when the Russians actually set to work with a will to get a rise out of us in this quarter, as they say they mean to do some day in order to support their diplomacy in Southern Europe.

SOME
SHORT NOTES ON PEOPLE AND
TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. LAYARD AND DR. SANDWITH.

February 6, 1866.

The back parts of Asia Minor have much to answer for. During the Crimean war there were many people who took it very ill that they should have given us Mr. Layard. During the uncertainty of the *Trent* question, there were not a few who entertained, and perhaps expressed, misgivings, not to say terror, at the prospect of having to fight America, upon American ground, under the leadership of a hero from Kars. And now a new star from the East is dawning upon our political horizon. This is Dr. Sandwith of Kars. It is very curious to compare the Doctor's language, held the other day at Manchester, with the language held by his brother doctor and fellow-Asiatic, Dr. Layard, as we used once to call him, during the pre-Crimean times, when on his promotion. Each at the outset goes in with the vehemence and ardour only found in the favoured children of the sun for the noblest doctrines of the Rights of Man, and the most withering denunciations of a bloated aristocracy, like a true man of the people. Here the parallel necessarily ends. Mr. Layard, how-

ever, generally worked with tempered mortar; but the mortar^s in the present case of Dr. Sandwith is certainly untempered, and does not look as if it would serve for building a cohesive edifice of political success. Did Dr. Sandwith ever fall in with the original of a book called 'Æsop's Fables,' when he was in the East? The fable of himself and of Mr. Layard is therein narrated. The eagle understands his work, strikes his lamb, and carries it off easily. The crow makes his imitative swoop down upon the ram, a steady animal, which, like our bloated aristocracy, has a hard head, a solid purchase, and plenty of wool on its back, and he only manages to entangle his own feet. We do not say that Mr. Layard is the noblest of birds, but he is a good efficient fowl enough, with a strong clutch and workmanlike pinions, and he has got his lamb, at all events. But, after all, who can say that Dr. Sandwith will not be Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs some day? It is very likely, indeed, if a certain section of a party ever gets uppermost, and it would be quite as good an appointment as that of Mr. Gladstone to the throne of Greece, which was openly and repeatedly advocated, in large print too, by that same section of a party. We mean no offence to Dr. Sandwith; we mean friendly caution for his own sake, and would fain say to him—'Spare, O boy, the stimulants, and then make a stronger use of the reins.' Possibly he himself may best know what he is about.

WALT WHITMAN.

February 16, 1866.

‘Who’ goes there, hankering, gross, mystical, nude?’ It is Walter de Brooklyn, the bard of fish-shaped Paumanok, who has just been turned out of a clerkship because his ‘poems’ are found to have indecent passages in them. We must say that it strikes us as being rather hard upon Walt that he should be punished in 1866 for delinquencies perpetrated in and before 1860, which is the date of his seventh edition, and since then we are not aware of there having been any later edition. The poor man can no longer enquire how it is that he extracts nourishment from the beef he eats, for they have taken away his beef. Retribution has certainly pursued her victim with a limping foot in the present instance. It seems to us somewhat absurd and out of place to use such a mere wine-and-watery term as ‘indecent’ to denote Walt Whitman’s outbreaks. He is outrageously, purposely, and defiantly obscene. There is no possible comparison between his obscenity and that of classical authors by which it has been attempted to justify him, or that of Holywell Street literature. Its essence is defiance—not the primitive simplicity which calls a spade a spade, nor the latter-day prurience of over-refined civilisation. Walt would fain be a child of light, and he seeks to outrage the Philistines who stifle him and hem him in, much in the same way as, to take a mild and decent parallel, the Ionian Lascarato loves to outrage the pedantry of his Philistine countrymen, the

most typically Philistine of nations, by defiantly misspelling his Greek and flaunting it in their face. Walt is a rebel, a Nonconformist, one who beats the gong of revolt, to use his own extraordinary and unconscious adoption of a hack metaphor of the Persian poetry of revolt. His leading principle is random and reckless rebellion, such as a Persian would call *Usydán*, as opposed to *Takiyya*, or conformity. The curious way in which the extremer licence of Western thought has come to reproduce the extremest licence of Eastern thought is as striking as anything in the history of modern American literature. There is a strong conscious tendency towards Pantheism among the American Transcendentalists, and a desire to become acquainted with the Persian masterpieces of Pantheistic poetry. When Emerson wishes to denounce the English trait of grovelling unspirituality, he takes Hafiz as his standard of spirituality. Even Saadi, the least transcendental of poets, a wit, humourist, and traveller far and wide, a sort of vagabond Horace, is made the subject of a critique in the current number of the 'North American Review,' which shows this appreciative leaning towards Eastern thought, if one may so call it, shared by the Germans, but markedly deficient in the English of the mother country, whose connection with the East is much too practical to admit of it.

All Americans read a great deal in a desultory way, and mostly read better books than we suppose. But it is hardly possible that Walt Whitman, who was, we believe, a journeyman printer in Brooklyn, could ever have had any access to the stores of Persian poetry. Yet he has somehow managed to acquire or imbue himself with not only the spirit but with the

veriest mannerism, the most absolute trick and accent, of Persian poetry. Take this, for instance:—

What blurt is this about virtue and about vice?
Evil propels me, and reform of evil propels me: I stand indifferent.
Mine is not fault-finder's or rejector's gait,
I moisten the roots of all that has grown.

If Persian verse-making had been part of the Haileybury course, after the manner of Latin *alcaics* and *hexameters* in an English public school, in the days when the paramount importance of Persian as the culture-language of educated Indian Mussulmans was acknowledged and acted upon, this might have been put as easily and naturally into a *Rubá'i* or quatrain after the manner of *Khayyám* of *Ardebil*, as Lord Lyttelton has put Tennyson's 'Enone' into Latin hexameters. There are many passages of this kind, where the Eastern and the Western autotheist alike give full play to their fancy, hedge their stakes with a possible god, and defiantly proclaim the doctrine of salvation by revolt, for all that they have never wiped the grime of sin from their cheeks, nor pierced the jewel of conformity for their earring, as *Khayyám* says in his opening quatrain. Fitzgerald's admirable paraphrase of this poet, now out of print, was not in existence when Walt wrote; Cowell's essay he cannot have seen, nor Forbes Falconer's exquisite little fragments from the Sufis or Transcendentals; nor should we suppose he had come across Rückert. It is the pure identity of kindred spirits, cast in the same mould by analagous circumstances—at first sight so different—as to their outer form. Mussulman Puritans and New England Puritans, the Ulema and the Elders, each strain the cord too tightly, and the rebellious spirits break loose and run wild.

Walt's obscenity, being glaring and rampant, catches the eye at once. As criticism goes, it is almost impossible for a critic who sees it to refrain from self-display in treating it, either by writing facetiously and cracking jokes upon it, or writing virtuously and pointing morals with it. The temptation is too great; and consequently Walt Whitman, like the popular contemporary Anonyma-and-Skittles literature—which is colourless, combining its dirt chemically, not holding it in gross suspension like Walt—has never been read by daylight and honestly submitted to analysis. We do not in the least wish either to excuse or to overrate him, for his strange flights of fancy and picturesque outbursts of originality are in truth separated by the widest and dreariest intervals of commonplace and platitude, not to say nonsense. And he sometimes falls into the absurdest depths of bathos, through manifest want of systematic early training. But to call him a rowdy and obscene Tupper is as superficial and as beside the mark as to call him a rowdy and obscene Clarke's Homer. We should like of all things to have caught him up early, sent him to study at Shiraz and paid for his keep there, and in the fulness of time set him to work upon a *bonâ fide* metrical and rhymed translation or reproduction of the glorious rolling hendecasyllabics of Jelâluddîn Rûmi. Walt Whitman has a very good ear; the 'Masnavi' has to be translated sooner or later, and the sympathetic American would have been rescued from his sty of epicurean autolatry by devotion to the great master-work of mystic transcendentalism in the East.

