PUBLICATIONS OF THE MONGOLIA SOCIETY

Occasional Paper Number Nine

GUSTAV JOHN RAMSTEDT

SEVEN JOURNEYS EASTWARD

1898-1912

Among the Cheremis, Kalmyks,
Mongols and in Turkestan
and to Afghanistan

With 52 Photographs by the Author

Translated from the Swedish & Edited
by
John R. Krueger

The Mongolia Society
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CONTENTS

Page

PUBLICATION HISTORY AND TRANSLATOR'S REMARKS . . . 5

1. MY YEARS OF TRAINING 9

2. MY TRIP TO THE CHEREMIS (1898) AND THEN THROUGH SIBERIA 12

In Kazan; the Trip Through Siberia; At the Border

3. MY TRIP TO MONGOLIA IN 1898 33

The journey to Urga; in Urga; the summer of 1899; the second winter (1900); out on the wide steppes; the sounds of strife; in Troitskosavsk; our trip back to Finland

4. MY TRIPS TO THE LAND OF THE KALMYKS 102

5. ON THE TRAIL OF THE GRAND MOGHOLS IN 1903 . . 127

6. MY TRIP TO EASTERN TURKESTAN IN 1905 141

Arshaa's Stories

7. MY TRIP TO MONGOLIA IN 1909 187

8. MY TRIP TO MONGOLIA IN 1912 215

* * * * *

AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS 233

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES 267

INDEX 269

PERMISSIONS

The Finnish publishing house, Werner Söderström Co., granted permission to use the photographs of their original Finnish edition. The three surviving Ramstedt children (Elma, Erdem, Sedkil) kindly gave permission for the issuance of the English translation. To all these, thanks.

PUBLICATION HISTORY AND TRANSLATOR'S REMARKS

Ramstedt's work was originally issued in Finnish under the title Seitsemän retkeä itään, "Seven Trips to the Orient" (Helsinki-Porvoo, W. Söderström Co., 1944 and 1946, 244 pages plus illustrations and map; 2nd ed., 1953, 3rd ed., 1961). The last section was composed of a translation of various Mongolian songs. A Swedish translation by Mary Numelin under the title Sju resor i östern 1898-1912 was published in 1961 (Stockholm: Natur och Kultur, 217 pp.) but without the illustrations. This also contained a brief preface by Professor Björn Collinder, and concluded with his translation into Swedish of Ramstedt's Finnish version of one Mongolian folk tune, but omitting the others. All of these are omitted here.

The English translation has been made from the Swedish translation, after which it was reviewed and compared with the Finnish original by my long-time friend and colleague, Professor Alo Raun, as an additional check for accuracy. I express my thanks to him here for this labor. Dr. Raun advises that the Finnish edition contains a few paragraphs and sentences that were dropped from the Swedish version. These are tacitly restored without special notation to their original position. It does not seem called for to make commentary on the differences between the Finnish printings, but the Swedish translation occasionally contains phrases and words not in the Finnish, as well as occasional unimportant mistakes. I make these remarks for the sake of any reader who might use the Finnish or Swedish texts. I have probably made some mistakes of my own, but will trust that they do not concern crucial matters. Some corrections by P. Aalto of minor mis-identifications (mostly in the final chapter about 1912) have been incorporated directly into the translation without special

note, as part of the editorial process. I have also transferred some of the narration of Chapter 3 into Chapter 2, where I think it better belongs; otherwise, the divisions remain as made by the author.

The complete text of the book is translated, though there are some slow-moving and over-long incidents, especially in the sixth chapter, which might be dropped entirely on the grounds of contributing little to the knowledge of Asia, but I did not feel it my place to make these judgments, and wished to preserve the integrity of the original work as written. This is quite a lively and interesting account by one of the great linguistic investigators of Altaic peoples, and it should find a good reception among students of Finno-Ugric peoples as well of those interested in Central Asian Turks and Mongols.

I must thank Professor Pentti Aalto for assistance and encouragement. Dr. Aalto states that the book was dictated to a stenographer of the publisher, around Christmas, 1943, without the use of any notes, the year Ramstedt retired from University teaching at the age of 70. I owe thanks to _fil_. _dr_. Lars-Erik Nyman (Lund) for securing me a copy to use. Mr. Robert G. Service gave the manuscript a long critical reading, and made recommendations for many stylistic improvements. He removed a lot of "translatorese" which remained in my style despite my re-readings. Finally, thanks to Alicia J. Campi, who performed the final typing. All responsibility for errors remains with me.

September 7, 1977 John R. Krueger

SEVEN JOURNEYS EASTWARD

1. MY YEARS OF TRAINING

Even as a young, inquisitive schoolboy I was especially interested in languages and peoples. I went to a Swedish school, but in Raunistula outside Åbo (Turku) where I lived, Finnish was the predominant language. In addition, other languages were spoken there; there were at least two Russian families, Polish turned up, and there were sailors who knew English. In school I studied both Latin and Greek, and for my university entrance requirements I passed in both Greek and Russian. Since at the outset I was thinking of becoming a minister, I studied Latin and Greek as well as Hebrew at the university, and moreover became interested in comparative linguistics, taking part in Reuter's courses in Sanskrit. Together with Heikki Ojansuu--later professor in Helsinki and in Åbo--and E.A. Tunkelo, he too later professor in Helsinki, I studied grammar and endeavored to decipher difficult texts. Of the three of us I was the first to sign up for Sanskrit with the Professor, later Senator, Otto Donner, to be examined for the highest certificate in this subject.

Professor Otto Donner, one of the founders of the Finno-Ugric Society, had long considered it his duty to find and train young men willing to continue the research, begun with such great success, by Mathias Alexander Castrén and our countryman at the Academy in St. Petersburg, Anders Johan Sjögren. For some years Otto Donner had tried to track down likely young men,whom he promised to support financially. At the same time in his capacity as chairman of the Finno-Ugric Society, he was supporting the Society with large donations.

Since I had been offered a remunerative post as a teacher of Swedish at the Åbo Finnish _lycée_, I had to accelerate my examination for the _kandidat_ degree. However, I remained in that position only two years, and the reason for my breaking off a teaching career lay in the offers and propositions from Professor Donner.

At this time a German scholar named Georg Huth arrived in Helsinki to organize a linguistic research trip to Asia in collaboration with Donner. Otto Donner had promised to cover all the expenses of the journey on condition that some young Finnish student would go along. First they suggested Hugo Lund, who was studying Chinese in Berlin at Professor Donner's expense, but when Lund, who was an M.A., refused to travel as the German (Jewish) scholar's companion and assistant, Donner wanted to discuss the planned trip with me.

Magister Hugo Lund later told me that on one occasion in Berlin he got into an open quarrel with Dr. Huth when discussing the Finnish people and language, viz., Dr. Huth claimed that the Finns are Asians, Mongols who only recently arrived in Europe after coming from elsewhere. This view, which perhaps is an outgrowth of Castrén's research, is not valid. The question of whether the Finns are Mongols or even Mongoloid is one of those which has interested me since my school days.

In the spring of 1897 Professor Donner, Dr. Huth and I discussed in minute detail plans for a trip to Mongolia. Professor Donner promised to take care of the entire financial side of the matter. But I grew hesitant when it turned out that Dr. Huth did not know a word of Russian, did not want to ride horseback (he was short and heavyset) and moreover during our stay in Helsinki had asked me, as his young assistant, to carry his baggage and to handle all the details. According to Professor Donner's plan all money matters were to be looked after by Dr. Huth, and when I found that out I too declined to go along. Without having attained any result, Dr. Huth left Helsinki, and Professor Donner's hopes were dashed. Then I promised to make a trip, but under other conditions and under my own power. The outcome was that I again began to study in Helsinki--this time with a monthly stipend from Professor Donner. Now I devoted myself to Finno-Ugric languages. Professor Emil Nestor Setälä, my teacher, thought I had behaved quite properly. During the school year of 1897-1898 I studied Finno-Ugric languages, phonetics and Russian. The thing

Donner was interested in had become my main occupation. I was to become a specialist in far-away languages, especially the Turkic and Mongolian languages.

It was clear to me that the question of the early history of Finnic peoples or the so-called Ural-Altaic question was a problem waiting for solution. Since the scientific level of the Mongols and Turks was not such that they could essentially contribute to the solution, perhaps a Finn and specialist in Finnish would be better suited to the task than a German, Swede or other person.

However, I was not mature enough to solve any complex scientific questions, I was just a young M.A. and my knowledge was in many respects very spotty. Consequently I first had to prove my ability in some fashion, and to this end Professor Setälä and the Finno-Ugric Society arranged a trip for me to the Cheremis living along the Volga River, whose language still remained quite little investigated. Hence I set out in 1898 on my first research journey, which was later followed by a series of similar trips.

2. MY TRIP TO THE CHEREMIS (1898) AND THEN THROUGH SIBERIA

I received a thousand Finnish marks from the university chancellor's office for my linguistic trip. I had industriously studied phonetics as well as Finno-Ugric philology and practiced my Russian to the best of my ability, and had no doubt in my capacity to do something for Finno-Ugric studies.

During my Åbo stay I had gotten married and was now father of a two-month-old girl. Together with my family I got on the train at the station on the east side of Helsinki on the 5th of June, 1898. Our passport, that trilingual paper strip so well-known to an earlier generation, had been dated the 4th of June at the provincial headquarters for Nyland province. Our baggage was not large, but in any event we had with us a beautiful baby-carriage, a good camera, a well-stocked supply of medicines, and so on. In St. Petersburg we took the night-train to Moscow on the same day we arrived, and in Moscow switched over to the Nizhni-Novgorod train.

In Moscow I remember that we looked amazed at the decorative green roofs, the numerous churches and the dirty droshky drivers, but we were especially surprised at a kind of thin, white litter that lay everywhere on the streets and alleys. What was it that people were chewing and spitting out this way? First my wife and I thought that just as in Åbo people had strewn salt on the streets so that weeds would not grow up through the cobblestones, but soon it dawned on us that this white litter was made up of the thin shells of sunflower seeds, which the Russians were chewing while walking about on the streets.

In Nizhni-Novgorod we got on one of the Samolyot Company's stately steamers. From the deck of the vessel we had a pleasant spot to view our new surroundings. My wife and I now saw for the first time the far-reaching landscape along the Volga, the boats and the hustling swarm of humanity. A trip on a great paddle-wheel steamer is a unique and interesting experience for a newcomer.

The captain of the vessel, who naturally noticed that we were foreigners, came promptly to talk to us. As nearly as I can recollect, he was from Riga and explained to us in German that Kozmodemyansk, to where we had bought our tickets, wasn't any real kind of city; there were some 4 to 5,000 inhabitants but no hotel where we could stay overnight. On this account the captain kindly offered us a night's lodging--on the steamer wharf, the pristan'! But here I must explain to the reader that the steamer wharves along the Volga are made out of big barges, on the decks of which goods are piled up and people moving about, while under the decks are storage rooms, residences for the watchmen crews, and so on. The barges had been firmly fastened by the shore to which a broad gangway led.

In spite of the captain's assurances, we were not pleased at the thought of staying overnight on the steamer wharf and of living there. On our arrival at Kozmodemyansk the captain installed us nevertheless in a guest room under the barge deck, where there was both a soft daybed and comfortable chairs, which he had boasted of to us in advance. But after the boat's departure there went on incessant and noisy moving of heavy sacks and loads up on the deck. And then a fresh steamer came up against the barge with a heavy lurch so that our little girl who had just fallen asleep almost tumbled down from the sofa. Then my wife got very upset with our night quarters. She thought that the captain had cheated us, even though the barge-guard was looking out for us as best he could.

Along the high edge of the shore some droshkys were still to be seen. I went to one of them to inquire for traveller's lodgings, a gostinitsa. Of course there were such things in the city, the coachman assured me. To the considerable amazement of the barge-guard, we loaded our baggage into the droshky and got underway.

By gostinitsa, however, our driver meant "tavern", and not until we had visited a few noisy taprooms did I finally

succeed in explaining to him that I meant a room where we could spend the night. "Aha, nomera, nomera," said the driver, "you should have said numbers." I didn't understand what he meant by "number", but then in the darkness we travelled along Kozmodemyansk's bumpy dirt streets, our coachman finally stopped in front of a closed gate, pounded on it and cried, "Agrafina, Agrafina, I've got some guests for you!"

The gate was opened by an old lady with dishevelled hair, who received us fussily, put some money in the driver's fist and thereupon began to praise her rooms. We went across the courtyard to a tumbled-down building and through a door in a gabled wall into a narrow corridor. On both sides there were rooms. The old woman showed us an empty room, "This one here costs sixty copecks a day." "Don't you have anything bigger and better?"--"Heavens, yes, this one here, for instance, costs eighty copecks." "Is that one any bigger?" The third unoccupied room cost a ruble and became our night lodging, though as far as quality went it did not distinguish itself from the others enough to be worthy of the name.

With all our bags and baggage in the room we were waiting for the beds to be made up; there were only some wretched mattresses on the bare iron bedsteads. We waited, but nothing more was heard from the old woman, who had gone to her own room and lain down to sleep. I sought her out and asked for some tea. "At once," she said, and after a few minutes came with a big boiling samovar and an empty teapot. My wife and I looked the whole thing over and--were amazed. But our innkeeper Agrafina was certainly wondering even more what kind of people we were who brought along neither tea, sugar, glasses or spoons, or indeed anything else. She actually complained at the fact that we wanted to sleep on sheets--to judge from all appearances she had nothing of the kind.

We slept the night fully clad. In the morning a policeman turned up to collect our passport for stamping. He went his way, but came back after a bit and requested me to come along to the police station to speak with the chief of police, the ispravnik.

As I mentioned before, our passport was dated the 4th of June, 1898. We had been travelling without making any stops, and since the calendar system in Russia at that time was twelve days behind ours, it was still the month of May in Russia.

The ispravnik called my attention to the date of the passport and informed me that the entire passport was invalid. It apparently had been forged. I explained to him that in Finland we reckoned time according to a different calendar. The ispravnik knew to be sure that the new way of reckoning time was used abroad, but the Nyland gouvernement belonged to Russia. I argued about this, and annoyed at my protests, he ordered me out. In a short while he turned up in his own high person at Agrafina's to repeat that we had no valid lawful passport and could not stay in the city more than 24 hours. Within that period of time we had to remove ourselves or he would send us back to Finland in a prison carriage, ėtapnym poryadkom ["with a police escort"].

That looked pretty bad. We were practically ready to cry. But the ispravnik looked at my wife and my little daughter and turned to me again. "You don't have to be so downcast, so malodušnyi ["in poor spirits"]. Surely you have money with you?" I tried to explain that I was on a trip to the Cheremis who lived in the vicinity of the city, but that didn't help at all. "That district is under my supervision, and consequently, your entire trip depends on me," was the answer.

When the ispravnik had finally gone his way, I betook myself with my invalid passport in my pocket out into the city to buy glasses, spoons, tea and sugar in a shop, and in my distress called on a--physician. Dr. Kowalewski explained to me the significance of the ispravnik's peculiar intimations: "You have money"; "Your trip depends on me"; and "One could find a way to settle it." I quietly resolved to myself, however, that in no event would I bribe someone or give rubles to the police chief, since I was within my full rights to be here.

Agrafina had put the samovar in order and promised us food, too, if we would just get something to put in the pot, or goršok. Then I betook myself to the police station and reported that I intended to travel away to get another passport, only requesting that my young wife and our little child could stay on in Agrafina's quarters for a few days. Permission for this was graciously granted.

Around 6 p.m. there were two boats lying at the Samolyot Company's wharves, the one on its way upstream the Volga, and the other carrying passengers downstream. The ispravnik ordered me to go on board the aforementioned vessel, but I had no intention of travelling to St. Petersburg as the police chief was presuming, but was intending to go down the Volga to the provincial capital of Kazan and therefore at the last moment I sneaked over to the other boat.

I landed at Kazan at about 4 a.m., a quite strange, still sleeping city. I found my way to a park, where I sat down on a bench to rest and doze. People began to stream out of their houses. I stayed sitting in the park until around 8 a.m. I fell into conversation with a university student who by chance had seated himself on the same bench beside me. This student was named Jaroszewski and was Polish by birth. He knew where the governor's chancellery was located and when it was open for the public. I gave him an account of my passport story, and he promised to accompany me as a guide.

We were the first ones in at the governor's chancellery when it opened at 10 a.m. When I presented my errand to the secretary, it soon became apparent from the chancellery files that the Governor-General of Finland recently had requested an "open letter" from the governor in Kazan to be sent to Helsinki for one learned gentleman by the name of Ramstedt, who expected to travel to the province. We had consequently journeyed from Helsinki prior to this paper getting there.

All difficulties were overcome to be sure, when I took in hand a new similar document from the governor, directed to all officials and establishments in the province. Now I

however played the role of a doubting Thomas and said I was afraid that the _ispravnik_ in Kozmodemyansk might declare that even this document was a forgery. After a lot of ifs and buts I finally got an additional paper which was supplied with a seal and addressed to the _ispravnik_ personally. Then I was satisfied and went out to eat a really good meal together with Jaroszewski. I took leave of my friendly helper and went to wait for the first boat back to Kozmodemyansk.

When I came back I self-assuredly requested the police chief to accompany me to Agrafina's tourist home. There I again found my family in good condition and all cares vanished. I showed the _ispravnik_ the open document from the governor. This too was satisfactory even in the opinion of the former, and he was already showing himself to be more willing of service. But what about that dating on the passport? The passport was assuredly not forged, I insisted, and took out the other paper. The _ispravnik_ alternately flushed and paled when he read the letter addressed to him personally, which contained some harsh words.

Now he was as humble as a few days earlier he had been authoritative. He would of course permit me to travel within the district, but since there were no proper shops in the Cheremis villages, where one could buy good tea, chocolate or other good things, he suggested my wife should make up a list of what she might possibly require. Thereupon the _ispravnik_ conducted us to the biggest grocery store in the city, where he went so far as to set the prices for our purchases, otherwise--so he maintained--we would have been "skinned". The store clerks were in nearly as great distress about their wares as I had been about my passport. When all the necessities had been gathered together, the police chief offered carriage horses at no charge to Yolasova or to wherever else we wanted to travel within the Cheremis district, but I declined the offer. I wanted to take care of myself on my own and be unbeholden to police help.

Out on the marketplace I had been aware of Cheremis, who were easily recognizable by their long white coats of hempen cloth. I hired one of these to transport us to his village [about 25 kilometers (15 miles) away]. He was puzzled about us and our intentions, to be sure, but took us with him anyway. Terenti--that was his name--hauled all our baggage from Agrafina's tourist home out to his cart, whereupon we went out towards his home village, even though he was of the opinion that a village with a church in it would suit us better. He travelled sometimes along the road, but sometimes when that was muddy, across the sprouting green fields, and thus we arrived at the village of Tušnal in the rays of the evening sun.

The village was small and consisted of about thirty houses. Terenti's own house, to which we first betook ourselves, was small and looked poor. In the middle of the village was a larger house, belonging to a family by the name of Kuzmin. We were able to rent the Kuzmin's ground floor, and their eldest son, Timothy, who had gone to the folk-school and now was 17 years old, came along to act as our servant. The practical side of life took care of itself so nicely that neither my wife nor I regretted our staying right in Tušnal.

South of the town a little brook had dug out a deep trench. There Timothy and I together built a dam, in which the small boys of the town amused themselves by swimming. On the steep slopes southwest of the town there grew stately deciduous forest, maples and lindens under which we often sat on nice summer evenings. Over the fields to the south could be seen Vilovaty Vrag, the church village; there lived the police, with whom we made acquaintance--suddenly and unexpectedly.

I mentioned already at the beginning that I had gotten a thousand Finnish marks in travel allowance. I exchanged this sum at the Bank of Finland in St. Petersburg, and got 300 rubles in three rolls of five-ruble gold coins. This money was at this time still unknown in the Cheremis region. When I tried to make purchases with these new gold coins in Vilovaty Vrag and Yolasova, where the markets were held, people began to

look suspiciously at me. The photographs I took in Tušnal I used to develop under the floor of the Kuzmin's living-room, but in the beginning it was not tight enough in some spots, so that the glow from the red lamp was visible out on the city street, if anyone in the neighborhood chanced to pass by. Since some of the town's old women had seen red light gleaming from the basement in the middle of the night, a frightful secret spread through Tušnal: we were in league with the Evil One himself, who gave us those handsome golden coins, assuredly at the price of our souls. We wore neither a cross around our necks as all Orthodox did, nor did I touch a drop of brandy!

The matter shortly came to the ears of the police. He suspected that counterfeiters were in operation and came posthaste to investigate the affair.

The whole thing was cleared up because the policeman was a reasonable fellow. Besides, the governor's open document greatly helped to sharpen his understanding. The policeman recalled that he had seen the new gold coins talked about in the newspapers. The police inquiry was broken off and thereafter we had the support of the authorities against spiteful rumors and guesses.

The Cheremis are a pious and church-going people. Since the month of July was hot and dry, clergymen were summoned to bless the fields and pray for rain. A pompous church procession proceeded along the wide village road in Tušnal, and they explained to us that this function would prevent all mishap.

However, just as the procession had passed our house, where we stood with the Kuzmins in the gateway and watched, an unpleasant accident took place. Some horses were standing on the street in the shade of the trees, and small boys were jumping on and off them, whereupon one of the horses kicked a little boy in the head, so that he lay bleeding and unconscious on the ground. The people cried "erge kola" (the boy is dying). My wife hastened at once through the crowd of people to the boy's aid, told me to carry him to our living-room, and there wiped the blood from the boy's shaggy head and his

clothing. The wound in his skull was not particularly deep. She bound up the boy's head, and in a few minutes he revived with the help of some ammonia water.

Meanwhile people were gathering out on the road and on our courtyard. They seemed in the grip of terror. The bravest of the men tried to press forward through the locked door. They believed that we were man-eaters, since we had grabbed the dead boy. Timothy, who knew everyone in the village, sought out the lad's father in the crowd and conducted him, together with Kuzmin and the village elders into our room. There they got to see the boy sitting on a bench with his hands full of candy. The parent's happiness was great. We--my wife and I--were consequently beings who were able to restore the dead. They showed us great gratitude and appreciation. Thereafter not the smallest item was ever stolen from the room.

When our little girl travelled in her shiny baby carriage she had a white lace hood on her head. Then many Cheremis mothers wanted such lace and child's caps for their swaddled infants. My wife used to manufacture them for them. Since it was never a question of money, we got milk, eggs, cakes, bread and other items of food in return. My wife moreover baked real raisin bread which tasted excellent in comparison with the _kalač_, the sour white bread from the city. The Cheremis women marvelled at my wife's skill and wanted to learn from her. The longer we stayed in the town, the better and more intimate became our relations to the townspeople.

Kuzmin's eldest boy, Timothy, whom I had hired for a daily wage of 50 copecks, served at one and the same time as language informant and as babysitter, and was very proud of his new worth. He was earning money, after all. Clad in a shiny blue satin shirt, and with new "accordion boots" on his feet, he strolled around town. He was quite willing to push the

shiny nickel-plated baby carriage along the village road. People had to have a good chance to admire <u>such</u> a splendid baby carriage.

Three pleasant months flew past, while I wrote down words and sentences; I learned quite a bit of the Tušnal-dweller's mother tongue. Then we nonetheless had to think of breaking things up. Kuzmin's big family was living during the summer in a <u>kudo</u> [a teepee or cone-shaped hut], which lay on the other side of the courtyard, with no floor, a fire-pit in the middle and an open smokehole in the roof. The smaller children were already getting chilly at night in the open <u>kudo</u>. The living-room was needed for the Kuzmin family and we had to leave. We decided to take Timothy with us and travel to Kazan.

The day of our departure was a great event in Tušnal. The entire population of the town was in motion on the street and in the courtyard, including the little lad whom we woke from the dead. Even the babies , who had gotten lace caps as souvenirs from us, were along to watch our departure. The splendid Tušnal residents took leave of us with tears in their eyes.

In Kozmodemyansk the police greeted us politely. Even the <u>ispravnik</u> came to talk with us and had a very important errand for me. Since he had heard that I intended to travel to Kazan, he hoped, requested and finally implored me to go once more to the governor's chancellery and explain there that I was now satisfied with him. "I too have a family," he said with a glance at my wife and my little daughter. Might well be, but I went neither to the governor's office nor promised to do so. I was still irritated about the fact that the man had threatened me with a police escort and tried to extort bribes when we greenhorns landed in "his district".

<u>In Kazan</u>

After our departure from the Cheremis we resided for a while in the city of Kazan. Through correspondence with Professor Donner it was concluded that my family and I were to travel to

Urga, the capital of Mongolia. On this account I organized the materials from the Cheremis as best I could in Kazan and sent a portion of it off to Helsinki, where it was printed during my sojourn in Mongolia. The book appeared in 1902 under the title Bergtscheremissische Sprachstudien.

In Kazan there was among other things a theological seminary for people from Oriental countries; there were even some Koreans studying there. The rector of the school was a man named Bobrovnikov. He did not permit a single young Korean to have anything to do with me, since he, as he himself explained, feared that I as a Lutheran would speak against the Russian Church. Besides he suspected that I was not a believer, and presumably would "talk Godlessness" with them.

In Kazan there was also a university, where the professor in Turkic, Katanov, was a native Siberian Turk. Katanov belonged to a tribe called the Sagai. His movements and facial expression were involuntarily imprinted in the minds of persons who had never before seen representatives of such a nation. Katanov was especially interested in the price of boots and other items of clothing in Finland and elsewhere.

In the vicinity of Kazan and the nearest provinces there lived a host of different peoples: the Mordvins, Cheremis, Zyrians and Votyaks were related to the Finns, but there was no one at the University of Kazan who was interested in studying these peoples. The only exception was Professor Smirnov, who wrote, with a great deal of philosophizing, books and studies on Mordvin marriage customs, the matrimonial practices of the Cheremis and similar topics, but he knew nothing about the languages of any of the peoples named. Tsedrovskii, a young Russian student inspired to a certain extent by me, collected a great quantity of Cheremis folksongs and songs sung to games, with their words and music, during the summer. When I suggested to Katanov and Smirnov that they have these printed in the publications of the Scientific Society of Kazan, Smirnov was of the opinion that the writings of the student had no value, and

Katanov wondered where one would get the money from, since none of his own large collections could be printed either. Tsedrovskii had bitter experiences from his work with these folksongs. Greater requirements were made of him than his examination would have called for. When I later made inquiry about his collections to offer him compensation for them and get them printed in the Finno-Ugric Society's publications in Helsinki, Tsedrovskii had betaken himself home near a Cheremis village, where about a year later he died of consumption. What fate his collections met I was not able to learn, but later it was made clear to me, that he had been "forbidden to turn them over to a Finn."

In Kazan I lived with my wife and daughter in quite a large room in a small hotel, where the charge was 13 rubles per month. We often took our meals at a restaurant. Usually the main meal consisted of soup and roast, but here in Kazan in the fall you could get outstanding apples and other fruit at a very cheap price and vegetables were equally abundant. Milk could be gotten only after it had been heated in a stove, according to a decree of the governor and the health authorities. Thus, life was not expensive, and we both retain many pleasant memories of our residence in Kazan. Contributing to this was our acquaintance with a number of amiable persons, of whom I will only name the pastry-baker Korzin and his wife. Korzin thought that his father was an Estonian, but it turned out from some books that his father had left behind, that he was in fact a Finn named Korsinen. Korzin was the finest pastry-cook in Kazan and later at Christmas and Easter he sent us as presents splendid sugar cakes all the way to Mongolia.

There were even others of our countrymen in Kazan. One house went by the name of Dom Pitkanena, the House of Pitkänen. And on the façade of the best hotel was written: Hotel Metropol, and beneath it, "formerly Kommonen". When I bought shoes, they offered me as the best a pair with the trademark of Sikanen, St. Petersburg.

The Trip Through Siberia

It was already the end of October before it was finally decided by correspondence that we should travel directly to Mongolia without first going home to Finland. We had gotten money, recommendations and certificates. My wife and I made preparations for winter as well as for travelling. We were travelling by train from Kazan to the banks of the Volga--at this time there still was no bridge across the Volga and the river was already half-covered with ice. This was why you had to leave the station, drive down on the ice, move over to the ferry and then travel anew by sled to the station on the opposite shore. The weather was cold and windy. There were lots of passengers, not enough horses, and it was crowded on the ferry, which is why this crossing has stayed so fixed in my memory.

We took the railway to Penza, where we had to wait and change trains. In the city of Penza the streets were icy and slippery, and it was hard to get around. After I fell down a few times, I observed in annoyance to a passerby that they ought to spread sand on the sidewalks, but the man replied, that the streets were made of either sand or clay, so that it was pretty nice that at least once in a while they were firm, clean and more or less level.

After more changes of train, we were on our way directly east. After we crossed the Volga on an iron railway bridge at Syzran, the landscape on both sides gradually became more and more mountainous. The track runs in long curves, climbing ever higher upwards along broad, stately high valleys. At one spot the railway makes a mighty curve in the shape of a figure 8, so that from up on the end of the mountain you can see the preceding station somewhat further ahead, but much lower down. At the Siberian border there were two stations, one called "Europe", the other "Asia". After the high mountains and splendid forest tracts the terrain again become low-lying. The valleys are more fertile and the

ridges broader. For a newcomer it is especially interesting to scrutinize the mass of people at the stations and indeed the other passengers.

All the travellers brought along a basket in which they kept a teapot, glasses, sausage, sweets and other equipment for a snack. When the train stopped, everyone raced out to a building where there was always boiling water in large covered kettles. The kettle had faucets on the side from which the steaming hot water filled the pots. It often transpired however that someone, in spite of the prohibitions and without waiting his turn, uncovered the kettle, dipped in his pot and cleared out of the room. The upshot was that often old tea-leaves and other debris which were in the pots or under them, such as paper scraps or dirt, would also come out of the faucets.

Near the platforms there were always long rows of farmers and country women selling loaves of bread, meatpies and other good things. We were able to buy boiled eggs, different kinds of smoked fish, cooked chicken and pickles from the local salespeople, but the annoying part was that you always had to haggle, shout and find fault with the quality of the goods, as this is the custom in Russia.

Even the second-class passengers were all equipped with their bedding, pillows and coverlets. A week doesn't mean much in such a mail and passenger train, and if you ask the conductor when the train is coming to some more remote spot, he replies that he doesn't know that, since he only comes along for a short stretch of the track. We travelled by an ordinary passenger train which stopped at every station and moreover at change-points between stations in completely uninhabited stretches. In 1898 there was hardly anything like an express train or even a dining-car on the Siberian railway.

After a few weeks' journey we landed at the city of Krasnoyarsk, and we had not gotten tickets for any further.

Krasnoyarsk, or "Place of the Red Cliffs", lies beside the great Yenisei River and was already at this time one of Siberia's most important cities. In most recent times it [i.e. Krasnoyarsk] seems to have developed into a really big city in Siberia, with its factories and stores of natural resources found in the surroundings.

At the time of our journey there still was no bridge over the river, but the railway continued eastward on the other shore to Irkutsk. The Krasnoyarsk-Irkutsk line was only half-finished and carried traffic at odd times in the shape of combined passenger and freight trains. Since the Yenisei was already covered with heavy ice, a temporary "winter railroad" had been built out from the station in Krasnoyarsk. The tracks led down a steep slope, then out over the ice and again up a similar slope on the opposite shore. The passenger cars were lowered one at a time with the aid of strong ropes down onto the ice, where they were pushed along, while on the other shore a waiting locomotive with chains hauled them up the incline to level ground. Beside the tracks, for the sake of the passengers, there was a walkway of boards, and all the travellers had to walk this kilometer-long stretch on foot in the cold of winter. With our little girl in her arms, my wife managed everything remarkably well on this difficult crossing, and on the other shore we quickly got into the warm car.

The railway from Krasnoyarsk to Irkutsk proceeds in long bow-shaped curves. The mountainous landscape dimly visible in the south gradually sank toward the north into mile-wide softly sloping ridges, between which rivers streamed forth. Beside the road a village was seen here and there, but for the most part nothing but treeless areas. When there is forest, it looks peculiar to a Finnish observer, because among the trees one sees stumps which are two or three meters high. In Siberia people fell trees in the woods; this usually happens in winter, when the snow lies deep, so that people standing upright hack off the tree at breast-height. When

the snow melts the tree looks as if it broke off in the middle. Such lofty stumps are visible along long stretches of the tracks and indeed in any forest where trees are felled.

When the combined passenger-freight train got to Irkutsk we had to head for a hotel for a few days to rest up and at the same time investigate the possibilities of travelling on. They were saying that Lake Baikal, located 66 kilometers (41 miles) south of Irkutsk, was still open and that a steamer was still in operation there that perhaps accepted passengers. In two conveyances, of which the one transported me and my family as well as a merchant named Semyon Borodin, and the other our baggage and that of our fellow traveller, we betook ourselves with the innkeeper's horses along the eastern shore of the Angara River to the village of Listvenničnaya beside Lake Baikal. Listvenničnaya [the present-day Listvyanka] is situated on a narrow strip of shore beneath high precipitous mountains. The town with its general steamer wharves extends for a great distance.

It was cold and chilly and blowing fiercely off Lake Baikal. At one end of the town the steamship company had set up a large storage shed or depot, and when we and Borodin arrived dozens of families already lay or sat encamped on the floor around two huge iron stoves. No one could say anything about the arrival of the boat. All they knew was that the boat was expected to arrive from a town lying further east, to load goods to be hauled to the southern shore of Baikal Lake. Not even the steamship company agent in the town, whom we daily interrogated about the eventual arrival-time of the boat, knew anything definite, but explained that the boat had a steam whistle: boats were supposed to whistle upon arrival and departure. Since it was very cold and my wife felt she had a cold, Borodin considered it necessary to get the young woman a furpiece which would really withstand the cold. In Kazan she had gotten a catskin coat. Borodin went out to make a

purchase and succeeded in coming across a big travelling coat of elkskin for my wife, whereupon I took over the catskin coat.

In company with Borodin we even spent the nights in the shed and huddled as near as possible up to one or the other of the iron stoves. The boat was not heard from. People were figuring it would land the next day or the day after that. The second night at about 1 a.m., however, some of those waiting heard the boat's steam whistle, not by the steamer wharf where our gathering-place was, but at the other end of town about a mile from us. When we hastened to the company agent we learned that the boat was not going to run up to this wharf at all and it had already landed at the wharf at the other end of town, where it was now loading freight. No complaints helped. No one had a right to complain either because according to the governor's decree steamship traffic was supposed to cease on the first of October. It was now November, and the steamers were taking passengers only in event the captain approved it, and if the cargo did not take up all the space. The travellers had to betake themselves to the boat at their own responsibility, if they so wished. There was really no cause for complaint. The result might have been that the captain would not have taken the complainer with him. At the last moment Borodin succeeded in getting us a vehicle, and with our carriage we rapidly got to the boat, but many persons appeared to have rushed in vain along the city streets towards the wharf where the boat was fastened. The boat had no private cabins. My wife and daughter were placed in the women's section, where there was no illumination. Borodin and I were directed to the men's section. We nonetheless were lucky enough to get our baggage on board in the dark. There was not room for a lot of passengers, explained the captain, and since it was stormy out on the lake he was especially reluctant to accept too many travellers. On this account he did not concern himself with those who were running along the city streets of Listvenničnaya in

the dead of night, but let the boat lie out from shore almost immediately after we were on board. And since steamship traffic was officially over for the year, all charges and fees officially ceased to be valid. We had to pay a greatly inflated price both for ourselves and for our baggage.

Baikal is a majestic lake, about 900 kilometers (560 miles) long from southwest to northeast, and 50 to 200 kilometers (30-125 miles) wide. The water is extraordinarily clear, you can see down to a depth of many fathoms. The word Baikal is of Tunguz origin and means "ocean". The shores with their wild, almost always snow-covered cliffs afford a magnificent and imposing view. Later I crossed over Lake Baikal several times and even went along its shores. The railway from Irkutsk goes first along the west bank of the Angara river to Baikal Station, and there it makes a sharp bend westward, and then across bridges and through countless tunnels through and between mountains, but in such a way that the roadbed in certain spots is built in the water. During this first trip of mine there were no such conveniences, but we travelled, as I stated, on a little boat which conveyed traffic between Listvennič-naya and the town of Mysovaya on the opposite southern shore.