BEASTS.

November 28, 1866.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Your correspondent ‘Jonah,’ who has identified Dr. Cumming’s name with the number of the Beast, deserves my admiration, and at all events has excited my envy. I had long come to the same conclusion upon all sorts of different grounds, but I have always been baffled in my efforts to work it out honestly as an arithmogram, as I have been trying to do any time the last year. My table has been all of a litter with little odds and ends of paper and visiting cards marked with cabalistic signs, with forms like $\kappa=20$, $\mu=40$, and the like, which have all but driven my wife to talk of sending for Dr. Forbes Winslow to treat me for obscure mental disease. I tried it with one μ and with two μ ’s. I tried it as *Κυμμυγγ* and as *Κουμμυγγ*, both with the older and the newer equivalent of the Western *u*. I tried it even with $\gamma\kappa$ as the exact modern Greek representative of our sound of *ng*, but that was too much of a good thing, for it gave me 673. My nearest was 656, which wanted 10 to come out right. This ‘Jonah’ has supplied, by what I call neither more nor less than a stroke of true genius. He has hit at once on the I for 10, the first letter of Dr. Cumming’s Christian name; as, indeed, the obtrusive \bar{I} is of his nature too, for that matter. Praise, then, to ‘Jonah,’ who has successfully solved a great problem in theology and arithmography. Still, I think it is necessary to remember how many Beasts there are in the field besides Dr. Cumming. Each leader of the House

of Commons is a true Beast, as clearly marked with 666 as though the letters were branded on his flank. The lord of the Tory herd, 'Ο Στάνλεϋ himself, what is he but a Beast until he comes to sink his Beasthood in a higher title by the course of nature? Gladstone can, it is true, only become a Beast by first turning him into a woman, and he is hardly likely to become that even if he reaches the years of a Lyndhurst or a Strulbrug; but if added up as ἡ Γλαδστονε he comes out 666 quite as surely as the Tory leader, and it must not be forgotten that he is *at this moment in friendly intercourse with the Pope of Rome.* The details of these sums may be found in a back number of the 'Saturday Review' some eight or more years ago. Whenever you want more about Dr. Cumming, Sir, don't, please, forget yours,

ME.

P.S.—In case the Doctor should be inclined to claim the Dean of Westminster as a fellow Beast in consequence of what I have pointed out, it is necessary to add that not every Stanley, but only *the* Stanley of the period, has a right to the definite article which makes him 666. The Dean is safe—safe, that is, as far as a dignitary of the Broad Church can be.

DR. CUMMING'S LAST.

February 3, 1868.

The great and celebrated river Euphrates, according to the most recent authorities, such as General Chesney and Captain Felix Jones of the late Indian Navy, is in a very unsatisfactory condition. Whole

reaches in its central and lower course are choked with marshes; the river bed is so narrowed, as here and there hardly to be traced without much difficulty, and the country traversed by it is now a mere succession of dreary hopeless swamps. Under these circumstances it is a matter of great relief to learn on the highest authority that this river is now being dried up. We have generally been wont to look upon Mr. W. P. Andrew, the chairman of the Euphrates Valley Railway Company, and a very dry man, as the human instrument destined under Providence to effect this desirable desiccation; and that by means of embankments, culverts, tile-drainage, pumps, sand and gravel, and other ways and means belonging to the secular arm of engineering science, to say nothing of guarantees at 6 per cent. from the Ottoman Government. But Mr. W. P. Andrew has not even got to 'Jabber Castle' as yet, the terminus of his first section; he has not even begun his permanent way; wherefore the deferred hope of many shareholders is making their hearts sick. Now, however, it seems that the preliminary operations are all being done for them. The celebrated Dr. Cumming has publicly stated that the river is being dried up, and he has given his reasons for holding that opinion. The reasons and the opinion must be worth hearing, and they must impress many minds, else how would they get into the public prints at all, or be deemed worthy of notice by the writers of newspapers? Now this is the nature of them. The drying up of the Euphrates is that which is said in the newspapers to be the death of the sick man. Palestine is a house, and it is also a key, the key to all Asia; but that is

lower down in the discourse. The question is, who is to have Palestine? The Sultan is allowed to keep it just now, as an old 'female' is allowed to stay in a house to let, in order to light the fires—and here we have to pause and admire the word female used instead of woman. Dr. Cumming observes more deaths than births at Constantinople, an observation we should consider out of the power of any man who was not a midwife and sexton at once in that unstatistical city. He observes that the old Turks are leaving Europe for Asia—to which he might add as a qualification, that young Turkey is leaving Asia for Europe—nay, for Hammersmith itself. He observes that the Turks are abandoning their old customs; for he saw them twice last year in 'saloons' of our aristocracy, moving unconcerned among the ladies in evening dress who frequent those objectionable resorts. The Prince of Wales spoke to the Sultan about protecting Christians, and the Sultan spoke up to the Prince in reply. These, then, said the Doctor, are proofs that the great river Euphrates is being dried up. We wish the congregation joy of the proofs. These too, say we, it is meet for us to take as a notable specimen of that logical condition in which the human mind may be expected to find itself during Dr. Cumming's millennium. It is a prospect which should carry balm to the soul of Mr. Robert Lowe, a statesman who objects to our common work-a-day premillennial logic as an instrument of human education. Let us envy those whose earthly lot it is to enjoy prelibation of the intellectual delights of such a future state, a millennium of unreason to be attained by the simple process of listening to Dr.

Cumming and communing with him in spirit. Yet why are we thus taking our text from the Turks and the Euphrates when there are the frogs and France waiting for us—the three unclean spirits which, like frogs, are to desolate the whole earth? Be it known that those three frogs are France; because Bishop Villiers and many of the ‘best commentators’ have noticed that, though the present armorial symbols of France are the Napoleonic bees, still the old arms of France were three frogs, inasmuch as three frogs were borne on the banners of Charlemagne and of Clovis. There are many popular reasons for connecting frogs with France, but we should first like to be allowed to ‘allude to an individual,’ a certain individual whom many may know as being in the habit of referring a good deal to Charlemagne in a certain weekly contemporary, and of betraying an impatient and resentful spirit when that famous Frenchman is spoken of in those terms and by that definition, such as we hope so learned, ripe, and respected a scholar as our good Doctor Cumming may not have to encounter after this pleasant little historical outbreak. As for Bishop Villiers and the ‘best commentators,’ we shall have no pity for them if they ever come to be thoroughly well Freemanised for what they have said, richly deserving it as they do. Let them be tossed to the Saturday lions, and let their bones be crushed. But Dr. Cumming belongs to the millennium; he is not of this world, and does not need serious treatment, neither about Turks, nor frogs, nor prophecy, nor anything. He simply fulfils the part allotted to him in the scheme of nature. He lives in turbid water, because he and his like cannot live

in clear water. It is necessary to say, in explaining him and treating of him, that this is not to be helped, nor is he answerable for himself, for the reason of the continued existence of such a being is the impurity of the medium in which he moves and dwells. He lives in a dense circumfluous atmosphere of intellectual turbidity, of ignorance, of gross superstition, of craving after spiritual dram-drinking and gambling, which is a shame and a discredit to this country, and which is alone responsible for Dr. Cumming. Cleanse the atmosphere, and he and his like will perish. We shall then lose the entertainment of his lively movements and his curious effrontery, but the world will be rid of a great present affliction.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH'S LAST.

July 25, 1868.