When we arrived at Mysovaya (the present-day Babushkin) the boat tied up at a wharf and the passengers, both men and women, had to climb to land. Everything went all right on the men's side, but on the women's side tumult arose. The boat took on such a list that the door on the women's side could not be opened, whereas on the men's side the lounge door went up by itself. It took a long time until the cargo was unloaded and the boat again assumed its normal stance, and meanwhile the women had to sit closed up in their section in the pitch dark. Our travelling companion Borodin, whom we had gotten to be good friends with, was well-known in Mysovaya just as in other places along our travel route. Under his leadership we spent the night in a farmhouse where

they spread out straw on the floor as night accomodation, and there we had a chance to warm up and get something to eat. Borodin carried along abundant provisions of which we also partook. Among other things he had a bag of what are called pelmeny, small meatballs wrapped in dough. When the pelmeny were cooked one got both a nice bouillon and a kind of pasty. The Siberian housewives prepare vast quantities of pelmeny which are taken on trips frozen solid in sacks. The word pelmen is of Zyrian origin; in it pel corresponds to Finnish pieli which originally also meant 'ear', as is indicated by Finnish pielus 'cushion, pillow'. Since the cover of dough is pressed together with the fingertips, the pelmeny actually often look like ears.

With the help of acquaintances, Borodin succeeded in rounding up horses and sleds, in which we drove direct from Mysovaya southwards across the mountains along the so-called Merchant's Route. The road, which is maintained by the government, led from Mysovaya eastwards to Verkhneudinsk and from there southwest to Kyakhta. For travellers from Mysovaya to Kyakhta this old road meant a big detour. For this reason merchants in the city of Kyakhta had a new road built at their own expense which at least in winter was both shorter and more comfortable. In a sled pulled by three horses we travelled over the mountain slopes and past chasms and cliffs through an Alpine landscape already covered with snow. It was between -30° and -40°C. (= -22° to -40° F.). We huddled up against each other as tightly as possible. When we finally came down from the mountain slopes we were already in the valley of the Selenga River, and before long, when we were travelling about a league [= 6 1/4 English statute miles] from Ust'-Kyakhta on the southern shore of the river, the object of our journey, the city of Troitskosavsk, appeared at last before us.

At the Border

Borodin owned a house in Troitskosavsk. Since, prior to

the introduction of the governmental liquor monopoly, he had been an agent for a large liquor firm and a representative for its big wholesale shops, he was a relatively well-to-do man. We got acquainted with Borodin's family and his home. Borodin himself had a strong voice and was a nimble and lively fellow, in spite of being quite hunchbacked and looking like an old man. His type was not really Russian, but belonged to the Mongolian-Russian cross-breed so common in Eastern Siberia. One must remember that Yermak, the conqueror of Siberia, brought his Cossacks without their families, and that many smaller tribes gradually fused with the Russian people. Most of Borodin's children were the same type, dark-haired and brown-skinned, with dark eyes and flat noses, and more like Tunguz or Mongols, whereas on the other hand his wife was a taller and fairer type of person.

Since there was no room suitable for us in Borodin's house, and one of his good friends, Zhdanov, liked to put up travellers, we moved over to his place until further notice. Zhdanov was a merchant too; his business interests included goods from Mongolia, furs, wool, sheep and meat-cattle.

Though I later heard quite the opposite about his business affairs, I have to say that both Zhdanov and his people were friendly and square-dealing with us inexperienced and unknown persons. As a playmate for our little girl Zhdanov got a nice kitten, and when we finally crossed the border into Mongolia, he tried to force a little puppy on her. To bring a pup to Mongolia can best be compared to putting water into a lake, but the reader will get an idea of this by reading the chapter on the city of Urga.

When I asked Zhdanov how we were going to get to Urga, the largest city of Outer Mongolia, he replied like an expert with a return query, "How do you intend to travel?" It turned out that there was neither stagecoach system nor really any road. Since I asked how he would go himself, he said that he had horses and carts, hence he could travel by his own means if he so desired. That is what the other

inhabitants of Troitskosavsk and Kyakhta did.

For the use of the highest Chinese officials the Mongols did have some kind of carriage set-up and compulsory relief system. The Chinese Border Commissar in Mai-mai-chen, the Chinatown of Kyakhta, produced a document, by dint of which the Mongols residing between Kyakhta and Urga were obliged to convey the traveller and his baggage from the border to Urga without delay. Not just anyone got to travel by such a conveyance, and in Zhdanov's view we would hardly have that privilege. I induced the Russian Border Commissar nonetheless to promise to do his best to get us this kind of conveyance. He succeeded in doing so, and hence we got to travel in a "Mandarin's coach", almost as fast as the Siberian trains, i.e., 380 kilometers (250 miles) in three days through stretches completely devoid of roads.

Before I give an account of this journey I must say that I caught a really bad cold on the trip over the Merchant's Route and in consequence of this lay for almost three weeks with a bad pulmonary inflammation in Zhdanov's residence. They called a doctor, a man named Talko-Hryncewicz, Polish by birth and a person with a many-sided education. He was especially interested in anthropological measurements and observations. Later he became one of the first professors of (physical) anthropology at the Polish university in Krakow. He was the chairman of the Troitskosavsk-Kyakhta subdivision of the Irkutsk division of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. In this position he really accomplished an amazing amount, since the publication series of this subdivision was both extensive and had especially interesting material. Borodin and Zhdanov advised that Dr. Talko-Hryncewicz, when he was called to a patient, always first had to measure his head, nose and ears, before he inquired what was wrong with him. Thanks to Talko-Hryncewicz's medicines and care in addition to Zhdanov's concern and my wife's experience as a registered nurse I rose refreshed from my illness and was ready to continue the trip to Mongolia.

3. MY TRIP TO MONGOLIA IN 1898

The Journey to Urga

The Russian Border Commissar had gotten the necessary papers from his Chinese counterpart, and hence we got to travel to the Celestial Kingdom by the finest "official conveyance". They were good enough to procure one of the large two-wheeled covered carts that the Chinese officials used, and we were able to rent a similar one from the tea merchants, Kokovin & Basov. This cart had wheels almost two meters high, whose rims were equipped with thick iron stumps about ten inches long, fastened with large sharp nails, i.e., spikes, which made the wheel look almost like a cogwheel. The axle was of wood and the wheel hub was enormous. The distance between the wheels was about twice the breadth of the cart body. This cart had vertical sides and a high curved roof. The door was located in front on the side, and in the front wall was a glass window. The roof and walls were draped with warm woolstuff, but the floor was hard wood. On that account we bought a mattress and in addition a large number of feather cushions, because on the stony spots and when the horses were galloping the passengers inside were flung to and fro in the cart.

When we arrived at the border in this Chinese official conveyance with Russian carriage horses, some ten Mongolian riders were waiting for us. They brought along a 3-meter boom and a bunch of long straps. The boom was bound with strong straps across and over the shaft-poles in such a way that when two men on each side held the boom ahead of themselves in the saddle, the ends of the shaft-poles were about a half a meter lower down. In the middle of the pole were fastened several long straps which three or four mounted fellows took in hand. When we got under way the strap-haulers rode ahead, whereas the other ones supported the ends of the boom in front of them in the saddle. Our pace from the beginning was fast, and in the course of travel it

even increased now and then. For the most part the horses galloped at full speed. The cushions didn't stay in place but were slung along with the puppy from one wall to the other. Nor would the mattress stay under us, but slipped back and forth. This felt really terrible, when on the stony or bumpy spots we were slammed against the hard bottom of the conveyance. The door, which opened inwards, was firmly closed, otherwise we could have been thrown from the cart. The puppy got thirsty and tried to lick the icy window on the front wall, but every time bumped his nose so that he howled and moaned. We got thirsty ourselves and I tried to rap on the window and front wall to get the riders to stop. When the fellows finally got my idea and slackened speed I asked for "chai" (tea), at which they said "khorosho" (fine), and continued on even faster.

Sometimes the speed slowed a little on a level meadow, but only to build up again at once to discomfort. The horses were even changed while the carriage was underway the whole time. One of the men who was supporting the boom turned sufficiently to the side so that the new driver coming from the rear could get hold of it in his arms. The riders who were carrying straps also changed in such a way that a new person took over the hauling strap from the side from his predecessor. This change of horses became quite well noticed by the passengers in the wagon because the new men and horses always tried their best. Many miles ahead of us rode a messenger who summoned men with horses to the edge of the road to await the traveller.

Whilst we were being conveyed in this fashion at breakneck pace in our cart and its boom, the door opened from the outside and a hand was stuck in holding a big teapot with hot Mongolian tea. A Mongolian teapot is about half a meter tall, and has a cylindrical body of brass with a handle on the side. In the soldered lid are two holes, the one is an airhole, and tea pours from the other. Mongolian tea is a unique beverage resembling bouillon more than anything else.

It is prepared from tea leaves pressed into brick shape, which the Mongol women first smash with an axe and then smooth out in a mortar. Boiling sheep's or cow's milk is mixed with dark tea-water prepared from these tea-leaves, from which one gets the so-called yellow tea. While the black tea is boiling, soda or Glauber's salts are added to better bring out the tea flavor from the leaves. When the milk in turn boils, salt is added, and when the tea is stirred, if they have any, they add a little wheat-flour and butter, prepared in the Mongolian manner by boiling cream. In our cart-bed we were now offered Mongolian tea of the best sort spiced with butter and meal. The taste was peculiar but you can get used to anything.

When we had finished off the tea, the teapot was left rattling around the wagon. It was in the way, so I again knocked on the window. One of the spare porters, who was riding alongside the wagon, finally came and opened the door. When I showed him the teapot, he almost got angry, took it and threw it away. On the way back the fellows take care of all items left behind, both tired horses as well as teapots.

We continued steadily at the same severe pace until it turned evening. Then we stopped in front of a felt tent which had been pitched just on our account. This Mongolian residence was an especially handsome yurt. It was round and covered with thick felt. On the floor, pieces of thick felt were spread out here and there. In the middle of the yurt was a four-footed trivet with three rings, on which a broad very flat-bottomed iron pot had its place--the one really indispensable household item of the Mongolian kitchen. The pot is cleaned with a piece of felt or hide. When different dishes or beverages are prepared, the pot has to be heated up to become dry and the inside rubbed clean.

At our night's lodging I met the messenger who had ridden ahead of us the whole day. Together with him we ate fresh fat mutton from the Mongol pot, and drank the finest

yellow Mongolian tea. Since the Mongols adjudged our winter wear insufficient, they took the pot away after the mealtime, and one of the boys was ordered to keep as big a fire as possible burning in our yurt the whole night long.

When preparing food and heating things up, the Mongols don't use wood, but domestic animal-manure, the only thing good for fuel in their opinion. In Mongolia's dry climate, manure dries very quickly and so completely that it burns easily. If the smoke is thick and naturally smells to a degree, still it doesn't sting the eyes the way smoke from burning wood does. We were sleeping now in a Mongolian yurt after a Mongolian meal and inhaling genuine Mongolian smoke. Early in the morning we got underway again and on the evening of the following day we were already as far as Urga. According to official Russian calculations the road is 360 versts long (= 240 miles). To travel a stretch like that in three days is possible only in a Mongolian cart and with Mongolian horses. A portion of the distance between Kyakhta and Urga does have level spots, but amidst them are large piles of stones, high mountains and rather broad and rapid rivers. It was fairly easy to get over the latter since the cart-wheels were sufficiently high.

Since it was already winter and more than -40°C. [also -40°F.], this trip was not an easy one for the carriage drivers, so much the less for us untrained passengers in the wagon-bed. In spite of the severe cold, the Mongols had no mufflers on--they don't use anything like that--on the contrary, their sheepskin coats are quite open at the throat. They don't use gloves very much, but instead make the sleeves so long that one can get one's hands out only by rolling them up. At that time and probably even now, the Mongol women had over-long sleeves in their winter coats. They almost dragged the ground. They said that the lengthened sleeves were a new style that the young women fancied.

Between Kyakhta and Urga there were twelve official relay-stations, called <u>örtöö</u> in Mongolian (written form:

örtege). Every örtöö had a local chief with messengers subordinate to him. About 30 men and a hundred horses could be quickly called up within the district. This kind of örtöö institution was in use everywhere even during the period of Mongol greatness in the empire Chinggis Khan founded. At times it functioned so perfectly that, for instance, a rider could travel in 16 days and nights from the Adriatic Sea to the center of Mongolia in the vicinity of the present Urga. From ancient Chinese chronicles we learn that the örtöö existed as early as around the middle of the 4th Century A.D.

According to instructions of the Russian Border Commissar I made the men a present of three rubles for every örtöö station, hence, 36 rubles for the entire trip. The Chinese do not make such presents, it was said. The money had to be paid out in coin, inasmuch as the Mongols set great store on silver. On this account I had gotten a special pouch of shiny new silver rubles. This charge formed a sort of extra recompense for transporting the baggage. Our things had been sent on, now ahead of us, and now far behind us, by other stage employees in a very ordinary work-cart harnessed the same way.

During the trip we alternately went up and down many mountains, including the Mankhatai Mountains. When the sun stood high in the heavens on the third day we arrived at Tologoitu-Dawaa Pass in the stretch of mountains north of Urga. From there the road went downhill along slopes. In the distance before us was seen Bogdo Uula, the Heavenly Mountain. The tract gradually widened, we came out on more level ground and saw the "city" of Urga before us.

In Urga

On the great gravelled plain a rare sight spread out before our eyes. Here and there in groups were seen four-sided enclosures, fenced-in by poles driven into the ground. Outside these enclosures were men and cattle. Besides this,

there were Mongol yurts outside the enclosures, but as it later transpired, there were similar yurts inside as well. The enclosures were not in rows everywhere, but the streets, if the gap between them could be called that, were very crooked. In the open spaces were larger or smaller heaps of rubbish, on and around which black dogs were moving about. They seemed to resemble Lapp dogs, but were somewhat taller and had thicker coats. Onto the trash heaps Mongols toss meat bones, worn-out felt scraps, pieces of skin that were good for nothing any more and all kinds of other leavings. Since Urga has existed for some hundreds of years, many scrap piles were, relatively speaking, taller than the enclosures, and if you wanted to get a view of the streets and the center of the city it was best to clamber up on a big trash heap and survey the "city" from there.

Countless unowned dogs and their barking lent a special flavor to the city. The Russians used to say that Urga's inhabitants could hardly sleep peacefully at night without this constant yelping which is very reminiscent of the roaring of a cataract.

We travelled diagonally across the city to the Russian Consul-General's place, situated on the slope of a low mountain about a kilometer further eastward, in the vicinity of which there were neither Mongol yurts nor cattle. The consulate lay inside an enclosure of a somewhat different sort and enclosing numerous buildings. The Consul-General lived in the main building, a stately two-storey house, where we were put in a spacious room.

We got acquainted with the Consul-General, an aged privy councillor (Geheimrat), whose name was Shishmarev. He received us hospitably and we were able to rest a few days. After the Mongolian official transport system, we were sore all over. It felt as if all our bones had been loosened from their places and we could scarcely budge. Two or three Cossacks were ordered to serve us. While we were having a meal in the Consul-General's dining room, one of them stole

the leather pouch with the remaining shiny rubles.

Consul-General Shishmarev was married and had a family, but his wife lived near St. Petersburg, in a place by the name of Lahta toward the Finnish border. He was very happy when he heard us talk about Lahti, which in his mind was the same one as that Lahta near St. Petersburg. He seemed to be especially pleased that the Mongols and their language were to be investigated by an impartial quarter. The relationship between him and the professor of Mongolian at the University in St. Petersburg was anything but good. To be precise, Professor Aleksei M. Pozdneyev during his trip to Mongolia had referred to himself as an amban or governor, and moreover had always behaved as though holding a higher position in the country than Consul-General Shishmarev.*

According to what the Consul-General said, a Norwegian missionary, one Ola Nestegaard, was living in Urga. This man became our most ready and willing helper and best friend. He arranged for advantageous board and lodging with the merchant Mikhail Smirnov.

Smirnov's residence lay southwest of Urga's center in "Meat City", which was separated from the monastery by open space.

Urga's downtown district was taken up by a monastery where around ten or twenty thousand priests or lamas were living. Another monastery by the name of Gandan lies about half a kilometer westwards on a high slanting slope. Between the main monastery and Gandan is the Chinese residential district, a separate city quarter with high enclosures of unburned tile and between them narrow, clay-filled and dirty streets. Up to the tile wall there was here and there a somewhat higher earthen wall about a foot broad, where one

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*(Translator's Note) According to Prof. Dr. N. Poppe, Pozdneyev called himself amban, translating the Russian civil rank deistvitel'nyi štatskii sovetnik (Ger. wirklicher Staatsrat), whereas Shishmarev was apparently a nadvornyi sovetnik (Ger. Hofrat), "court councillor". Consequently, Pozdneyev actually did outrank Shishmarev considerably.

could try to walk in bad weather. Through the great gates people came into the courtyards, which on all sides were surrounded by shops, residences and storehouses, while in the middle of the courtyard was something like a tree or a small orchard. The Chinese houses with their windowless [inner] walls and high [outer] walls look more gloomy and dull than the Mongol residences.

"Meat City", where we lived, displayed a mixture of Russian, Chinese and Mongolian building styles. Here and there were log buildings in Russian style, these most often within Mongolian enclosures. Smirnov's house had windows toward the street and a door directly into the shop. There were not many such shops in Urga. The largest and best-known was the tea company of Kokovin & Basov, in a two-storey wooden building, to which the Mongols, on account of its green plate roof, had given the name of Öndür Nogoon, "High Green". This tea company carried on trade in Russian goods as well. Its shop, which looked very much like one of our country general stores, was the best outfitted and much larger than Smirnov's. They sold, among other things, Sääksmäki whetstones with the Poukka brand on the wrapping. The Mongols unanimously praised these Finnish whetstones as the very best. At the "High Green" they also sold chairs from Kronoby (Finn. Kurkijoki), but complained that only Russians bought them: the Mongols could not place chairs in their yurts and the Chinese had their own idea of chairs.

We stayed in a room overlooking the courtyard. During the long winter we became acquainted with Mongols and their language. Smirnov's wife, who like her husband was quite attracted to liquor, had our meals prepared in her kitchen. It was agreed that for mid-day dinner we would be served two courses, soup and roast, and for supper also two. Before long however we got the same soup both at noon and evening, and likewise with the roast. Later Mrs. Smirnov advised that since we ate so little it didn't pay for her to cook roast, and the soup alone would suffice for us. The Russian girl, who was the Smirnov's

cook, always used to cry out in the morning behind the wall to her mistress, "What shall we put in the soup?" And her mistress answered, either cabbage, vegetables, macaroni, potatoes or noodles. The ingredients thus varied to some degree, but the soup itself was prepared almost always from mutton, whereas beef rarely turned up. Like the Mongols, the Russians regard fat mutton as absolutely the best of all meats.

For a long time my wife and I found it hard to get accustomed to such monotonous fare. By good fortune there were also other edibles to be found at Kokovin & Basov's. Before spring came, the snacks eaten in our room with tea had become more important than Mrs. Smirnov's eternal broth.

When we got acquainted with Nestegaard the missionary, he had already been in Urga nine years. He lived some distance from us in a part of the city separated from the Smirnov's house by an open square, about as wide as one of our streets. On this open area Nestegaard had had a bridge built, the need for which we were at first hard put to see. Under and around the bridge there were big piles of rubbish where dirty black dogs swarmed. Nestegaard lived with a Russian smith, Kozlov, whose wife baked excellent <u>pirogi</u> and good rolls, which she sold both to Russians and Mongols. The smith himself plied his real trade very little, only shoeing horses in the Russian manner now and then, while he got the greater part of his income from dealing in hay. Since everything [like that] is free in Mongolia, he hired people for his hay-harvest and filled up his enclosure with great quantities of hay for the winter. The Mongols don't harvest hay, on which account their horses along towards spring are miserably thin and often die of hunger. Trade in hay as well as firewood comprises a very profitable livelihood for Russians in Urga.

Missionary Nestegaard had striven to conduct his missionary activities for nine years as best he could, but with very meager results. Since there were some 20,000 Buddhist priests

in Urga, Nestegaard's attempts to preach on the streets and squares often ended abruptly and sometimes quite ignominiously. For instance, once he was explaining (I happened to be present at this one) that men are saved and go to heaven solely by believing in Christ, when one of his listeners inquired in a loud voice, "But what has happened then to all those who died before you came here, are they all lost?" Nestegaard answered without thinking, "Yes, certainly." Another Mongol, also a priest, then cried, "But this is too cruel a god, after all it wasn't their fault that you came here so late." The next time Nestegaard was on his guard and conceded that those who had heard nothing about Christ could be saved if they led a pious and honest life and were generous to the poor. This concession then inspired a priest, who had earlier listened to Nestegaard's sermonizing, to say aloud, "But why did you come here then, since thus we don't need you and your religion here with us?" Among the priests who had mastered the subtleties of Buddhist scriptures, the missionary's task was naturally extraordinarily difficult. Nestegaard himself frequently complained about this. Hence he chiefly restricted himself to his occupation of ordering large quantities of Biblical scripture, especially of the Gospels, from the British Bible Society, of which he was the agent. When he parcelled out this literature the Mongols seemed avid for books, even if they couldn't read the Mongolian language at all. The priests' books were written in Tibetan and the Mongolian spoken language is quite different from the old written language anyway. The books were mostly used to light [manure] fires within their yurts. In the vicinity of the western monastery was a hill and large fields where the dead were brought and left to be eaten up by the hundreds of unowned dogs. The priests and the most pious believers even brought there the books they had gotten as presents from the missionary.

In many respects it was a very peculiar life we led in "Meat City". The city's butchers lived there and a whole host

of women as well. Since orthodox Buddhists do not kill any living beings, not even lice, but nonetheless live solely on meat, they are inevitably in need of butchers who occasionally on prayer-days incur heavy fines for their sinful lives. Since the butchers on this account raised their prices for meat, the monastery had new young butchers brought here to prevent too great price increases.

The priests in Urga conduct a similar arrangement regarding women. The Buddhist priests have taken an oath to live in celibacy and to have no sexual contact at all with women, but in reality hundreds of priests with families were living in Meat City. Many of these women have children who call their father "uncle" when he comes home and spends the night with them. "Uncle" supports the entire household, and if this occasionally gets difficult for him, he sometimes shares expenses and rights with another priest, or even sells his wife to a Chinese, a Mongolian layman or anyone at all. These women in Meat City, who are in fact the priests' wives, can be recognized by the fact that they go dressed as girls with their hair combed in the style of unmarried women.

In Mongolian society men are divided into three groups: white, yellow and black. White, tsagaan, are those who traditionally descend from princely lines. They are in charge of various offices and have insignia of a glass, metal or stone button on the tip of their cap. There are different kinds of buttons for every rank. The white-class men wear their hair in a long braid. The yellow, or shara, are all men who have ever taken or been compelled to take priestly vows. They have their hair completely removed, wear a yellow or red costume and over this a long yellow cloth piece, the orkimji, tossed over the shoulder. On the streets they generally go along with a rosary in their hand. This rosary is seldom used to pray with, but more often for diverse calculations because many, perhaps most of them, go in for trading in horses and cattle. The black-class persons, the khara khün, correspond in our scheme of things to laymen or ordinary and

working-class people. Like the white-class persons, they go with their hair in a plait. Their attire can be of any color except yellow or red. The most common color is blue or gray, but white, purplish and green are also often seen. These "black-class men" obey the prince or the officials appointed by him, and the police, while the yellow-class are completely outside worldly authority. For this reason there are special courts in the monasteries which impose special punishments. A good one-third of Mongolia's masculine population is reckoned to the yellow-class, and in Urga as in other large monastery centers of the country, they form a large majority.

It is clear without further discussion that the largest part of the yellow-class never pursue studies or live in accord with the monastery rules, but they pursue an idle life, leading to all possible vices. As a matter of fact, the clerical vow, once taken, can never be recalled. The yellow-class persons may not smoke and on this account are accustomed to use snuff. Laymen smoke a long Chinese pipe which is stuck into the top of their boots, and they buy tobacco from the Chinese.

Women who are over 45 often become nuns or priestesses, and women over 60 under certain conditions may move about during the day on the streets and in the houses within Urga's holy monasteries.

The monastery in Urga is regarded as the very holiest in all Mongolia. It is surrounded by a wide expanse of empty territory, outside which the Chinese quarter of the city, "Meat City" or the city of the sinful, and east beyond the Russian consulate, about 3 kilometers further on, is a larger Chinese city, the Mai-mai-cheng.

The circular road around the monastery in Urga has its special significance, whether it passes across the open steppe or across something like a wide street. From morning to evening come many hundreds of pious pilgrims on their way around the monastery city, and the open areas consequently afford a most peculiar spectacle. In different spots here and there

can be seen little huts, in which there is a larger or smaller vertical cylinder of wood or metal, decorated and painted with Indian letters. On the lower edge of the cylinder handles stick out and inside it--so they say--are holy books. During their circumambulation of the monastery the pious Mongols stop all the time to spin the cylinders. When the cylinders rotate clockwise, this means to the Mongols that all the prayers in the prayer books lying within have already been read for the day. For safety's sake the Mongols crank the cylinders numerous times and keep in mind for how many days they have read their prayers this way in advance. This circumambulation while praying, called ergil mörgül in Mongolian, by which mörgül means "prayer" and ergil "turning", however, is not enough for the most pious or the penitent sinners, who instead cast themselves on the ground at full length, strike their forehead against the gravel and stones, and scrape a mark on the ground with their nails at the place their head reached. Then they get up and stand on that mark and perform the same manoeuvre again. In this manner they cover the 4 or 5 kilometer-long circumambulation. Since nails and fingertips bleed easily, some pilgrims wrap scraps of wood on their hands and thereby can execute this weighty ergil-round with unscathed limbs. Sometimes you see long rows of such creeping bowers-circumambulators by the Urga monastery. Always there are some who even journey to Lhasa in the same way.

Amidst these pilgrims the monastery lamas move slowly and dignifiedly in their yellow robes, either on the way to the Chinese quarter to make purchases--even liquor--or to the horse market to haggle over horses and cattle with the country residents, or to Meat City to meet their wives or mistresses.

The meat market, which is located in an open square, is filled with very lively traffic in the mornings. You can see there dozens of camels, oxcarts, herds of sheep and among them Mongol men and Mongol women on horseback in their blue, red or other colorful costumes. At the edge of the meat market is a

long row of primitive Mongolian carts with shafts on wooden trestles and on these, wares, mostly meat, are spread out to sell. On the other edge of the market on the ground sit sellers of Chinese saddles, cobblers, smiths and different kinds of haberdashery dealers. Now and then among them are barbers and sheet-metal workers, who ply their craft on the street.

A little further to the side are funny little low tents of darkened old felt, scarcely as large as the play huts children build in our country. On an old hide and with a disgustingly dark and dirty felt scrap over their ragged tatters, there lie Urga's lepers or poor wretches in the worst throes of venereal disease. When someone goes past, they cry with a cracked voice and beg alms. Their illnesses have already reached a stage where other persons no longer endure contact with them. The fingers have gotten partly loose from their joints, the nose or mouth is terribly eaten away. They look dreadful, there are numerous blind, even some deaf. Now and then someone gives them a pittance, but most often these unfortunates get a ladle of millet gruel, tea or some kind of food from pails which passers-by have with them. Thus they pass away their miserable lives in rags under their dark felts, until the affliction is finally ended--until the dogs one night rend their felt huts and tear them to pieces. Later a similar new suffering being may turn up at the vacated spot. For someone who has lived and grown up in other circumstances, the sight of this extreme misery is abominable.

One wonders if the Mongols don't have doctors. There are some, but the lamas who studied medicine do not generally render their services for nothing, as neither do physicians elsewhere; besides, Mongolian medicine consists largely of witchcraft and Tibetan charlatanry with all kinds of material, which even under the most primitive circumstances could scarcely be called medicaments. The Mongols have not developed social service or responsibility.

For them it is a completely natural thing to leave the

dead to the dogs. Mongols maintain that the dead any place else are buried in the ground only because their flesh after death is so bitter and sour that even dogs wouldn't eat it. After a person's death the soul remains in the body for quite a while, if it is unscathed; therefore, it is best for the body to be torn to pieces so the soul can get free as soon as possible.

We soon got an example of this concept of theirs. A young girl had gotten a broken needle-point in her finger when she was sewing something. She came to us with her mother and asked us for a magnet, allegedly so she could draw the needle stump out of the foul and dirty wound. Since the finger was nastily swollen and the girl had a fever, my wife was convinced that it was clearly a case of blood poisoning. Smirnov and his wife thought that it was dangerous to try to help this girl or any Mongols at all with the purpose of curing them. Some days later the girl was dead, and it was explained to us that her real soul was staying in her finger tip at that time. Since she happened to get a hole in her finger tip, the soul had room to get out that way. --But it is best to leave those especially sad and outrageous matters alone.

The landscape around Urga is beautiful and majestic in many respects. Due south lies the Bogdo Uula mountain, over the slopes of which clouds often move even when the sky over Urga is clear. Towards the west are seen low bluish mountains, and south of these there spreads out a lowland 3 or 4 kilometers wide where the Tula River flows with its numerous tributaries. In the east, the Tula valley continues even and broad until the mountain ridges in this direction conceal its northward turning. There at a distance of 3 kilometers is situated the commercial district of Urga, the Mai-mai-cheng, inside high walls. There life is organized entirely along Chinese lines. Heavy, thick doors are closed at certain times for the night and are opened in the morning again at a fixed hour.

As already stated, Urga lies on a level gravel terrace on the south side of the mountain massif which in the north raises itself high over the Tula Valley. In the vales and clefts of these mountain slopes, forest grows high up, sometimes even up to the tops, but in general the southern slopes of mountains in Mongolia are almost bare due to the heat of the sun and the dry climate. There flows through Urga, between the monastery city and the Russian consulate, the shallow but clear and rapid Selbi River which empties into the Tula. One can usually wade over this river with no difficulty with the water never rising over the top of one's boots, but sometimes the Selbi can be dangerous. As a road for Chinese to travel on between Urga and the Mai-mai-cheng, the Chinese governor had a high and long bridge built, which had to be replaced many times, since the Selbi in its rage tore it loose and took it along with itself. As protection against such sudden inundations Nestegaard too had built his bridge earlier mentioned over the meat market in Urga.

Normally the sun shines every day clear and bright over Urga. In its glow, distant objects seem quite near at hand, since the air is dry and pure. At most it is overcast in Urga thirty days of the year and even then that is nothing but scattered cloud flocks. If it snows at night in the wintertime, the snow lies on the ground only a few days and then evaporates without melting, but in the clefts and in shady spots tracks remain behind which facilitate passage. On cold days a sun shining from a great height strikes Nordic dwellers as a really peculiar natural phenomenon. When you look out through the window on the sun-baked surroundings you get the urge to get out into the outdoors, but there it can be -40° to -50° C. (-40° to -56° F.). Laundry which is washed inside dries outside in a very short time. After a few minutes it is gaily fluttering in the wind, even if it does freeze into hard slabs jingling like metal as soon as it is brought out.

All the rivers, the Selbi as well as the Tula, freeze solid in the winter. Since in Urga there neither are nor can

there be any wells, in the winter people get their water by going down along some of the Tula River forks and hacking loose big hunks of ice, which by oxen, horse or asses are towed on carts to the water customer's courtyard, where they are placed in a spot shaded from the sun. In the sunshine they evaporate gradually without melting. In the same fashion the household provisions, usually a whole beef carcass or several skinned sheep carcasses, are kept in a shed if available. In Chinatown one can buy eggs, grapes, pears and apples, all frozen. About ten minutes before using them, they are brought in to warm up. Once they have been thawed they can no longer be kept without turning dark and spoiling.

Though for the foreigner all Mongols are equally dirty and alike, there exists nonetheless some difference in status among them. Once, when I was on a trip, it happened that there was no more ice when my wife wanted water, and the man who usually fetched the water was not to be found. My wife therefore asked a man I had hired, who had promised to carry out various errands for us, to get some ice, but he refused, since this work was quite unsuitable to him as a priest. As a matter of fact he was dressed more poorly than our regular iceman. When I came back he explained to me that getting ice is such a lowly thing that it is inappropriate for a man in lama's garb. This might have led to a lot of gossip and brought difficulties to him if he had sunk so low.

The first winter in Urga we lived at the Smirnov's. During this period I familiarized myself quite well with the Mongols' language and their view of life. The Mongols did wonder whether I was yellow or black, that is, a cleric or a layman. If I were black, as it seemed to them since I lived with a wife, why did I have to study and thus perform the duties of a yellow person? Work with books often became very difficult, since the Mongols according to their own concepts neither could nor were allowed to answer my questions. Under no circumstances is a Mongol child allowed to say his father's or mother's name in public, and in addition there are many

other things which are covered by the prohibition, "tser", taboo.

As teacher in the Mongolian written language I hired an older lama, one of the few who knew anything about literature in the old language and was able to read it to some degree. Otherwise the lamas merely read their Tibetan prayer books. This lama was considerably addicted to liquor, and, as I heard, the salary I paid him he used in large measure to buy strong imported liquor in the Russian or Chinese shops. I was not allowed to utter his name, since as a pupil I was in the status of a child as regards my revered teacher. He only let me know that he came from the Erdeni dzuu monastery and on the basis of his attainment in learning there had been transferred to a good position among the multitudinous lamas of Urga. He had not studied medicine or astronomy but had concentrated on liturgy or reading masses. He was said to know a great many Tibetan masses by heart. During a mass the oldest and most experienced lamas sat in long rows along the dim side walls of the temple, with no books in front of them. The younger and less-accomplished, however, had the text of the day's mass open before them. In addition, there were those lamas and novices who only by howling and noise try to keep time and in this fashion intensify the mumbling during the mass. From early morn until late at night Urga resounded from this uninterrupted murmuring and noise from those attending mass, who barely had stops for meals. The dull roar of the mass blended, for inhabitants of Urga, with the howls of thousands of dogs.

In the morning the lamas are called together by trombone-like blasts. Great enormous copper trumpets, up to three meters long, in their high positions strike the eye of wanderers in the streets when one moves around in the monastery quarter. Lamas with especially strong lungs blow on these musical instruments as a sign that the religious services are beginning. Somewhat later, the priests and their disciples betake themselves in large numbers to the temples. There are many both high-ranking and low-ranking priests in Urga, since they are divided into different sections, or aimaks. Each aimak

has its own officials and patrolmen. It seems to an outsider that the most important man or men are those by the temple doors who maintain order with the help of long staves, but probably the most important one is the man who counts the income taken in during the mass. Laymen are quite welcome at masses, since everyone brings along a gift, either a horse, a camel, some sheep or perhaps merely a khadak.

The khadak can be a long or short piece of silk. It is usually blue in color and ranges in value from five copecks to a hundred rubles. These khadaks are produced by Chinese in their homeland for Mongol needs, and for Buddhists in general. The khadak implies both a prayer and a blessing. When you offer someone a khadak the recipient must do his best for the giver; one cannot refuse to accept one. The khadak is spread out crosswise over the hands held out, whereupon the giver, bowing like one praying, approaches the recipient, who likewise bows and extends his hands, whereupon the khadak is transferred to the hands of the latter.

In Urga the khadak has become current coinage, but when a new khadak passes to the next owner it has already lost a portion of its value, since it easily gets stained by the unclean conditions among the Mongols. The purchase and exchange of khadaks is a particularly profitable business for Chinese and Mongolian hucksters. The khadaks serve no practical purpose, but since there really is no money in Mongolia, the khadaks have acquired the same use as coins. Pure silver cut into small bits is used as money and is weighed on small scales. For a hundred ounces, or liang, of small silver pieces one has to pay from 130 to 150 rubles. When making purchases with this "coin", a small amount is weighed out as required, and if you make a lot of small purchases and each one is paid for in silver, one gets only 80 to 85 liang instead of a hundred liang. This in part depends on the fact that both buyer and seller have their own scales. In every shop there are special scales for purchases and for sales. In deals where silver is the means of payment, the first

thing is to quarrel about the scales and their accuracy. When this dispute is settled, a new quarrel about the pieces of silver arises. The silver is supposed to be pure, but there are always pieces which have lead or iron inside and silver just on the outside. The Chinese pour silver into small molds, and every big company stamps its own trademark on the smelted silver. The company is fully responsible for the value of these stamped pieces, but one is not allowed to cut them up any further, since there can be something other than silver on the inside.