We have long been speculating whether the great celibatarian discussion in the columns of a daily contemporary or the hot weather would have lasted the longest. The sunshine has been the first to give in, and according to present appearances, we may even see a shower of rain—our readers remember rain?—before the controversy runs itself out. Now of this discussion, all we want to say at present is just one word of repining for its pitiless way of swamping smaller topics in the columns where it appears. It darkens the sight of things the world would not willingly let die.* Not that Mr. Darby Griffith, who has in this wise been addressing the public in the 'Daily Telegraph' some days ago about classics, education, and English grammar, is a small topic by any means.

Nobody ever said that of him, not even by discourtesy. But he is thrust away and lost in the cold shade of the great conjugal problem. There, of course, nobody noticed him except one man, who took him *au sérieux*, and gave himself the trouble of answering him, and did it according to his Darby-Griffithness. The writer detached each proposition of Mr. Darby Griffith and criticised it in earnest and separately; our own inclination, far from that, would be rather to send the separate propositions to Hunt and Roskell's for appropriate setting as valuable jewellery than to criticise them as so much mere sense. 'For any one intended for a classical education,' says Mr. D. Griffith, 'any specific study of English grammar, or English language, is labour utterly useless or superfluous.' 'The study of the grammar of the classical languages is the very best means of including in the same effort that of the English language.' Why, of course it is, and it is sinful and horrid to deny it as his objector does. In proof of the justice of Mr. Darby Griffith's statement, it is quite enough to adduce the example of one who had great experience as an educator of youth in illustration of English grammar treated classically. 'Ah, it's me,' said Mr. Squeers, 'and me's the first person singular nominative case, agreeing with the verb *it's*, and governed by Squeers understood, as "a acorn, a hour," but when the h is sounded, the a only is to be written, as 'a hand, a heart, a highway.' There you have an English sentence parsed according to what Mr. Squeers has himself called the elevated feeling of the ancient Romans and Grecians. Then comes, 'nearly the whole of the most important part of the vocabulary of the English

language is directly derived from the classical languages,' and 'in addition to this, we have the Anglo-Saxon etymology, which renders our vocabulary the richest in the world.' We assure our readers we are not joking in the least in this last sentence. They will, of course, see exactly how the analytic process of etymology continues to enrich the vocabulary of a language. The wonderful richness and compass of vocabulary which makes Mr. Darby Griffith so conspicuous in his eloquential aspect among the Witan of the English Parliament now stands revealed to us as the fruit of meditation on Anglo-Saxon etymology. Darby, he muses, is from the Danish Deora-by (not Anglo-Saxon, it is true; but it is all one to him), meaning in that tongue the 'abode of wild creatures,' its name having been previously North-weorthig in the Anglo-Saxon language. Full of the thought, and with the nerves of his mind all braced and glowing with the reflection, he goes down to the House with his vocabulary enriched accordingly, and enlightens it about Servia and things further still. We are glad to see, apropos of Servia, that this letter of his establishes an alibi on his behalf, and that he has not been mixed up in the recent perils of that country. We were much alarmed on his account at first, when the name, which afterwards turned out to be Colonel Blasnavatz, was telegraphed to us as Blasnawag, for the like of such a name as that had never been heard in these parts, and we feared it might be Servian or Rouman for Darby Griffith. But here he is at home all the while among the Anglo-Saxon roots.

OF THE DESERT CALLED SAHARÀ.

September 26, 1868.

Sahara may have become by this time very good English for a big desert in Africa at the back of Algèria, but it is not Arabic for that, nor for any other desert anywhere, great or small. We think we said as much before, but that was only apropos of North Africa. Perhaps we may be allowed to say so again now, apropos of something else which is occupying a great deal of room in the newspapers; at the same time taking occasion to affirm what Sahara does happen to mean in Arabic, always supposing you to pronounce it duly and properly with a doubled *h* and a mighty compression thereof in the valves of your throat: not that you can, unless brought up young to it. It means a sorceress, a Canidia, a witch of Endor (or elsewhere), an old hag who lives by sucking fools' blood and brains, by vending to the said fools divers washes, potions, love-philters, and similar ware, of which the inventory will be duly found catalogued in the drama of 'Macbeth'—the same wherein three Saharas actually come on the stage in connection with a caldron. When 'Macbeth' shall be translated into Arabic, as of course it will be on the morning next after the Greek Kalends, the same being the day of the 'solution' of the 'Eastern Question,' the word 'witch' will be rendered by the Arabic word *Sahhàra*. Thus far is pure and innocent philology, which we beg our readers not to misinterpret. If the philological cap fits anywhere, it is the dictionary's fault, not ours. Now, however, comes our own quarrel with Sir Roderick about the desert currently called

in England Sahara. What does he mean by never once telling us about the aforesaid extraordinary magnetic rock therein situated, which we have some time been told, as it would appear, on the high scientific authority of an illustrated contemporary, to be not only remarkable as a natural phenomenon, but also to be an important and useful source of traffic and profit to people both in Sahara and London? Why is not this rock found on any map of Africa? Why has it never been fixed trigonometrically? Why has its elevation never been taken by boiling water—not even when you have real magnetic dew laid on for your water, and for your fire a sun notoriously hot enough to cook beefsteaks? Why, but because Sir Roderick has an interest in veiling his own ignorance. We venture to say, at the risk of an action for libel, that Sir Roderick Murchison has not the faintest idea where to assign the situation of this gracious and beneficent boulder, let alone accounting for it by his boasted geology. Nor is there one single word about it in the consular reports, though one would think that all the Drummond Hays and Churchills of those parts might have vouchsafed us some one scrap of information about such a trade as that in magnetic dew water—one so unaccountably neglected, too, by the silly French. Nor yet about the swift camels—swift, indeed, for such a cargo, as magnetic dew cannot of course be entrusted to any meaner craft than to exceptionally fast-sailing and, as one may say, clipper-built ships of the Morocco desert. We rather think that the consuls are officially bound to mention the name of the agent in this trade, kept secret in the great con-

temporary trial to which we may seem to be alluding in these desultory remarks: their silence, we think, ought to be made a Parliament matter of. For our part, we have long known who that distinguished Arabian is, but we care not to reveal his name. In this case, unlike that of Sir Roderick, we dare not run the risk of an action for libel—one in which the Bey (Bey is a title in vogue among Arabians, said in the dictionaries to mean all sorts of things, but always strictly noble and high, according to the public prints of an earlier date in this year, which may be consulted thereanent with propriety) would be perfectly certain to lay his damages at 20,000 pieces of gold, and perhaps have us hauled by the tipstaff to a dreadful dungeon.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

September 5, 1866.

Truly Mr. Gifford Palgrave's lines are cast in strange places. One week's newspapers gazette him as consul to a town of which no mortal man has ever heard except those whose fate it has been to live in countries adjoining the Black Sea. The next week we hear of the town having being burnt down, after falling into the hands of wild insurgent mountaineers. Then the Russians retake it, or what is left of it; then 7,000 fresh Circassians come down and overpower the Russians, who come back with reinforcements and at last succeed in crushing the insurgents. But what has become of the British consulate all this while? We should be very sorry, of course, if anything happened to the consular body at Soukoum Kalé, but if any European consul has to

suffer at the hands of wild Circassians, retributive justice would seem to require as its victim the consul of that particular nation which is responsible morally, and perhaps officially too, if we could get at the truth of the matter, for distinct underhand encouragement of the Circassians, only to abandon them in the hour of need, when the time for underhand game had passed. The story of the *Vixen* and of the systematic coquetry with which we dallied with the Circassian question in the later days of William the Fourth's reign, playing fast and loose with agents half owned; half disowned, and always mismanaged, forms one of the least creditable chapters of modern English annals. Two could play at the game of fast and loose, and two did play at it. Nicholas's triumphant reply to Bell and Longworth and Urquhart on the Circassian coast was Simonich at Herat and Vicovich at Kabul. That came of 'letting I dare not wait upon I would' in 1836.

May 25, 1868.

The Russian telegraphers seem determined to keep us well up to the Christian mark in all that concerns the East; to create, maintain, and perpetuate in us a healthy and eminently Christian recognition of 'the Turk' reduced to his lowest terms as a Christian-hating or Christian-massacring animal. We are now told of the Circassians of Samsoun having risen in revolt on some unspecified occasion, that locality being described as in the country of Anatola (which we venture to identify with the region more usually known to plain Englishmen as Asia Minor, but this by the way), and to be 'threatening the

Christians.' That last is not altogether unlikely, nor very unnatural either as regards one particular Christian, if any Circassians in a Circassian frame of mind should chance to come across a Russian consular officer in the track of their alleged revolt. Samsoun is in the consular district of Mr. Gifford Palgrave, the famous Arabian traveller, and a notable Christian, who must therefore be one of the menaced. Not but what he is just as likely to be one of the Circassian revolvers; for there is no saying what his adventurous humour may or may not lead him to become at any given time; but we need have no apprehensions on his account, as he is the man to take good care of himself under most circumstances. It may be well to state clearly the particular considerations attaching to this piece of news. Samsoun is a rising commercial town on the Black Sea coast, two days' steam from Constantinople, almost created, it may be said, by modern trade and steam navigation. It is now the terminus of the main road leading to the far south-eastern provinces of the empire, through which their communications with the capital are kept up, and the head-quarters of an important trade with the interior. English, French, Austrian, and Turkish steamers are always touching there. In spite of all official supervision and control of telegraphy in Turkey, if anything serious had taken place there, it is highly probable, not to say quite certain, that we should have come to hear of it before now, and within four or five days. If true, it is very strange we have not so heard. Now this intelligence is stated as coming to us by way of Tiflis in Georgia, of all conceivable places; therefore to

have dragged along its slow length away; from Europe for a week and more before it could reach its telegraphic terminus, thence to come round by St. Petersburg. Once on the wires it certainly came with unusual rapidity. As for the news itself, we do not say it is not true, for the condition of the Circassian exile colonies in Turkey renders it anything but improbable; but we do say that, true or false, it cannot but be much behind time, and that under no circumstances should it be sent undated. Perhaps, however, as the Russian object of sending it is purely homiletic, any time or place will do for such intelligence.

KNOX ET VENUS.

July 2, 1864.

Quis in igne positus igne non uratur,
 Quis in *Mundo demorans* castus habetur?

asked old Walter Mapes, 700 years ago. Mr. O., apparently, lives in what is called the world, and has, therefore a character to keep up for not being 'castus,' so he went to Pantonia. Why he went there in particular is perhaps not difficult to answer. It may have been the operation of natural laws; it may have been because—as the aggrieved Russian serfs say of heaven and the Czar—Anonyma was too high, and Paris too far; at all events, he was in Pantonia at one in the morning. Now Pantonia, like Arabia, is said to be divided into three parts; there is Pantonia Deserta, behind the National Gallery, where military Bedouins not unfrequently levy black mail upon belated travellers—cosas de Inglaterra; there is Pantonia Petræa; and there is Pan-

tonia Felix—a happy land, content under the strong Government, and, as alleged, the light and personal taxation, of the C division of police—a favoured land, flowing with asses' milk and drones' honey, with moiré and Moselle, with white satin more or less of the silkworm, and white satin of the juniper berry. Much sound morality has been shed over its condition; but that has been rather for the shedding's sake, than for the sake of putting the hand to those reforms which, if needed, it is absurd to say would not be at once enforced by a practical and good people like ourselves. The morality of our life is against its denizens, to be sure; but with them is the inexorable logic of facts which every night flushes the great moral sewer of London. With the moralists is, so to speak, 'virtue and Erin,' at least if we may judge by Utopian views and cheap clamour; but in a bad and somewhat over-Teutonised world, the Pantonians can boast of having on their side the 'Saxon and guilt.' We have wept like Heraclitus over the shameful subject—the distinct, clear-cut, national disgrace—till we are weary, and our eyes are dry, and nothing is left but to take to the vein of Democritus in bitterness of spirit. *Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus:* Hail, Pantonia! mighty mother of wild oats; mother of Belgravia *jeunesse dorée*, of brazen women, of copper captains! Hail, midnight sister of the twilight Arcadia! It is of one of thy gilded sons that we chant our present dolorous burden.

Not that we are going to recount Mr. O.'s misadventure in detail. Still less do we abstain from doing so out of any wish to spare his feelings. Pub-

licity, the condolence of friends, and the malignity of enemies to himself or his class, are the worst part of his punishment, and the more of it he gets the better. He is not like Firdausi's or Sir William Jones's eunuch; he is probably not rich in hoarded grain; and though he evidently leads his brief gent's life with pleasure, and will, doubtless, quit it with pain, he deserves no leniency at our hands, for it is by means of him and his like that it becomes our duty to point our morals.

Before he went on his ill-famed purchases, he should have remembered that the maxim of *Caveat emptor* was as applicable in the Haymarket as at Tattersall's; if, as the Spaniard says, he lay down *con perros*, or *con perras*, he should have looked to rising with fleas; if, as the Greek says, he got mixed up with the chaff, of course the hens gobbled him up, as they seem to have done on the present occasion, in concert with the male bird, Mr. Hahn, in whose cock-loft they go to roost. Hahn is called Kehullet in the first report of the case, having, no doubt, a divine and a human name, like the gods, rivers, and giants of old heroic Greece; but the last name reminds one of a still older people than that of Greece, and a wiser name than that of Homer; it must be Coheleth, Ecclesiastes, the wise preacher and king, who, like Mr. Hahn, had many ladies lodging under his roof, and, like Mr. Hahn, found out, when too late, that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit. We can even sympathise with Hahn as his vile felon's head was being battered about by the young Scotch swell's knobbed stick. If he had ever read 'Quentin Durward' he would have been in a position to under-

stand the full horror of the onslaught on Quentin's homestead, when Glenhoulakin was being harried by the Ogilvies. But if the conquering cause pleased the gods, the conquered cause pleased Cato. The upper ten thousand may be with Mr. O., but with Mr. Hahn is Mr. Knox. Mr. Knox distinctly commits himself to the statement that Hahn's part in the transaction was that of an extortioner of the vilest and foulest description, and that, in fact, his broken head served him right. Yet his assailant is left with an intolerable and uncleared charge still remaining over his head, which would have been entirely avoided if Mr. Knox had resisted the temptation of letting the balance of his moral indignation and reproof turn against the liquorish and half-drunken young fool, who wished to turn his French prints into *tableaux vivans*, rather than against the man who trumped up the most atrocious and infamous of charges, and perhaps got his living by doing so. He preached to Buncombe, and Buncombe replied to him next morning in a regular screaming sensation leader, on which justice may be congratulated, for it is part of the punishment decreed by Nemesis—a higher authority than Mr. Knox—on Mr. O., as well as the prohibition of hair-brushes, compulsory shaving, the use of his new gloves in doing housemaid's work, and being made to fray the knee-pans of Poole's masterpieces in scrubbing the prison floor. Those who desire to see the common sense of the subject stated in excellent language we gladly refer to the last number of the 'Sunday Times.'