Another medium of exchange which is used in Urga is brick tea. The most generally-employed kind is the so-called dense tea or dzudzaan-chai, which consists of thick brick-shaped slabs of pressed tea leaves, about 30 centimeters (12 inches) long, 15 centimeters (6 inches) across, and 2.5 centimeters (1 inch) thick. In the middle of the upper face is a cross line along which the slab can be sawn in two. One such half has a value of about 30 copecks in Russian money, and since one liang of silver corresponds to about one ruble 50 copecks, there were 2 1/2 tea-bricks or five half-bricks in one liang. From time to time, the Chinese purposely detained the caravans which brought tea from China. This had the result that tea rose in price, whereas silver at the same time fell. Sometimes the Chinese merchants came to an agreement among themselves to accept only silver as payment for the debts of princes and officials; as a result silver vanished from the country and tea was cheap in relation to silver. The exchange rate between silver and tea changed from day to day and often quite considerably.

Brick tea from China is imported in large bales of bamboo, or hunza, which contain 27 whole tea bricks each. If the wrapping has been opened, one or two loose bricks have to be added for the crate of tea to be of full value. When people bought mutton or something else which was for sale on the market square in Urga, a servant had to come along carrying a bundle of tea bricks strapped on his back. In any case tea

was a more sure medium of exchange than the khadak. But since pieces are easily loosened from brick tea, and the corners especially get worn and rounded, a brick of tea could not go through so many hands without becoming useless as a means of payment. A worn-down and dirty tea brick could only be used to drink. Hence one can jokingly maintain that the Mongols always drink up their money in the end.

In big deals Mongols in Urga paid for their purchases with living animals, e.g., camels (about a hundred rubles), a fat ox (about 30 rubles) and horses (averaging 20 rubles).

In Urga an especially lively trade is carried on since cattle are brought in from the countryside, as well as felt which women make from woolstuff, including wool and tarbagan or marmot skins. Since the populace in general is mobile, and especially since the beautiful summer always entices the Mongols out on long trips, people come to Urga in bigger and smaller groups from places located even thousands of kilometers away. Their most important concern is to execute ergil-mörgül, or prayerful circumambulation, through which they hope to receive a blessing from the highest saint, the Gegen of Urga. But at the same time they also engage in trade. Trade was consequently brisk and was a particularly profitable source of livelihood both for the Chinese and Russian merchants as well as the monastery lamas.

The fact that Urga is the Mongolian commercial city with the liveliest traffic lies in its being at the same time, in the Mongols' view, the holiest spot in their entire extensive country. Priests from many different monasteries gather at the monastery masses in Urga, at least on the high festival days. The city enjoyed great renown among the Mongols even though in our eyes it scarcely deserved the name of city, with its rubbish heaps and its disorganized streets and markets.

The highest figure among the holy lamas was the Bogdo Gegen, "The Holy Luminence", who lived in a splendid temple-like building on the banks of the Tula River south of Urga, right at the foot of Mount Bogdo Uula. He is an incarnation

of Amitābha, one of the Buddha's disciples. This Bodgo Gegen was, it is said, the 24th of the reincarnations who deigned to devote themselves to the salvation of the Mongolian people. When a Gegen or a reincarnation dies, the Buddhist clerics immediately set about locating his soul. At the death of the saint, his immortal soul takes up residence in a new body and therefore one tracks down children born in accordance with calculations. This usually takes a year or two, sometimes even longer, until the right reincarnation is turned up. There are various conjurations and tricks of every description, by the help of which one can determine for a fact that it really is the right boy-child, who is selected from among many candidates. He is then conducted as soon as possible in a festal procession, usually accompanied at least by his mother, to the splendid residence of his predecessor. Surrounded by great hordes of servants and sycophants the little lad gradually grows up into a man whose least whim is considered most holy. In all the larger monasteries of Mongolia there is some similar saint, the heir to the soul of one or another Buddhist personality. However, Urga's Bogdo Gegen, The Holy Luminence, was the highest and holiest of them all. All secular power bowed before him. In point of fact those around him played a more important part than one might generally imagine. For a common man, and even for a prince, it was a carefully restricted and very expensive pleasure to get to see a Gegen.

It is hard to say whether the Gegen of Urga believed in his divinity himself. The life he led was quite other than holy or reasonable or even natural. I met and talked with three living Gegens: Lama Gegen who wanted to buy our little girl for some camel herds; Narobanchin Gegen, who drove around in a carriage drawn by young girls; and Darkin Gegen, who boozed in a hotel in what is now Stalingrad, in company with a lama and a girl he had brought along from Mongolia. The Bogdo Gegen, on the other hand, I only have seen from a long way off, when he was carried in his glittering golden

sedan chair from his temple at the foot of Mount Bogdo Uula through the crowds of people on bended knees to the main temple in Urga. From the thousands of pilgrims gifts had been gathered. Those who had given the most had gotten kneeling place in the first rows. On both sides of the road extended the most generous donors, "the Maecenases of the golden religion". The Gegen had a long stick in his hand, with which he touched on the head, back or wherever it landed of those bowing the knee in the front rank. Sometimes he held his hands on both ends of the long stick and in this manner blessed the pious pilgrims crouching down.

When we arrived in Urga the Bogdo Gegen was about 30 years of age. He had succeeded surprisingly well in preserving his soul from the poison of the court seers and priests and was a person quite eager to learn. The merchant Smirnov had gotten him all kinds of different things, including mechanical toys for children. During my visit in Urga Smirnov sold him two or three steam engines of the sort that are sold in toy shops in our country. Since I owned two cameras, Smirnov asked me to let him buy one of them for himself. When I had sold the smaller camera for 30 rubles, Smirnov managed on the next day to sell it to the Gegen's agent for 150. The Gegen had somehow gotten some idea of zoological gardens, and wanted to have a lion as well as an elephant among his treasures. An elephant was procured via Peking, but since it got only a little rice and people tried to feed it mostly with meat it soon died. While we were in Urga it was reported that the Gegen had set up an entire building as a sort of museum. He was much given over to strong drink in different bottles and of different colors. This was pleasant and profitable for Smirnov and other Russian merchants. With advancing age the Gegen took much pleasure in champagne and cognac. In time he grew both lethargic and blind, though not yet aged.*

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*This sentence is missing in Finnish. It was added by the translator, who also has made the omissions. (A.R.)

Since thanks to the presence of the Gegen in Urga, the very biggest saint in Mongolia was reigning, for that reason, explained the lamas, the power of evil was also greater than elsewhere. People were plagued by all kinds of evil spirits, but the evil powers prevailed naught against him who had once gotten the Gegen's blessing. The Gegen had secret agents who moved about the city and monastery every day and from them he heard what people were chatting and thinking about. Smirnov and the other Russian merchants usually got acquainted with these spies very quickly and through flattery won them over to their side. Once when the Gegen betook himself to the temple with a woman beside him in his very sedan-chair, no one could talk about it, since anyone who had seen this woman was of course possessed by the Evil One. All talk of the Gegen's drinking and lewdness was forbidden among the Mongols, nor did it come up either because no one wanted to reveal himself as being so wicked. Our neighbor, the missionary Nestegaard, to whom some lama occasionally relieved his conscience in this regard, turned out to be a reliable and well-informed source of news for us. Almost every day he had something new and remarkable to communicate about the Bogdo Gegen's conduct and the lamas' comments.

The Summer of 1899

We stayed at Smirnov's place with full room and board as the first winter gradually advanced to its close. As spring drew near we longed to get out into the peaceful countryside, as far away as possible from Urga and its dogs. About 25 kilometers (15 miles) west, along the shore of the Tula, beautiful mounds rise in front of a higher mountain, and past these mounds flowed a stream, on the banks of which large brittle willows grew here and there. The name of this place was Sangin in Russian, and in Mongolian it was called Songinin-bulung, "Onion Corner". This had been given over to the Russian consulate general as a place for recreation.

For this reason a watchman was living there in his yurt at the edge of the mound. We had been there in company with Smirnov and some other Russians. The place, as my wife and I both thought, was especially suitable as a spot for us to spend the summer. Consul-General Shishmarev was of the same opinion.

Accompanied by the old lama who was my teacher in Literary Mongolian, or by the missionary Nestegaard, I moved around a great deal on various errands in the market in Urga. When my wife and I decided to betake ourselves to Songinin-bulung for the summer, we purchased on the market two felt tents, quite good Mongolian dwellings which we also got permission from the consulate to set up. Moreover, we procured horses, two to begin with, later more. I myself knocked together a two-wheeled carriage in the style of an Åbo peg-cart, but much smaller, and bought a donkey to pull it. The harness I made in the Finnish way. The cart was intended for our daughter, as well as for hauling light loads.

The end of May, 1899, we moved our whole household out into the beautiful river landscape in the vicinity of Urga. At Smirnov's place there were two or three big dogs that lived there, as was generally the case at all the places in the city. These dogs were so accustomed to us that they once just showed up at our new residence. Smirnov brought them back, but later a bitch of pure Mongolian stock showed up again with her little pup at our summer dwelling place. Since "bitch" in Russian is suka, we called her Sukka and the puppy Yukka. Sukka and Yukka became our watchdogs. Some distance from our tent lived the watchman hired by the consul, who had a rank-button on his cap, and hence was "white", or noble. He was generally called Taiji, "nobleman", and both he himself as well as the members of his household were particularly helpful to us. From them we got milk, both cow's milk and sheep's milk, as well as mutton. Our tents were on level ground under majestic trees, and in front there flowed to the south and southeast a broad stream which was

well-filled with fish. With three or four hooks I could catch in one night enough fish for a whole week. I had only to tie the line onto a tree branch that hung down over the water and put a piece of meat on the hook as bait. Our catch consisted of large burbot-cod, and fish related to salmon.

The yurt where I lived with my family was especially well-furnished. In it was a floor of thick boards, upon which the yurt itself rested, a metal stove with a metal stovepipe where we burned loose twigs we had gathered. The yurt also had a good bed, and in front of this there hung from the ceiling a piece of blue material my wife had embroidered. We had a table to eat at, which also served as a desk. Most often my teacher and I sat on the grass in the shade of the tent reading some old Mongolian manuscript. My teacher lived in the other yurt, which as was generally the case, had the ground for its floor, and a tripod with a kettle in the middle of the tent. This yurt was our kitchen. Life went on quite comfortably even though now and again we had to travel into Urga on various errands. With our own horses it took us just one day to go in and back.

During a visit to Urga I once encountered on the square, our friend the missionary in a lively conversation with a Russian peasant and a girl who had come from the other side of the border. One of the Russian ladies in Urga had hired a maid, whereupon the Siberian peasant had come to the city with this girl. Now the lady didn't want to have her, since she was quite different from the person in question and had arrived in Urga under a false name. The missionary persuaded me to take the girl into our service. We easily came to an agreement about pay and she was willing to come along at once to Songinin-bulung.

Everything seemed to go nicely for 2-3 days, until the girl complained about not having had any Russian rye-meal bread the whole time. Since we too were hankering for

some rye-bread I betook myself anew to Urga, where I was able to get hold of a sack of rye flour and got permission to have the bread baked in a vacant house belonging to one of our Russian acquaintances. When the girl drove into the city with our horse and buggy, she stayed away 3 and 4 days and on her return brought only two or three big loaves. It turned out later that she had divided up the rest of the bread with all sorts of guys who had come to call, when she was waiting for the dough to rise and was alone in the empty house. They had also partaken of strong drink.

After a few days the bread was gone and we again had to send the girl to town to bake. On this trip she stayed even longer. Meanwhile another Russian lady came to us and inquired whether the girl on her arrival had had new galoshes, or whether my wife had given her a pair. My wife had not done so, but a new pair of galoshes had been stolen from this lady's closet, and the girl had been seen in the city with a pair just like them on her feet. The Russian lady headed for the consulate to report the disappearance of the galoshes. In her view the matter was clear: our servant girl had either stolen the galoshes herself or had gotten them from some fellow who presumably could also be suspected of theft.

On the next day too we waited for the girl's return from Urga, to no avail. When she finally arrived in the afternoon with our horse and cart,her first question after coming was about the lady and whether she had been at our place. We answered in the affirmative. Her next question was whether the lady had asked anything about the galoshes. When we answered this question too in the affirmative, the girl stood silent a moment, but then began to fix things in the kitchen for tea for the supper. My wife was sitting a distance from the tent with our daughter and watching the afterglow of the sunset in the clear water of the river. My teacher and I sat as usual reading a book. The girl

said she was going to get milk from Taiji's house, took the jug and withdrew. After a while, a revolver shot was heard from a clump of bushes that lay nearby. When my teacher and I hastened there, we came upon the girl lying face downward on the ground, dead. When she was by herself in our yurt to set the table for tea she had taken my revolver which I had hidden between the felt walls of the yurt. Since wolves sometimes showed themselves at nightfall I was accustomed to fire off a few shots, and the girl thus knew that I had such a weapon. It surprised me that she was able to find its hiding place.

At the sound of the revolver shot, Taiji's household arrived on the spot, and we now wondered what to do. After a short council of war I got one of Taiji's assistants to guard the body from wolves during the night, whereupon I took my best horse and headed for the city to report the occurrence as soon as possible to the consulate for official investigation. My teacher the lama had according to Buddhist belief been defiled by having seen a suicide, and a woman to boot, for which reason in the dark of night he disappeared to the top of a mound, where he tarried the whole night praying his holy prayers and fingering the beads of his rosary. My wife and our little daughter meanwhile stayed alone in the yurt with no protection.

In the dark of night I rode to Urga, where the dogs greeted me with mighty barking, and got to the consulate's great gate about 3 a.m. Pounding on the door served for nothing. True, a Cossack bestirred himself behind the door, and inquired about my errand, but refused to open up. For hours I sprawled outside the gate guarding my horse. Around 8 a.m. the Consul-General awakened, and when he heard what sort of a matter it was, he promised to send his secretary, a Mr. Dolbezhev, at once, to investigate the affair and prepare a protocol about the incident. With this information I betook myself back to Songinin-bulung, where my wife and I eagerly awaited the police investigation.

Nothing was heard from them the whole day.

Late in the evening the sound of shots was heard from near the river bank--they were gradually getting closer to our dwelling. Finally the shooters came up to us. They were three Cossacks with a great quantity of ducks they had shot dangling from in front of their saddles. A group of migratory birds on their way to Siberia were resting here by this watercourse in Mongolia. One of the hunters brought along a paper, the report prepared by secretary Dolbezhev, in which only a little additional statement and my signature were missing. The secretary Dolbezhev had, as he later explained to me, much earlier promised to go on a pleasure trip which some Urga merchants and their wives had organized to a wooded tract somewhat north of the city, for which reason he could not turn up to investigate a servant girl's death. It was pretty hard for me to restrain my annoyance and surprise about the secretary's behavior. My teacher's strange conduct when he left my wife and child in the lurch, even though he knew a whole pack of wolves had been in motion the previous night, did not surprise me very much either. He was a Mongol and a lama after all, and they have their own ideas. The watchman's assistant who was supposed to guard the dead girl, had requested from my wife the loan of my black sheepskin coat, since the night was so cold that he claimed he couldn't endure it outside without a coat. However, he then spread the coat over the dead girl, took my revolver out of the dead person's hand, and piled big stones along the edge of the pelt, whereupon he departed, after on his own behalf having fired off a few shots from the revolver to scare off the wolves.

Since the three Cossacks who conducted the "police investigation" absolutely refused to take hold of the corpse, and the heat of the sun by day blazed onto the black coat, it was clear that something had to be done as soon as possible. Hence I betook myself anew to city and consulate. There with the aid of generous tipping I succeeded in

getting one of the Cossacks to knock together a casket, and after many false starts on different trails got a young Buriat to come along with me. Together we transported the corpse to an enclosure in the vicinity of the consulate, where the Russians had their burial grounds. I will spare the readers the details of how we put the corpse in the casket and lifted it up on the cart. Even the Buriat was quite pale and demanded more and more money. In any event we managed to get the girl in the casket and into the grave.

A few months after this incident the Consul-General assigned a Russian doctor, who had come to Urga, to dig up the body and attempt to determine how the revolver shot had caused the death. The physician produced a sworn statement that the dead person's mouth was black inside and that the other bullet hole was in the crown. The establishment of these facts was of great importance for me, because Smirnov and many Russian merchants among his acquaintances had spread rumors as if I had murdered the girl. The lady who came to our place to inquire after her galoshes denied that she had visited us, and all kinds of possible malicious suppositions and lies were in circulation. The girl who had been promised 30 rubles a month had been in our service two weeks in all, and came to cost us closer to 300 rubles, not counting the loss of the revolver and the coat.

After this unfortunate suicide case we moved our felt tent to a place higher up on the dry mound in the neighborhood of Taiji's tents, but our sense of well-being had in a certain sense disappeared forever. Although summer had scarcely begun we had to think about a place to stay in Urga for the coming winter. In Meat City there was a khashaa or courtyard belonging to a Russian named Lavrentyev. On the north side of it stood a one-storey building with three rooms empty. Lavrentyev had intended to equip this building as a match factory, but since he had not acquired the machinery the house stood empty and

was for rent cheaply. We gradually furnished this building for ourselves. We ordered a Chinese carpenter to make us this and that of what he knew how to make: chairs, table, beds, etc. Thus we made a residence out of it. I even drew up a rocking-chair for the Chinese carpenter, but when he made the rockers out of two pieces of wood at a sharp angle to each other, I had to try myself to make some rockers which curved gently, and it turned out quite well. Stoves too had to be gotten for this house, since the Russians in general have no kitchen range. During these preparations I was quite active moving about in the Chinese quarter. Missionary Nestegaard had been known in this quarter for a long time. There he was called Li Hua-chung, "Central Plum Blossom", and for my part I got the name of Li Hua-kuo, "Foreign Plum Blossom". Among the Mongols I was called Sain biligtü, a name my teacher gave me, "The Well-Knowledgeable", but later this was changed to Biligtü baγsi, "The Knowledgeable Teacher".

I had already learned the Mongol vernacular quite well, as well as the old-style language still used in literature. Between them there is as great a difference as between Latin and French, or at least between Latin and Italian, which is why they must be learned separately. Since I had learned the spoken language quite quickly, my teacher and his acquaintances presumed that in point of fact I was a Mongol whose soul had gotten in a Russian body by some mistake. The lamas asked me whether I could not remember where I had previously gone around in Mongolia. According to their conceptions I was like a person who had slept and recently awakened. My soul was an old Mongolian soul, and they were very eager, with the aid of their astrological abilities, to get the details about whose soul it was that had taken up residence in me.

They asked me my year of birth and my place of birth incessantly. They asked me whether I had been compelled to

go so far away from my birthplace. When I answered that I came of my own wish and free will, or as in Finnish, that my soul drew me here, it was clear to them that it was my soul which had brought me to its former homeland. They asked me if I believed in the immortality of the soul. When I answered in the affirmative the matter was clear in their view. According to Buddhist ideas the soul is immortal, so to say, at both ends: it will exist after physical death, and was in existence before bodily birth. They could not understand our idea that the soul continued to exist only after death, but had not been in existence before birth, since whatever is eternal is eternal and can't come into being in an instant of time.

In my contacts with lamas I got much help in any event from the eagerness of these Mongols to classify my soul as Mongolian, and from the circumstance that I recognized the immortality of the soul. It was reported that many Russians denied the existence of a soul. In this regard they are often right in the Mongols' view, since men who maintain something like this know themselves best and really are such strange persons without soul and heart. This Lamastic view is nothing to be amazed at, since among the Russians in Urga one encountered all types, including ones who had not the least idea of justice, decency or human charity.

The second winter (1900)

Lavrentyev's place, called in Mongolian "Lavering khashaa" or Lavery's enclosure, where we lived during our second winter in Urga, had been repaired and put in order in good time while the weather was still warm. We sold the one felt yurt whereas the other was put up on the courtyard where it served as a kitchen and dwelling for the servants. We really had more servants force themselves upon us than we actually required. All of them fellows, of course. The handiest and most agreeable of

them was Namjil, who had no nose, but was strong and reliable in every respect. He was really in Smirnov's employ, but had gotten attached to us. He was especially fascinated with our little girl who for her part thrived in Namjil's company. In the cart hauled by the donkey, Namjil liked to travel about with her at his side to see the town or just to show off our little white girl. "Hörhi, hörhi" ("Such a sweet thing!") cried the dirty Mongol men and women along their way. It happened once on such a trip that Lamain Gegen came with his retinue and stopped, whereupon the Lama Saint, through intermediary of a messenger, tried to buy our daughter for some dozens of camels. The saint owned large herds of them at his distant monastery southwest of Urga on the northern edge of the Gobi desert.

Namjil was a practical man (he was a priest, too) and had the advantage of having learned some Russian and knew the exact prices in Urga: when we were out shopping he could thus inform us in Russian about an appropriate price. As elsewhere in the lands of the Orient, a transaction in Urga always began with the seller demanding an enormous price. Proceeding from what a customer ready to buy offered, the seller figured how much he had to reduce his price. If the buyer disappeared for a while the seller was ready to bargain down to half of his first-named amount, and from this bargaining price one went further down. With a thick bundle of tea bricks on his back, Namjil stood ready to go his way with a startled countenance from an impossible seller.

Another of our servants was a middle-aged lama who had recently come to Urga from the countryside. Nobody knew his name, but he was generally called Simpatka, "sympathy". He was ailing, viz. suffered from some peculiar skin ailment as well as from a serious rupture which now and then made him unable to work for days. However, he knew many songs and about every possible Mongolian superstition, and even heroic epics. Thus I had good use for him. Thanks to him I could take down my first Mongolian heroic epics in verse. Simpatka

did our wash quite willingly and helped out in the kitchen without requiring any monthly salary or money at all. If he could eat his fill he was happy and then always remembered something new to recite for me. Simpatka sought out on my account persons who knew songs from among his acquaintances, and strangers who arrived from the countryside.

The third person who offered us his services was a rather young and snobbish lama, Sodbo, who lived near us, i.e., his girl-friend lived near us. He had long been acquainted with Nestegaard the missionary and had shown interest in Christian doctrine, but was somewhat disappointed when Nestegaard refused to help him with a monthly allowance. Hence he sought work with us.

The fourth was a Southern Mongol, an older man, generally called "the Chahar". He was poor and did not belong to the priestly fraternity in the Urga monastery, but had come to the city from the Chahar tribe near the Great Wall of China. Here he tried to support himself by trade or as an intermediary in trade with the Chinese. Probably in the Chinese fashion, after a deal was concluded he appeared immediately at the seller's again, and demanded a percentage for acting as agent. It was this poor Chahar who had refused to take the donkey to the Tula river to get ice, since this was demeaning to his dignity. My wife then took the axe herself and the donkey and fetched the ice, upon which she asked the Chahar to see "how much the worse she had become."

Our three-room house stood so close to the north side of the courtyard area that one scarcely had room to walk between the house and the enclosure. Sukka and Yukka, our two Mongolian dogs, were housed there, and this area had to be fenced off, since Russians tried to use it for a latrine. The building had two doors, a west and an east. The west door we blocked off, caulked it and tacked thick felt up over it. In the west room I had a metal stove put in since this room was terribly cold. The central room was the biggest and had a Russian stove which was heated from the

east room. This easternmost room or antechamber served as our reception hall. Once we bought a big black wild boar from a Mongolian hunter. It was frozen solid, and the hind legs were straight. Since it was hard to hang it up and cut it to pieces, we took it into the antechamber and stood it up in a corner in the evening. During the night the hind legs softened and the pig fell to the floor with a crash. In the morning it was cut up and the pieces taken out to the shed. This was a long, rather high shed, made of poles and kept carefully locked. There is where we had our supply of food, some frozen mutton and a whole slaughtered beef in pieces. There we kept our harness, saddles and ropes. There were cases of frozen apples, grapes and eggs. In addition the shed contained a greater or lesser quantity of cases with brick tea, hence "money".

At a pole by the tent either one of our own horses or a strange horse stood tethered. In the courtyard in addition there was our donkey, a jackass who managed to utter unusually long neighs. It was somewhat dangerous to drive around the city with it, since it could get wild in event it encountered a donkey of the opposite sex. It was really only Namjil who could drive it. Once when my wife was preparing dough she left the door to the antechamber open for a moment. The donkey showed up at once to taste the dough, dragged the dough pan out through the door and had a good feast.

We lived here safe and happy in our own household. Sukka and Yukka kept watch that no stranger would get over our high enclosure in the night time. During the day we generally kept the double-gate locked and from the various raps could always guess who it was who came to visit. Our closest neighbor south of the enclosure was Kozlov the smith, who supported himself by trade in hay and wood, and now and again fished. In Kozlov's building on the street lived Nestegaard the missionary, our always quite willing and capable helper and good neighbor.

Northwest of Urga on the shores of the Orkhon River lies the holy monastery of Amur Bayaskhulangtu, "Peaceful Rejoicing". Since I had three horses, cart, saddle and a new cloth tent into the bargain, and since Namjil wanted to make a pilgrimage to that monastery, I undertook together with him my first spontaneous research trip to the Mongolian countryside. It was a cold fall and in spots snow already lay on the fields, but we considered ourselves well-protected against the cold by our good sheepskin coats.

I have no particular recollection of the trip to Amur Bayaskhulangtu itself, but our visit to the monastery was noteworthy in that I not only got in to all the places that Russians generally were allowed to visit, but even to places where Russians had never been admitted. I got to go to them because I was not a Russian. Inasmuch as I spoke Mongolian quite well, as I could read better than many a literate priest, since I was acquainted with Sanskrit and knew about Buddhism and the life and doctrine of Buddha, such things that even learned lamas had never heard of, I was especially well received.

I had already considerable acquaintance with the Mongolian lamas' sophistry and dogmatic puzzles. They asked me whether the future does or does not exist, whether what we see, hear and feel is real or only an illusive image shaped in our mind by our own senses. People asked me how we live in my homeland, in felt tents or in wooden houses. When I advised that we lived in stone houses, the Mongols were amazed. A felt tent lasts in blizzards and storms and under constant moves from place to place at most three years. A wooden house lasts a man's lifetime, or now and then more than a hundred years, and a stone house would last, the Mongols thought quite correctly, many hundreds of years. Since I mentioned that people live in stone houses in our country the Mongolian lamas asked me how long people live in our country, and

if they got to be many hundreds of years old. At my answer that in our country people live to be 60 or 80 years, the Mongols were still more astonished. What kind of fools build residences for many hundreds of years when everyone has to die in such a short time anyway! Don't we teach that men neither do nor can have a permanent place on earth? Our life is just a transition to another life. The world we live in is a vale of sorrow and suffering, say the Mongols. It does not do here even to fancy a permanent dwelling for oneself.

After I had seen the temples in Amur Bayaskhulangtu monastery and had conducted most learned conversations with its inhabitants, I betook myself homewards with Namjil. When we got to Yisün elestei, the Nine Dunes, a bare, desolate tract, we came into a valley between ridges which turned out to become a real vale of sorrows for us. We pitched our tent beside the cart and let our three horses loose with tethered front legs to search out for themselves pasture among the dried yellow grass sticking out of the sand here and there. Meantime it began to blow more powerfully and at the same time started to snow. With numb fingers Namjil wandered over the steppe and gathered up dried horse-droppings which he had noticed here and there. He picked up a score of them in the hem of his fur coat, which was also getting quite filled with snow. When he came back with his fuel I knew no other way to get fire going under the tea kettle than to pare with my knife as many shavings as possible from our tent-poles. The tent opening was facing the wrong side and the wind blew out our fire again and again. While I was cutting chips for dear life, I happened to cut all too deeply into the support pole. A sudden gust of wind snapped the pole in two and upset the whole tent over both the teapot and the fire. We barely managed to save the tent from being completely reduced to ashes. The snow gathered into the can had only had time to thaw. Thus we didn't get

any hot tea at all that evening. We spread the tent out on one side of the carriage and tried to get shelter from the wind behind the cart. However, at that very moment, the horses started to frisk and became restless, each of them moving in our direction as quickly as possible. Namjil's sharp eye before long noticed some wolves which were attempting to attack the horses. I had with me a cheap six-shot rotating drum revolver. I had bought it in Kazan, after finally obtaining permission to do so after many, many visits to the local police headquarters. For this revolver I also was able to buy two boxes of bullets, in all one hundred. Now I took out this weapon and standing beside the carriage I fired at long intervals, between my horses, doing this the entire night, so that I used up all the shots. Towards daybreak, at three o'clock I actually saw thirteen wolves which had been staying very close to our open-air night lodging. Already before sunrise, when the first weakly reddening beam rose on the skyline as if projected from the east, we had gotten our horses harnessed and moved forward. Thirteen spots with no snow were left where the wolves had lain in wait for us.

We came happily back to Urga. My wife and daughter were well and our dwellings and property in good conditon. Only my wife had been and still was very restless. When I left for the pilgrimage to the monastery they did not know in Urga that in the Chinese section of the city cases of black plague had occurred. In my absence the disease had gained much ground and already hundreds of dead were counted. In the meantime even on our gate a big black cross had been painted.

The black plague, a lung disease which kills in two or three hours and causes the corpse to become singularly dark, breaks loose from time to time in Mongolia. It is spread by marmots whose skin is an article much wanted by Chinese merchants and even by Russians; also in Finland it is used for furs. Marmots are found in waterless steppes. Like

rabbits, they dig long tunnels deep underground. There, at the end of winding passageways is its nest where food for winter is stored. Marmots are so timid that the Mongols with their poor rifles cannot get within range. However, a marmot can be dug out in winter, when it is hibernating in its nest. But it is trapped at other times too.

The summer trapping takes place in the following way. A Mongol attaches a piece of paper, a khadak or something else which is very variegated to the end of a whip or a stick and swings it before himself like a windmill when approaching the abode of the marmot or _tarbagan_. In spite of its timidity, the _tarbagan_ is curious and, standing on its hind legs, stops and marvels at the queer windmill. Finally it suddenly disappears into its hole, with a couple of cracks. If the crack is shrill and clear, the _tarbagan_ is healthy. If, on the contrary, it returns to its nest without giving a sound or moving very lazily, it is almost certain that the marmot in question is sick. In that case, the Mongol notes exactly which hole the _tarbagan_ entered, gathers dry grass from the steppe at the opening of the hole and while lying on his stomach slowly blows smoke into the hole. If the trick is a success, after a little while the _tarbagan_ comes out of its hole, shaking its head. Then the Mongol hits it on the neck with his whip or stick. He cuts off its neck with his knife and sticks his fingers between the skin and flesh, starting from the neck. He strips the _tarbagan_'s skin off whole. From the bowels he takes a piece about half a meter in length and cuts the meat into bits of appropriate size. After that he turns the skin right-side out again, heats up some stones and throws them into the skin, as well as as many pieces of meat as he thinks he needs for his meal. Then he ties the skin tightly at the neck with a piece of gut and awaits the outcome. As soon as the hairs come off the skin easily, the meat in the skin is well-done too. Then the Mongol unties the _tarbagan_'s neck-band and usually places the skin bag upright into the _tarbagan_'s own hole. Now he

starts eating the fat meat and strong broth which he manages to prepare even in the most desolate steppe with no pot and no water.

Thus, the Mongols eat marmot meat, in case there is no better meat available, and the skin is offered for sale. The Russian merchants in Urga paid three copecks apiece for marmot skins, at the border into Siberia the price was already 30 copecks, and in Moscow a ruble, and in Leipzig, where the skins were sent for preparation, the price in Russian money worked out to over a ruble and a half. In the summertime the Mongols very seldom make a mistake about the marmot's state of health, but when the animal is hibernating one cannot notice clear signs of health or sickness. For this reason the Mongols investigate the marmot's armpits very precisely. If there are boil-like formations at the base of the forelegs, which the Mongols call "man's death", then they never use the animal, but it can happen that some poor wretch skins a sick animal anyway to earn three copecks and sells the skin to an unknown buyer. Even one skin like that can spread mortal fear among Chinese and Russians.

For such cases the Mongols have their own methods. When an unknown illness or supposed plague crops up on the Mongolian steppes, the felt tent is broken down into its component parts, all household utensils are thrown as far apart from each other as possible, and the family members take provisions with them and proceed to a spot about half a kilometer from their dwelling. They place themselves in a ring as far from each other as possible, but yet not so far but that they can call or otherwise give sign to the closest one. They can remain a week this way, and in event nothing particular happens people gradually gather together again and the dwelling is set up anew. Now and again, however, someone goes to the dwelling to turn over the objects left there, so that the sun gets to shine on them from all sides. This is one of the Mongols' simple, old means of disinfection. If someone falls ill of the plague, he does not answer the cries any longer, and so

one knows what has happened.

I would like to sing another song of praise about our residence at Laverin khashaa. The central room was quickly furnished especially nicely. To be sure, we didn't get to buy any decent furniture, since it was impossible to get such things in Urga, but in any event we had quite new Kronoby chairs and a big bed with a beautiful canopy over it. By clipping the edges of the Chinese fabric in a wavelike fashion, and sewing beautiful trimmings on her newly-bought hand [-operated sewing] machine, my wife was able to lend the curtains, the bed and the whole room a very tasteful appearance. In addition, we had the rocking chair originally made by the Chinese which I had improved. We had closets and tables made of [packing] cases and adorned with embroidered cloths or curtains. From the Chinese carpenter I had ordered a large, tall wardrobe, big enough to hold three people. It was painted black on the inside, but on the outside was painted a showy red with Chinese lacquer. There I developed my pictures.

Taking and developing pictures could have been a profitable occupation in Urga, easily enough to support a family, since there was no photographer in the city. However, one had to be careful because securing plates and the necessary chemicals was fraught with numerous difficulties. Photography had been profitable especially for those who wanted to collect pictures of Mongolian types, Mongolian residences and conditions in general. For me the most important task was to study and research the language. Concerning the pronunciation and practice of speaking Mongolian I wrote my article, "Das Schriftmonglische und die Urgamundart phonetisch verglichen" (A Phonetic Comparison of Literary Mongolian and the Dialect of Urga), which some years later was published in the publications of the Finno-Ugric Society. I also collected a considerable quantity of Mongolian songs and epics.

Several Russians visited us and admired our home. We had other guests as well, including the Swedish author Alexis Kuylenstjerna, who came from China through the Gobi Desert in cold winter. He stayed and rested up in the west room of our house. Unfortunately the metal stove had gotten out of order and Kuylenstjerna, who then wanted to have a pan of coals in his room, was about ready to die of carbon-monoxide poisoning one night. He described his journey in his large book, Bland kineser och mongoler (Among the Chinese and Mongols).

We also were often visited by the Russian priest, who had come to the consulate this winter and by an Austrian collector who came to Urga to get ethnographic items. The Austrian took full room and board with the Smirnovs. He was a very corpulent person, advanced in years. He had most recently been in Ethiopia to collect butterflies and before that had practiced making collections in many other countries. The collection of Mongolian objects went on simply, in that Smirnov hired a Mongol, known as handy at thievery, who in the evenings came to the collector with something wrapped up in his coat and as a rule he got one ruble pay per day. In this fashion he "collected" from house and yard bits and bridles, caps, shirts, underclothing etc., and books and sacred images in the temples. The fellow was himself a lama in the monastery. Regarding books the collector often came to me for advice, since he understood nothing about them. In all the collection cost about 300 rubles, but after a year when the collection first via Peking and then overseas arrived at the museum of its destination, it was valued at from fifty to sixty thousand guilders.

The Christmas holidays among the Russians in Urga were splendid in their way. On Christmas day itself all the men went from house to house to congratulate their acquaintances On the day after Christmas the women undertook similar visits of well-wishing. In every house there stood on the table

long rows of beverages of different colors and degrees of potency, as well as all variety of tidbits, Since one would visit many houses and had to taste the specialities of the house everywhere, by noon-time a visitor would be quite unsteady on his feet. We too had numerous visitors at Christmas, although we served no strong drink, but instead had good coffee and Finnish sweet rolls, including handsome very long rolls, gleaming yellow and seasoned with raisins, the like of which the Russians had never seen, much less tasted. In addition, we offered them a delicious chocolate cake which Korzin had sent us from Kazan. I am inclined to think that thanks to this we definitely ranked at the top in Christmas hospitality. On his visit to us the priest was so "moved" after all the visits that he lost his big cross on the floor and in the attempt to pick it up fell head over heels onto it.

Similar celebration took place at Easter.