Many Pantonians read and write English, and all understand a colloquial and corrupt dialect of it. So

we hope they will have a chance of hearing the advice which we put in an interrogative form:—Why, O ye nymphs, when the goose comes to your door and deposits his golden egg as a matter of course, do you so vainly and cruelly seek to kill him for the sake of his golden eggs? To which it may probably be replied, that everybody is the best judge in his own art, and consequently in that of fleecing victims. Meanwhile, so long as the parish authorities wait with folded arms apparently in the expectation that Heaven will send down fire and destroy the infamous place, we can only recommend each gilded youth to go forth—

Dum favet Nox et Venus, i. secundo
Omino,—

armed, like a New York rowdy, with bowie knife and revolver; he will not suffer worse, nor half so much, if hanged for murder of his accuser, as he will if resting under the uncleared accusation: and then, perhaps, the whole abomination will perforce be swept away.

A PEER'S PROTEST.

July 26, 1866.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—I am a very quiet and, I believe, inoffensive man, whose only wish in life is to be allowed to sit in a corner out of other people's way and read books. But it has come to pass, through no fault of my own, that I have found myself of late years in possession of a handle to my name. I am a lord, in short; but I am not a warlike lord, nor a fire-annihilating lord, nor a game-preserving lord, nor a Temple-haunting

lord, nor a bishop-making lord, nor a cock-fighting lord, nor anything but the most entirely insignificant of lords—content to remain unknown, and successful in self-effacement, as you may see for yourself by the enclosed card. You can never have heard of me by any chance, unless haply it be in connection with the Pneumismatic Society, or the Ethnymological Society, or the Sogdological Society, obscurely learned bodies whereof I have the honour of being a member. I vow and declare that I am utterly unconscious of having given offence to any human being within the said bodies, and as for human beings outside of them I never see any, and don't want to. Well, Sir, I had occasion to drive across Hyde Park on the afternoon of Tuesday, the day after the storm, in company with my wife, who, as is her wont, was giving me, who am somewhat infirm of foot, the benefit of a lift to my club—a literary club as harmless and colourless as myself. When fairly in the park, I found that though the great storm was over, the waves were very far from having gone down: angry little surface waves, different enough from the grand natural heaving of the true popular sea. I found myself the object of much unfriendly, not to say unsavoury, greeting on the part of a large crowd, being indeed hooted and yelled and groaned at, for all the world as though I were a person of significance—one who led to something. Now, not a soul of the crowd could by any possibility have seen or known anything of me publicly or privately—for the best of all possible reasons; and I am therefore driven to conjecture that their wrath, not to say venom, was roused by the sight of an unobtrusive little coronet which my

wife has had painted, according to custom, upon the panels of her carriage, and which I defy all the powers on earth, short of a domiciliary visit to the coachhouse, to induce her to unpaint, for peeresses are decorative beings, fond of ornamentation and distinctive symbols. I heard afterwards that there had been talk of brickbats in other cases, and that they had been used pretty freely, too, later in the day. For my own part I should not have minded it so much if it had come to brickbats, because, thank goodness, I can speak enough dog-Irish to make pretty sure of finding a proportion of men to whom fighting is as 'mate and dhrirk' out of a mob of town roughs, who, under any circumstances, after hearing the accents of their country, would stand my friends and cover my retreat by breaking my 'persecutors' heads. Moreover, it is probable that the Celtic portion of a London mob would be the first to apprehend the idea that it is not exactly fair play to yell and hoot and throw stones at carriages with unoffending ladies in them.

Now, Sir, what I want to say is this. I am a Liberal by instinct, a Liberal by association, a Liberal by reflection. I have the most entire sympathy with legitimate agitation, as it is called, on the part of the working classes to obtain an extension of their rights by a full measure of Reform. I have always been fully prepared to vote for a measure of this kind, and thereby to do my duty according to my conscience. Nor, if the working man, knowing me to be a lord, were to hoot at me as such, should I see much cause for repining thereat, unfair and disagreeable though it be. He is not bound to know

my Liberalism, and if he chooses to fix the burden of class responsibility on a harmless and sympathising individual, prepared to go any honest length with him, it is not much to be wondered at, however hard on the scapegoat. If he is silent, he is taunted with apathy; so he must needs shout if he wants to be heard—acting according to the Turkish proverb which says that the baby which doesn't squall gets no milk. But in what conceivable way can Tuesday's crowd—my friends who yelled at me—be considered as belonging to the working classes at all? It is a monstrous libel upon the organised working men, whom it was foolishly sought to keep out of the park on Monday, to dignify the worthless and mischievous mob of Tuesday—men without aim or object beyond sheer wanton riot—by their respected name. I wish to testify emphatically to the fact that I and my companion, so far as we could see, failed to see anything resembling a real body of working men in Tuesday's crowd. I saw Bill Sikes and Nancy and the flash Toby Crackit in every variety and stage of growth, and nothing but them. I saw, Sir, and shuddered, as one may shudder who drives his spade a foot or two into the soil on which the great Russian capital stands, and sees the mud and the slime and the deadly river beneath the frail crust which supports the stately streets of granite palaces. These glimpses of horror, caught from time to time through our social cracks, are good for stimulating us to healthy action. But an aggregate of Whitechapel thieves and mischievous boys is not an aggregate of honest working men, and should not be admitted as such to standing room on the Liberal platform. The

roughs of Tuesday were not incidental roughs in a crowd, they were the crowd itself, composed of full-grown or half-grown roughs, and nothing else. We are all of us put out with Sir Richard Mayne, no doubt, for his bad tactics and seeming misconception of the whole question at issue; and as for Mr. Walpole, we have no words sufficient to blame and ridicule him for calling in the soldiers at once—leading his red ace of trumps when he has not another trump card left in his hand. This fairly touches the working man, and he will say his say about it in the right way and place, it is to be hoped, under the auspices of Mr. Beales,—a gentleman, by the way, for whom I have always entertained the greatest respect, to say the least, since he came forward in 1863 and spoke like a man with his whole soul on behalf of the unfortunate, struggling nation whose life was then being crushed out, when Ministers and shopkeepers alike were standing aloof half-hearted and afraid to play the forward game.

But for the moment the question is beyond the working man, and has now become one of order as against disorder. The question of Government responsibility must come afterwards only. If things go on as they are now going, not even a safe conduct or firman from Mr. Beales, which I am sure he would grant me, will save my windows—or it may be my head—on Sunday next; for I have the misfortune of living near the Marble Arch. All the satisfaction I shall get will be to hear from a great philosopher and a great traveller that this comes of a Tory Ministry, and that they told us so—that one must not mind sacrificing a little order if the Tories can be turned

out thereby. This, not because they love order less, but because they love their platform more. I venture to think that the time for platformism is past, even in this platform-ridden country. Meantime, Sir, agree with me that it is hard upon an innocent man, sympathising with the people, conscious of having sinned against them neither by thought, word, nor deed, anxious to do his duty by them in the fulness of time, that he should find himself exposed to ignorant hateful insult on the part of those whom a shameless fiction alone has invested with the honoured name of the people. I like the people's horse-play; but I know the little poison-bag of class-hatred when I see it.

A PEER.

GENTESQUE LITERATURE.