Life went on comfortably and my efficiency at work was good. But then scarlet fever broke out amongstthe children in Urga and even our little girl was infected. There was no doctor in the city, but our Russian acquaintances maintained that there were particularly outstanding medicine-men among the Mongols. We called one of them as a trial. He explained that the girl would recover from her red illness if she were fed with white milk from a white mare who was milked at 12 o'clock midnight under a full moon. This was in the middle of winter and there were no milking mares to be found in all Mongolia, so we had to be content with that. Another doctor was called in. He averred he was able to distinguish eighty different illnesses through the pulse, and did in fact establish that it was scarlet fever, which we knew already. When we inquired about medicaments, the physician told us that he himself always used plants for medicine. Store-boughten medicines were no good. The medicine he prescribed consisted in principle of dried grass with one or another dried flower, and from these tea for the

girl was to be made. When this curative did not work he finally came with a handful of dates, on which tea was also to be prepared. As a result of this the fever apparently did go down a bit, but the girl's one eye and both ears were badly inflamed. Hence it was necessary for my wife and daughter to return as soon as possible to Finland.

Among the Buriats who came to Urga I found a man who undertook to convey my wife and daughter with all their baggage to the border. The Austrian collector requested to go via the same outfit. Thus my wife and our little girl travelled with the corpulent gentleman in the same uncomfortable conveyance, while the baggage followed in another. I myself took our best horse and followed them riding it. Spring was already at the door. At this time of year tremendous tornados which can last one or two whole days may come to Mongolia. The sky is covered with a dark sand cloud, the sun is unseen even in the middle of the day, and the force of the storm is awe-inspiring. We ran into such a storm, and for almost an entire day and night had to seek shelter in a ravine. On the fourth day we arrived at the Russian border where I had to part from my wife and child. I would gladly have travelled with them, but I did not have sufficient money, and anyway we had collected quite a lot of things in Urga.

The trip back from the border certainly was tedious. One night I spent in a Mongol yurt, and got a shock the next morning when I noticed that all the inhabitants of the tent were lepers. The following night I passed about three kilometers aside from the road, since all the old grass was already eaten everywhere nearby, and the new grass had not yet grown except in spots and then in name only. I wrapped myself up in my fur coat and the night went well, but as I am somewhat near-sighted it was impossible for me to find my horse in the morning, which had already wandered quite far off in his search for grass. A man I encountered by chance came to my

aid and the horse was saddled again. The third night I spent in our old Urga home, which did not feel like home at all any more.

Out on the wide steppes

I sold the donkey cart and the donkey, the felt tent and all unneeded objects, but purchased a new conveyance in addition to the one I had previously, two blue-white travelling tents of thin fabric and additional horses, as well as harness and tethers, whereupon I took up residence outside the city in the travel tent. My horses were very thin like all Mongolian horses are in the spring. I therefore procured some rye-flour for them and had a mash rich in meal made up for them. Of my servants I took along Sodbo, since the missionary desired it and since Sodbo was literate and also in many other respects intellectually more developed than the ordinary Mongol servants. Moreover there came along Lubsang, a squint-eyed layman of thirty, whose home was in the Dzabkhan River Valley far to the west, and who was especially well experienced in handling horses. In his capacity as layman Lubsang was so bold as to take part in slaughtering sheep. These two men became my travelling companions until I was compelled to interrupt my trip because of restlessness and tumult of the Boxer Rebellion in China.

From Urga we moved our wagon train ten or twenty kilometers a day, to begin with in a northwesterly direction. In spite of their emaciation, my six horses, of which three were used as riding horses and two drew our relatively light loads, kept up with the quite long daily trips. In the evening we pitched camp while the sun was still up, and in the morning we started only after breakfast. At noon we stopped 2-3 hours for a dinner hour at some nice spot.

The stretch of mountains northwest of Urga had the attraction of the unknown, for on the most accurate maps it was not correctly marked. Among other things, there are two

or three small streams which flow from north to south, some leagues' distance from each other and end in the sandy steppe. Their joint name was Gunan-gurbun urtu, and along the banks dwelt a nomadic tribe, good-hearted and relatively well-off. By one of the streams some fields of millet and wheat were found. Here I got pretty good use out of my trip. I got girls, boys and oldsters to relate epics. Like the Russian merchants who buy up different kinds of goods in the Mongolian countryside, I played the part of a merchant. I bought songs and epics, proverbs, riddles and similar things. I let it be known about that I paid five copecks per page for transcriptions in a black-covered notebook, but if the text in my opinion was free of errors I would pay even up to ten copecks. Usually it required no more than a week before the black notebook was filled with writing. Only it was often hard how to pay the price. I couldn't bring along large quantities of tea, but to overcome this difficulty I had gotten sewing needles, pencils, clasp-knives and strong thread in great numbers. In return for milk or treats offered by the Mongols, a packet of needles to the lady of the house usually formed a most welcome gift in return.

In this fashion we descended through the narrow mountainous valley of the Iwingi River, where we first passed over the Tula River coming from the south, and then, after having passed the sandy steppes, the Orkhon River as well. The aim of our trip was the residence of the mighty Mongolian Prince Khandu Wang (Khandudorji), and that monastery generally known as Wang's khüree. This monastery serves only local needs and is neither large nor especially famed. On that account the priests in the monastery led a very serene life. The lamas really devote themselves to studies and regularly hold masses in the monastery. They are dispersed at definite intervals all over Prince Wang's large area. Wang himself wanted to make my acquaintance and visited me in my tent to see me and my books. Since I took a passably good picture of him, he

presented me in return with a splendid race-horse.

South of Khandu Wang's monastery a little brook links up with the river that flows east of the monastery. North of this is a hill from the top of which water runs down along little channels. On the crown lies the chancellery of the princedom inside a special enclosure, and around it traffic is quite lively in general. My scribe Sodbo and myself often visited this chancellery which formed both a court and a police station. Among other things I had there the chance to study the Mongols' legal proceedings. Sodbo copied and obtained for my account all possible office papers, of which I intended to take samples to Finland. Several of the monastery priests were quite interested in my literary studies.

Professor Donner had sent me a large work in English in five parts by Colonel Henry Howorth, "History of the Mongols", the data of which were interesting and profitable to verify on the spot. It turned out that Sarin-tala, the famous summer residence patronized by Chinggis Khan, where once grand military reviews were held, was right in the vicinity and that we had passed along its northern edge with our little caravan. The northern part of this Sari steppe is known under the name of Yatutin tala and north of it rises among other things the mountain of Ar-Askhatu. On the south-west slope of the mountain, in a tract called "The Seven Wells", on a spot called Süüji or "The Pelvis", I made a most valuable find. Among the graves and memorials there I came across a gravestone with a carved inscription. This inscription, of which I took a picture and made a copy, was composed in the Old Turkic runic alphabet, which, thanks to the Danish Professor Vilhelm Thomsen and his work, it is possible to decipher. The Süüji stone was carved about 780 A.D. The rich man buried underneath this stone praises his earthly life: "My fame extended from the sunrise to the sunset. Rich and prosperous was I. I owned ten yurts, countless herds of horses. Seven younger brothers, three sons, three

daughters. My sons I married off, my daughters I gave in marriage without demanding a bride-price." Then there follows this. "To my teacher Mar I gave a hundred men and a dwelling. My sons, follow the words of my teacher Mar among men. Be steadfast." In this connection the word Mar has an extraordinarily great cultural-historical significance, which I could not surmise on first catching sight of the stone. Namely, Mar refers to a Christian teacher of the Syrian church. As early as 750 A.D. there was in those lands a Christian missionary with his own disciples who amounted to a hundred men and his own residence.

Some lamas began to collect books on my behalf. Prince Khandu Wang gave me some of his own historical works for my inspection. Because of this I stayed all alone for a month and a half on a hill behind the little brook south of the monastery where I had pitched my tent.

Already upon my departure from Urga my horses had been thin, but during the trip they had gotten even thinner and had grown idle. One of Khandu Wang's horseherders took them at once under his care and lent me some of his own horses for shorter trips.

I undertook short excursions in various directions, but always to places where there were supposed to be inscriptions carved on the cliffs, in Mongolian "bičig". Among other things there was an "inscription hill", Bičigtü qada, at the junction of a little river that started in a pass just north of the monastery and flowed on into the Selenga River. When I came to the delta of the river and asked for Bičigtü qada, they showed me a rugged cliff on the north side of the Selenga. The cliff was situated by the point where both rivers (Selenga and Egin-gol) ran together, where the flow of both is especially rapid. Since the Selenga River in addition is broad and deep I could not get up to see the cliff inscriptions on horseback. I therefore tied my underwear, my shoes, my pencils and a little paper into a bundle on my head and tried to swim

out to the cliff. On the first try I was carried by the current and did not get near the cliff at all. At the second try, which I undertook a good piece further up the river, I barely managed to get to the other shore by the cliff. I looked for the inscription there for a long time in vain, although from the opposite shore people tried to guide me by shouts. Finally I caught sight of the inscription in the flat surface on the side of the cliff. It was a brush-stroke inscription very much covered with moss. The inscription was in Uighur script and composed in the Uighur language.

The Uighur script came to Mongolia with the Syrian missionaries and their disciples, the Uighurs. Unfortunately my copy was later lost in Siberia. It was absolutely impossible to take a photograph of the inscription. My foolhardy swim over the rapid current was in the Mongols' eyes most remarkable.

Once when the horseherder was visiting me in my tent on the hill he mentioned that my horses were now in much better shape. They had put on new coats and gotten fatter. One day I betook myself out to take a look at them. There were horseherds comprising many hundreds of animals spread out over a vast area. Therefore I asked to have someone come with me to show me my horses, but the horseherders said that the animals would still recognize me. I had been for the most part accustomed to ride a tall, black gelding, but now and then other horses of mine too. While I now was riding around the horseherd on a horse owned by someone else, the horses generally just raised their heads for a moment and continued eating. These horses were strangers. But then I became aware that a horse at the other end of the crowd had stopped with his head raised to watch me. After a bit another horse joined up with the first and stood in the same position, and when I waited a bit I saw all six of my horses gradually assemble and now attentively regard my doings and dealings. I happily rode close to them. To my great delight they were in very fine shape. But my black

riding horse approached with ears laid back, and the others followed and before I could be on my guard the black gelding had swung around and tried to kick the horse I was riding. When I came back to the horseherders' yurt I reported my adventure, and it struck the fellows as quite natural. My own horses were jealous of the horse I was riding.

The ability of Mongols to recognize and deal with horses is quite unique. Horses really have no names but are called according to their color, and the color designations run into nearly a hundred. What in our eyes would be only "tawny" or "bay" comes out under many different names in Mongolian. Two words to characterize a horse's color or external appearance are generally enough to definitely distinguish one or another horse from the crowd. One evening I came to a Mongol and released my horse into his herd. After me, a Mongol who was a stranger came to stay overnight in the same place and he too let his horse loose. When he got up in the morning and went to get his horse to ride, the host asked him to get my horse at the same time. This man had never seen the creature and as a result could not recognize it, but the two designations, the color and the color nuance which our host mentioned, were what was required. Without making a mistake he picked the right horse out of the herd.

A propos of horses, there is nothing to say about horse care or cattle care among the Mongols, since they are not in a position to give their animals any care. During the cold winter the horses have to seek their meager fare when they can. If the animals drift very far away the Mongols just move the whole yurt out closer to the horses. It is regarded as good care even when a boy or girl from his height on horseback tries to drive the other animals together, since the herd is dispersed, especially on fields with little fodder.

In the neighborhood of Khandu Wang's monastery I once came to a lovely valley, where for kilometers at a stretch luxuriant green grass was growing. As I rode forward I became aware that

here and there was the skeleton of a horse. Obviously, quite a large herd of horses had died here. A Mongol later came riding up to me and I asked him what the many skeletons meant. The man advised me that they were his own horses. Out of 300 animals only a stallion and a few geldings had survived. The horses had died during the big sandstorm in November, which I spoke of earlier in another connection. When the spring sun warms up the yellowed dried grass during the day and then it gets stormy,night frost comes, and the frozen snow and the sand crystallize to a thick layer around every blade of grass. This thus is the only food of the already emaciated horses. I advised this Mongol to store up hay in the summers. In his view that was good advice, but neither he or anyone else had scythes. He and some of his buddies then asked when it was best to cut the hay. I said that the middle of July was a favorable time. To this someone observed, "But that's when the great horse races are held and besides, people are generally on pilgrimages then!"

After this perhaps the reader can understand how Kozlov, the Russian smith in Urga, was more than able to make a living selling hay. In late summer the Siberian peasants come in crowds along the Selenga valley and store up the best fields of fodder to mow for their own accounts. Poor Mongols transport the Russians' stock of hay with ox carts to the border where an import duty on hay is levied. Places with lots of grass, both narrow shore brinks by rivers as well as wide valley stretches, are found in Mongolia in large quantities. The grass grows luxuriantly, indeed so profusely that horse and rider don't like to go through a field of grass. It is like going through a thick rye field. I can remark here that although Prince Khandu Wang later imposed haymaking as a form of working out taxes, probably people only mowed as much hay as was unavoidable, and as before continued to let their own horses and the rest of the cattle starve.

As I earlier mentioned, during my stay in the confines

of Wang's monastery I eagerly tried to collect historical data. Many oldsters were interested, and I was interrogated in many ways so that people could determine the extent of my knowledge. We very often came to talk about the future of the Mongols. For a long time the rumor had been rife among the Mongols that the government of China intended to open Mongolia to Chinese colonization. People asked me how Mongolia's future could best be kept secure and whether I with my knowledge of history could clarify their future fate to them. Naturally I was not in a position to give the wished-for data. In the view of the Mongols I was very poor in history, since a really capable historian not only knows the past but what is coming as well. In their idea his foremost task is to prophesy the future.

I got along excellently with individual laymen in the countryside, and they were serious and reasonable. When I finally departed from the area of Khandu Wang's monastery and followed the shore of the Orkhon River southwards, I was often sought out by some old fellow who had no intention of granting me a night's repose. "Just tell me something too, now," the old man would ask. The next evening someone else would come for whom I once more had to rattle off my entire knowledge of history.

Once it occurred that an old fellow, owner of big horse herds and dozens of camels, politely thanked me on behalf of the Mongols for having betaken myself on the troublesome journey to their country. He hope that a prince or someone would pay a return visit to my homeland. In event no one else did, he promised to come himself. "How many horses must I take with me to be certain of getting there and back again?" I explained to him that it was not possible with horses. "Why not? Are there such big sandy deserts between our countries? Then I'll go across with camels, if the grass does not suffice for horses." I replied that there was enough grass, but that all the fields of grass in the west belonged to the inhabitants of that place. My listeners were amazed

and inquired whether people out there ate grass. When there was talk of storing hay for cattle, the Mongols were of the opinion that the earth could not belong to any individual person. I happened to say that ground is often purchased. This awoke still greater astonishment and people asked me how you went about buying ground. When a Mongol buys something, he takes it with him, whether it is an object or an animal. "Earth cannot be bought, since you can't take it along with you," said the Mongols. They pressed me to find out how sale of ground really transpires. When I explained that one sets up a purchase agreement, or a document, they understood and giggled. The Chinese do everything possible with documents--marry off their long-dead children and thereby become closely related to one another--but a purchase of ground, in which one person gets a paper and the other the money, the Mongols had never heard tell of before. One of the Mongols got up, pointed to the rising moon and said, "Buy that there! We'll give you the papers you require and you give us the money in exchange."

The idea that a plot of ground can belong to an individual person struck the Mongols as absurd. The earth existed long before men did and will continue to exist even after they are gone. Man cannot tear himself loose from the earth, but belongs to and into the ground. More accurately one could say that the earth owns man, than the reverse. That was obvious to them.

In the paper which the authorities in Urga had given me as a passport, it said that I was travelling around the country to collect knowledge, *erdem erikü*. These words literally mean "to collect or gather virtue." The greatest desire pious Mongols have in the world is to collect virtue and to do good deeds. In Urga there once came a well-dressed lama to my place and asked me for alms for himself. Since I did not give him anything he merely asked me if giving alms was a good deed. When I answered in the affirmative he asked, "Is it not a good deed to urge another to do good?"

He had urged me {to do} a good deed and thereby acquired a spiritual merit-point for his account, whereas I had gotten a loss, since I had not used the occasion. This paper, which spoke of collecting merit or knowledge, often had the result that besides the lamas the country-people also treated me with great respect. I heard many persons marvel that a person, born on the shores of a Western sea, had come so far in his search for knowledge, since after all the shore of the ocean which surrounds the entire world, is located just beyond Manchuria. I thus had no long road left until perfection.

Once an old fellow was discussing various religions with me in complete earnest. They are different streams, he said, but all the big streams flow out into the same world-wide ocean. He asked what our heaven looked like."Has it got one gate or are there several? Are the walls high, white and do they gleam beautifully?" Since I thought I could reply affirmatively, the old man was very happy: "Then they've got the same heaven we know about too." He explained that many different roads lead to the places which are intended for evil men. There are 16 different gates and many separate divisions: the hell of fire, the hell of ice, the hell of stones, the hell of pressure, and so on. The old man was already old, and I was 26. After he had accompanied me a few days he returned to his home region and said that he wasn't going to bother with going to heaven, since he would miss me there. He asked me to lead a decent life so that we would get to the same heaven. He promised faithfully to stand by the gate and wait until I came; time means nothing there, since it does not exist any longer.

One time the Mongols asked me, somewhere far away from the main road to Urga, most interestedly, what Christian holiday it was that was then coming. Was it our god's birthday, death day or wedding day? Since as far as I knew no holiday was scheduled in time to come and the Mongols maintained their insistence that a really big holiday was arriving, I asked them in my turn where they had heard

about the holiday. They had not heard about it from anyone, but had seen it, they said, it was already on its way to Urga in carts. A "holiday which was transported on carts" naturally was a peculiar concept for me, for which reason I asked them what it looked like. The Mongols were highly amazed that I did not know about our own holidays. As a matter of fact, loads of liquor in quantity were being transported to Urga. When the Christians celebrate a great holiday it requires a lot of liquor, and if it is a minor holiday, a smaller amount suffices, said the Mongols. In the middle of winter a big holiday is held, in the spring another very big holiday. According to what they had seen an especially big holiday was in question. Later I inquired from some Russians and learned that the Russians at that time did celebrate the patron saint of all Siberia, Saint Innocentius. The tomb of this saint was in the largest church in the city of Irkutsk. The affiliation of strong drink with the holidays of the Christians seemed to be a matter well-known to the Mongols.

The Sounds of Strife

Just before the fall of 1900 I visited around the Orkhon and Tamir Rivers, and was always moving my tent as needed from place to place with my good horses. This pleasant existence, however, came to a sudden end.

Late one night two Russians came to my tent. The one was named Mogilnikov and the other Kalugin. The latter managed a branch store for a merchant named Zaitsev. On their trip they had heard that there was a Russian still living in peace and quiet amongst the Mongols. According to what they reported, war had broken out between the Russians and the Chinese many months ago. An official letter had been sent from Peking to all offices in Mongolia to kill at once all Russians and other white men and to bury them in the ground.

In China disturbances, the so-called Boxer Uprising, had

actually broken out, these having as their aim to drive all Europeans out of China.

Since this was the first time I had heard this alarming news, I did not want to place belief in it and stayed in spite of everything in peace and quiet where I was. The men disappeared into the dark of night, having further reported that over twenty Russian subjects already had gathered in a large caravan. Mogilnikov and Zaitsev were merchants from the city of Biisk, who in the early spring used to equip themselves with great quantities of goods needed by the Mongols, including metal kettles, and first and foremost fabrics, so that they could betake themselves as far as possible into the inmost regions of Outer Mongolia and sell them on credit. When their supply of goods ran out they stopped in some beautiful spot in the hottest part of the summer and only late in the fall set out again on the return journey to Biisk, and during their trip gathered up the credit-balance in the form of wool, hides and cattle. The Mongols honestly pay up their debts in the fall, even if the merchant himself often detours dozens of leagues from his original path. Some of these merchants, about the movements and activities of whom the Russians in Urga in general had no knowledge at all, had now gotten together a caravan which was winding its way straight northward to the Russian border through territory as uninhabited as possible. They were travelling at night-time and by days were hiding in woods. At my encounter with these two Russians I showed them the General Staff maps I had with me and admonished them to travel in a north-easterly direction, the straightest way to Kyakhta, but they considered this route too dangerous, inasmuch as many women and children were along.

Their visit to my place did not fail however to arouse the attention of the Mongols. People asked me where all the people on the road were moving about in the wooded valleys off in the far west and what the reason for this hasty departure was. In any event, I would not have been able to

depart with them just then, since one of my boys was off in another direction and my horses were in a Mongolian horse-herd. On thinking about it more carefully, I betook myself the next day in the evening as quickly as possible with all my horses and goods back to Khandu Wang's monastery. During the trip we met a Mongol who related at great length how one now got to kill without punishment all white-skinned men and to plunder their property.

In point of fact I found myself in a quite awkward situation, but I also had many good friends and my good reputation contributed to my security in high degree. On my arrival at Wang's monastery I requested an audience with the prince himself, who immediately received me. When I reported that I had heard about the order to kill which had come from Peking, the prince grew angry. Such a document had actually arrived, but in his view it had been falsified. In Peking some of the friends of the "Dumpushans" (the leader of the Boxer Uprising, Tuan Fu-shan) had succeeded in smuggling a crude counterfeit in amongst the official papers, he said. In the prince's own chancellery (and as far as he knew in the other official quarters in Mongolia as well) this document had immediately been destroyed and the officials had been forbidden to talk about the matter with outsiders. Since I advised him that I now preferred to betake myself to Kyakhta, the prince offered me two reliable men as escort. My travelling trunk, my tent and my other things were left in the care of the prince's horseherder, as well as my horses with exception of the two best, on which I myself and my man Lubsang, lightly equipped, rode along the Orkhon and Selenga Rivers to Kyakhta.

During the trip I inquired about the Russian caravan of which two members had visited me in my tent in the night in the vicinity of Erdeni Dzu monastery. None of those I met knew anything about the fate of the caravan. We rode on to Kyakhta.

At the police station in Kyakhta, people had heard

about the alarm of war and a good deal of foul play from the Mongolian side, but the fate of the caravan was shrouded in darkness. Messengers were dispatched westward to the Cossack villages along the border, but not until about a week later did information about the most unfortunate trip of the caravan come back. Those fine merchants from Biisk had not dared to show themselves to the population of the country during the trip, and their provisions had run out. One of the children died and one of the women gave birth to a baby during the trip. The whole trip ended up further westward than I would have thought. During my stay in Kyakhta I met both Mogilnikov and Zaitsev along with some five other merchants in the caravan. It turned out that in their haste they had left large quantities of trade-goods in the regions where they chanced to find themselves on the outbreak of hostilities. Zaitsev had lost a couple of dozen kettles, many loads of marmot skins and big piles of numerous sacks of sheep and camel wool. The Mongols who came to Kyakhta little by little brought along information about the fate of the goods. All the pots had gradually disappeared, dogs had torn the marmot skins to pieces and Mongols had carried off sacks so that the wind spread the wool over the steppes for kilometers. Zaitsev, the most prosperous of the unhappy merchants, was nearly ready to succumb from sorrow. I spent two days and nights in his company and tried as best I could to console the unfortunate fellow whose thoughts were turning to suicide. Then I had the good luck to convince one of his shop assistants to accompany me without delay to save what was left of the goods.

We thus got back under way, the shop assistant, my man Lubsang and I. After a day's stop at Khandu Wang's horse-herder, I decided, accompanied by Zaitsev's man and my man (Lubsang) to travel on a still longer journey. My other man, Sodbo, had left my service on some pretext. I heard that he had been using his abilities in writing and had visited Prince Wang's horseherder. He presented a letter that I had

allegedly written and took away a portion of my property with the support of this. Moreover, he sought out a wealthy Mongol and bought a pair of good horses for me. I would pay for them in silver in a few days, he said. This took place while I was on the way to Kyakhta. For this reason I now had to proceed to Zaya Gegen's monastery, far to the southwest, since Sodbo had his home there and had taken flight thither. I had my man Lubsang, on Zaitsev's behalf, visit some offices, and I was often alone for days. I turned up at the Zaya Gegen monastery and got partial recompense for the horses bought by Sodbo and not paid for, the full price of which I was obligated to compensate although I had neither ordered nor even seen these horses.

The situation was not especially pleasant, when on top of everything else my man Lubsang wanted to leave me and finally indeed did so to become a horse-tender at a rich Mongol's place. Left alone I betook myself on the return journey northwards with three horses. During this trip I had all kinds of possible adventures, since I could not bring along sufficient provisions and tea. Among other things an incident happened one day, or rather one evening, that perhaps deserves to be related here.

My path led over the big smooth plains along the lower course of the Tamir River, through stretches where at a league's distance one can discern a tent and cattle if there are any. As the sun was on the verge of going down, I was straining every nerve eagerly for traces of habitation, but everything was desolate and empty. People had long since departed to more sheltered places away from the fall winds. I therefore turned my horse towards some distant hills and peered through my binoculars as well as I could because of the two spare horses which I had to lead with my right hand. The sun went down without my perceiving any human habitation. Soon however I became aware through some cattle-droppings that human dwellings must be nearby. I yelled as loud as I

could. I shouted again--but got no answer. They only thing I heard was the echo of my own call. Presently it was quite dark around me and I saw nothing but stars which twinkled in the moonless dark sky.

Then I took out my revolver and fired off a few shots. In the stillness of the steppe this woke such a many-voiced echo among the hills that it certainly should have set the dogs in motion, but not even this seemed to help. A few kilometers further on in the dark and some more shots. Now I heard the baying of dogs in reply. My horses too heard it and knew in which direction they should betake themselves to get free of rider and saddle.

At last I found a tent before me. Whether there was one or more than one I could not make out in the dark. The felt door of the tent opened and a weak light streamed out into the night. I hopped down from the back of the horse and quickly tied it up, in the Mongolian manner, by the front legs with the leading rope. The rope of the closest spare horse I knotted with another Mongolian trick at the neck of the riding horse. Tired and stiff in my limbs I tried to proceed to the house with the snarling dogs at my heels. However, people streamed out of the house, one after the other, big and little, and disappeared into the darkness of the night crying and wailing.

When I lifted the felt door of the tent and bending deeply stepped in, I noticed to my astonishment that I was the only human being in the entire yurt, which was empty. The dung-heap fire was still glowing in the middle of the floor, and I stood beside it to warm up my tired and frozen limbs, even though I felt almost like a culprit.

I did not stay alone long: presently I became aware that someone was lifting up the door felt, whereupon three men stepped in. An axe gleamed in the hand of the first person and even the others were armed. What now, I thought and stood gripped by terror in my former position on the west side of the hearth. As calmly as possible I greeted them, inquired how the livestock was getting along and how many children they

had, wished them lots of good grass and a big family. I got a dry, evasive, short answer.

I had to get the men to talk.

"Is this the way you receive strangers in this area? Since when has the famed status of Mongolian hospitality changed like this?"

"Well, this is war now," exclaimed the men in the door-opening.

"War? Yes, I know indeed, I am just coming from your officials. They are not waging war, nor am I either. I have nothing to do with the war, and surely neither do you either. Won't you offer me some tea?" Now one of the men approached and laid fuel on the fire. "If you don't dare or won't give a solitary traveller lodging for the night, I'll just go out on the bare steppe again as soon as I get a cup of tea," I said.

"How many soldiers are you?" asked one of the men.

"We won't let him go anywhere. Be on guard when giving him tea," said another.

"I haven't seen a single soldier and don't know what you are talking about. Just tell me what you are thinking of."

"You are a Russian soldier," one of the men assured me.

"There must be more of you; we just heard a tremendous lot of shooting," they observed.

"Well, indeed, did the guns bang? That was me who was shooting with my little revolver because I was riding around lost and looking for places where people were living."

Gradually the men's excitement subsided. The best sign of this was that the host sat down on the edge of the low bed, looked at and arranged in order the bed-clothes cast about, but without laying the axe away from himself.

I no longer took any notice of my surroundings. I drank my tea and stretched out staring into the glow that was dying out. Even the host changed his manner and wanted, confidentially speaking, to hear where the war was really

being conducted and which party was winning, China or Russia. I maintained that this was no war. Even if a rebellion in China broke out, that did not make it a war. "And even if it is war," said I, "what does that concern us? You are Mongols and not Chinese. And if war does finally come to these parts, then it's just the soldiers who are waging war, not the merchants and the others." I explained what troops looked like, and reported about the big guns that the soldiers had and assured them that they only waged war against soldiers, but left other people and all women and children in peace.

"What rubbish are you talking about?" said one of the men. "In war there is no question of mercy." Then they said that at some spot closer to the border some Russians came over to Mongolia and seven families allegedly were murdered and all their cattle taken away. As far as I could surmise this was nothing but a rumor, but some deserters who came from the Siberian side had actually murdered some people.

"War doesn't ask about any laws," said another one of the men. "Naturally it is allowed during a war to kill the subjects of the enemy country."

There arose a dispute about war and the rules of war. Probably the men were convinced that they had a right to kill if they wished to. But while we conversed one of them took a fur coat from the bed behind the host and disappeared, and soon another followed his example and I remained face to face with the host to continue the discussion about the laws of war.

I asked the host to forgive my disturbing the peace of his house at night, but I had had no idea of their fear of war. Thereupon I asked him to call his wife and children back from the neighboring yurt where they had taken their flight and to where their fur coats had been moved recently. The host continued to sit with his axe in his hand and said that his wife would not come home under any circumstance.

I was overcome with fatigue and sleepiness--whether on

the basis of my sudden fright or as a consequence of the trip, I knew not. The host too on the other side of the glowing coals seemed to be nodding with his head against his elbow. My head sank down and I stretched myself out full length. The host did the same but left the axe under the cushion. For my part, I held my revolver case in the dark, and turned myself so that I could see the landlord--and fell asleep.

I had presumably slept a good while when I suddenly woke up at loud cries and the clatter of hoofbeats. I sat up immediately but at first saw nothing because the dung fire had already gone out. However, I knew where the heat was coming from, struck fire and looked around myself. The host was gone and I was again alone in the tent. "This way, this way! Here it is! It can't get away now." I understood nothing, but sat with my revolver in hand, waiting for someone to attack me. No attack was heard, only running around the tent. Are they surrounding me here as I sit all alone? I waited and waited and wondered whether it was better to defend myself to the utmost with my revolver in hand, or whether it was better to calmly give myself up as a prisoner. Cries were heard, now closer, now further away.

The tension slackened and sitting made me fatigued. My head sank down again, though I tried to keep myself awake.

When I woke up again the felt cover over the yurt smoke-hole was pulled aside and light was streaming in. On the hearth sparkled a cheery fire, and a big pot was placed on the fire and my host was busy with fixing tea. When I sat up, the revolver slid down from my lap to the floor. Shamefully, I stuck it back and wished him good morning.

"You slept a long time, you must have been tired. The sun already stands high."

We sat there just the two of us and drank tea like old friends.

"Did you wake up in the wee hours?" asked my host.

"Yes, I did, but I fell asleep again."

"A big mishap was about to occur here, and not just a

mishap but something that would cast shame on my name," said the host seriously.

"How so? What was about to happen?"

"Do you know how to tie horses' legs together, or don't you?"

"Oh, I can," I assured him.

"Did you tie up your horses properly in the dark of night yesterday?"

"I think I did so," I said and explained, how the horses had been fastened together at the neck and that the left-most, which I had ridden, had the front legs tied with a Mongolian knot.

"But perhaps it had a saddle on its back?" inquired the host, and I remembered that I had forgotten the saddle on the horse's back.

"Oh, yes, we were all so excited on account of that there war, that I never thought to pay heed to your horses. In the middle of the night, they got loose and ran about. We had a devil of a time to catch them again."

He lifted up the felt and asked me to see whether all three of my horses were safe and sound, tied up and within sight and sound.

Now the two guests from the evening came in and sat down. They were his neighbors.

"Are you really no soldier?" asked the one with a dubious glance.

"Aren't you a soldier, since there is war, and you have a gun like that one there? You can really shoot and kill people with that," added the other one.

"I have no right to do that, and I have no desire either to kill anyone," I assured them.

"Whatever you say, but you were right in what you said about hospitality, that I concede," said the host.

When I got up and straightened my belt, the revolver fell out again onto the floor. The host sat on the edge of the

bed and said thoughtfully, "What would you have thought if your horses had not been there when you woke up? Naturally you would have thought that we had stolen the horses from a visiting stranger while he slept? But heaven was gracious to us, and a stain of shame like that did not stay with me or my family or anyone in this stretch here."

"It would still have been better to kill this here Russian, since war is now under way," said one of the guests.

We took our leave while wishing one another a good trip for the traveller and good fortune for those remaining behind, in accordance with Mongolian custom.

I saddled one of my horses, seized the other two by the reins, got up on the horse's back and got under way but did not dare to look behind me until I reached the top of the first hill. In the valley behind me were three tents. The women and children were watching my departure. The cattle were wandering further away. Everything was completely peaceful. And still I had just been so near to death that I shook at the thought.

Some weeks after this trip I was again in a position to make some observations about the character of the Mongols. I had left my own tired horses behind me in the horseherd of an acquaintance, from where since early in the morning I had been riding at a very fast pace in the direction of the Selenga River. Around the middle of the day I came to a single Mongol tent. I dropped in at the tent to have some tea and ask about the road. To begin with, the man of the house, by virtue of the state of war, was anything but friendly. While I drank tea he busied himself with my horse. He looked carefully in its eyes and finally even opened its mouth. Without saying anything special about the horse he came in again. I gave him a little gift as compensation for the tea and went on. When I had ridden many hours at a heavy pace I noticed that my horse was panting and showed signs of fatigue. It kept stumbling and falling. I had assorted things with me in the saddle. I walked the horse a piece, but then it lay

down on the ground and got up no more. I looked around in the desolate stretch, where no trace of human habitation or cattle was visible. According to my information I was at least ten kilometers (6 miles) away from any tent. I couldn't face the thought of carrying the saddle with me. My position looked gloomy. Exhausted, I was out in the uninhabited waterless steppe. It had already begun to grow dusk. Then I perceived in the distance a rider who drew near from the same direction I had come. It was the man from the yurt I had recently left, and beside his mount he led another horse by the bridle. "I thought so," he said, "your horse has a severe case of pneumonia. Therefore I came along after you and took a spare horse with me. Take this one here, I'll look after your horse, and try to cure it. If it gets well, I'll come with it to the place you designate, but if it dies you don't have to pay for that horse there. It isn't worth very much, so there is no question of any payment." Of course, I paid him generously.

Such helpfulness to travellers and fine friendship among themselves the Mongols display on the steppes where habitation is sparse. It was practiced even now in war time and although in consequence I was an enemy.

The nights had gradually gotten colder and colder, although it remained warm by day. In general temperatures in Mongolia change very quickly. During the day it can be 15° C. (60° F.) and by night -10° C. (15° F.). In general there is twenty degrees [Centigrade] difference in temperature between day and night. Already at the end of August heavy frost can occur at night. In September and October the grass is completely yellow and at night the temperature falls below zero Centigrade (below 32° F.). I secured a sleeping bag of sheepskin and fastened it to my saddle. I spent many nights in this bag alone, when in the fall of 1900 I went from Troitskosavsk to Khandu Wang's monastery to arrange for transporting the things I had left there to the border.

In Troitskosavsk

From the end of October I lived in my friend Borodin's house, all considered, in pleasant and peaceful circumstances. At first it was strange to sleep inside in a room, and in the beginning I slept in my sleeping bag out in the open courtyard. While at Borodin's place I successfully took care of organizing my rich collections and the copying of some books which I had borrowed from Khandu Wang's monastery. At the meeting of the [Russian Imperial] Geographic Society in Troitskosavsk I held my first lecture in Russian, about the heroic tales of the Mongols. It later came out in print in 1902. After I had completed my collections, to be absolutely sure, I went through the big Mongolian-Russian-French dictionary of the Polish scholar, Kowalewski, making additions and corrections to it. While I busied myself with this work the winter drew to a close.

The return journey to Finland

I was now ready to travel back to Finland where my family had already gone. All my most important finds and results I packed into two red Mongolian trunks, whereupon I got under way with these, two or three suitcases, my camera, some blankets and cushions. On my arrival in Irkutsk I had less than 100 rubles in money left. The trip from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg by third class cost 48 rubles and the transportation of my baggage would have cost an equal amount. I therefore left my Mongolian trunks to be shipped to St. Petersburg as freight on a freight train. They advised me that the shipping would take about three months. Both trunks together weighed 7 poods and 10 pounds (= about 262 pounds).

Refreshed and happy I arrived in Helsinki after my long and almost all-too adventuresome Mongolian journey.

The chairman of the Finno-Ugric Society, Professor Otto Donner, took charge of the freight receipt for the trunks and

sent it to the Taiwalant Agency in St. Petersburg. Myself, I departed for my family, which was visiting at Karuna estate. There I waited for news about the arrival of the trunks. Three months went past, and then four and five, without hearing anything of them. I grew restless and travelled to Helsinki and then on to St. Petersburg, without getting any information about the baggage. After I came back to Åbo and Karuna I finally received a notice from the customs office in Åbo and proceeded thither to look for my things. However, they first had to clear through customs. The two parcels addressed to me, which together weighed 7 poods and 10 pounds, turned out to consist of a large Russian dresser and two light chairs tied together. That was what the Taiwalant Agency had sent to Åbo. The customs official, Mr. Mäklin, advised me in any case to pay the customs due on these strange things. When the top drawer of the dresser was opened, it contained, among other things, some letters addressed to a certain Mr. Ivanov in the city of Kostroma. In one of the letters an acquaintance was writing to Ivanov that he now had a job in a fabric shop at 20 Sadovaya Street in St. Petersburg, and hoped that Ivanov and his wife would soon get a well-paying position in the capital. With this letter in my pocket I travelled to St. Petersburg and there met Ivanov, the rightful owner of the dresser and chairs. At the St. Petersburg freight station, where Ivanov had long been searching for his baggage, everyone was happy and requested me to send back Ivanov's things at once. I certainly could not go along with that, what with the cost of transport to and fro and all the other annoyances. In company with Ivanov I visited many places and finally the matter was settled in such a way that this strange mix-up did not cost me anything. However, my own baggage continued to be missing.

On behalf of the Finno-Ugric Society, Professor Mikkola visited St. Petersburg, and the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences also promised to support us as best it could. An auditor for the railways was assigned to this task, and

along the entire track from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg it was announced that the Directorate for Railways was promising 300 rubles reward to anyone who could furnish information about my baggage. Not until early spring of the next year did I get a notice to present myself at the Directorate for Railways in St. Petersburg. I waited for results. On my arrival they showed me an official communication from the Siberian Railway Directorate. There I read the following. "The Railway Directorate for Siberia has the honor to advise you that your baggage was stolen the night of the . . . at Kansk Station, which has been established as a fact on the basis of the investigation conducted." The same letter contained additional information that "compensation is assigned in the amount of so-and-so many copecks per pound." After due consultation and advice in Helsinki Professor Mikkola again travelled to St. Petersburg and got the Siberian Railway Directorate obligated to assign full compensation for my loss. Once the Finno-Ugric Society informed them how much my two and a half years' trip had cost the Society, after some time a draft to the Bank of Finland from the Russian State Bank actually arrived with the compensatory sum, namely, 6,600 rubles or 17,000 marks in Finnish money.

All the scientific results of my long and exhausting trip, all my photographs, my notebooks full of notes and my big collections of sagas in Mongolian, which I had bought or received as gifts, and a great quantity of Mongolian items had thus fallen into the hands of unknown thieves. They could not have gotten the least use out of their booty, and it is very likely that the announcement about the promised reward caused them to burn everything up and destroy it. Only the little items that my wife took with her and which I had in my suitcase were left.

One notebook with some Mongolian proverbs in it and other scattered data had been left in a coat pocket and became a very important source for me, when next year, almost entirely from the strength of memory, I wrote my doctoral dissertation, which appeared in print in November, 1902.

4. MY TRIPS TO THE LAND OF THE KALMYKS

When I defended my thesis for the fil. lic. degree in November of 1902, I applied for the Rosenberg scholarship, and had the good fortune to secure this travel grant. I was now in a position to undertake my long-planned research journeys to the habitations of different Mongolian peoples. My program embraced visits to the Kalmyks on the Volga as well as to Turkestan, and in addition a trip to Afghanistan to find the Moghols.

In March of 1903 I departed from Helsinki. After two weeks' stay in St. Petersburg to get acquainted with the libraries and other things relating to my field of work, I arrived, on the 19th of March, 1903, at Tsaritsyn, the present city of Stalingrad [Ed.--in 1962 renamed Volgograd], and Sarepta which lies nearby. Tsaritsyn in the bend of the Volga has a beautiful location, but the streets were not paved, and the dirt and smell of kerosene and old fish was not exactly a song of praise for the city. On the other hand, Sarepta, inhabited by Germans, some leagues to the south, was a very interesting spot.

The Herrnhut sect (or Moravians), a religious movement which in Empress Catherine II's time had become quite widespread in Germany, had taken upon itself, among other things, the task of converting the Kalmyks to Christianity. The Empress had summoned German colonists to her realm to enlighten and instruct her Russian subjects. At this time there arose along the shores of the Volga this German colony which until the end of the First World War more or less maintained its German character.

The Moravians had organized a precise program for the work of conversion among the Kalmyks. Of the different German trade groups, such as tailors, shoemakers, millers, bakers, weavers, etc., they formed elite troops so that each trade was represented by two assuredly capable and firmly religious

families. These families took up residence along the little Sharpa River within the Kalmyk residential area. On this spot, at a distance east of the Ergene plateau, they founded a unique city with all of its buildings in the German style. They lay around the square in Sarepta, the church, the Frauenhaus, the Kinderhaus, the Mädchenhaus, the Krankenhaus, the Gasthaus, which in addition to many other solid two-storey dwellings go back to that time. As happened in all other trades, the Gasthaus or village inn had had two landlords. They had however later quarrelled about the consumption of strong drink, i.e., beer and wine, and the result was that only one of them, a man by the name of Enckell, stayed in the inn. A descendant of his was my landlord. Pastor Fährmann gave me interesting data about Sarepta's history. The Moravian faith had disappeared, hence he was a German Lutheran. As long as the ideal society founded by the Moravians stayed with its original program, everything went excellently. The women wove fabric in common which in Moscow and elsewhere enjoyed a good reputation and formed an enviable item of trade. Bakers and millers prepared good bread, and both in Moscow and in other places in Russia large quantities of Sarepta ginger cookies were sold. More money was gathered than the colony needed. But the following generation became transformed in customs and views; it became more worldly. The Moravian girls often fell in love with Russian boys and the German boys with Russian girls. Moravianism and its spirit of self-sacrifice cooled down and the consequence was that the next generations walked the ways of ordinary men. Lads from Sarepta were, however, often sent to Germany to study, and civilization maintained itself at a relatively high level.

Since grain cultivation was unsuccessful on the sandy steppes, a resident of Sarepta had gotten data about cultivation of mustard from France and brought mustard seeds with him to Sarepta. They made out cultivation contracts and this particular crop in time expanded and made great progress.

In Sarepta there were five large mustard factories in which they pressed the oil from the seeds first by a heat process. After being stored in great vats, this valuable product was gradually clarified, became an object of commerce, in effect, corresponding to olive oil. The pressed oil-cakes were put in a mill, where they were ground to a fine dust. This dust was then blown into large perforated cylinders. The particles which flew the furthest made the best mustard. The only mustard which was generally used in Finland at that time came from Sarepta.

The residents of Sarepta had linked together the small springs on the slopes of Ergene with long wooden pipes and by this means had supplied their city with an orderly water conduit long ago. In the yards and gardens there were water taps, beside each a cask, "Brunnen" or well, and in addition a "Truhe" or trough, where the cattle were watered and the laundry was washed. Close to the city lay some gardens, in which a Kalmyk family usually lived as watchman and attendant. There were some 60-70 such Kalmyk families, and within the Sarepta area perhaps 200 Kalmyks in all. One of these Kalmyk gardeners gave me my first lessons in the Kalmyk language. The fellow dictated sagas, legends and some songs for me. Pastor Fährmann, who lived in the old parish house on the square, and Dr. Wirén, Sarepta's physician, who was of Finnish descent and the brother of Admiral Wirén who was famous in his time, became with their families my intimate friends. Together with them time passed pleasantly.

Now and then I made trips to nomadic Kalmyk tribes further away from Sarepta, but always came back to Enckell's hotel on the square in Sarepta, just as if to my own home.

One of the most notable persons among the Kalmyks was an old lama, the spiritual chief of the Malo-Dörbet tribe, Badma Mönküjiyev, who was generally known under the name of Baza Bakshi (bakshi means "teacher"). This lama had undertaken lengthy trips in the world. He had, among other things,

been in Mongolia and Tibet, where he lived a while in Lhasa. He had brought from there books, idols, and a quantity of other religious objects to his own district, to his own tribe. In his custody he had a large temple, located on a spot named Oroin-buluk, about 40 kilometers (25 miles) south-east of the Gniloaksaisk railway station, which lies on the line from Tsaritsyn to the Caucasus. The Oroin-buluk temple lay in the middle of a field. In a large circle around it, at a distance of 150-200 meters from the temple, was a group of small wooden buildings, in which the priests or gelongs lived. Baza Bakshi, whose acquaintance I had already made in St. Petersburg, turned over one of these little buildings to me and gave me a middle-aged lama named Bosgomči as a servant. In many respects Bosgomči was a big jolly fellow. When strange cattle wandered on Baza Bakshi's forage fields, Bosgomči might go there late in the evening and tie a broken bucket to the tail of a cow. Galloping and kicking, the animal ran away, until it broke its hind leg and lay motionless. Even though Bosgomči later removed the bucket, the cow's owner apparently guessed how the accident had taken place, and the meat of the cow went as a gift to Baza Bakshi, who had to pay recompense for it.

My temporary residence had the disadvantage of being entirely too flimsy and drafty; in addition it swarmed with rats and mice of all sizes at night. They ate sausage, cheese, sugar, bread and other things out of my provisions, and gnawed on my clothing so that I had to hang my food supplies and garments as high up on the ceiling as possible, but even there they tried to get at them. It wasn't very pleasant to lie in bed while the rats were finding their way in under the blanket the whole time. I tried to drive them away by every means I could think of.

Since I had quickly recorded Bosgomči's data about sagas and songs and since Baza Bakshi, who was already ill when I arrived, became bed-ridden, I returned to Sarepta and after

a while betook myself to the Kalmyk village of Chervlennaya, which lies on the border between the gouvernements of Saratov and Astrakhan, near the railway station of the same name. In the summertime the teacher of Kalmyk at the theological seminary in Kazan, Liji Narmayev, stayed there. This young man was an especially enthusiastic Buddhist and admired everything that was Mongolian and Tibetan. His dream was sometime to behold the holy city of Lhasa with his own eyes. It struck me as queer that he had gone in for teaching Kalmyk at the Kazan Seminary, the graduates of which were being brought up to be missionaries of the Russian Orthodox Church among the Kalmyks. Liji Narmayev was extremely interested in Kalmyk folklore and I got data from him for my own collections.

The attempt to convert the Kalmyks to Christianity had many curious features. The number of Christian Kalmyks according to official calculations amounted to about 40,000 persons, but in reality there were far fewer. For every converted Kalmyk the Russian priests received a payment of money. Of this sum they gave a portion in advance to the would-be convert, who also got a new shirt and a cross. I once chanced to be in a Kalmyk yurt when a tax-collector came and inquired the whereabouts of a Christian named Michael. No one knew anything about the man or even who he was. When the tax warden had departed, the Kalmyks chatted among themselves and one said,"Maybe that was me?" Another expressed himself, "No, certainly not, you are Peter; don't you remember that once in Tsaritsyn we both got money and shirts for ourselves, and you were named Peter and I was Ivan." The other one continued to be dubious and confessed that he had let himself be baptized one other time. When the Kalmyks came into town from the steppes and had no money, they, pretending not to know one another, went alone or two or three together to a priest, got "converted" and then again disappeared out to the steppe.

Liji Narmayev too knew many such cases and used to laugh heartily about them.

The village of Chervlennaya was built in Russian style. The majority of the populace pursued agriculture, but in spite of this the village was almost deserted in the height of summer. The houses stood vacant if one disregards the flies. I spent the month of July in Chervlennaya, but when the heat in my house became all too stifling I had to betake myself therefrom and move back to Sarepta, where Liji Narmayev often visited me.

From Sarepta I visited the noyon or prince of the Malo-Dörbet tribe, Tundutov, at his country estate in Zosotu a few times. The estate was extensive with a very handsome main building and a nice garden. The prince himself was a middle-aged man and his princess, Ölzeté, "The Lucky", was a very hospitable and attractive hostess. As far as I could see they kept open house at this place when the princely couple was visiting there. There were numerous guests during my visit. I met among others the princely couple's only son, prince Danzan, who was going to a school for pages in St. Petersburg, and was the page to Emperor Nicholas II, when the Czar met the German Kaiser Wilhelm II at Björkö (Koivisto). Young Prince Danzan was not at all charmed with the Kalmyk girls, distant relatives to his mother, who were among the guests, but busied himself to his mother's dismay with a Russian lady. A couple of Kalmyks, who were students at the University in St. Petersburg at that time, didn't much like the prince, and one of them informed me what the young gentleman had declared when discussing public education and civilizing the Kalmyks: "If I can dance nicely, fence and know how to behave at court, they can demand no more education from me", he had said.

The general living standard and level of education of the simple Kalmyk populace was unbelievably low. The students perceived the seriousness of this matter and complained that

the princely families were doing hardly anything in this respect. On the other hand all more or less educated Kalmyks had only praise for Princess Ölzetē. Among other things she was interested in collecting the old sagas and heroic songs of the Kalmyks. It was for just this reason that I was invited. The princess had heard that this was the object of my Kalmyk journey. She gave me some recordings of Kalmyk songs and promised to get me more.

During my visit to the prince and princess, I became acquainted with a gentleman named Dombrovski. He was the chief supervisor of the Tsaritsyn division of the Railway Administration and naturally travelled often by train, always first-class in his own reserved compartment. This man was an interesting acquaintance in many respects. On a trip from Sarepta to Tsaritsyn by third class, among other things, I observed that many passengers had no tickets at all, but merely thrust money into the conductor's fist , without getting any sort of receipt. Then the conductor came and asked me to come to Mr. Dombrovski in the first-class car. Still others of the chief supervisor's acquaintances gathered, and one compartment after the other was emptied. Wine was sipped and joy was great. Mr. Dombrovski was very happy about our meeting one another again and told me that he wanted to become better informed about the Kalmyk monasteries and lamas.

After a while I again happened to travel together with Dombrovski; I was on my way to a monastery, the chief lama of which had asked me to visit him. From the station Dombrovski and I drove near the monastery and then walked up to it. I tried to get in conversation with some lamas but surprisingly enough they avoided all conversation. I approached the temple and sat down on the ground with Dombrovski beside me. With his stick I smoothed the sand at my feet and drew Sanskrit as well as Tibetan letters in it. When we left the spot some lamas came up to talk with me. From that evolved a long conversation about Tibetan

prayers and Buddhism, and an old lama asked us to come to his residence. There we were treated and stayed overnight. Dombrovski asked me to inquire of the lama whether he often rode the railway. If such were the case he would get free rides. Dombrovski took pieces of paper out of his pocket and wrote out a year's ticket for the lama in his capacity as "Kalmyk shepherd of the fold". The lama at first would not believe that this piece of paper worked like a railway ticket, since he had never before seen anything but regular railway tickets, but when he later visited me in Sarepta he thanked me and was quite astonished at how the paper really entitled him to rides, and in second-class to boot. He had now advanced to be chaplain for the trackwalkers who adhered to Buddhist doctrine.

When Dombrovski and I returned to the railway station after this excursion, the chief supervisor stayed at the station, while I travelled back to Sarepta. I had no ticket, because the ticket-seller had said, "Orders are not to sell you a ticket." When the train stopped at a station I heard peculiar conversations between the railway men. "The chief supervisor's deputy is on the train. Empty your car at once." A moment later a great crowd of people streamed out of a freight car alongside the train. It amused me greatly that because of my acquaintance with the chief supervisor I was suspected of being some sort of detective for him. Occasionally it happened that on my arrival at a station the stationmaster himself conducted me to a first-class compartment, and no one asked me for a ticket.

One sunny day I was travelling with my camera from Sarepta to a railway station with the name of Veliko-knyazheskaya ("Grand Prince"), in the neighborhood of which a Buddhist monastery lay. (The station's name was later changed to Proletarskaya, "the Proletarian".) The head of the monastery, whom I had met at Prince Tundutov's party, wanted to have photographs of his monastery, and I had therefore promised to visit him. Upon my arrival there, however, I learned that

the head was away on a trip. Since the lamas, who did not know me, avoided me and would not be drawn into conversation, I headed back to the station and bought a second-class ticket to Sarepta. During the trip the sky became cloudy and a driving rain started shortly. As we drew near to Sarepta I asked the conductor whether there was any possibility to get a horse and carriage from the station to the city. He was convinced that in such a rain it would be impossible to get hold of any horses for Sarepta. It began to get dark and the rain continued. Between the station and the city of Sarepta stretches about 3 kilometers of road and the ground is made of some peculiar clay which in a heavy rain turns into a sticky sludge. Since I had neither raincoat nor any protection for my camera I sat quite concerned in my second-class compartment as we approached Sarepta. The conductor suggested that I should continue on to Tsaritsyn, where there was a comfortable railway-hotel in the station building, which I knew anyway. When I said that I would buy a new ticket at Sarepta, the conductor answered, "That is not at all necessary."

When the train stopped in Sarepta I ran in the downpour to the station house, cast a glance out on the empty square in front of the station and went up to the ticket counter where I bought a second-class ticket to Tsaritsyn. It cost 35 copecks. In a moment I was sitting with this ticket in my pocket in my old seat again. When the train got under way the conductor came into my compartment, dropped down on the bench across from me and after a few meaningless phrases demanded two rubles from me. I pretended I didn't hear him, but continued to chat about other things, about the weather, the rain and the dirt. But then the conductor began rather urgently to demand two rubles. Finally, I said annoyed, "I won't give you a single copeck." At this the conductor got mad, called in other passengers as witnesses and advised them that I had had a ticket to Sarepta, but was now travelling on to

Tsaritsyn. To this I replied merely that that was what I was doing. The conductor ordered the other passengers to see that I didn't sneak away, because on arrival at Tsaritsyn an official report would be made and I would be arrested. I sat quite calmly and smilingly.

In Tsaritsyn they called the stationmaster and the police at once, whereupon the conductor demanded that an official report should be written up on the spot. The other passengers were waiting on the platform to see how things would go with me. The conductor repeated his story that I had had a ticket only to Sarepta, and I added, "Yes, to be sure, but after that you kept on demanding two rubles from me the whole time." "He has no ticket to Tsaritsyn," said the conductor. I then took out my ticket and required an official notice to be written, this time against the conductor, but the stationmaster as well as the policemen seemed extremely amazed. They asked why I had not given the ticket to the conductor. I explained that I certainly would have done so if he had asked me for it at any time, but that he only had asked for money. The conductor grew embarrassed, and now it was I who required an official notice to be written. The conductor asked me how I had gotten the ticket. I explained how it happened, and the conductor said, shamefacedly, "I couldn't see in the rain that you went and bought a ticket in the station at Sarepta." I came to an agreement with the stationmaster and the policemen that the official report should be left unwritten, but that the conductor should get a warning.

Other similar incidents occurred now and then.

I tried occasionally to expose the strange habits of the conductors to the chief supervisor, Dombrovski, but he was not at all interested in these things. He stated that the conductors generally received 40 rubles monthly salary, but that he himself got more than ten times that amount. It was impossible for conductors to

make do on their small wages, therefore they tried to be as big a help to the public as possible in hope of getting a tip. One conductor, according to what I knew, pushed off old tickets onto the passengers but was in great favor with the chief supervisor, since the man had three sons in middle school. "Russian needs educated people," he used to say, "and I am grateful to this man for trying to do his best in spite of his small salary. I will gladly let him get money any way he can, just that he isn't too hard on me or people in general." Finally the supervisor said to me, "I know something about conditions and salaries on the railways in Finland, but here the situation is entirely different."

A few times I also visited the chief supervisor in his home, just as he used to say hello to me in the hotel in Sarepta. He had three nice daughters. The oldest was a dentist, and the youngest still a schoolgirl. She was going to a girl's school in Stavropol. During my visit to the family both daughters and the parents urged me heartily to visit this school, if my way ever led to Stavropol.

The summer of the following year, 1904, I was in Stavropol travelling to the northeasternmost part of the province north of the Kuma River, a region inhabited by the Nogai Tatars. There I remembered Mr. Dombrovski and his family, and went to the girl's school to meet Miss Dombrovskaya, but my attempt ended quite ingloriously. In the vestibule the school watchman asked me to sign my name in a book, to explain my errand quite exactly, to leave more information about whether I was related to Miss Dombrovskaya, etc. When I had written my name I asked to meet the lady principal, and was conducted to her. "Miss Dombrovskaya is indeed here, but what is your errand? In my capacity as principal I am responsible for her and her morals. You do not have the parents' deposition and you are trying to meet her, a young girl, what is more within

the school walls." Since I could give no satisfactory explanation the principal turned me out.

To return to the Kalmyks and their position I will mention that in 1892 the last vestige of the Kalmyks' old self-government ceased to exist. Prince David Tundutov, of whom I have previously spoken, was the last Kalmyk prince who held a position within Kalmyk self-government. Some judges, or zaisangs, from the period when he held power, were still alive. One of these, by the name of Arluyev, complained to me that he was always sitting in prison or paying fines with short intervals between. The former judges were fined and persecuted by the Russian authorities, because they were allegedly handing down decisions. Arluyev was often consulted during mutual disputes among the Kalmyks and his friendly advice with the intent to bring about a reconciliation was in the eyes of the Russian officials sufficient reason for renewed arrests.

During the period of their self-government the Kalmyks in the Astrakhan district had fifteen schools where Russian was studied side by side with Kalmyk. Now there were only Russian schools. There were only seven of them, of which two were in such poor shape that in winter time they could not be used at all. During the autonomous period there had been a special school for girls, but it was no longer in existence.

The capital which in the autonomous period had been saved for the tribe's use--I heard talk of three million rubles--had been transferred to the governor's custody in the Astrakhan administration. In the governor's chancellery had been established a special post which was filled by a Russian in the capacity of "Guardian of the Kalmyks". The Kalmyks' capital was used to pay for free school attendance for Kalmyk boys in a gymnasium, but only a few of these graduated. Among such graduates must be mentioned Nokhai Ochirov and Sanji Bayanov, two young

talented and educated Kalmyks, whom I remember with the greatest admiration. When I later was writing my Kalmyk dictionary, their data and comments about the language of the Volga Kalmyks were the most reliable. A third graduate by the name of Kutuzov had grown up in Russian surroundings, and his data, just as his ear for language, was on this account very uncertain and often erroneous. Ochirov reported that out of the entire Kalmyk tribe, which then embraced about 250,000 persons, only five persons had graduated from a gymnasium.

The railroad from Tsaritsyn to the Caucasus, to the then Tikhoretskaya station, goes across the area in which the Kalmyks resided, and on both sides of the track Russian or Ukrainian villages have been founded. The Kalmyks who live on the east side of the railraod tracks are not allowed to drive their cattle over the track, and they (the Russian administration) even tried to make the Kalmyks' mutual relations as difficult as possible in other ways. Earlier a great number of Kalmyks had been joined with Don Cossacks and were in a way isolated from the others. A portion of the Kalmyks had ended up within the limits of the Stavropol gouvernement; these were called the Yekhe Dörböt. The new inhabitants of these tracts deeply despised the Kalmyks both because of their unclean living habits and their ugly facial features. Once time a Kalmyk was conveying me in his poor wagon through a village to the station when the village residents, old and young, hastened out to watch. Everyone cried, "Hey look, a Kalmyk snout!" The poor Kalmyk pulled his cap tight over his face, turned up his coat collar and tried to slink through the crowd to the station.

I was once present at a big race which the Kalmyks had organized. All Kalmyk horses were officially under authority of the Ministry of War, and a Kalmyk was not allowed to sell his horse unless it had been examined by the local military command. The Kalmyks as well as the

authorities tried to keep horse-breeding at as high a level as possible. On this account the Russian authorities often showed up at the races. During this race I met persons in authority, Kalmyks, and Russian guests. I remember quite well that a great crowd of Russian peasants sat alongside the track during the race. When I fell in conversation with them they inquired whether the governor had come to watch the competition. Such a rumor was obviously going around, and these peasants wanted to present another grievance to him. "Look, grass grows so splendidly on the territory of the idle Kalmyks, while we Russians have to be content with sandy fields which wind and storms often make completely barren." They had been promised that a 10-kilometer broad region west of the Cossack towns on the Volga would be turned over to the Russian populace.

Since the entire Astrakhan district, from Ergene-plateau eastwards, had its origin in the Volga delta-land and the soil is very salty, there are in point of fact few fields that are suitable for grain cultivation. But the Russian peasants' methods of cultivation result in creating large fields of sand in these tracts along the Volga, when the winds whirl away the thin layer of topsoil like dust. Alongside the Russian villages, drifting sand dunes sprang up. Since the Kalmyks do not cultivate the fields, and the grass often is allowed to grow without being harvested, the grassy vegetation is relatively luxuriant in places. This contrast between the Russian and Kalmyk ways of life explains the attitude of the Russian population towards the Kalmyks.

When speaking of my trips to the land of the Kalmyks in 1903 I would like to mention that among other places I visited the city of Astrakhan, where I talked with the "Guardian of the Kalmyks", and had some instructive adventures there. On the steamer my best suit was stolen from my cabin while I was up on deck. Another event occurred in

a young Jew's repair shop, where I happened to be when I lost the key to my camera case. An Armenian with a torn old umbrella in a silk sheath raised such a hullabaloo that the Armenian, the Jew and I were conducted to the police station, where my explanation, however, was sufficient to detain the Armenian swindler. One could say a lot about Astrakhan, but I leave it for now.

My investigations touching on Kalmyk customs and language made no progress in Astrakhan, and after my return to Sarepta I went back to Finland.

Next came my trip to the border of Afghanistan, about which I shall report in a separate chapter. It was however broken off quickly, since I became ill with malaria.

Early in the summer of the following year, however, I was again at Enckell's comfortable hotel in Sarepta. My friend Andrei Rudnev had even come there too. He was instructor in Mongolian language and literature at the University of St. Petersburg, and now lecturer in Russian at Helsinki University. My accounts about circumstances in Sarepta had lured him with his mother and sister to spend the summer at the hotel in Sarepta. I continued collecting and completing my dictionary material. My friend Andrei and I often passed the time with discussions on linguistic questions.

Towards the end of the summer I got lonely, but in company with Pastor Fährmann, Dr. Wirén and a young gentleman, Mr. Knoblauch, son of the mustard manufacturer, made fishing trips out to the islands in the Volga. I even built myself a canoe which I sold when I left.

With the arrival of autumn I travelled to the province of Stavropol to study the Kalmyks in this region. The gouvernement of Stavropol lies on the northern side of the Caucasus Mountains and many languages are spoken by the inhabitants. The villages are either Russian, Ukrainian or German, indeed, there are even some Estonian villages. All

these people were new-comers. The older population is made up of Nogai Tatars, Ossetians and in general all the numerous small Caucasian nationalities.

On my arrival at the city of Stavropol I at once betook myself to the government chancellery to present my documents. The gouvernement administration's senior chargé d'affairs for foreign nationalities received me in an especially friendly way. He had already long been in the employ of the gouvernement chancellery, from the time of the governor, von Daehn, who was born in Finland. He reported, among other things, that von Daehn once called all the officials together and asked them whom they were really serving in their work. When everybody answered that they served the Czar, the governor grew angry. "Stuff and nonsense", he cried, "you are serving and are supposed to serve the people. When you serve the people, you serve the Czar at the same time. Remember that!"

This representative of the Stavropol gouvernement administration assured me that at least he strove to keep von Daehn's words in mind. "Here we work according to our abilities to improve the conditions of the population" he asserted. As it happened, they were looking for water out on the barren steppes. Three Latvians had been called to sink artesian wells. They were on the Nogai Tatar territory near a village called Ačikulak and had reported that they really had found water.

Since this official in the gouvernement administration himself intended to proceed to the spot where water had been found, and since the study of the Nogai Tatars was part of my planned program, we travelled together, and I came to be present at the celebration of the opening of the new artesian well. With my trusty camera I immortalized the event.

I stayed after that in Ačikulak, which was an unassuming, miserable little town, but in the Armenian merchant's big room, which had officially been made into a lodging for

officials, I had a very passable free stay. The merchant's wife did her best for my meals. The Nogai Tatars, of the Yedishan tribe, are nomads. They were still out on their summer fields, for which reason there weren't many people in Ačikulak and the regions closest about. However, some young boys gave me sufficient linguistic material, and I got an idea of the relation of the Nogai language to the other Turkic dialects.

The Nogai were originally a large tribe, but in the past century had dispersed to various quarters. At the present time the Nogai dwell on the northern plains of the Crimean peninsula as well as in the Dobrudja in Rumania.

In Ačikulak I heard that a student from the University of St. Petersburg had visited this area on the same task somewhat earlier.

From study of the Nogai Tatars I went over to investigate the language of the Kumyks. Both these Tatar groups are closely related linguistically, but the Kumyks are agriculturalists and live permanently settled in villages. In general they have made great progress. The settlements of the Kumyks lay further south, within the area of the Caucasus Military Administration.

After my arrival at the city of Temir-Khan-Shura, administrative center for the district where the Kumyks lived, I naturally proceeded first of all to the district office. Since the land is under military administration and has commandants of different ranks, who in general are very sensitive about their standing, you had to have your papers from these gentlemen in order, if you wanted to travel about without hindrance and adventure. According to what the commandant of Temir-Khan-Shura maintained, it was impossible to travel to the Kumyks, because thieves and robbers haunted the highways everywhere. In the Caucasus a general disarmament had recently been carried out. All rifles and small arms had been taken from the people. But since only peaceful people had delivered up

their weapons, whereas disreputable persons hid them for all eventualities, the circumstances had worsened and in many places the villages had been plundered by robbers. Northwards of Temir-Khan-Shura, up to the Kumyk territory and along the northern slopes of the Caucasus, Cossacks had been posted on this account, and watch-towers had been built at dangerous places at about one kilometer's distance from each other.

When I visited the commandant for the second time, the latter was of the opinion that I could travel only with a Cossack escort and that I would have to pay some compensation to the Cossacks. I could determine the day and hour of the departure myself, but at least one full day in advance, must advise him in a sealed letter about the departure time, and add the money.

I wandered around the marketplace in Temir-Khan-Shura and observed the market life. I enquired of an Armenian, whom I chanced to converse with, about the Kumyks. "Of course there are Kumyks here even now," he said, "right there," and he pointed to a man with a cart selling things, "he is certainly a Kumyk." When I spoke to the man indicated, he reported that he came from the village of Aksai, one of the main places of the Kumyks. As soon as he sold his wares he intended to depart and promised to take me with him. When we had agreed on a price, the matter was taken care of.

I left in the company of this unknown Kumyk with all my baggage in his conveyance. Nothing came of the commandant's Cossack escort. We travelled only partway along the main highway, along which the high watch-towers were visible. The man cursed the Cossacks, who as he maintained were the worst plunderers. For the most part we rode through thickets and along difficult by-roads across brooks and fields. Now and then someone stopped our journey and inquired with interest who I was and what the baggage contained. My fellow traveller replied that that matter would be cleared up as soon as we reached our destination. Late

in the evening we arrived at Aksai where all the gates were already barricaded with booms. We stopped in front of a gate beside a large store, and when some words were exchanged, we were let into the courtyard.

In front of me appeared a strongly-built man by the name of Bektemirov, the merchant and landlord of the inn. When I asked for a room, he first maintained that there was nothing available, but finally found, in the back courtyard behind and between the storage sheds, a little room with a tiny window facing onto a dark alley. I could have that. The price was one ruble 50 copecks per 24-hours. When I observed that one could get a better room even in St. Petersburg for that price, Bektemirov snapped, "Well then, go to St. Petersburg!" I had my baggage brought into the cell anyway and at the same time asked about the police station or the local commandant. Bektemirov gave me someone to take me to the commandant.

The commandant was sitting in his office with a glass of tea in front of him and fiddling with his papers. He inquired what errand had brought me to Aksai. "To collect sagas and songs." "I can imagine what kind of sagas you mean," said the commandant crossly. However, my certificates from the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg, the St. Petersburg Imperial Committee for Studies of Asiatic Languages, and other lofty institutions had a somewhat restraining effect on him. I managed to present the matter in such a way that the village commandant, a lieutenant, even acknowledged himself as obligated to help me. "But tell me now," he said, "why don't you people in Finland want to obey the Emperor?" Are those the Finnish sagas you want to spread about here?" These words exchanged in the dark of night with the mildly drunk commandant were not pleasant, but I was lucky to get my passport stamped, after which I departed.

When I came back to my night's lodging Bektemirov

stood in the gateway entrance and asked at once, "Well, did the commandant set the price of the room?" I assured him that it was not a question of any such thing, and added that the commandant was a shameless fellow who had abused and chided me because I was a Finn. "So, you are a Finn. You don't come from St. Petersburg. I am a Kumyk, with all my heart, a friend of freedom and honesty, and since you are a Finn, we are naturally friends. You can have the room for 50 copecks, and if you wish I can show you a much better room tomorrow." Thus Bektemirov and I became friends.

However, I did not move away from my little cell, although I was offered a room on the second floor over the shop. Bektemirov's families lived in the main building. He had two or perhaps three of them, which only rich Mohammedans have. Bektemirov often had visits from similarly strongly-built and authoritative-looking fellows like himself. To judge from everything, the Kumyks in Aksai had their own vigilante association against robberies and plunderings. The fact that I was a Finn was a big recommendation for me with the Kumyks. One Kumyk poet offered me a great quantity of his own poems, among them political verses and lampoons. Even though the matter did not particularly interest me I had to show some sympathetic interest. Bektemirov talked much about the injustices that the Kumyks were subjected to; for example, having one's land expropriated without compensation, to be taken over by Russian or German colonists. During odd moments he used to come to my room to introduce some of his friends to me and he got me one of his close relatives as servant and language informant. They often served me a sample of the host families' best food in my room.

One evening, when it had already begun to grow dark in my room, Bektemirov came on a visit again, this time with a strong and well-armed stately Kumyk in his wake. The newcomer immediately fell on my neck. Then he turned around

and by turns regarded me and then Bektemirov with his eyes wide open, and said, "Well, that isn't the same man at all!" On his trips to buy cattle in the Nogai Tatar area he had encountered the student from St. Petersburg, whose research trips I previously mentioned, and in true Caucasian fashion had become good friends with him. The student, whose name was Bravin, had received a worked silver-ferruled belt and a splendid dagger from him, and Bravin had given him in return a watch, a coin purse and a book. When he had heard about my arrival from Bektemirov, he had at once hastened to seek out his presumed friend. Meanwhile we sat down and continued our conversation and comments. My host ordered some tea and something to eat to my room, and I sat there with my back to the window-wall with a Kumyk on each side. In the course of our conversation the newly-arrived Kumyk introduced himself more accurately. His name was Azau Beketov, and he was a Caucasian cattle-buyer, who with his stock and cowboys made regular trips along the northern slopes of the Caucasus mountains. The cattle were driven alive to the city of Rostov, and he had more than thirty men in his service as cattle drovers, all to be sure well-armed. He generously promised both for his part and that of others to collect Kumyk national literature on my behalf.

Then an unexpected turn of events occurred.

The door was pulled open and in the doorway was an armed man accompanied by six Cossacks with rifles pointed at us who were sitting at my desk. The newcomer was the village elder with his escort. They had come at the orders of the commandant to arrest Azau Beketov. While the Cossacks were aiming their rifles at us, Bektemirov tugged me by the sleeve and said, "This has nothing to do with you," and shoved me to the side. He yelled at the village elder, "What's going on here?" The village elder explained, as far as I remember, somewhat embarrassed, that the commandant had been informed that two Jewish merchants had been

found murdered in a mountain pass where Azau Beketov had been with his cowboys. He himself or his lads were, according to the information, guilty of murder. Bektemirov flared up, "Even if you are a backslider among the Kumyks you ought to know that Azau Beketov has done no such thing!" But Azau Beketov spat and said, "Am I, an upright Mohammedan and Kumyk, supposed to have murdered two miserable Jews for the sake of money? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Azau Beketov tossed his belt with revolver and dagger on my table, stood calmly and said, "Well, lead me away then, you dog." The Cossacks took him and conducted him away. So I got a little peace in my tiny room again, and time to calm myself.

The next morning a mass of people had gathered outside Bektemirov's shop and it was almost impossible to get in to the shop or to the counter where I had to make some small purchases. Later Bektemirov came to my room and informed me that that night he had sent out a crew, who investigated the scene of the crime more closely, had found tracks and finally seized two Ossetes, who were on the way to Aksai under heavy guard. "Azau Beketov will surely get free, no doubt about it," said Bektemirov.