September 5, 1866.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—I am a literary detective, and keep a private enquiry office, where I pry into all secrets and solve all mysteries connected with authorship, be it anonymous or otherwise. I and my minions live by the whopping of authors, and the follerin of 'em about, unbeknown to themselves, as my favourite, Noah Claypole, says. You may conceive that I have plenty of applications respecting the popular book of each year, which is always an anonymous one; and you can see for yourself how my trade thrives by the increase and multiplication of the columns of literary gossip, avowedly dealing with the personal aspects alone of authorship, which are now to be found in

nine newspapers out of ten. My pet literary beat is the Bohémian beat, where I find most matters to suit my humour and give a relish to my professional duties. Gentesque literature, prose and verse—the national ballad-poetry of the music-halls, the Gentski Pesmé, as one may say—is my favourite reading, and I am happy to say that I have gone over every inch of the ground myself, and mastered everything. I say gentesque, because I am obliged to make an adjective out of the word gent, a class to whom, and to whose female correlatives, the whole of this literature belongs. By it I denote all those male and female people who practise habitual unalloyed self-indulgence, and nothing but self-indulgence, just as many noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies do, but entirely uncontrolled in gratifying their sweet selves by any of the restraints or by the manners which unite to set a certain mark upon gentlemen and ladies even at their lowest. Now the literature of this class is popular, progressive, and encroaching, albeit a creation of yesterday; and the class itself, so far from being a doomed class, as was pretended by a very able essayist when noticing ‘Fast Life’ in a great weekly review some seven years ago, is an ardent and proselytising class, full of faith in its cause, like the early Mahometans, energetic and victorious. When I go down Rotten-row in June, and see all the curls and Aldershot swells, and the like, leaning over the railings and carrying on delectable and well-garnished public converse in the Neo-Bohemian dialect with everybody’s mistress, whose favours they share with the true original gent, I rejoice inwardly, and say to myself, ‘Here is pure gents’ gain at the expense of

gentlemen.' The young swell might have been offensively well-mannered, like his father, an exclusive patrician, one distinguished from the gent, if only by demeanour and by the use of the pistol—one who kept the display of his illicit affections within four walls, or made them appear as good as lawful by making their object private property of his own; whereas the free and liberal son has acquired everything belonging to the gent—'linguam et mores necnon gentilia tympana,' and, I may add, 'ad Circum jussas prostare puellas.' His ideal is the gent's ideal, and his practice is in conformity therewith.

The beauty, greatness, and power of gentism has turned my head like the fumes of Moselle (the gent's wine), and made me go off the point: my excuse for which must be the imperfect appreciation of its current literature which still prevails. Here I would fain speak of that immortal work, 'Fast Life,' my favourite perhaps of all books whatever; of its successor by the same author, 'Rome, by Two Fools,' works which are an unsurpassed living photograph of gentesque realism. The pert, indeed, may consider them pointless, not to say dull and incoherent; but then what do they take a gent's life to be? But I must pass on, however much I would linger regretfully over the works of—

Lennox, Jack, of great renown
In all the gayest parts of town—

as the author tells us ('Fast Life,' p. 155) he was once addressed by a Mr. George S., 'one of the cleverest writers of the present day.' The flower and cream of this literature is unquestionably the 'Anonyma-and-Skittles' series. Anyhow they are

its most popular works ; perhaps the most popular of all their contemporary books. They certainly beat everything in 1864 and 1865, just as 'Ecce Homo' is beating everything in 1866. I know them by heart, for I have studied contemporary manners in them with an earnest and a loving spirit—and a thoughtful one too (I was nearly forgetting thoughtful). These books I have met everywhere. At Marseilles I bought a French translation of one, with the photograph of a real woman in it, which had got to its sixth edition. I must stop to give you a bit of incomparable French out of this. The English text makes mention of a 'welsher' on a race-course. The French translator renders this 'un parieur du pays de Galles, c'est-à-dire, tout ce qu'il y a de plus infâme sur le turf anglais,' which is as good as the *coq du Barndoor*. Now I have long wished to attribute these works to somebody. The workmanship is clearly not that of Jack Lennox, for there is no *recherché* food nor steam navigation in them. For want of a better idea I have accepted and propagated the theory that they are the work of the late Southey, *alias* Forwood, the murderer. I have come to this provisional conclusion mainly on literary grounds, for the two styles are absolutely identical with one another, being at the same time formed on the same model, at which I will not even venture to hint, much less repine, for it has the largest circulation in the world, and it is going to be the English of the future. Moreover, the suspension of all further issue of these works does curiously coincide with that of Southey *alias* Forwood. Partial friends have called this a good bit of detective work, and I have arched my back at the praise,

though not fully satisfied with my own decision. But last Tuesday I fell upon something which has put me on an entirely new scent. I always read the Paris correspondence of the 'Daily Telegraph' as a matter of course, for it falls within my beat. I see by your paper, Sir, that you do so likewise, and quite seriously too; and, therefore, may incline your ear to anything I may tell you about it. Well, Sir, before I had got through ten lines I came upon a stanza which lighted up my whole soul, as the lay of Blondel must have lighted up the soul of Richard in his dungeon. This was from a masterpiece of gents' poetry; whether written by some gentesque Dr. Watts, or sprung spontaneously out of the aggregate of gents, just as the ballad poetry of rude nations springs from the nation itself and not from any single author, I cannot say. I had no time nor heart to think either of the authorship or the merits of the fragment. What concerned me was that it was a fragment, and that it fitted in metre, rhythm, tone, style, treatment, idea, morals, and all, with another fragment cited in one of the most impressive scenes of the book 'Skittles in Paris.' Now I have no wish to strip a single leaf from the literary laurels of so gifted and unfortunate a man as the late Mr. Southey, but I cannot conceal from myself that the new evidence points in a different direction; and my present theory is capable of being additionally supported by much internal proof out of the last-mentioned work. I have, in fact, achieved a surprising literary discovery; and it is with the view of communicating it forthwith to the public that I now have recourse to your columns. We all like to know about the people

who write books, and I am confident that in the swell military messes, the servants' halls, the more fashionable public schools, the night-houses, and the well-gilded saloons of successful female trade, there must be many and many a sympathising being only too eager to penetrate the mystery of the authorship of these fascinating little volumes.—I am, &c.,

CHICKERING P. BLOODGOOD.

Pantonia, August 30, 1866.

GEOGRAPHY IN PARLIAMENT.

May 31, 1866.

Sir Henry Rawlinson is of opinion that M.P.'s would do well to join the Geographical Society, because as a general rule they know nothing of geography, and are bothered and bewildered by the simplest places. The speech wherein Sir Henry declared this opinion at the Geographical dinner on Monday night was doubtless of a semi-serious and post-prandial complexion; but at all events he supported his statement by apparently authentic specimens of parliamentary ignorance out of his own experience. Not a dozen men, according to him, knew where to look for the Bay of Fundy, when that name came uppermost with the rumour of the Fenian raid on British territory. When he and Mr. Layard began to discourse in Amœbean strains of Bokhara and Samarcand, of the 'diamond turrets of Shaddera-bam and the fragrant bowers of Amberabad,' the face of Parliament was overcast, as with one universal look of blank astonishment. We are anything but sure, however, that this last betokened ignorance of Central Asia so much as knowledge of Central

Asia, or at least knowledge of what could be achieved by a couple of bold Central Asiatic riders, well astride of their Central Asiatic hobbies, and bent upon a good long breathing gallop across that country—a country where nobody rides anything shorter than five-parasang heats. And how on earth did he manage his statistics about the dozen men who did not know the Bay of Fundy, unless it were done by flagrant and shameless button-holding in the lobbies? As for Bokhara, they must have known the name, if only from the Racing Calendar, though they might not have recognised the pronunciation in Sir Henry's mouth.