A few days later my host advised me that Azau Beketov was free as a bird again. The village elder and the commandant were greatly amazed about the uproar Azau Beketov's arrest had caused among the inhabitants of Aksai. The village vigilantes had grabbed two Ossetes, whom they maintained were the murderers. On this account Azau Beketov was exchanged for the two Ossetes. At my question as to whether the interned Ossetes had really murdered both Jews, Bektemirov answered, "Well, that's what we contend at least, and it is the Ossetes' affair to take care of themselves. We now only have to be especially cautious towards all Ossetes. The vigilante crew has been strengthened and we have reliable men as night watchmen at various spots all the way to Temir-Khan-Shura."

Both Bektemirov, the powerful merchant, who was perhaps one of the best-known leaders among the Kumyks in the Aksai district, and several of the Kumyks he had introduced to me, often wanted to discuss political matters. Like the commandant, they had the peculiar idea that the Finns naturally entertained the same views regarding Russian statecraft (as they did) and that the Finns somehow even were related to them. This same idea about linguistic relationship I have often encountered in different places in conversation with people speaking Turkic languages.

I thought however that my stay in Aksai under these strained circumstances was not profitable enough for a calm pursuit of scientific research, for which reason I mentioned that in the present confused situation I perhaps ought to leave the Caucasus. The commandant sometimes visited me in my room, whereupon he deplored the small size of the room and its location in the rear courtyard. These visits did not please my landlord at all. Most hated of all was the poor Kumyk who was acting as village elder and moved about out of doors only with a Cossack escort.

The circumstance that I was a "doctor", but still not a physician, put me in a peculiar light vis-à-vis the Aksai residents. There might have been as many patients as there could be, but as a doctor of philosophy I once and for all had to refuse to take action about anything to do with curing people. On the other hand, I gladly consented to take pictures of people, even though I was not interested in getting paid. Several of those I photographed demanded a receipt from me, and a few refused to let a picture be taken since I had not promised them a receipt.

In one of his homes Bektemirov had a young and beautiful daughter, a really outstanding beauty, who unfortunately suffered from consumption. Bektemirov had me come in to her room in the women's quarters, where the sick girl lay on a sofa amidst Turkish cushions. Her father wanted, before her death, a picture of her as a remembrance for himself

and her mother. Through this I had access to the most holy spots in a rich Mohammedan's home. In addition I was often invited to my landlord's place, either for dinner or for supper.

When I was talking about my intention to depart, even my host saw that this would be the wisest thing so that I would not get mixed up with arrests and similar spectacles again. Also, the affair of the Ossetes was not cleared up as yet. My host had talked about me in various quarters and was proud of his guest in some ways. Among other things, he introduced me to one of the poets of the district, who had previously been a lecturer in Turkish at the University of St. Petersburg. Once the latter came with a poem of congratulation for me, when he heard that I had a son, Erdem. He had also composed a song about me, but since he wasn't satisfied with it, promised to send it to me later. Bektemirov likewise promised to collect songs and assemble all the Kumyk literature that existed in hectographed form or was duplicated in some other form.

My departure from Aksai occurred at nightfall. One of Bektemirov's sons drove me, and some armed men followed as an escort. Here and there along the road there were mysterious signalings, guys popped up out of the bushes, delivered brief reports and again disappeared into the darkness. I didn't really know what kind of roads we were travelling on, but in any even we fortunately got to the station in Temir-Khan-Shura in good time before the departure of the train going north. It struck me that my "flight" was very well organized, being protected by my landlord's fatherly care. So I bade farewell to Aksai and to Temir-Khan-Shura with their commandants and vigilantes of different sorts. When I related on the train that I had come from Aksai, a man from the Caucasus was amazed that I had not been plundered to within an inch of my life. "Actually, in that region all the villages are inhabited by robbers and are almost always in open warfare against each other or the

Russian authorities," he said.

The Kumyk texts that Bektemirov and his friends promised to send, I heard no more of. This in brief is the report about my research trips in the Caucasus.

5. ON THE TRAIL OF THE GRAND MOGHOLS IN 1903

In November, 1902, I defended my dissertation for the degree of fil. lic., and some time after that applied for the Rosenberg stipend at the university. In my application I submitted an extensive itinerary for the study of different Mongolian dialects. Among other things my program included study of the Kalmyks who lived in Southern Russia along the Volga, and an investigation of variously named tribes who spoke Kalmyk and resided in Chinese Eastern Turkestan. The task which most interested me was to determine whether there still existed in our day any traces as to nationality and language of the Mongolian armies which in the 1200's had conquered Persia and present-day Afghanistan and Baluchistan, and which according to Mongolian data had never returned to their home region in Central Asia. In 1866, a German, H. C. von der Gabelentz, had published a little article, "Über die Sprache der Hazaras und Aimaks," in which he presented especially interesting extracts from the memoirs of an Englishman named Leech, who had set up the border-markers between Afghanistan and British India in 1836. According to these observations workers belonging to Mongolian-speaking tribes, the Hazara and Aimak, had participated in the work of surveying the boundary. When studying these data in von der Gabelentz, I noticed that many words which he could not explain were of early Mongolian origin.

During my visit in St. Petersburg I discussed the history of the Mongols and the question of whether the Mongols still might dwell in Afghanistan, and the scholars in St. Petersburg said that this was impossible, inasmuch as the Mongols had lost their own language in Iran and Afghanistan as early as during the 14th century. They knew nothing about von der Gabelentz's article, but I was fortunate enough to awaken some interest in this topic.

As a trial I wrote a letter in English and addressed it by default of any other address to the postmaster in the city of Peshawar at the Indian border. After some months I received a polite letter from the office of the Governor-General in Bombay, which at the request of the postmaster in Peshawar advised they did not know anything about the existence of Mongols or Moghols. If I so desired, a research expedition to Afghanistan could be mounted at my own expense. A hundred Sepoy soldiers, it said in the letter, would be needed as escort, since only under protection of armed escort could one go from India to Afghanistan, and conditions in Afghanistan were far from peaceful. Since I saw no possibility to secure means for such a grand undertaking, I betook myself again to St. Petersburg and assured my colleagues there that I had reliable information that there were Moghols left in Afghanistan. I desired in any event to travel, if not into Afghanistan, at least to the border.

The scholars at the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg did their best and were able through official correspondence to bring it about that the Ministry of War, which had Russian Turkestan under its authority, gave me permission to travel to the fortress of Kushka, situated by the border of Afghanistan. The Ministry of War sent a special document to the Governor-General of Tashkent and exhorted the latter to advise all the official places subject to him of my eventual arrival and to urge them to assist me.

Since I had obtained such promising support and opportunity, after my return from the Kalmyks in the Astrakhan district, I at once betook myself on a new trip in the fall of 1903. This time too I was accompanied by my wife and our daughter, now five years old. Our trip went via Moscow, Rostov and Baku. In Baku we pulled in at a hotel owned by an Armenian. Since we had nothing particular to do in the city, I immediately got us tickets on a boat which went across the Caspian Sea and was called the Kuropatkin. It was supposed to depart at 2 o'clock, but we went on board

as soon as possible, earlier than the regulations permitted. In general, in Russia one could go on board vessels at most an hour before their departure. The second-class cabins on the Kuropatkin were located behind the dining salon.

When my wife, my daughter, and I were sitting in the cabin with our baggage, we heard conversation in the dining room and remarkably enough they were speaking Finnish and Swedish. When I stepped from the cabin passageway into the dining salon, someone cried out irritatedly in Russian, "Who let you in on board ahead of time?" When I answered in Swedish and introduced myself, it provoked great happiness among the company in the dining hall. The captain was named von Rehbinder, the chief machinist was one Hokkanen from Viborg and the others were officials with the Nobel Petroleum Company, all from Helsinki. The officers on the Kuropatkin were Finnish and therefore the Finnish colony in Baku apparently often visited their countrymen on board. My wife and daughter now also came into the dining salon and we spent a pleasant hour together, even though the captain and chief machinist soon had to absent themselves. We had to take leave of engineer Eklund and his comrades, since the vessel was to depart presently.

The trip across the Caspian Sea was very pleasant and we landed at the city of Krasnovodsk on the east coast of the Caspian. From here goes a railroad, which leads to Tashkent via Ashkhabad, Merv and other cities. At the station in Krasnovodsk passports and documents are inspected.

I noticed that the policemen who were inspecting the passports at once observed that they now had before them the learned gentleman about whom they had received an order in circulars to help. Now and then on the train they and the conductors too tried to take care of me and my family. When we had gone several stations further I noticed that the other passengers were looking askance at us. It even happened that one of our fellow passengers came and spoke

to me, and encouraged me to be of good cheer. When he enquired how long I had to go, it dawned on me that the policemen's concern for me and my family had created the impression that we were being deported by the authorities. The man who talked to me was of the opinion that our "pardon" might soon take place.

The landscape, through which the train was advancing, was in general quite dismal. There were sandy fields devoid of grass along the track all the way. Southwards there extended a mountain chain, along which the border with Iran ran. Near the stations could be seen here and there the yurts and cattle of Turkmens. With large fur caps on their heads the Turkmens moved on foot in an especially slow and dignified manner. In general all their behavior is very composed and vigorous.

Before we arrived in Ashkhabad, a policeman came and informed me that I had to get off the train in this city, since the governor wished to speak with me. There was nothing else to do but obey the command. After we spent the night at a hotel I betook myself to the governor's place the next morning. He was polite but very much at wonder since he could not figure out the purpose of my trip, which was not clearly set forth in the document from the Governor-General. I explained the matter as it was: that I was looking for Mongols. The governor listened to this explanation wide-eyed and wanted to inform me that I was mistaken: the Mongols lived somewhere in North China west of Manchuria. I replied that I had spent a couple of years in Mongolia, but that there should still be Mongols in Afghanistan left over from the period of their supremacy. The governor did not want to accept this in any wise. He was a military governor and had as his task to oversee everything that happened in Iran and Afghanistan. There certainly were many different tribes in these countries, but no Mongols or Moghols, he assured me. He neither would nor could, said he, forbid me to travel on, but he could not well believe either that I was on the right track or on proper business.

Grand Moghols

After returning from my visit with the governor I found an invitation to my wife and me from Alexander Ruin, the railway chief, who gave a fine supper in his home in honor of the guests from Finland. Unfortunately neither my wife nor I had any formal clothes with us, hence we appeared amongst the elegantly-attired guests in our travelling clothes, and my wife was very sorry about it afterwards.

From Ashkhabad we continued our trip on to Merv and from there southwards via train to Kushka. On this train were only passengers with special permission since the track is a military railway. The policemen scrutinized our papers time and again.

Kushka or Fort Kushkinski is a fortress which the Russians built at the border, which makes a deep bend into Afghanistan here. Before we arrived at the station we passed through a high wall. The fortress commander was at the station with his staff to meet us. When I was introduced to these gentlemen I heard to my surprise that the chief of artillery was a colonel with the name of Krusenstjerna, who spoke some Swedish. After we had drunk tea with the commander and his staff in the commander's residence, we were conducted to Krusenstjerna's where we were to live.

The commandant, whose name I unfortunately can no longer remember, like the Ashkhabad governor, was very eager to learn the object of my trip. Outsiders did not get into the Kushka fortress, but since the governor-general had given the order, the commandant promised to support me as best he could. When I again said that I was looking for Mongols, he regarded me sharply and became thoughtful. Krusenstjerna explained that there were no Mongols in Afghanistan, but that these were found in large numbers in Helsinki, since the real Finns presumably are Mongols. The commander had three interpreters, all young men capable in languages, of which I got to choose one for myself. I selected an Ingush, i.e., one who belonged to a

small tribe living in the Caucasus. My choice fell on him because he informed me that he had been in Astrakhan and knew well how to distinguish a Kirghiz from a Kalmyk. He spoke, among others, Persian, Turkmen, Uzbek and in addition Pashto, which is spoken by the Afghans proper.

When I had explained to him in detail what it was I was seeking to discover, he became very interested in his own way. To be sure he did not know much about the population in Afghanistan and its different tribes, but it interested him to procure information to the extent that it was possible, without betaking himself too far beyond the area of the fortress.

There were large barracks in Kushka, situated on the slopes of various hills, and in the middle was an old village where the local population had lived since time immemorial. Its inhabitants were predominantly Persian and had a Persian starosta or village elder.

New barracks were under construction meanwhile, and a little further on were clay pits and a tile factory. In this tile-processing work, explained the interpreter I had chosen, an Armenian contractor employed over 200 workers. I wanted to know which tribes were represented within this work force. The interpreter procured a special document from the commandant, i.e., a pass for me or for himself, and armed with this betook himself to the work area. From there he brought two workers at a time out to see "the St. Petersburg explorer." When I interrogated them and tried out things on them, it turned out that the first two had Turkish for their mother tongue. The second pair, who presented themselves half an hour later, were apparently fellows who spoke, or at least knew best, some peculiar Persian dialect.

I had ordered the interpreter to seek out those among the workers who had the most Kalmyk-looking appearance possible. The third pair consisted of two men who, when they were interrogated, understood and spoke both Pashto and Persian, though their Pashto was not quite free of error.

Sitting at the table I counted out the numbers in Turkish and ordered them to continue. They could do that too. Then I counted out, just as for the earlier pair, in Mongolian, one, two, three, and so on. The previous ones had not batted an eyelash at this, but when the third pair heard the Mongolian numerals, they looked at each other astounded. Without pointing with my finger I pronounced some Mongolian words, as nose, mouth, hair, foot and so on. And when I then pointed to the spots in question, even the men's looks were totally different. One of them said something to the other, which my interpreter immediately translated for me into Russian, "How does he know that?" When the other one replied, the interpreter translated that, too. When I continued the interrogation and pointed to coat, buttons, shoes, etc., the one again said something to the other, but this time switched to Persian so the interpreter would not understand. But the interpreter immediately translated that for me too: "This is indeed remarkable." Since the men could not escape the interpreter, who translated their statements for me, while I myself just continued to enumerate words, the one said to the other, "_Mana kele medana_," which means, "He understands our language." This was the Moghols' speech. All three of these words were ancient Mongolian. Great was my gladness when I heard the Mongolian language I had come here to find coming out of the men's own mouths. Now I had two Moghols here.

I announced to the interpreter that I would hire these two men for the same or a better wage than they were getting at the tile works. They would not have to go back to their work but now had to be given quarters elsewhere. The interpreter was of the opinion that the only possibility was to request the Persian _starosta_, the village elder, to take charge of them in his own house until further notice. The interpreter himself promised to inform the Armenian employer that the men would not be coming back to work any more, and at the same time he would pick up their salary. I gave ten

rubles to each of the men, whereupon the interpreter conducted them to the starosta.

Greatly delighted over this exceptionally lucky find, I went to the post office in the afternoon and telegraphed the following, "Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg. Moghols found."

After this I went back to our residence and calmly lay down to sleep. However, just before midnight I was awakened. The chief of artillery, my host Krusenstjerna, and the commandant of the fortress, were seeking me out in company with a third officer. This was a colonel of police, who had wakened both gentlemen and now came with them to question me what that mysterious telegram meant. Krusenstjerna and the fortress commandant were as far as I could see extremely embarrassed, since they could neither clarify the matter nor did they know what the mysterious word "Moghol" meant. The police colonel took it for granted that behind the matter were concealed either drawings of the fortress or something equally dangerous. He ordered me sternly to clarify the matter. I replied nicely and calmly that the commandant's interpreter and I together had found two fellows who spoke exactly that special language I had come to investigate. The Ingush interpreter was summoned. He asked for pardon, somewhat frightened that he had not reported precisely to the commandant which measures he had undertaken, about the interrogation of workers at the clay pits. The police colonel was still not convinced, but required the interpreter to fetch the men immediately. The interpreter went off.

When after a long hour he finally returned to my room, where the aforementioned gentlemen were still waiting, he looked anything but happy. He almost shook and trembled when he reported that the two Moghols had deserted. The interpreter had visited the starosta, who admitted that he had permitted the Moghols to go make some purchases at twilight. The starosta thought they would come back, but

for the ten rubles I had given them they had hired asses and rode off disappearing into the darkness. When the interpreter gave an account of this event, the interrogators looked serious, and I myself perceived that the matter had taken a dangerous turn. Krusenstjerna assured me that as his guest I certainly could lie down and sleep, whereupon the chief of police and the commandant departed. The chief of police was to return in the morning around 9 o'clock. Just when I thought that I could be in peace, the interpreter came anew to speak to me. He informed me that he had talked about the matter with a young lieutenant who was his good friend. I could be quite calm since the matter would quickly take care of itself. With no further ado, he departed and I could spend the night with my family.

Around 8 o'clock in the morning the interpreter came to me beaming happily. His friend the lieutenant and he himself had taken about 30 soldiers with them and by horse had gone over the border into Afghanistan to reconnoiter along various roads. Quite a few miles beyond the Russian border they had encountered the Moghols in question in hasty flight southwards. They were arrested, and there was good reason for this too, since the asses were only hired and the flight was obviously theft. The men were conducted back to Kushka, and were now in the village elder's charge and even under military guard. When the chief of police appeared immediately thereafter, the interpreter volunteered to fetch the Moghols at once. The affair was cleared up, and the policeman could no longer doubt me or the poor fellows. The Moghols were very frightened. First the circumstance that they were taken off the job struck them as peculiar, and then came their flight with its subsequent arrest, which made the matter still more dreadful. I was sorry for them.

The commandant was at breakfast at Krusenstjerna's, and at the table we discussed how the matter should best be taken care of. The commandant was annoyed at the border violation and the arrest on foreign territory. But this

would clear up. From the commandant's chancellery there was sent out the same day an official letter that two men who were suspected of being dangerous spies had been arrested but that if they were found to be innocent, they certainly could be released. The commandant and the chief of police thought it best for me to travel to Merv, far from the border, partly because there could still occur some disturbance of the peace on the border and partly so that the fellows could not renew their attempt at flight.

I gladly betook myself with my family to Merv, which was a large and blossoming city and even in ancient times had been famed as a center for the fertile plains around the Murgab River's lower course. It was a well-known spot in the history of ancient times. As early as Alexander the Great's time the city was the cradle of culture. Some of the first great congregations of the Eastern Christians were there. The old Eastern or Syrian Christians had erected churches in many places in what was now Russian Turkestan. In the year 680 A.D. the Christians had five great bishoprics, and the archbishop resided in Merv. Even in our times Merv bore, amidst the surrounding steppes, the imprint of an ancient cultural and residential center, and its inhabitants had the ancient traditions of a civilized nation.

In Kushka the Moghols were conducted to a third-class carriage under police surveillance. My family and I rode in second-class with a policeman as guard of honor. This took place on the 28th of October, 1903. During the trip I went to cheer up the Moghols a couple of times, since it was clear that the men regarded themselves as prisoners. I said that I was hiring them into my service for two or three months. They were each to receive twice as much pay as they had for their heavy work in the brickyard. I tried to explain to them that after that I would pay for their trip back to the border and give them a document which would entitle them either to stay in Kushka or to return to their home territory in Afghanistan, whichever they wished. I had come to an

agreement with the authorities in Kushka that, when the men had finished their work with me, I would give them a certificate that after due interrogation they were verified to be innocent of espionage.

In Merv we got a pleasant place to stay in a large hotel owned by an Armenian. Just inside the gate were shady and comfortable arcades, from which doors led to the rooms. Our room was large but somewhat dim, which in these parts is a great advantage during hot summer days. Now it was full autumn and on this account there was food in abundance. Splendid large and small melons, watermelons, and grapes were seen in mighty heaps in the markets and along the streets. The diet of my two Moghols seemed to consist principally of watermelons. I had hoped that my work could proceed successfully in the hotel, where the Moghols had a little room on a back courtyard.

But on the 29th of October, Rustam, the elder of the Moghols, complained that he was ill. It turned out that he had malaria. After this I didn't get a single word out of him. The younger one, Abdilla, was healthy and quite openhearted. As far as I could see he was also more mature and reasonable. In his view they were exceptionally well-off, since they were getting paid and lived in a hotel, but Rustam was a born pessimist. I made transciptions of the Moghols' language, the hardest work I ever tried. I did not speak their language, for which reason I had to show them objects or through gestures make it clear to them what I meant. But since the Moghol words which were of ancient origin were known to me, I at least got an idea of when they understood me and when they didn't. I transcribed about 2000 isolated sentences and about 700 words which the Moghols used, and was able to relate for them some little anecdotes which Abdilla then repeated for me in his own words.

The work was suddenly interrupted when on the 2nd of November I fell ill with a high fever. The doctor who was

called, Dr. Smetanin, prescribed quinine, which did not help any, for which reason on the next day I had to have an injection of quinine solution under my skin. In spite of the daily injections, the fever stayed with me and I had to lie in bed trying to do my recordings of the Moghol's language. In Kushka and Merv ordinary malaria is so common that about a third of the population is infected, and the death rate is very high, especially in the fall. Dr. Smetanin considered my condition serious and advised me to travel back to cold Finland as soon as possible, where malaria could scarcely thrive.

I had no other choice left than to write out a certificate for my Moghols that after a thorough interrogation I had determined that they were neither spies nor were guilty of any political intrigues. When they got this attestation, Rustam, ill with his fever, probably was happier than at any other time in his life.

When the men had left, our things too were packed up at once and I departed together with my wife and daughter back to Finland.

The trip home was difficult, especially for my wife, since I could scarcely stay on my feet. My weight is usually about 74 kilos (= 163 lbs.), but because of the illness I had already gone down to 59 kilos (= 130 lbs.). At the stations my wife supported me under one arm, and the conductor or a porter under the other. When we travelled over the Caspian Sea a severe storm was raging. The passengers, made up of Armenians, Russians, Turks and several other nationalities, were all seasick. In the corridors were heard prayers to all kinds of gods and holy beings in many diverse languages. My wife doesn't get seasick easily and for this reason was able to help the poor persons more than anyone else.

After we got safely back to Finland, I visited Professor Taavi Laitinen in Helsinki. He was quite amazed at

the fact that with a fever of 39.5° C. (= 104° F.) I had been able to move around in the city, and at once ordered me admitted to the Salus hospital in Kaivopuisto (Brunnsparken) as a patient. Similar to Dr. Smetanin, Professor Laitinen tried to treat me with quinine, but when that did not help, he had euquinine in reserve. When this did not help either, and all the ordinary fever medicines proved devoid of results, he prescribed methylene blue powder for me, which is a showy blue, resembles aniline dye and is used to improve distinguishability in microscopically small objects. I was given methylene blue powder three times a day. Sometimes I was quite unconscious, sometimes I was delirious. A peculiar roar and shivering went on in my head and my whole body. I had severe disturbances of vision. Everything turned out blue, either darker or lighter. My hands looked almost black and the entire sky seemed dark blue to me. I thought this was due to optical illusion, but in point of fact my blood plasma had turned part and parcel blue. Later Professor Laitinen thanked me for the great service I rendered science by bringing in a live case of such a rare malaria to Finland. He explained that I had two strains of malaria in my blood at the same time in addition to Lahmann's spirilla. Of my red blood corpuscles, only 15% were undamaged, and the rest made up of empty vessels. From the hospital they called out to my home in Lahti for my wife to come in immediately to see me, since my condition was so serious that they feared the worst. But be that as it may, during odd moments I came to full consciousness, and gradually began my convalescence.

As a souvenir of my illness I had for a long time thereafter blue spots on my handkerchiefs and the clothes I had used in the hospital. Later Professor Laitinen boasted that no one in the whole world had ever had bluer blood than I at the Salus hospital, no matter how much they may talk about the blue blood of nobility. When I asked

Professor Laitinen how my heart had withstood the methylene-blue cure, he confessed that he had not known in advance whether the human heart could survive this medicament, but that it was necessary to make a trial. The illness disappeared so completely that only about a year after I was discharged from the hospital did I have any after-effects.

6. MY TRIP TO EASTERN TURKESTAN IN 1905

Early in the spring of 1905 I betook myself to Chinese Eastern Turkestan to study the Kalmyks who reside there, and their language. My baggage contained, among other things, a magnificent document, a proxy for an Imperial courier assignment, which the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg had kindly procured for me. According to what I later heard (through Andrei Rudnev), this courier's commission of mine was the last one that was ever issued to outsiders. Besides this I brought along other documents and recommendations, and in my suitcase I had a revolver.

Of the first part of my trip I do not remember anything of particular interest. The same dismal magnificent Urals as before, the same kind of railway cars, the same sort of passengers. After the rugged mountain landscape of the Urals there followed the flat lands of Western Siberia with its miles of grassy lands, here and there alternating with birch groves and other deciduous trees. Thus I arrived at Omsk. The city is located some 3-4 kilometers north of the station. Other Siberian cities often lie even further away. According to the popular Russian story, this is due to the fact that the railway engineers always required bribes from the cities, and planned the location of the stations in relation to the size of the sum. If they didn't get a sufficient amount of money, they put the station miles from the city.

From Omsk my journey continued towards the southeast. The Irtysh River carries relatively tolerable boat traffic and the one I travelled on was not one of the worst. Upstream along the Irtysh I came to the city of Semipalatinsk, and spent the night at a hotel, where some happy fellow in the adjacent room kept singing the entire night one and the same crude country song whose melody even after decades still rings in my ears. From Semipalatinsk my travel route

proceeded by horse-carriage to the border of China. The postal carriage, as the hostelry carriage is called in Russia, was so organized along these long stretches in Siberia that a traveller at the beginning of the journey could pay the charges in advance for all the transportation stages, and at the stations needed only to leave a coupon as payment for the stretch concerned. The last station was Bakhty, almost on the Chinese border. From here a border guard conveyed me with his own horses to the city of Chuguchak, located a few leagues on the other side of the border.

Chuguchak, like the city of Dörböljin which lies directly west of it, is a Kalmyk name. Formerly Dörböljin, or "The Square", which had large square-city walls, was the capital of the province, but later Chuguchak or Tsögtsö-aga (in English "plate" or "flat-bottomed cup") [in Classical Mongolian, čögüče ayaγa] became the administrative as well as the commercial metropolis in China's northwestern corner. Both cities are located on the southern slopes of the beautiful and rugged Tarbagatai Mountains. This "cup" city received its name from the nature of its location, just like Kazan (Turk. kazan, a kettle) did.

Chuguchak reminds one to some extent of the major Mongolian city, Urga, the same lively traffic on the great square, riders, carriages, hawkers sitting on the ground, along and by the square all kinds of craftsmen, such as smiths, ironworkers, shoemakers, tailors, barbers, etc. The buildings are of the Sart type, i.e., like those in Russian Turkestan, only here and there are some houses with curved roof lines.

The Imperial Russian Consulate had the most stately buildings. In the city there was even a branch office of the Russian-Asiatic Bank with a Mr. Tyakht as director. The consulate was run by Mr. Sokov, a particularly friendly and cultivated man. He told me that he had formerly been a naval officer. Like most of the married Russian officials

in these far-away areas, the consul did not have his family with him. Sokov's family resided permanently in St. Petersburg. He related that his wife had rented a lovely villa in Kuokkala in Finland. My visit in Chuguchak stretched out for ten days. The consul took it for granted that he should invite me to every meal. Similarly, the bank director Tyakht found it quite natural for me to stay with him. When I remarked about the unusual form of his name, he confessed that it was Estonian and was really Täht. He promised to handle my financial transactions with Helsinki.

For the journey on from Chuguchak I had to get my own horses and vehicle, my own provisions and my own servants. On the square I met a slender, lean man who evidently lounged around there every day and who actively offered me his services. Besides the Taranchi language and Kalmyk, he spoke a tolerable Chinese and even some Russian. When buying my first horse, I explained to him that I intended to travel to the capital of Sinkiang province, Urumchi. With his help I drew up a list of everything I might need for such a trip. Together we readied a four-wheeled wagon with a sunroof, and felts for it, buckets, kettles, horseshoes, a piece of iron to use to scrape lumps of clay from the horses' hooves, and in general everything which a man of experience knew would be required on a trip. This remarkable man was named Arshaa, and by nationality was a Kalmyk (of the Ölöt tribe), about 45 years old. He had formerly been in service as interpreter to the Chinese governor. He had been dismissed from his tour of duty as interpreter since year by year he grew more and more addicted to opium smoking. He related that out of compassion, the governor now and then threw him in prison, but that his good Chinese friends clambered up onto the prison roof at night and tossed down opium to him through the smoke-hole opening. He would very much have liked to accompany me, but thought that I would have no use for an opium smoker. From a conversation with consul Sokov and others, it became

clear that Arshaa would not be a bad servant at all. Consequently I hired him, outfitted him from top to toe and took a hand in his opium supply. In stealth I sometimes mixed cacao in his opium balls. Arshaa and I got on really well with each other. It perhaps should be mentioned that Arshaa, who had been in service with the governor, did not want to regard his new post as lower, but endeavored honestly to act before people as if I were a high prince. In the presence of outsiders he always conducted himself toward me in conformity with my high rank.

From Chuguchak our journey continued towards the east for several days. Once we were sought out by some Kalmyks who appealed to Arshaa as judge in a dispute. He submitted the matter to me for a decision, but in my capacity as prince I left it to Arshaa to take care of the entire matter at his own responsibility. It was clear that Arshaa really had been and was generally known by the Kalmyks as a man belonging to the governor's retinue.

From the flatlands our course turned steeply southwards and ran into a mountainous landscape, where our three horses and our vehicle's endurance were put to a test. The road wound up the mountains, along gorges and valleys between cliffs, which in many respects were quite dangerous. I had never before seen such stony ground as this Mount Yamatu displayed and it was a miracle pure and simple that we managed to get over the mountain chain without any sizable accident. After this mountain range, towards the south, the countryside gradually changed to great rolling hills, and further on this hilly-billowy landscape was supplanted by a plain over-grown with bushes and trees. Still further southwards the vegetation ceased, and a barren clayey area stretched out as far as the eye could see. The clay was porous and contained salt. Here quite a few of the objects Arshaa had procured came to good use, e.g., the piece of iron to clean the horses' hooves with. Clay got stuck under the hooves in clumps which became so thick and spread out

that it was almost impossible for the horses to move.

I ought perhaps to state that one very seldom encounters any human habitation in these desolate tracts, but that among the thickets and reeds there were lots of wild boars and even tigers, which prey on the former. When you get going early in the morning you can meet two or three groups of travellers during the course of the day, and often a group will consist of several different companies, which have linked up together for the sake of security. However, during our trip southwards Arshaa and I did not meet a single party going in the same direction.

One afternoon in a stretch where small alder groves were just visible on the horizon we met some ten riders, who came towards us at a full gallop uttering loud cries. When they became aware of us, they urged us to turn back at once since there were several tigers in motion. Arshaa absolutely wanted to turn back, but I was slower-thinking and decided that we could just as well continue our journey since 5 or 6 kilometers further on there was supposed to be a single Chinese house protected by a high wall. Arshaa's tears and prayers to his gods did not change my decision, and anyway I had my revolver in the bottom of my trunk. When I finally got my weapon out and showed it to the Kalmyks who gathered about our carriage, the spectators jeered at it. Arshaa however knew other ways to frighten off tigers. I was to seat myself in the back of the carriage under the roof, while he himself sat forward in the opening. With a bucket in one hand and an iron bit in the other he produced quite an uproar. From the base of the carriage he pulled loose pieces of board which he placed so that the spokes of the wheels pounded against them. With these defenses we continued our trip. I drove the horses from my place in the back of the cart.

I ripped open two small places in the roof, which consisted of straw mats, and through these I could observe to a certain extent the great number and thickness of the

trees and bushes which grew here and there along the road. A few times I became aware through these spyholes of a rather large cat-like animal that was hopping from bush to bush behind us. It was easy to handle the horses, who were galloping, having become frightened. We travelled many kilometers with this dreadful noise, and at dusk arrived at a high square wall. In the semi-darkness we rapped on the gate, which after a period of frightful waiting was finally opened. Two Chinese let us in and closed the gate again at once. I was astonished that no dogs barked, but the Chinese informed me that since spring they had procured a dozen dogs one by one, but they had all promptly been snapped up by the tigers outside the doors. The Chinese built a big log fire in the middle of the courtyard, and the sweat-covered horses instinctively sought to approach the blaze. Tigers are said to fear fire. There we sat, squatting down around the fire alongside our carriage, when suddenly a long, dismal howl was heard. Trembling like an aspen leaf the horses threw themselves down entirely and I fired a couple of shots into the air from my revolver. Arshaa explained disapprovingly that those shots were an unnecessary extravagance, since the tiger with his howl was only making it known that he was stopping his pursuit and looking for his comrades. I observed that the horses had fouled under themselves.

The outer walls of the Chinese house were about 4.5 meters high (= 14' 8") but seen from the courtyard side the roofs of the buildings were about two meters (6' 6") lower down. The buildings stood in long rows on nearly all sides of the courtyard. Such a substantial square outside wall formed the basic shape of Chinese residences both in a town and when solitary. The landlords in this house with its solitary location explained that the wall really had to be heightened still more, since strangely enough a tiger had once gotten over it. In the courtyard there were some domestic animals, e.g., chickens, and for payment the

Chinese fixed up a delicious meal for Arshaa and me, who had not been eating anything other than what Arshaa prepared. The Kalmyks in general are no great cooks, but on the other hand every Chinese is expert at fixing meals. The next morning we waited until noon, as it was safer to travel together in company. When we finally got under way again we were at least ten persons strong.

Far behind us there still stood out the contours of the great mountain range I spoke of earlier. In front of us the terrain gradually turned into flat land, but directly before us, far to the south, appeared a long, white, cloud-like streak along the horizon. When we continued our journey, it turned out to be a mountain range, which gradually rose before us. These were the famed T'ien-shan mountains, or more correctly, a portion of them, the name of which in Kalmyk was Ereen-khabirga, or "The Motley Ribs." The upper part of the mountain with its many-toothed tops was covered with white snow, and along the slopes stretched long white streaks almost all the way down to the ground, which is why the whole mountain range, seen at a distance, really deserves the name of the motley ribs. The white parts are composed of snow and glaciers, whereas the bare mountain slopes form the black stretches and the spots between the "rib bones". The mountain range acquired this name because it reminds one of the white bones in a horse or ox skeleton. Clouds often hang along the mountain sides, which is why the ribs look broken off now here, now there.

With this mighty mountain range far in front of us our trip proceeded as stated across a desolate, barren plain. Here and there along our road, at two, three or more kilometers distance from each other, peculiar round buildings were seen. Their walls rose to a height of about three meters (9' 9"), while at a distance in front of the door opening was a free-standing protective wall. When I wondered why such shelters had been put up out here on the

deserted steppe, people explained to me that they were indispensable for people in a storm. Somewhere in these tracts--where the Kalmyks could not say exactly--was the opening from which the Wind God blew out storms into the world. People became confused in the storm, or were buffeted so badly by the winds that the government of China was compelled for the sake of travellers to construct such road signs or places of safety.

Arshaa was able to inform me that this area, where we were now moving about, was officially known in Peking under the name of Shara khulusun (The Yellow Reeds). All couriers or dispatches by post, or to the Emperor, in event they went via Shara khulusun, were considered as having arrived in due time, however late they actually arrived in Peking, since no one could avoid the storms that raged here. Fortunately it was summer now and in general the days were beautiful and sunny, for which reason I had no experience of the strength of the storms which the Wind God blew out from his hole.

At one rest stop, where there was even something of a village, I took a Kalmyk chrestomathy out of my trunk and began to read in it. Some Kalmyks who had arrived at the same inn from the east and were on the courtyard lawn were surprised when they saw me holding a book in my hands printed in their language. Arshaa explained to them that I should not be disturbed, and that I knew their language better than they did, at the same time naturally pointing out that he served a very distinguished master. These Kalmyks, who watched me read, naturally spread the news. This had the result that two days later at another rest stop I was sought out by three or four fellows, who in the name of the "Prince of the old Torgout", invited me to the Prince's court at Jirgalangtu River. To this Arshaa made angry reply that a prince such as I should not be disturbed on his trip, and inquired whether they brought along a letter or at least a visiting card from the prince.

Since the men had no such proof of the veracity of their words, he scolded them and said that they were really robbers, who wanted to lure honest people somewhere to plunder them. However I involved myself up in the matter and promised readily to come and visit their prince for a day, but not until after I had been in the city of Shih-ho.

Shih-ho, the Kalmyk name of which is Khur-Khara-Usun, was the place to which we were on our way. It is a fairly big city, located on the northern slopes of Ereen-khabirga between two ribs. Here we stayed about a week, and from there I proceeded one day, with light load, to the aforementioned prince. Khur-Khara-Usun is the name of the river, on which the city of the same name lies, and a day's journey further west flows another smaller river named the Jirgalangtu. In the valley of this river lived the Prince of the Torgouts. My trip to Jirgalangtu was particularly pleasant and interesting, since Bayar-wang, Lord of "the Old Torgouts", was the very soul of politeness and majesty. Upon my arrival he was waiting for me outside the main gate of his large courtyard. He was a man of around fifty with a pleasant and intelligent appearance. He seemed to know the world and its course very well. His son, the young prince, who was called Balta, in Chinese written Pa-li-ta, held the rank of chamberlain at the court in Peking and had just recently arrived from there via Manchuria and Siberia, by almost the same road from Omsk as I.

Balta was extremely interested in my camera. He himself had several cameras and a darkroom, where he developed photographs and showed me pictures he had taken. He also owned a typewriter and conferred with me on how the Kalmyk alphabet could be adapted to be written by typewriter.

At the court were various Chinese, of which the most respected was a high official from Peking who for years had been visiting the prince and really was the foremost instructor in Balta's education. Balta's father, Bayar, was famous among his subjects, since for many decades he had not levied

any taxes. Instead, every year at fixed times he used to call together two or three thousand men, the best riders, and arrange a grand wild-animal chase, or battue in the mountain range and at times on the steppes too. The column of hunters, several kilometers long, was tightened according to plan into a ring, and all the wild animals within its circumference became the prize of the pursuers. The meat of edible animals fell to the hunters, whereas pelts fell to the lot of the prince. Prince Bayar showed me different kinds of pelts and presented me with two of them as a memento. One was a Tibetan snow leopard, which I still have in my possession, and the other was a big black bearskin. For a Russian named Vereshchagin, who was buying up live animals for the zoo in Hamburg, the prince ordered tiger traps to be set. When I later met this Vereshchagin, he gave me a price list of all the animals he wanted to buy and had in part already bought.

Speaking of animals, let me make a little digression here to report the way tigers are captured. A sturdy four-cornered trap, like a rattrap, is built from large trees, and then the door on one side is left open, and a sheep fastened inside. When the tiger attacks the sheep during the night and tries to drag it off with him, the door closes down with a bang. Thereupon the four corner poles are sawn from underneath and in this ready-made cage the tiger can be transported anywhere.

Another interesting hunt is the capturing of wild horses. When herds of wild horses or kulans are in motion, the prince orders a battue. The kulan, or wild ass, is much faster than the horse. And since the horse also is carrying a rider on his back it is still harder to catch kulans by chasing. But the big drive takes place in the spring, when people know that mares are going to foal, or better said, somewhat earlier. When the Kalmyks on their best horses, in a thin chain several kilometers long, approach the kulan herd, it happens that some mare remains behind and the foal

comes into the world. If a person overtakes them within two hours after birth of the foal, the foal is not yet in shape to reach the same speed as an ordinary horse, and the mare leaves her foal in the lurch at the last minute. In this way kulans are caught quite young, and naturally become the property of the prince. He regards these animals as a major source of income, since a kulan, either stallion or mare is obviously of great value in improving their horse breed. Such half-blooded horses fetch dizzying prices. Prince Bayar had long owned a kulan stallion and many of his acquaintances among the Kalmyk princes owned especially fast horses, the descendants of his.

Prince Bayar showed me many kinds of old Kalmyk books and expressed his disappointment at the fact that there was no book-printery in these lands. He knew that both in St. Petersburg and in the printing shops of Berlin there was Kalmyk type and inquired of me for advice as to where these could be procured. There were two or three books he especially wanted disseminated amongst his subjects and other Kalmyks. One of them was a historical work about the fortunes of the Kalmyk people. The other was a large religious work, which in the end he presented to me, requesting me to have it printed and then send him at least a thousand copies.

I spent two nights in the hospitable home of Bayar and Balta. There were buildings and rooms aplenty and certainly servants to match. Further on south, a distance up the Jirgalangtu River, lay a monastery for Buddhist lamas. I got no further data about their number, but Prince Bayar informed me himself that he had been compelled to interfere into the affairs of the monastery, since many of its inhabitants led an immoral life and did not devote themselves to theological study. He did not entertain particularly high ideas about the lamas' present level of culture.

Outside the court there extended along the river banks a rather large orchard, which was tended by Chinese and Taranchi gardeners.

Young Balta told me that he would very much like to travel out in the world and asked me how large my expenses were on my trips. I explained frankly that I got by nicely on the 3,000 rubles or 8,000 Finn-marks a year that the Rosenberg scholarship provided. Balta requested me to urge his father to grant him a similarly large sum during the next three years. His father regarded this amount as too small, since on a trip one had to take along a galci and a malci--a galci being a person who tends the fire, and a malci, a person who looks after horses and stock. In addition an emci or physician would be absolutely necessary. I did my best for Balta and explained that neither a galci nor a malci was needed and that even a prince could get along very well without a suite and an armed escort. Our conversation bore excellent fruit, viz. during my visit in Urumchi I met Balta wang on his way to Peking, with an escort of about 200 armed Kalmyks. When the escort at Balta's command dropped from their horses and pressed their foreheads to the earth in front of the great Bakshi or teacher, Balta informed me that he had gotten a promise from his father of an allowance of 3,000 liang or 4,000 rubles in Russian money per year, and that he did not intend to stay in Peking, but wanted to travel to Japan to study at the military academy or at some university. After concluding his studies he intended to come to Finland, and then we could perhaps travel together to Berlin and London.

My encounter with this young prince in Urumchi was a very pleasant and refreshing intermezzo. In Finland I received letters from Balta in Tokyo a few times, where in due course he actually took the examination for officer. Nothing came of his trip to Finland, however, since the government of China named Prince Balta of the Torgouts to be governor of the Altai district. During the time he was governor he founded, along the upper course of the Irtysh River, a city named Shara süme (The Yellow Temple), in the

neighborhood of which a residence for him was constructed. In 1912 at the request of the authorities in Khalkha (or Outer Mongolia) I wrote a letter from Urga to Shara süme, in which Balta was urged to join the Mongolian liberation movement. I don't know whether this letter reached him, but from the Mongolian side I did hear later that Governor Balta did not participate in the Chinese war against the Mongols, because, as he alleged, he had insufficient weapons, and the government of China for its part did not dare entrust him with weapons shipments from Peking. At the same time I can mention that Balta wang brought along a Japanese wife when he returned from Japan. His father, Bayar, had a Tibetan wife, the daughter of the Tibetan minister of finance.

After an especially pleasant stay together, which left me with delightful memories of Jirgalangtu, Prince Bayar and his family, his methods of governing and above all else his cultural interests, I returned to the city of Shih-ho. Before long I went out on another trip, this time in an easterly direction. All the numerous rivers and mountain streams, which flow northwards and continue the white spots of the "motley ribs", dry up very soon in the sands on the steppes which extend from the mountain slopes and foothills towards the north. In almost every valley and by every river are residences, and since the rivers flow at about a day's journey from each other, travel in these parts is relatively easy and reminds one of civilized circumstances. In the large towns along the rivers there are plenty of caravan-sarais or rest-stops for caravans with rooms along the outer of the courtyard squares. Beside each room is a covered shed, and through a hole in the wall of the room one can keep an eye on the horses and loads. Directly opposite the gate stands a more respectable building at the disposal of high officials. Since a day's travel between the rest stops was somewhat strenuous, the village inhabitants set up, beginning early in the morning, halfway on the road, snacking places in a tent or under a temporary roof. The general fare in these tents was ash-mantu, i.e., <u>ash</u> or rice pudding

boiled in sheep fat and spiced with carrots, and *mantu*, or steam-cooked wheat rolls.

The road from Shih-ho to Urumchi is a part of that road employed in antiquity, which in Chinese history is known under the name of the *pei-lu* or the Northern Highway. A similarly famed road, the *nan-lu* or Southern Highway, once led along the southern edge of the desert region far south of T'ien-shan, just as the *pei-lu* went along the northern edge of the mountain range.

Along the road from Shih-ho to Urumchi were many formerly well-populated cities which now lie in ruins. The largest ruined city along my road was Manas, which was ravaged during the so-called Dungan Rebellion during the years 1860-1864. Some of the houses in Manas were still standing upright, but had no roofs. During our journey in these areas Arshaa and I generally had a lot of company, and at *ash-mantu* snacks as a rule people from both directions gathered together.

The days were hot and at noon we took long siestas. In the cool evenings we tried to continue our trip as long as possible. This had its risks, as I noted one evening, when in the dusk far ahead of us we heard a peculiar, long drawn-out noise, like the yell of a drunkard. To my inquiry as to whether that was a drunken man, a Kalmyk, who was riding beside me, replied, "Yes, it was a drunken man." Immediately thereafter he added softly to the others, "Now he's grown cautious too."

On their trips the Kalmyks namely never mention the tiger by its right name, but avoid this designation by employing other words: the most ordinary are *küčtē* "the mighty one", or *ereen* "the motley one". A little further on we became aware of a bloody horse carcass with a saddle on its back, and beside it things scattered helter-skelter. Not a hair was seen of the traveller. My fellow travellers presumed that "the drunken one" had dragged him off into a thicket.

In a caravansaray a peculiar and unexpected event occurred. Arshaa had placed the bucket we were cooking soup in on the fire in front of the little chamber of the saray, and according to his custom had at once gone to water the horses. When he came back he reported that there was another European in this same caravansaray, and that he was somewhere outside at present. On trips like this I generally wore a light Kalmyk summer caftan in which at a distance I could easily be taken for a Kalmyk. I went to look for a man in European dress, but at first found no one. Then however a man dressed in Chinese style turned up just outside the gate, but in point of fact he was an ordinary white-skinned European. He came up to me at once and inquired whether I spoke French. When I replied that I preferred to speak some other language he addressed me in English. Before long we were speaking German to each other. He was quite curious to know everything about me. I informed him that I came from Finland, that I was on a linguistic expedition and was especially interested in Kalmyk dialects and lexicon, and that I was visiting these parts thanks to a travel grant from Helsinki University. Of course I gave my name honestly, both Christian names and surname. When I in turn asked what country he was from, he replied that he was of no country and had not been a citizen of any country for more than twenty years. I asked his name, but he replied that since I was a Lutheran it did not pay for him to say his name, since he had no family name. His only kingdom was God's kingdom. Since I wondered what he was called then, he said that people called him "Father" and that he was just a little servant of God and Jesus. More than twenty years had gone past since he abandoned his fatherland, his family name and all connection with the past. To begin with I was astonished at his evasive manner of speaking, but the fellow was friendly and inquired sympathetically about the trials of my journey. He wondered very much where I was getting adequate food from. I told him that my Kalmyk

servant generally prepared my food and that now and then I cooked or roasted something for myself. In these parts one got both rice and Chinese macaroni; there was fruit and sufficient mutton.

We strolled at an easy pace in through the gate, across the courtyard and up to the room I had hired in the inn. Then the man asked whether I really had not brought along any canned goods, cheese or some good preserved sausage. When I answered negatively he asked me to come across the courtyard to a room where he had his stopping place. There he dug out of his baggage different kinds of sausage and cut me some slices to taste. "How does that one taste?" "Fine." "And this one here? It should be better." The sausages were hard, salted and peppered, the so-called "permanent sausages". "Without these," said the Father, "I'd never travel anywhere. We have a brother in Jesus who makes very good sausages. And this sausage here, it's better yet, isn't it?" I tasted it. "But," he said, "you positively need some good beer to go with it."

As for me, I thought, though to be sure without uttering a word about it, how odd it was that a person could renounce his fatherland, all worldly connections, his kin, his family name, but--not sausage.

The Father or pater was a Jesuit monk, apparently a Belgian or German by origin, but had no other homeland than that part of China which was his area of work. With great satisfaction and as proof of the progress of his work he showed me a lot of photographs in different sizes of Chinese buildings with crosses on the roof and interiors where there were Chinese Christians.

Just as in other places in China the Jesuits pursued an especially devoted missionary work in T'ien-shan and generally did not leave their posts even during wartime and uprisings, but continued their activities unto death. This worthy pater was one of these, "a humble servant of Jesus."

Every day we drew closer to Urumchi with no further adventures. We travelled along the main highway, if a caravan road can be called that at all, since the "road" was really just the trampled ground where tracks of wheels etc. showed that one was on the right course. In the north there spread out (it seemed to infinity) fields thickly grown with reeds, and to the south the snow-topped peaks of the T'ien-shan mountain range rose brushing against clouds. On our trip from west to east we could have continued along the highway up to the city of Ku-cheng (=Ch'i-t'ai), but the road forked and we set our course to the southeast. We climbed slowly up the mighty slopes and finally came down to a valley, which we followed up to the city of Urumchi, located between the mountains which draw continually nearer.

The city is situated high up, and therefore is cool in the summertime. Apart from the Chinese officials, its inhabitants are composed of either Dungans or a local Turkic population which the Kalmyks call Taranchis, "farmers". These real inhabitants proper of the countryside usually are called Turks or Uighurs. Most common is for inhabitants to call themselves according to the city or place, as Urumchilik, or Turpanlik, Khamilik, etc., according to the names of the largest cities. The Dungans are descendants of the Chinese who have lived in these parts for centuries; they dress and live like Chinese, but are Muslims by religion. Besides, Kalmyks live out on the steppes, and [in the mountain valleys] there are even Kirghiz or Kara-Kirghiz. Since there are also Kara-Kirghiz on the Russian side it often happened that large groups of the population crossed over the border from Russia fleeing taxation, and with cattle and tent took up residence in the valleys of the T'ien-shan mountains. On this account constant disputes arose between Russian and Chinese officials.

The city of Urumchi is first and foremost a popular summer visiting spot for householders, rich Taranchis. The

same persons who live in Urumchi during the summer may pass the winter in the city of Turfan located some dozen leagues away. Turfan is very hot in the summertime. There are splendid gardens there, and in general the entire area is a well-cultivated old cultural region.

In Urumchi I got a place to stay in a house which belonged to a wealthy Taranchi. A German photographer was also staying there. His wife served me the mid-day meal for a fee. The house was located near the consulate which temporarily was directed by a young man named Bobrovnikov. The consulate comprised splendid buildings, including a church and quarters for the soldiers. According to ancient custom in China, every foreign consul had the right to maintain a sufficiently large protective garrison. I enjoyed associating with the commander of the troops, a young lieutenant, the doctor for the consulate, Dr. Kokhanovski, and with Acting-Consul Bobrovnikov. Among other things we liked to take short trips out into the mountains. Otherwise I spent my entire time recording Arshaa's data and in going through the dictionary as precisely as possible. It was time-consuming labor to write down Kalmyk customs and sagas according to what Arshaa said. My landlord, who as I said was a photographer, was an all-around man. He prepared the photographic plates he needed himself by dissolving silver. From my stay in Urumchi there also deserves to be mentioned my earlier-discussed encounter with Balta wang on the square, some visits to the Chinese authorities, and a pleasant meeting which took place at the reception for Dolbezhev, the newly-appointed consul.

All educated Russians in the city had been urged to come in from [as far as] half a day's trip away from Urumchi to meet the new consul. Some tents were set up beside the road, and refreshments and sweetmeats had been brought along from the consulate. The day was warm and sultry. I had been very reluctant to take the trip. After a long

wait the consul turned up in his troika in a cloud of dust, accompanied by a Russian priest, Father Nikolai, who complained about the road and the trip into these wild parts and said that there really were no roads here at all; a real road was convex and had ditches on both sides. When someone asked him where there were roads like that, he explained that in Finland all roads were of that type and that he himself was from Finland. Father Nikolai was born and had gone to school in Helsinki, and was the son of a Russian official. When Consul Dolbezhev told him that I too was from Finland, Father Nikolai got excited, took out of his travelling bag a big Finnish matchbox and offered me sweets from the well-known Fazer company. I knew Consul Dolbezhev well from the time when he was secretary at the Consulate in Urga and in this connection took no part in the investigation of the [dramatic] suicide which I related in the section on my trip to Mongolia. Twenty years later I met Mr. Dolbezhev again. Then he was living in Peking as a private tutor in Russian, quite poor, inasmuch as in his previous capacity as a consul, that is, an official of Czarist times, he was certainly in the Bolshevik's views a "highly dangerous person".

Northeast of Urumchi rises a grand, gloomy mountain, the Bogdo Uula, "the divine mountain". It lifts its stately crown high towards heaven. On top snow-clad, lower down woods-covered, it affords a splendid sight. From its side smoke could be seen rising up, and it was thought to be a volcano. Arshaa and I once went out to take a closer look at this 'fire-spurting mountain', and after a long ride up the mountain slopes finally approached the place from which the smoke was rising. It turned out that Bogdo Uula was no volcano at all, but that the smoke came from clefts with extensive layers of coal, which probably owing to carelessness with fire had caught fire. Here and there along the mountain slopes could be seen roads, along which coal had been transported and still continues to be transported.

On the same trip we met some Kalmyks and Mongols who asked us to come a little higher up on the mountain, where they had their yurts and herds. These Kalmyks and Mongols maintained that at different places in the mountains there were hundreds of families, who to avoid taxes had taken up residence in a valley and lived quite nicely there on their own responsibility. They obeyed no government or prince. During our conversation with the Mongols, Arshaa alleged according to past practice that I was a prince. The Mongols grew very interested and were of the opinion that they might well get permission from the Chinese government to have me officially appointed prince over them, but to the distress of Arshaa and the refugees I did not assent to this proposal.

I spent the summer and fall in Urumchi, but toward the end of October the weather turned raw and cold. For a week there had been ice here and there in the Urumchi valley, so I decided to travel back in the direction of Chuguchak. Even Vereshchagin, the buyer of live animals whom I mentioned earlier, had been in Urumchi. About a week prior to this he had gone out on his return journey the same way. When he departed, the road was still wet and muddy here and there, but when I travelled the ground was already quite frozen. His good horses had to wade in the mud and clay and soon got tired, for which reason after some days I travelled right past him and continued at a good pace to Shih-ho.

While I rested up in Shih-ho, Prince Bayar came along with another Kalmyk prince to greet me. A Chinese theatrical troupe had arrived in Shih-ho, and Bayar wang commissioned theatrical performances in my honor. Chinese theater companies are hired for a certain number of days and under certain conditions. The actors set up their stage on some open area, by a marketplace or a street. In front of the stage as many tables as the patron wants are set up. Behind these reserved tables is set up a kind of low enclosure but behind it all the inhabitants of the town or village have the right to position themselves to view the play. In Shih-ho I sat

between the two princes, and the Chinese actors brought tea and Chinese delicacies to the table in front of us. When the performance is ready to begin, the leader of the theatrical company displays a list of all the plays the troupe has in its repertoire, and the guests of honor or the persons paying for it have the right to choose what they want. Bayar wang chose first, and got a very pleasant number. But after that he asked me to look up in the Chinese catalogue what I wanted, and my finger fell on a most indecent story, in which only three actors took part, two men and a woman. The situation was saved by the other Kalmyk prince, Niite by name and Beise by title, who knew Chinese better than I did and was acquainted with the content of the item chosen, and my chagrin subsided. Hundreds of viewers had gathered behind us to see the entire performance gratis.

From Shih-ho our trip continued northwards towards the same mountain range where, as I have observed, it was difficult to travel. A few weeks after departure from Urumchi I again approached Chuguchak. One evening I had already pitched my tent on the desolate steppe to spend the night there, and to be able to continue my trip early the next morning in the hope of reaching Chuguchak in the afternoon. Meanwhile four Cossacks came riding at full gallop with a summons from consul Sokov for me to proceed as soon as possible to the consulate. The soldiers quickly loaded my cart and we travelled through the night in a blinding snowstorm. It was a real torment for my poor horses and I myself was anything but happy. I could not understand why there was such a hurry now.

My thoughts ran this way and that. To be sure, I had frankly set forth and explained to Sokov the Finnish position regarding the concept of "obedience to the Czar". I had said that the Emperor is obeyed in Finland when the commands arrive in proper order and in a legal manner, in which regard the Finnish people's rights of self-determination, which had been confirmed by the Emperor's oath, always had to be

taken into consideration. Had Consul Sokov perhaps telegraphed to his superiors in St. Petersburg about my unpretending views and had he perhaps gotten an order to arrest me? We drove in the dark, it was snowing, I was freezing, hungry and disturbed in mind.

About 3 a.m. the galloping horses came up to the consulate, and we drove directly in to the large courtyard. There stood Consul Sokov waiting with a friendly smile and immediately invited me into his place, where a richly-covered table and a hot samovar were waiting for me. The consul asked me to be calm and listen to some strange news. He showed me a pack of newspapers and said that he had gotten no mail from Russia for ten days. This was the 3rd of December, 1905. The Consul informed me that the war against Japan was lost and that the entire Russian empire was in chaos. A general strike or something similar had been proclaimed. Who had declared the strike, no one knew, but according to the latest communiqués railway traffic had also stopped. Or more correctly stated, the soldiers returning from Manchuria were putting on airs and giving orders everywhere. A kind of revolution had broken out all through Russia, and here and there struggles were going on between those loyal to the government, and the revolutionaries.

Consul Sokov had withdrawn and gotten a receipt for 700 rubles against my account, and gave it to me while we had our tea.

In the consul's view it was best for me to stay as his guest and under his protection until circumstances had calmed down. He had his own soldiers, and both of us were in a neutral territory. He could not say whether I was a revolutionary, but in any event the road to Finland was blocked. Moreover, Finland had declared war on the empire. Against this last allegation I had much to say, but the Consul gave me the newspapers which he had on hand for that purpose and told me to take them along to my room.

The day had already begun to dawn, when I retired to the room which had been put in order for me. I had a hard time falling asleep, and began to read the newspapers. A paper which came out in Omsk reported in a special telegram from St. Petersburg, that Obolenskii, the Governor-General of Finland, had fled from Helsinki to St. Petersburg on board the battleship Slava and that all Finland's naval forces and pilot service was under the command of General Sheman (Sjöman). In other papers, at least in the Siberian ones, were strange telegrams about conditions in Finland. From these I got the impression that people in St. Petersburg knew nothing about Finland and the events there. Most of the news was highly alarming and was calculated to give someone not acquainted with the circumstances the idea that Finland was in open warfare against the Imperial government.

When I thought things over for a few days, it gradually became clear to me that in spite of the general strike all roads could not be completely closed all over Russia. I sold my horses and my tent, as well as all unnecessary equipment. My carriage I exchanged for a large Russian travelling sleigh, in which I managed to place my indispensible baggage after exact calculation and adaptation. I acquired a large sheepskin coat, the so-called Barnaul kind, which had the black-colored skin side out, and the thick wool inside. At the same time I was so fortunate as to come upon a black Siberian winter cap which securely protected me against the cold. During my residence at the consulate I gradually became convinced that I really ought to try to return to Finland. I had sufficient money, even if I were compelled to travel by stage-horses all the way home, and besides, it was known that in spite of everything trains were moving on the Siberian line and in Russia. Perhaps I would be lucky enough to get on a train. When I placed my plan before the Consul he considered this not entirely impossible, and he helped me both with organizing my trip to the border and with coming to an agreement about stagecoach as far as the city of Omsk.

Before my departure Consul Sokov gave me a rather large envelope which as far as I knew contained two letters: the one a request for relief from duty for half a year (the Consul missed his family), and the other, an ordinary statement and monthly financial report to the Foreign Ministry and furnished with the consulate's splendid red wax seal. I promised to leave these documents and get a receipt at the first open post-office.

Arshaa, my Kalmyk, who served me faithfully, was paid off generously and received in addition a lot of my things which I now no longer needed. With tears in his eyes he followed me to the border, and after our farewell he fell on his knees imploring his gods to bless me.

I was quite comfortable when I lay in my sleigh, which was long and broad in the rear. The sleigh moreover was so outfitted that I was quite well protected from wind and snow. Under the sled-robe of sheepskin and wrapped in my huge coat, I slept soundly, while the coachman cracked his whip and shrieked at his three horses. Thus we travelled from one stagecoach stop to another. When I grew hungry or cold I made a stop at a posthouse when we changed horses.

As early as at the first station it was clear that something unusual was in progress. In the town streets and by many houses drunken fellows were seen. The liquor stores had been plundered everywhere. Everyone, both sober and drunken, talked about freedom, "svobóda". Presumably Russians had now finally gotten the freedom they so longed for.

When at one stagecoach stop I made inquiries and wondered what "svobóda" meant, they explained to me that it certainly meant the freedom to take ground to plow where one wanted. The Kirghiz had a lot of earth which was suitable to cultivate. The Russians were not allowed to touch that, since it supposedly was the property of the Kirghiz, as if the Czar were the Czar of the Kirghiz and not of

the Russians. Now the Czar himself had given everyone who so desired freedom to cultivate the soil. That of course was what freedom meant, they explained. So, I crawled back up on the sleigh and we travelled on until it was mealtime again.

It was the same thing all over again at the next station: drunken men and talk about "svobóda". I again asked what the manifesto issued by the Czar actually meant by "svobóda" and if one could see it. No one had seen it, but they had gotten freedom, that much was certain. I tried to get more information about the matter, and they expalined to me that freedom certainly meant freedom from taxation. Hereafter one did not have to pay any more taxes, but could live as free as the birds in the sky, people explained at this stop. The same kind of drinking and similarly confused prattle was heard along the road in every town I stopped in. In one place, near which forest grew, people explained that hereafter anyone could cut as many trees as he wished, and that the crown's forest-warden could not hinder them in this. Now the inhabitants of the locality were rich, since they could freely cut and sell wood.

Later in another village where I arrived late at night, people were rejoicing as everywhere about freedom, except the innkeeper who was very alarmed. He asked me in to his own quarters, so we could get tea to drink and talk, just the two of us. Perhaps I may remind the reader that I brought along both an Imperial courier's passport, and a large envelope addressed to the Foreign Ministry. On the basis of this I was generally taken by the innkeepers to be a consul or at least a person in service of the Foreign Ministry. This landlord, in spite of everything, wanted to pour out his troubles to me. He asked me what I thought about granting freedom. That is something ghastly, he said. The Czar surely has the right to give all honorable persons freedom, but he should not give criminals freedom nor empty all the prisons. He himself had had more than thirty horses.

Five or six of these had been stolen. The thieves had finally been caught and the innkeeper himself had guided their capture. The thieves were kept in prison but now they had naturally gotten loose. They could turn up at any moment whatsoever to take his life. To console this distressed innkeeper I stayed overnight in his room.

From Semipalatinsk on, my trip went via the ice of the Irtysh River. It was smooth and even and there was not very much snow, for which reason the journey was speedy. On both sides of the ice-cover rose the high banks of the broad river, which often were quite close to us, now on the right, now on the left. One afternoon some wolves followed us for a long way, running along the shores. In the dark of night we saw only the smooth ice beneath us and the bright stars above.

I had paid for my trip as far as Omsk, but at the last station before it they declined to travel on. Not a single fellow would serve as driver. And the document which showed that I was the Czar's courier no longer had the least effect. It was reported that Omsk in consequence of riots and plundering had been almost leveled to the ground and that it was not even advisable to go to the railway station, located three kilometers nearer. After a delay of several hours at the stagecoach station, I finally managed, by promising a fare of 50 rubles, to get a youngish man to take me and my baggage to the railway station. Upon my arrival there I noticed at once that something special was in the offing. Soldiers, some of whom obviously were drunk, roved in large numbers about the station and its vicinity. Several trains came, all on their way west. In spite of everything I got myself and my things through the crowds to the second-class restaurant of the station.

In the restaurant was a large group of young officers, who sat at the tables or in groups along the walls, several

with loaded revolvers in front of them. I piled my baggage in a corner of the big restaurant hall behind the table of some young officers, made their acquaintance and when the question of food and drink came up offered to treat the whole company. The remainder of the afternoon I sat with the officers and spent the night sleeping along the wall beside my things.

The sleigh in which I had come was my own, as were also some good pelts and a sheepskin cover. All these things were now in the courtyard of the station house. I wondered what I was going to do with them. They should have been sold, but when I got up in the morning neither sleigh nor anything else was left.

The next day I wandered through the halls and passageways of the great station, brooding over my situation. At the same time I looked up on the walls and read the numerous public notices, instructions and provisions which the railway management and the military authorities had issued. There was simply nothing else to do. From the platform were heard quarrels and curses, and naturally the roars of drunken people. Most of the persons sitting in the second-class restaurant were officers, having taken flight there to be in peace from their own soldiers. I gradually got in very well with the company at the table behind which I had placed my things, and since I had a Russian peasant's coat on and a long beard, and moreover looked quite run-down, I awoke no particular notice amongst the soldiers.

When some trains longer than usual arrived at the station, the officers kept the door to the restaurant closed, but sometimes crowds of soldiers tried to force their way into the hall. Once a large group of soldiers with a loud-mouthed sergeant at the head came quite a way into the room and he began to preach. "Well, officers, probably you are aware of the Emperor's latest manifesto? From now on all officers are demoted to ordinary soldiers and soldiers are advanced to officers. It is you officers who have lost the

war. You have neither courage nor craftsmanship. Here you sit now like rabbits, you embezzlers of the Czar and the Crown's property!" A young officer sitting nearby tried to get rid of the fellows with a few friendly words. "Don't talk such nonsense, buddy. Where would they get money from to pay so many officers, if every soldier was promoted? We haven't gotten any pay for a long time either." Behind his back I pushed a score of rubles to the officer and whispered to him to give these to the man. Finally he succeeded in getting the soldiers out without more trouble. I noticed however that some of the older officers in their excitement had reached for their revolvers.

Moving around outside on the platform I saw people who had come to the station from all over in order to continue their journey, but it was impossible to persuade the members of the strike committee (whom I met here and there after the departure of the trains) to allow tickets to be sold or people in general to be permitted to travel. Only soldiers returning from the war got onto trains. Assuredly now there was a general strike everywhere in the Russian empire.

Among those who wanted to travel was even a businessman. During an interval when there were no trains at the station and not too many people on the platform, we fell into conversation. He stated that about a week ago he had sent a whole carload of butter tubs west, as best I remember, to Moscow. He was now quite anxious about the fate of the valuable cargo. In all probability even locked cars were being broken open, as soon as there was some opportunity for it, since no one seemed to show any concern for the provisioning of officers and men. Since I too was on my way to Moscow we came to an agreement to jointly try to strike on some means of travel. I thought that eventually we could tag along in the soldiers' oxcarts in exchange

for payment and treating them to food. This idea appealed to the businessman so much that he began to try it out. He talked to some soldiers who had just stepped down from the next train that arrived, and to his joy heard that for a charge of 20 rubles he could at once climb in the car out of which these fellows were coming. As soon as he had given them the money, some of the soldiers left him behind in the car, while others went to buy vodka. When the liquor buyers returned and began to drink vodka in their car, soldiers from other cars came and demanded twenty rubles for each car to let the man stay on the train. When the merchant heard such conditions he got out of sorts and had all kinds of trouble getting out of the soldiers' clutches. I followed developments at a safe distance and pulled back to a safer position behind the backs of my officer acquaintances.

Hanging around the station at Omsk was both dangerous and hard on the nerves. Outside the stationhouse I got hold of a man who had come by sleigh from the city of Omsk proper, and I hired him to carry me and my baggage to a hotel in the city. In the big two-story hotel one room was vacant on the ground floor, right beside the main entrance. My things were brought there and placed, according to my instructions, in a corner by the long wall facing the street. Next, I left my hotel to see the town and above all else to spruce myself up. My sheepskin coat was dirty and worn-out, nor was my cap very nice-looking, and my beard was long and shaggy. On the main street of Omsk, where the biggest shops were located, I looked for a store with ready-made clothing. As I was wandering along the sidewalks there came a great host of people from the west with red banners at the head, singing the Internationale. Like the other passers-by on the street I was urged to follow them. Someone took me by the arm, and we went along with the demonstration procession. Behind us additional people had gathered, when suddenly

shots were heard in front of us. It was soldiers and Cossacks who had fired, but by good fortune just warning shots. At the sound of the shots the man beside me and I hastily sneaked in through the open gate of the yard of a nearby house. Just at that moment someone, probably the landlord or the janitor, closed the gate-halves and placed a thick boom across the door. There we stood in the courtyard, pressed against the corner of the stone building.

Running and cries were heard on the street. Meanwhile I inquired of the janitor for a Jew-store and a barber. He informed me that in the neighboring building south of the courtyard was a Jewish shop with entrance from the other street. The store was naturally closed now, but the Jew lived in the same building, so perhaps I could get hold of him, if I could get over the fence. Together we placed a ladder against the high stone fence and finally I found myself in the courtyard of the neighboring building. It was not hard to find the Jew's quarters and the man himself. For thirty rubles I sold him my coat and cap. Then, in his shop , to which we had come in from the courtyard, I selected a relatively passable gentleman's coat and cap for 130 rubles. The coat was of black fabric outside, with a lining of black-colored rabbit-skin and a collar of gray kangaroo. The peaked cap was made of poor Astrakhan leather. Since there was the matter of hair and beard, I also got my hair cut and my luxuriant beard tidied up at the Jew's place.

When I went out the gate again to the other street, probably no one could really recognize, in the freshly-decked out gentleman, the same person who had recently appeared clad as a Russian peasant.

I walked back in the direction of my hotel and some distance away became aware that the walls had marks of shots and that windows on both floors were broken. The staff at the hotel, however, recognized me as the same

person who had left a few hours before, and let me in. At the same time they announced that I had to leave the hotel at once, since a general and some other high-ranking military men were expected there. These military people were already at the station; I managed to arrange it that my baggage and I were placed in one of the three sleighs which stood ready to go to the station to fetch them. So there I was at the station again, and my baggage was put in the same corner where it had been before my trip to Omsk.

Once more I brooded about what was to be done. When I looked at the announcements and notices on the walls of the station corridors again, my eye fell suddenly on a name under one of these. It was either Högström or Häggström. While I was still scrutinizing this name a man chanced to go past in the corridor. I hailed him and inquired who this Högström was. The man claimed to be a railway official, and Högström was his chief superior, the traffic chief for the Fifth Railway Division of the Siberian Railway Authority. Högström could be a Finn, I thought. As I recall that notice dealt with the purchase of cross-ties. The railway official I talked with even knew that he was not a real Russian.

Högström lived, the man said, on the third floor in the big stone building of the railway authority, which lay some distance from the station, but, he added, Högström was not available since no one knew where he was. "Earlier we railroaders used to have the right to make decisions in railway affairs," said the man, "but since the outbreak of the war the military authorities have taken matters in hand and certainly put everything in a mess. Now in turn the general strike committees, the socialists and every scoundrel in the world have usurped the right of decision from the military authorities too. I am now wearing civilian clothing," added the man, "but I am one of the chief conductors on passenger trains." I placed a few rubles in his palm, whereupon he, who had more than enough time, walked with me in the direction of the residence of his superior Högström.

The man accompanied me as far as the main entrance and told me to go up to the third floor, where with help of the name plate or a trace of it I ought to strike on the right one. At the door, which still showed a trace of a name plate being recently torn off, I rang the bell and waited. After I rang once again the door was opened by an older woman, apparently a maid, who explained that Mr. Högström was away on a trip. I produced a visiting card which I handed the woman, while asking her to convey greetings from a Finnish traveller.

I went down the stairs very slowly and stopped on the second floor to look out through the window towards the station, while I wondered to myself about these non-existent travel possibilities. Even my sleigh was gone. Meanwhile, the door opened on the third floor, and a female voice said almost in a whisper, "Herr doktor, come back." I at once went up the steps and in through the door which was closed and locked behind me. Into the hall came a rather short, dark-haired younger man, who said he was Högström. It might have been 11 o'clock in the morning. I was seated at the breakfast table where I got to explain my strange situation. Mr. Högström's wife also turned up. Since there was no haste, and Mr. Högström, according to what the strike committee presumed, was someplace else, I spent the entire day in his home. There I was able to rest up, and later was even invited to dinner. It began to grow dark. Högström wanted to give me 4,000 rubles, all that he had in cash. He had drawn this out of the bank the previous day in a round-about way. He asked me to take this sum with me to Finland to deposit it there in a Finnish bank in his name. On the night of the previous day the revolutionaries had broken into a bank, carried off its money and destroyed the books. Högström was concerned for his life as well as his money, but for me it was certainly impossible to accept his money to take to Finland until I myself could travel.

Things didn't work out to travel with the soldiers, and I was unable to hit on any other way to do it.