Sir Henry's general principle is undoubtedly quite right; but we suspect that he was just coquetting a little with a purely conventional and more or less fallacious formula of constant recurrence in popular literature; endorsing it, as the phrase goes, for circulation in higher regions. We mean the formula of assuming, when you write a book about Persia let us say, or Transylvania, or the Banda Oriental, or the like outlying and little-known country, that none of your readers or friends have ever heard of that country; and it is usual to try and extract some fun in detail out of the questions they are by way of putting to you. This very mild vein of humour has been exhausted long ago, but people still go on working at it as though it had never been touched. Mr. Cobden's famous *Ilissus* illustration or parallel is a very good example both of the legitimate and of the fallacious side of this imputation of geographical ignorance. He would have it that all public school-boys knew all about the *Ilissus*, or were taught all

about the Ilissus, while none of them knew anything at all about the Mississippi. Now it may be perfectly correct to say that American geography has not yet met with its fair share of recognition in our system of public-school education, and thence to deduce the conclusion that such system needs improvement. But it is utterly wrong to say that the boys know nothing of the Mississippi. The converse is the truth, and we say it from experience. There is hardly a word about the Ilissus in any classic that a schoolboy, unless a very advanced one, is likely to read. Mr. Cobden's notion of an obtrusive Ilissus perpetually occurring in all the classics, in Delectus, Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos and all, was a merely conventional and inexact notion. But there is plenty about the Mississippi in such books of travel and adventure as boys love to read, or in Cooper's novels. With regard to these last, all we can say is, that in our time every other boy in one of the leading public schools, whether sap, lounge, cricketer, or athlete, was reading 'The Deerslayer,' or 'The Prairie,' or 'The Pathfinder,' and taking it well into his mental system too. Of course we say nothing of relative moral importance, that being foreign to our present purpose, which is to maintain that boys, and men too, and perhaps even M.P.'s, may, after all, know more about the Mississippi than they receive credit for. They do expose themselves sometimes in the matter of geography and the like, when it comes to such hopeless regions as Wallachia and Bulgaria. We could fill half a column with the chastisement or the rectification of pure error in merely elementary facts each week that a respected contemporary takes

to disporting itself in these provinces, as it is doing just now. Its views about the Balkan, to the mention of which it is magnetically attracted, are as vague as the views of a town-bred little boy about the Nile when he goes down the river for the first time. But knowledge of geography in Parliament is like knowledge of everything else that lies out of the sphere of current English business or experimental politics. Ninety per cent. have a fair average knowledge of it, which, if not great, is at all events better than it was, and is improving. One or two per cent. may be in the category of Sir Henry himself. And the remainder are the typical representatives of ignorance. After all, no one can find fault with any want of geographical knowledge when one thinks of the immortal member who, in a debate upon competitive examinations some years ago, openly defied the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the whole House into the bargain, to answer so dreadfully stiff and unfair a question as the enquiry who wrote the 'Canterbury Tales?' It is true that the member who gave utterance to this defiance has since had the good feeling, if our memory serves us rightly, to change his name; and this, though it cannot efface his antecedents as a representative of *illiterature*, may be held to betoken contrition and a decent frame of mind, in consideration of which we may let bygones be bygones, and pass him over in silence. This class of men answers with us one of the purposes for which Helots were used at Sparta, and it is surely for them, as well as for those who represent the other extreme of special or general knowledge, that we should maintain and cherish our small boroughs.

SIR H. RAWLINSON AT THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

November 16, 1866.

Mr. Johnson's report of his recent expedition to Khoten, which formed the subject of the opening meeting of the Geographical Society's current session last Monday, has already been noticed at some length in these columns. It was brought before the British Association at Nottingham last autumn, but it somehow fell through on that occasion for want of a commentary, or rather of a fugleman to direct public notice towards its extreme importance. One might have supposed that the simultaneous break-up of the Chinese Government in all its Western Mahometan provinces; the entire market of the fertile, settled, and highly commercial regions of Eastern Turkistan not only thrown open to our Indian trade, but eagerly and anxiously urged upon our notice; the accurate determination of new, and the correction or verification of old geographical positions in unvisited and almost inaccessible regions; the hints at personal Alpine adventure and toil among the grandest glaciers and mountains of the globe; the glimpse of the trans-Himalayan California of the future, the spot likely to turn out the one specially auriferous district of the old world—each or all these points, one might have thought, would hardly have failed to touch the imagination of Section E, in spite of their scientific alloy and of the competition of rigorously entertaining addresses by other travellers. But the British associates of Section E were too good or too cold to be tempted by glaciers or gold. They missed the

hand and voice of Sir Roderick Murchison, the one indispensable test and index of geographical novelty or importance, and so, naturally enough, they and the press have let this paper fall through. Sir Henry Rawlinson, therefore, rendered a great service when he took it up last Monday, and accompanied it with a commentary of his own. The extreme, and indeed unique, value of every word which falls from Sir Henry upon any subject connected with Central and Western Asiatic research is perhaps less appreciated here than it is on the Continent and in Russia, or than it will be by our children; but what we wish here chiefly to lay stress upon is the direct practice, tendency, and bearing with which he applies his enormous acquired and theoretical lore each time that he addresses the popular meetings of the society. On the present occasion there can be little doubt that his main object was to obtain the active support of the society by eliciting some emphatic expression of opinion, calculated alike to strengthen the hands of individual explorers in India and to stimulate the Government of that country into encouraging rather than discouraging the prosecution of geographical discovery beyond its frontiers. The days of the Moorcrofts and the Burneses seem now to be past. Those who would fain tread in their steps are snubbed if they stir a foot without a direct official command or sanction, and the world is learning to look to Russia rather than to England for its knowledge of the interior of the great continent. A temperate but firm protest by the most influential of our learned societies against our geographical apathy or red-tapeism in India would now be thoroughly

well timed, and might bear good fruit. Unfortunately, the president of the society did not consider the re-invigoration of trans-Himalayan enterprise so important an object for the moment as animated discussion for discussion's sake, and opposition to Sir Henry for opposition's sake; things which may not advance science, but which make evening meetings brisk, popular, and attractive to ladies. Accordingly, when called on in so many words to offer objections, the 'Objector-General'* responded to the appeal, and objected as hard as he could, right and left. He began wide of the unfamiliar subject, but then contradiction at any price was the thing called for. So no expression of opinion came to be uttered from the chair on behalf of the society; and Mr. Johnson may now put up as he best can with his official rebuke, and wish himself at Berlin or St. Petersburg, where they would have made him a baron, as they made his precursor Schlagentweit. It is possible that Sir Roderick may have failed to perceive the real drift of Sir Henry; and it is difficult to resist the habitual impression that he is somewhat too apt to see a phantom snake latent in the grass among the teeming crops of Asiatic erudition grown by that great Orientalist—a noxious reptile, fanged with poisonous rear-thoughts against inoffensive and growing Russia. Now, of course we must allow for the sympathies of a tutelary genius of Russia, one who sits up aloft, as it were, cherubically to watch over the life of poor Muscovite Jack; but, speaking in all seriousness, these must not be allowed to substitute mere routine and perfunctory glances at English geographical pro-

* The late Mr. John Crawford.

gress in Central Asia for a vital, heartfelt, sympathetic support and advocacy of it. Between the two countries there is an open race for the knowledge of this part of the world; an honourable rivalry absolutely divested of all political colouring. We hold it equally worthy of blame to impute alarmist sentiments on the subject of Russian advance for the purpose of repudiating them, as to avow or entertain the sentiments themselves anywhere outside the sphere of actual political discussion. Neither has any business to be adverted to at all, one way or the other, inside a scientific society.

HIGH JINKS IN BURLINGTON HOUSE.

February 26, 1868.

The Royal Geographers had a Cabinet Minister for their guest on last Monday night at their meeting—Sir Stafford Northcote, the Cabinet Minister responsible for things in Abyssinia; and this is the way they treated him. They beguiled him at first for some time by making their great fountain of honour play liquid butter before him, over their absent secretary, now engaged in taking care of the geography of that country, inasmuch that the Minister was fain to imagine that butter rather than research was the final cause of the Presidential machinery of that learned body. When this got insipid they baited him and made him sit on thorns; they provided him with a comfortable alternative choice between tenterhooks and broken bottles. They held public and highly animated debate before him as to whether all Abyssinia should be annexed or only part of it, each of

the chief debaters or protagonists carefully guarding against all chance of his taking alarm at the outset by vehemently deprecating all political discussion, and vowing by all his gods that he would have nothing to do with politics. People pay large sums of money at the resorts of public entertainment to see by far less strange and moving sights than the face of poor Sir Stafford as he was undergoing this process—amusing, perhaps, to the audience, but barbarous to the victim. Sir Samuel Baker, a strong and strenuous man, with impetuous and masterful ways about him, was the one who began it. No one had any inclination to stop him, which was fortunate, because no one had the slightest power to do so. If we don't annex Abyssinia the Egyptians will, to a dead certainty, in which case we may wish good-bye to all our chance of cotton from a country which would beat the whole world at cotton-growing; for it has been said that wherever the Turkish horse's hoof treads the grass ceases to grow. The word Christianity came in more or less about this time, as might have been expected: for it is becoming known now that whenever you hear Christianity brought into an Eastern discussion of this kind you may be sure the speaker is going to say something desperately vicious about the Turks, which needs a good time-honoured cloak to cover its uncharitableness. All this was very pleasant, and the whole room rang with natural applause—not applauding annexation, but applauding Sir Samuel, as good a type of manfulness and power in speech and action as *one would ever wish to see*. He was encountered in reply by Sir Henry Rawlinson. Now Sir Henry is a grave and responsible per-

son, a member of Parliament, and, what is more to the purpose, a diplomatist by profession; one presumably acquainted with the fitnesses of time and place, and the opportunities of divulging and concealing things. His view differed from Sir Samuel's in that he advocated, perhaps we should rather say forecast or predicted, the annexation of a port on the coast, such as indeed could not be considered as part of Abyssinia at all, instead of the annexation of the whole of Abyssinia—the key of the Red Sea, as Sir Samuel called that country. And here we may pause and wonder where a man will stop when his hobby leads him to call a place the key of somewhere—what bunches of these keys have not passed in their time through journalists' hands.

Sir Stafford's feelings were relieved at Sir Henry's speech, much as those of the shepherd would be relieved on overhearing a big wolf's proposal to steal a sheep combated by another big wolf's proposal to take a lamb instead. And he looked happy accordingly. There was nothing possible for the President to do, so, with his usual inimitable tact, he sat still and bided his time, trusting himself, and well knowing that Phoebus Apollo himself, and no Phaeton, was holding the reins of the fiery coursers. It was not in nature for Sir Henry, who has a great deal of the wild elephant in him, to see Sir Samuel rushing and trumpeting about, and crashing down everything, with tusk and trunk, exulting in his strength, without eagerly accepting the challenge of the rival monarch of the forest. When these two huge male geographers were in the full shock of their collision it would not have been possible to call them to order;

nor would it have been safe for even Sir Roderick, that skilful driver, to have handled them like tame elephants and dug his iron hook into the brawny corrugated napes of their great bull necks, trying to coerce them. Yet we hope we may respectfully suggest that at one time the politics might have been stopped. Sir Roderick, after the warning set by Sir S. Baker, might have felt what was coming the moment he heard Sir Henry protesting and vowing that, so help him Bel and Nebo, he would not speak a word of politics the whole night. That was the time for pulling him up. Sir Henry's impetuosity let his fire be drawn before the time, when it was a matter of some consequence that it should have been reserved for the right moment. The result of all this was that the Minister for India found himself under the absolute necessity of then and there treating Burlington House as the House of Commons, and disclaiming with as much emphasis as in him lay, and with great tact and temper, the intention of annexing anything great or small, even the barest entertainment of any project of the kind.

This is the second time that the geographers have made themselves a political meeting, or have let themselves drift into the position of a political meeting, during this session. It will not do; it is not a proper nor a secure position, and it is exceedingly likely, nay certain, to be misrepresented and distorted in foreign countries, besides being commented upon unfavourably in our own professionally political press—as it has already been. It is probably through a sense of this that the report of the night's proceedings has, with great discretion, been restricted by our

leading morning contemporary to an abridgment of Mr. Markham's creditable and valuable memoir on Abyssinia. Our own sketch of the proceedings will not afford much aliment to the mischief-making propensities of foreign quidnuncs on the *qui vive* for signs of British annexationism; and we can let it stand with a clear conscience. We hope it may serve as a hint to Royal Geographers, that if they introduce a Cabinet Minister to their meetings as a guest, and then talk aggressive and controversial politics over the affairs of his own particular administrative department in the guise of science before him when his hands are, as it were, tied behind his back, they are become as strikers of women, kickers of those who are down, stabbers in the back. Of course they don't mean it, but their natural impulses are too strong for them, and carry them away. Not, of course, that this can possibly apply to Sir Samuel Baker, who should be allowed a prescriptive right to say whatever he chooses, so long as he says something. In his case, *solvuntur risu tabulæ*. He puts forth his strength in so hearty and jovial a way that even a Turkish blacksmith would hardly quarrel with him for that little matter about the grass and the horse-hoofs. Let us conclude by reminding him that it is of the cotton plant of the future, not of the grass of the past, that his argument treats; and that the Turkish exports of cotton are doubling or trebling within the last few years.

STUDENT ATTACHÉS.

July 11, 1867.

It is quite true that Mr. Lionel Moore speaks Turkish just as well as English; but if the Paris correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' from whom we take this remark, will have it that Mr. Moore is one of the last of the now extinct race of student attachés who were sent out to Constantinople in order to qualify themselves for diplomatic service in the East by learning the languages of the country, the correspondent aforesaid is not at all unlikely to be spoken to seriously by Mr. Moore— and Mr. Moore rarely speaks without emphasis. Mr. Moore, who will, of course, be the lion of the hour when he comes over here in charge of the Sultan, never was a student attaché, but has always held a strictly diplomatic position, precisely the same in nature as that of any other purely diplomatic attaché in the West; although he owed that position, without doubt, to his antecedent knowledge of Arabic and Turkish, acquired in Syria, where he, emphatically a child of the sun, was reared in youth. Had he been a student attaché he would have been without a recognised career, out of the direct line of diplomatic advancement, and only owing such promotion in the consular or other collateral branch of foreign service to accident or personal arrangement. The position of student attaché, becoming after three years of study an Oriental attaché, bore while it existed precisely the same relation to that of ordinary diplomatic attaché that the position of a master in the navy does to that of

lieutenant. There never were more than four student attachés—two sent out in 1841, and two in 1845, one being nominated on each occasion* by the Vice-Chancellor of each university. One of these gentlemen,* who, had he lived, would by this time have achieved high rank and reputation in the public service, for his abilities and acquirements were extraordinary, died in 1850, when encamped for the summer in the wild Pakhtiyari mountains of South Western Persia, with General Williams's frontier survey; another † would be now secretary at Hanover were there any Hanover whereat to be secretary, in the diplomatic sense: the third ‡ is now Oriental Secretary at Constantinople, and if the public could get at the fruits of his twenty-two years' experience of all parts of Turkey, and could be induced to pay a little respect to the teaching of experience in that country, the public would learn much to its advantage, and would cease to make an exhibition of itself nine times out of ten that it writes about Turkey. The fourth student attaché went up from Turkey, and attained Nirwana.

With this allusion to himself—made in the half-jesting, half-melancholy tone which he had already got the habit of using when speaking of himself—as of one who would be cut off ere he had time to accomplish the work he wished to do—we close the book.

* Mr. Almerie Wood.

† Mr. William Doria.

‡ Mr. Thomas F. Hughes.

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