While we ate supper I learned from the engineer's wife that the chief of the railway directorate had his own car which was somewhere in the train-yard at Omsk. As we drank our evening tea a plan began to form. If the empty car could be sent to Chelyabinsk I might be able to go along.

Since it was dark already, Högström had one of his subordinate railway men called to the kitchen, with whom an agreement about the matter was made. About 1 in the morning a military train from the east was expected. It was to take on a trustworthy man from Omsk as locomotive engineer. Both the strike committee as well as the military authorities were to be informed that the car of the chief of the railway division was to come along as the final car of the train. The railway man likewise got an order to have my baggage secretly taken from the second-class restaurant in the station to the car in question. I gave the man my visiting card, where I wrote to the officers that they should turn over the baggage to the bearer of the card, since I claimed I had gotten a place to stay and was unable to come myself.

Högström and his wife were not Finns, but came from Kiev. A Finnish general, one Högström, had once upon a time in Kiev adopted a lad and had him educated as an engineer. He was now the highest official of the westernmost division of the Siberian Railway. He could not speak either Swedish or Finnish, but would have liked very much to come to Finland. With this understanding in general we agreed about matters. In Russia he did not want to stay. He showed me souvenirs of his foster-father, and his wife played Björneborgarna's march (Lorilaisten marssi) and other Finnish melodies on the piano.

In the middle of the night Högström the engineer led me in the shadow of innumerable cars and along strange

winding paths over the track-yard to the car of the traffic chief. No light could be struck. In the car there was a separate kitchen, a sleeping compartment, a work-room and a large reception room. In a corner of this largest room stood all my things from the station nicely piled up, both my suitcases as well as my trunk, so that I could take out what I wished. In the drawer of the big table lay a couple of big revolvers and in one corner stood a powerful rifle. The table was certainly the railway chief's work-table. In the walls in this section hung all kinds of drawings showing the rise and fall of the track at different sections of line. The curtains in the sleeping compartment were carefully drawn. Högström explained that he still had to give me a certificate which entitled me to travel. Before long he had before him a form printed on a big, splendid piece of paper. There he inscribed my name: "Ramstedt, Railway Technician." This document he gave me in the event some station-master or higher military official might barge into the car to check whether it was empty, or who wanted to speak to the chief, Engineer Högström.

With this paper in my hands I was henceforth an engineer in the Siberian Railway Directorate's Fifth Division, and was travelling on official business to Chelyabinsk and back. My commission presumably was to seek out in Chelyabinsk any locomotives belonging to Omsk which had been left behind or which later might arrive there. Since traffic had been moving solely from east to west the whole time, and because of interference and haste by strikers and soldiers, hardly any trains were being dispatched in the opposite direction. According to Engineer Högström, in a few days no locomotives would be left in the station in Omsk.

When the train arrived at the station in Omsk, the locomotive engineer came to see that the apparently empty car was fastened to the military train. The train got underway, but slackened pace a few kilometers from the

station, whereupon Mr. Högström disappeared into the darkness of night. He hopped off the train and returned home on foot.

There I was in a car on my way to my homeland. At first I thought I was alone, but on the kitchen side was a man who accompanied me as far as Chelyabinsk. The fellow was a railwayman and had been furnished by Högström. In addition, as I was able to discover for myself in the morning, the kitchen section was especially well-equipped. The railwayman came in with a samovar and for my sake we had eggs, ham, sandwiches and other goodies, apparently arranged for by Mr. and Mrs. Högström. The railwayman took for granted that I really was the new engineer whom he had chanced to hear spoken of the previous week. When the train stopped at a station, not a sound was heard from our car, but in between times we could even turn on a light. The only exit was through the latched door, which the railwayman in fact used from time to time to secure water and whatever else was needed.

Five long days and nights this trip from Omsk to Chelyabinsk lasted; it usually takes only half this time. For me it was pretty hard to keep in mind that I was now a railway official and had to act this part for the friendly and willing-to-serve man I had as travelling companion.

After all my difficulties and trials in Omsk, the trip between Omsk and Chelyabinsk had a very calming effect on me. Now and then my conductor-companion got out in the dark of night at the stations and actually managed to get chickens, bread, milk and so on. Quarrels and fights often occurred in the cars ahead of us since there were no officers or other higher-ranking persons accompanying the train. As was frequently the case, our train too had two locomotives. It was said that some master machinists and stokers from the ships at Port Arthur were on the train. These wanted to practice driving the train, for which reason the trains with rioting soldiers were always equipped with extra locomotives. Thus the journey passed peacefully until Chelyabinsk.

Before I got out of my splendid car I informed my travelling companion that I was now leaving him and the car wholly and completely. He was utterly amazed and asked me with tears in his eyes to come back to Omsk, since it was impossible for him to get the car back there alone. He certainly had believed that Engineer Ramstedt really was one of the chief officials of the Siberian Railways. Then I gave the fellow a generous tip, wished him well, and left the military train.

The station in Chelyabinsk seemed to have custodians of public order in abundance. The city was reputed to have a strong military force under the control of a commandant. People knew about the strike, to be sure, but the order otherwise was the same as under the Czar's rule. I left my luggage in charge of porters and went to find the offices of the military command. I now made use of my Imperial courier's paper and the letter from the consulate. Since they kept on saying that it was impossible to travel further, because there were numerous places along the track where the revolutionaries were masters and certainly would drive all civilians out, I made the plea that the Czar's courier should be helped on his way to St. Petersburg and that if conditions in Russia were chaotic (and here I took refuge in a lie) the Russian subjects in China were in still greater distress. This document (the letter from the consulate) had to be conveyed to the Foreign Ministry without delay. I was sent from one office to another and finally found myself in the antechamber of the commandant of the Chelyabinsk office himself, waiting my turn. There were all kinds of persons seeking assistance, with errands of the most diverse kind. A major who was acting as the commandant's right-hand man or secretary received me, when just then another officer came in suddenly and announced that a murder had taken place at the station. As recently as the previous day, stated the major, two policemen had been shot and the commandant had to appropriate money for the

funerals, although he had few resources at his disposal. In the course of my conversation with the major, a young man in civilian clothes pushed his way into the room and weeping and wailing demanded money. From his papers it seemed that he was an assistant medical attendant with the Sixth Ambulance Mobile Corps, stationed in St. Petersburg. The man was named Yemilianov and he was from St. Petersburg. He stated that in Irkutsk a few weeks ago he had gotten two rubles in food-money for the trip. Since then two weeks had passed and he had begged food from soldiers and other people during the trip, but was now starving and demanded the daily ration which was due him according to the decisions of the military authorities themselves. He unbuttoned his dirty overcoat and showed that he no longer even had a shirt. He had sold it, his shoes were tattered and his toes stuck out of them. When the major explained embarrassedly that matters of the Red Cross were not under his command, the young man cast himself weeping full-length on the floor. With the major's permission I gave him ten rubles, whereupon the man at once got up and kissed my hand. The major scratched his head and led me and young Yemilianov into another room, where he closely examined the latter's papers.

The Sixth Ambulance Mobile Corps had been sent out in the name of the Czarina, Empress Maria, and Yemilianov really served there as a Red Cross man. When I announced that I had several hundred rubles at my disposal, the major led us both in to the commandant and suggested that Yemilianov and I should travel together. The commandant approved the plan. Then papers were issued. My name? I showed him my passport, where it said I was a doctor. "Quite excellent," said the major, "then you are not a consul." From a doctor of philosophy I was transformed into a doctor of medicine and the assistant chief of the Sixth Ambulance Mobile Corps, Dr. Ramstedt. The certificate was issued on the grounds that my original papers had been reportedly lost. To Yemilianov the major explained that he would get to travel

with me to St. Petersburg at my expense, but that from now on he had to keep in mind the while time the fact that I was his chief, since the ambulance train had been sent off from St. Petersburg. I was able to round up a shirt for Yemilianov in a short while, but the shoes he wanted he did not get until Vyazma, far into European Russia.

Yemilianov was a 17-year-old youngster who would even have been nice-looking if he hadn't been so thin. He stated that in his enthusiasm for his native land he had left home and the gymnasium in his next-to-last year, to go off to war. His father was a railroad man and worked on the Nikolayev line. Yemilianov was a good travelling companion. He was my humble servant and of great help in everything. Besides watching my baggage I now had difficulties maintaining my act. When travelling in second-class, where there were officers and other persons involved in the war, it now and then happened that I was asked about one thing or another touching on the Sixth Ambulance Mobile Corps. An officer informed me that a friend of his named Kuznetsov lay wounded on this train and wondered whether he had survived. In such cases Yemilianov helped me willingly, since he knew things quite accurately. Generally I just answered that there were hundreds of wounded and operations were taking place day and night, for which reason I could not keep track of them all. Another person asked me which track my ambulance corps was on during the battle of Mukden. Yemilianov, however, was able to give clear information about this too. It was strange to be posing as a doctor; I couldn't quite get over the thought that even here on the train someone might require a doctor's attention. When I got up in the morning I had to impress on myself that I was now a physician and not a railway engineer or a consul or myself either.

Once in the corridor of the second-class car I met a very drunk captain who among other things wanted to make my acquaintance. He introduced himself, gave his name and the

troop division he belonged to. Since I did not desire this gentleman's acquaintance, I explained that it was only this trip that brought us together, and that I would not long have the pleasure of his company. The captain got furious about the fact that an officer in the Czar's army could not, if he so desired, get acquainted with a civilian. That was an unheard-of insolence, he exclaimed. When I went in through the door of my compartment, he followed after me and drew his revolver. By good fortune an officer was sitting in the same compartment in the corner by the door, and when the captain fired off his weapon, the former struck the drunk man's hand from beneath, so that the shot went into the wall plate over the window. This caused an uproar, and the drunken officer was forcibly taken away to his own compartment to sleep off his intoxication.

At almost every station strikers were now and then wandering through the train inspecting certificates. My papers and those of Yemilianov were completely valid. Without further ado, after a few changes of train, we got to Tula, where the windows of the station building were broken out. In front of and near the station were large groups of people, both civilians and soldiers. We got off to take the train from Tula to Moscow. The crowded conditions were frightful, however, and at my advice Yemilianov at the last minute gave up trying to board that train. After the train departed and Yemilianov and I had gotten something to eat, an uproar took place at the station. Yemilianov learned that they had barely been able to bring the Moscow train to a stop somewhere before a bridge which either the strikers or the revolutionaries had destroyed. In Moscow bloody disturbances had broken out and there was shooting with machine guns in the streets. All this took place during Christmas and St. Stephen's Day of 1905.

However, trains continued to go westward from the station in Tula. We were finally lucky enough to get places for ourselves and our baggage on the train to Warsaw.

Yemilianov was amazed at the direction of our journey, but I explained to him that we could equally well travel towards Warsaw, Riga or Berlin. I promised in any event to see that he would at last get to St. Petersburg. Among other things, the train from Tula stopped in the city of Vyazma. Here we got off, after I became aware of the fact that from Vyazma there was a line going north to the station of Novo-torzhsk on the line between Moscow and St. Petersburg. We got on this train with no great difficulty. There were only a few travellers and the timetable was more or less in effect. But before we had covered half the distance, however, all travellers were ordered out. The conductors and military personnel explained that the entire train was being requisitioned to St. Petersburg. It was to be transformed to an empty train and as such go directly to St. Petersburg without stops at any intervening station.

That was just where we were heading, and with the aid of some tips we were allowed to stay on the train. Early the following morning we arrived at the Nikolai station in St. Petersburg, where the Semyonov Guards had waited for hours for this train so to travel to Moscow and quell the rebellion there. The soldiers willingly helped Yemilianov to carry my things out of the car and the conductors thanked us for the tips. While we were still at the platform, the same train pulled away in the direction of Moscow, only with the locomotive at the other end.

When I arrived in St. Petersburg, all dangers and adventures were past. The letter from the consul in Chugu-chak I managed to get into a mailbox on the Nevskii Prospect. I hope it got to the Foreign Ministry. It had rendered me great service, but during my time as a physician I had not shown it to anyone. Yemilianov and I parted the best of friends. In retrospect, I must here confess that without his help I would scarcely have been able to handle things in difficult spots. After this, I never heard from him again.

In St. Petersburg I sought out my acquaintances, including my colleague Dr. Andrei Rudnev, and finally betook myself without further delay to the Finland Station in St. Petersburg. Here marvelously good order prevailed and the remarkable thing happened that I had to buy a ticket to Lahti. I had come from Omsk all the way to St. Petersburg without paying a penny for railway travel. Once I had left St. Petersburg on the night train and toward daybreak arrived at my own home in Lahti, where I saw my family again, my strange trip home from China seemed like a chaotic memory. Later I marvelled over how quickly I again got accustomed to being myself, since I had appeared in one place or another now in one role, and now another. My wife was surprised that I had neither telegraphed nor written, but in Russia the general strike continued, whereas it had already terminated in Finland.

It was New Year's Eve that I came home.

Arshaa's Stories

As Arshaa and I often sat whole days and sometimes far into the night together, he often warmed up to tell me more of what he knew than I at the moment needed for clarification of one or another word or circumstance. Here I shall give the reader some samples of these stories and tales he told.

In Chinggis Khan's time, or perhaps even earlier, a large part of the Oirat tribe split off from the other Mongols and wandered far away under leadership of chiefs desirous of adventure to lands much further westward where Mongols had not been seen previously. They were always met with hostility. In spite of this they proceeded further and further westward and conquered one land after another. Finally they saw the ocean before them in the south and thereby understood that there were no more new countries in that direction. On this account they turned northwards and continued to plunder cities and to tax people, while their journey continued ever northward. Hence they reached areas

where there were no more satisfactory natural pastures for animals, but just marsh and dense forest. There they had a hard time moving with their horses and loads. Then they turned, but this time toward home, towards the east. After having wandered many summers in enemy territory and having gathered much valuable property and knowledge they came to a land with great rivers and beautiful valleys amidst high mountains. Here lived a peace-loving people, able to do all kinds of work. These people accepted the Oirats as friends. Their princes and elders gathered together and appeared before the Oirat chieftains saying, "We have here a land all too large; there can easily be place for both peoples. We have always wanted support of men experienced in war such as you are. May our people and you live together henceforth as friends. Our people work, plow fields, weave cloth, do ironsmithery, work ornaments of silver and carry on trade, but your people may rule us, giving us just laws and protecting us against war." Thus one Oirat tribe settled down with this friendly people and no longer desired to return to the land of their forefathers. The name of this tribe was Sharas-Makhas, and it was a large one. Rarely have persons from the Sharas-Makhas tribe come with tidings and gifts. But men from this tribe have gone to many countries to instruct others in justice and martial arts. To so many countries have such teachers gone that a proverb has arisen about it, "There is no country without Mongols."

Arshaa could not say where that Sharas-Makhas people, about whom this saga had been spun, lived. Other Kalmyks did not know anything about them either. They knew the tradition since when Arshaa maintained that I was from the Sharas-Makhas tribe's country, I was treated as a representative of a related people with the greatest friendship and respect. The entire Sharas-Makhas saga itself forms a peculiar variation of the saga about the founding of the Russian state and resembles a variant of the old memories

which are elsewhere encountered among the Mongols and possibly refer to the Mongolian military forces which at one point in time conquered Iran and Afghanistan and remained behind, hence, i.e., the Grand Moghols of India and the Moghols of Afghanistan. It is also conceivable that this saga points to the journeys of the Huns and to that group of them which stopped by the Volga and from which the present-day Chuvash descend.

When the Dungans came under discussion Arshaa showed himself to harbor a firm belief in miracles and gladly informed me about the cause and course of the Dungan uprisings, naturally in accordance with Kalmyk folktales. The Dungans are, at least a large part of them, descendants of Chinese who for more than a thousand years have emigrated, or as warriors were transferred, to Turkestan. Mohammedanism has made them strangers to the other Chinese, and among them hatred has always smoldered against the bureaucratic rulers from China. The oppression by the Manchu authorities and their greed for bribes was more repugnant to the Dungans than to the Turkic population of the country, and caused them many times to raise the banner of rebellion. Such an uprising raged from 1860 to 1878. Among the leaders of the Dungan uprisings the memory of a rich merchant named Ma is perhaps best preserved by the country folk. The name of Ma is common among the Chinese Muslims. It is considered to be an abbreviation of Mahomed or Mahmud.

The following story is told among the T'ien-Shan Kalmyks about the Ma, leader of the uprising.

Ma lived as an honorable and peace-loving Muhammedan merchant and had trade connections with many cities. Everybody trusted him, Chinese, Dungans, and ch'ang-tou's or Turks alike. He owned several houses in the city of Manas. Pilgrims often stayed at his place; since they were on their way to Mecca, they got abundant monetary support from him. But then came hard times, officials "consumed" the people and there was no more justice. From China arrived

foreign soldiers who plundered and in their greed for money arrested innocent people. Then a learned mullah, a white-bearded Haji, returned from Mecca and when talking with Ma about the oppression and the people's problems the former said to Ma, "You are the man who will put an end to our sufferings." Ma thought the Haji was mocking him, but he continued, "Allah has appointed you to be the people's leader and savior. Raise the banner of Muhammed in the sight of the people and everyone will follow and obey you." "No, no," said Ma frightened, "surely not I? I am no person able to conduct a war. I am just a simple man, a merchant as you know." But the Haji explained to him that he had the same name, Ma, as previously did Mohammed, who also was a merchant. "Why do you delay? You have confidence in the victory of justice and the might of Allah. You are Allah's chosen one, born to be a leader, and should not let people suffer oppression. Do you believe in Allah and his prophet, Ma?" "That I do, certainly," Ma assured him, "but what purpose will it serve when people don't believe that I was sent by God to be the leader." "People will indeed believe you. Just come with me to the square, there are lots of people." In the middle of the city by the square was a big pond around which people stood in crowds. Ma stayed on the shore of the pond, while the haji went to the other end of the square. There he cried out to the crowd: "Get up, all of you, and look. Ma has been chosen by Allah to be your leader." Then the haji ordered Ma to come straight across the pond. Ma obeyed like a sleep-walker, stepped out onto the pond and walked over the water like across firm ground, towards the crowd of people which had gathered on the other shore. Everybody saw this miracle and could verify that Ma with God's help had walked over the water without getting wet. They cast themselves on the ground before him and swore to be loyal to him till death. Hence the merchant, Ma, became the leader of the Dungans and the other Muhammedans and an uprising broke out against the

Manchus and Chinese. The Chinese were driven away or slain, and for many, many years Ma's troops were victorious. Many hundred persons had witnessed Ma's walking on the water and of these eyewitnesses some oldsters were still alive, said Arshaa. Ma desired neither power nor shedding of blood; he was completely innocent.

Ma ordered the Dungans in the city of Manas to secretly send their wives and children up into the mountains so as not to get caught up in the confusion of war. Everything went well and the insurgents had already defeated their enemies. A traitor meanwhile had informed the Manchu leader where the Dungan families were. The Manchu amban soon got Chinese warriors who were sent to surround the hiding places of the Dungan families. All the women and children were taken captive and thereupon it was announced, in the name of human kindness, that the men could visit their relatives, but only in small groups and at certain times. When the Dungans, in good faith and without weapons and at different times, visited their families they were mercilessly hacked down by the Chinese soldiers. The Dungans were numerous and would certainly have been victorious, but the Manchus and Chinese were and still are great masters of deceit and cruelty. Only thereby did they achieve victory and subdue the rebellion. Not many of the Dungans were left. Their greatest cities and towns now lay in ruins. That is what happened to the Dungan attempt at rebellion.

Besides the cities and towns burnt down and destroyed during the Dungan wars there are traces in many places of extensive older settlement. I had wanted to stop at some of these places or at least near them in the hope of finding items for a museum or perhaps remnants of preserved inscriptions. When I suggested this, Arshaa was beside himself with fear and fright.

When we once chanced to pass an area where there still seemed to be traces of former streets and peculiar mounds

between them, Arshaa maintained at once that this place was bewitched. He who, even if in error, stayed overnight near-by was lost. In the evening he might well fall asleep as usual but during the night would encounter ghostly things. In his dreams he would see the entire area as it was of old many hundreds of years ago; on the streets and in the byways life and activity was going on, from every side were heard voices, happy and sad, in the shops trade was going on and people were haggling about prices. The soul of the person asleep sees and hears everything which happened in by-gone days while his body lies immobile on the ground and cannot escape. A caravan arrives, the camels step in his direction, from the other side come bales of goods one after the other, someone cries, "Make way!" and someone else yells, "Out of the way, fellow, are you crazy lying on the street to get run over?" If the sleeper then really wakes up, he still hears the cries and begins to run to and fro, without ever finding peace. If he does not take the effort to get up, but in his dream presumes that the nightly tumult is merely a dream, the phantom carts roll over him and he goes mad.

7. MY TRIP TO MONGOLIA IN 1909

The Finno-Ugric Society had at its disposal the funds which the Siberian Railway Directorate had sent as recompense for my things which had disappeared. Professor Donner, who was chairman of the Society, wanted me to undertake another trip to Mongolia to continue my linguistic and archaeological investigations, and in addition was able to secure supplementary funds from among his friends. As a result of this before long the new journey was assured in the financial sense. Up to now I had travelled alone and been both photographer and cartographer in the areas I visited. This time to my delight I got a travelling-companion, Sakari Pälsi, a young holder of the fil. kand. degree, who was willing to come along. Pälsi was both an archaeologist and an outstanding photographer, as well as a very energetic and practical person.

We left Finland the 5th of May, 1909. In St. Petersburg we completed outfitting ourselves with a little of everything, among other things a good barometer. We travelled comfortably in second class and arrived in fine shape at Irkutsk on the 15th of May. We had bought tickets to Verkhneudinsk on the express train which goes through Siberia. Shortly before our arrival in Irkutsk, however, the idea came into my head that it would be best to make a stop in Irkutsk and continue from there by local train. This partly might have been caused by the fact that I had a desire to see and to show to my travelling-companion the magnificent areas around Baikal, which one scarcely had time to admire from the express train. Pälsi was immensely astonished at my proposal, but I said that since there was an astronomical establishment in Irkutsk, it might be best to have them check the barometer we had bought in St. Petersburg.

On our arrival in Irkutsk we proceeded to the astronomical institution. Our barometer proved to be reasonably exact. Before long we were at the station again and got places on the first passenger train after the express train.

To be sure our reservations and the supplemental tickets for the express train were lost, but that did not mean anything to us.

The Siberian line runs along the west shore of the Angara River to Baikal station. There it makes a sharp turn and continues along the slopes of the mountains, partly through tunnels, and immediately thereafter over bridges alternately right along the steep shores of Lake Baikal.

We arrived at the station of Slyudyanka. From there the train went off in the usual way, but it had not quite left the station before whistles and shouts were heard. The train backed up, all the passengers were ordered off the train and it was announced that the express train, which had been in front of us, had overturned in front of a tunnel. Pälsi and I got on the work-train because we were fit for work. We were also able to get our baggage onto the provisional work-train. At the scene of the accident a dreadful sight met our eyes. At the opening of the tunnel a boulder had tumbled down from the mountainside. The locomotive had run into it and been stopped almost upright against the left pillar of the tunnel opening. The baggage car was damaged and the passenger cars lay sprawled in different directions, most of them smashed. The express train had had many passengers, of whom many were dead and others injured. While we stopped off at the clean-up work, more people from Baikal came and it was reported that a rescue train with workers ahd been sent from the other direction too. When this train went back to Verkhneudinsk, we could go along to the real destination of our railway trip. We had to clamber over the locomotive on ladders erected in haste and drag our baggage to the other end of the tunnel. Afterwards it struck me as really peculiar that we were saved from this accident which cost so many human lives. I saw the conductor who had checked our

tickets on the courier train badly crushedbetween two cars. Among the dead passengers were some that I knew.

At the station in Verkhneudinsk I met my old friend Semyon Borodin. Many years ago he had bought a house in this city and now even belonged to the city administration. We had a good time in his nicely furnished salon. Our intent was to travel up the Selenga River by boat, since it was summer now and steamboat traffic had officially begun. Traffic on the Selenga River consists of two rather good passenger boats, both paddle-wheelers to be sure. Since the river level had gone down after the spring floods, one of these vessels was stuck on a sandbar by its paddle-wheel and the other, which had gone to pull it loose from the bank, had in turn also gotten stuck, for which reason, in point of fact, there was no boat traffic at all on the river. Under these conditions we had to stay several days in Borodin's hospitable home.

Borodin had a lot to relate about events in Verkhneudinsk and its surroundings during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905. Among other things he told us that when the University of the Orient had been moved from Vladivostok to Verkhneudinsk during the war, the professor of Chinese, Petr Petrovich Schmidt, lived in the same room where we were now staying. It was impossible for students to get adequate housing. Several persons were often living in one room. They had no money and had no reading materials, and had every reason to be dissatisfied. On this account the students once sent a delegation to their rector, Professor A. Pozdneyev.* He had earlier been professor of Mongolian language and literature at the University of St. Petersburg's

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*Editor's Note: The text says A. (Aleksei) Pozdneyev, but Professor N. Poppe assures me the incident refers to his brother D. (Dmitri) Pozdneyev. But if he is correct, then the subsequent events and statements about the brothers lose their point. From other research, I know that A. Pozdneyev was posted to Vladivostok during 1899-1903. Perhaps Ramstedt has mixed things up slightly.

Oriental faculty, and had in its time greatly contributed to founding the university in Vladivostok, the so-called Institute of the Orient. He had consequently been appointed its first rector. When complaints were heard from various quarters, the rector grew irritated and in bad humor. The student representatives who broached the complaints he immediately declared expelled from his institution of higher learning. After this other representatives were sent who excitedly pointed out that dismissal was all too severe a penalty for their comrades and that the rector ought to think of the young men's future. The rector then shouted, "I spit on their and your future!" That evening the students lay in ambush for the rector somewhere in the street, grabbed hold of him, threw him down on the street, and spat on him so that he was soaked. The police had to come in to rescue the rector, and the matter was inflated out of all proportion. The rector suspended all his students, but then the military authorities and the Governor-General intervened and telegraphed to St. Petersburg. An order came from there for the rector to turn in his resignation. The rector then came to Professor Schmidt's (who was living in Borodin's house) and he asked the latter to at least temporarily look after the rector's duties and the school's business.

"You have the best qualifications," said Pozdneyev, "You see, everything depends on whom I now suggest by telegram to St. Petersburg to be my successor. The rector under current conditions must be an energetic and vigorous man, and as far as I know you have those qualities," stated the departing rector.

Since Schmidt did not strongly object, Pozdneyev took his official robes out of a packet he had brought along. "The matter is thus decided," he said, "I am turning over to you the rector's official robes and you will pay me 300 rubles for them." Professor Schmidt, however, was very dubious about buying the outfit before he had received the

commission to the rector's office, so nothing came of the sale. The rector then proceeded with his bundle to Professor Spalving's, and from him to the remaining professors. Late in the evening all the university professors gathered at Professor Schmidt's place and grilled each other on who had bought the rector's outfit. Old man Borodin listened to this strange conversation and drew the conclusion that he who had bought the rector's official robes from Professor Pozdneyev certainly would receive the rector's rank. However, since no one bought the outfit and Professor Pozdneyev had left for St. Petersburg, for a long time no one knew whether the university had any rector at all. Later it transpired that the rector's brother, D. Pozdneyev, an official of the Russian-Asiatic Bank office in Peking, was named rector. When the new rector showed up at the university for the first time, he was wearing his brother's rector outfit, and for his sake, a new chair of study was established in Oriental commercial science. Borodin said, "Here in Russia we have such conditions that he who buys the rector's breeches gets to become rector too, whether he is a bank official or whatever." The new rector, in any event, was an Orientalist of long standing. Old man Borodin had many such funny stories to tell about the wartime in Verchneudinsk.

Pälsi and I got ourselves sheepskin coats in Verkhneudinsk. Old man Borodin outfitted us with loaves of rye-meal bread and other provisions, and with the aid of Buryats he knew was able to get carts for us as far as Troitskosavsk. Evenings and nights were still chilly and we made good use of the coats. Dressed like peasants we arrived, riding in two Buriat carts, late in the evening of the third day at the sole hotel in Troitsosavsk.

The hotelkeeper was a Serb. With the assistance of the stagecoach men we brought both our travel trunks from the hotel vestibule in through a little corridor to an empty room. We were very dusty and tired, and our beards had grown during the three days the trip lasted. The landlord asked for our

passports, where we were coming from and to where we intended to travel. To avoid a long conversation about unnecessary things I just replied that we were from St. Petersburg and were on our way to Urga.

The proprietor announced that there was a very high-class person in his hotel right now who had come from St. Petersburg and also intended to go to Urga. I had noticed a gentleman with a thoughtful look pacing to and from in the hallway smoking a fine cigar.

Upon the request of this gentleman, the owner later came to ask me whether I would listen to him. The gentleman was a druggist from St. Petersburg named Sänger. The apothecary came and told me that he had been badly fooled. He had had a good pharmacist's job in St. Petersburg. They they asked him whether he would be willing to become the proprietor of a pharmacy to be established in Urga. Since, understandably enough, he did not have any previous knowledge about life in Mongolia or Urga, he took a look at the map and noticed that Urga was the capital of a big country. He had a yearly salary of 3000 rubles and now they promised him 4500. After that, in his own words, he made an agreement with high officials which obliged him to work as a druggist in Urga for at least a year. He was an educated man who often went to concerts. Now however he had heard strange stories during his trip, namely that in Urga there are no hotels or clubs, no restaurants or theater, no concerts or anything which for an educated person is absolutely necessary. To his horror I told him about Urga's huge rubbish heaps, the thousands of dogs, the lepers, etc. Mr. Sänger was quite dejected and pondered whether he should return to St. Petersburg, thus violating the agreement already signed. He told me that the Kokovin & Basov tea firm had arranged his trip to Urga. I realized that it was the same Chinese official conveyance by stage which I rode on with my wife and daughter when going there, but I didn't have the heart

to tell him about all the hardships one can go through in a closed box hauled by galloping horses.

Pälsi and I walked around on the square to inquire of Mongols about the state of travel prospects. A Mongol who had brought goods to Troitskosavsk by camel caravan intended to return to Urga with his comrades, and from there to continue to his home-territory far away in the Gobi desert. The man was very pleased to transport freight, and came to the hotel to look at our baggage. In his view we had extremely little, it being barely sufficient load for three camels. He was surprised that Pälsi's and my trunks were not equally large and of the same weight. For this reason they could not be loaded as counter-weights to each other on the camel's back. Otherwise he would have carried our baggage for a very cheap price to Urga, but on the basis of this circumstance which upset the balance, his requirements rose somewhat. Since our trunks even had corner reinforcements of iron which might wear a lot on ropes and straps, and might damage the camels' sides, we had to go along with procuring the necessary ropes at our own expense. The transport of our baggage to Urga hence came to cost--thirty rubles.

As a connoisseur of horses, Pälsi scrutinized the horses which were on sale on the square and inspected their teeth, while I asked about their fitness and ability to haul the carriage. We then bought one horse with cart and harness, and another with saddle. For the vehicle we acquired some felts, as well as sufficient knapsacks and a teapot.

Thus we got under way three days after our heavy baggage had been sent off. One of us sat in the cart, and the other on the horse. Before long Pälsi felt quite at home on the back of the horse, although at the outset he kept his legs too straight, the way people generally ride in Europe. In Mongolia you have to get accustomed to riding with stirrup straps as short as possible and almost horizontal thighs. Then one sits comfortably in the saddle, obliquely leaning

against one or the other thigh, and may push oneself in the saddle either forward or somewhat backward.

It was very pleasant to see again the stretches where I had ridden for the first time ten years ago. I could now converse freely with the Mongols, and it happened that one or another steppe inhabitant or Urga resident whom I met recognized in me once more the man who used to live grandly in Laveri's khashaa. We were in no special hurry because the caravans usually arrived from Troitskosavsk in Urga only on the seventh day.

At the half-way point we overtook a Buryat lama, who was on the road to Urga with his own horse and cart to stay there. We bought both horse and vehicle from him, so that on his arrival in Urga he could be free of them. He promised to look after the horses and to keep company with us until we got to Urga. We did not stop at the yurts of beggars along the highway, but sought the more thriving and pleasant night-lodgings further afield. Hence we arrived in Urga on the 25th of May, and a few days later our baggage came with the camel caravan.

Sixty-six kilometers (41 miles) east of Urga begins an extensive plain called Bayan tala. At the end of it opens a wide valley, Nalaikha. There there are the most valuable ancient finds in all Mongolia, including the splendid grave of Tonyukuk, prime minister in the realm founded by the Türk dynasty (680-735 A.D.).

Tonyukuk was a Turk born on Chinese territory and was according to the Chinese conception of that time a learned man. He inspired the chieftain of a small nomadic tribe wandering around in the north to think of recreating the Turkic kingdom. Up to 630 A.D. there had existed an independent Turkic state which fell because of internal disturbances. Tonyukuk and the prince whom he recognized as qaghan, his ruler, produced, with around 700 men, a third of them on horseback and two-thirds on foot, a new Türk

kingdom in the year 680 A.D. Thus by all indication they all were poor people. After a few years there were already 2,000 riders. These men gradually extended the boundaries of the kingdom, until both Uighurs and Tatars or Mongols and many other tribes obeyed the Türk ruler.

All the fame which the name of Türk acquired in later times, this man named Tonyukuk laid the groundwork for during his lifetime. He was leader of the state during the time of three rulers and died at a very old age. He was buried in Nalaikha, and over his grave were erected two large flat-planed stone slabs, the sides of which are fully covered with inscriptions. The year of the carving of the inscriptions is presumed to be 710 A.D. These inscriptions, from which the preceding information about the founding of the kingdom is drawn as a mere hint, form one of the most important written sources for the history of these countries.

The first data about Tonyukuk's grave site the scholarly world received through a St. Petersburg savant named Klementz. Academician Radloff, on the basis of reproductions and photographs, published the first work containing the text. Taking this work along, Pälsi and I betook ourselves from Urga to investigate the grave site of Tonyukuk. With Radloff's book in hand I sat or stood along the gravestones which stood upright and compared Radloff's text with the marks on the stone. Since many long centuries had gone past since the stones were erected, winds and winters have strongly worn the granite. Since further horses and cows rub their sides on the stones, it is natural that the inscriptions, in their time very clear, in many spots are broken apart, soiled, and badly damaged.

Pälsi had provided good brushes for our work and brought water to the site, after which the stones had to be thoroughly washed. We took photographs of them from different sides and Pälsi then carried out "rubbings". This is done by placing moistened paper in many layers over the surface of the inscriptions, and then the paper is pounded with a stiff

brush almost to a pulp. Thereupon further damp paper is added, and glue is mixed into the water, and everything is left to dry. When such a "rubbing" is dried, it loosens almost by itself from the stone, and the paper forms a negative in natural size of the inscription and the whole surface. Such a negative is carefully rolled together and can easily be taken along.

We stayed by Tonyukuk's gravestones from the 17th to the 23rd of June.

Mongol passers-by, both caravans and individuals, who watched our labor were greatly astonished and apparently understood nothing of what we were up to nor of the significance of the stones. Tonyukuk's fame had died a thousand years ago. It seemed peculiar to read the bombastic, self-conscious words on the stones, when the natives of the country who were present had no idea of the earlier history of their country. Round about spread only verdant grass fields, and over us shone the blue sky and the birds sang their summery songs.

Actually, the trip to the Tonyukuk stones was a dress-rehearsal for a longer trip by Pälsi and me.

We already had our equipment and caravan in readiness. All unnecessary European paraphernalia, above all our big travel trunks, were left in custody in Urga to be picked up on our return journey.

In Urga Pälsi and I took pity on Sänger the druggist. That poor fellow was quite unhappy. The pharmacy was a small wooden building at the edge of the square and at the same time it was the druggist's residence. He had gotten a Chinese servant as an assistant. He complained that in the entire city he did not have any suitable company. No beer was available and no phonograph either. Therefore he had ordered both from Irkutsk and hoped to get them by the first parcel post. He felt very disappointed when Pälsi, who in fact was a good singer, did not agree to stay and wait for the phonograph. "Are people not interested in

music in Finland?" Among the records ordered were several of Chaliapin's best performances. "Are ancient rocks and old ruins really so important that you cannot wait one week?" Furthermore he got busy and arranged that from now on in Ignatyev's house, that is, in its largest room, those who so desired could gather to spend club evenings there.

After our return on June 24th from Tonyukuk's stones, Pälsi and I went to one of the larger Chinese firms to change Russian rubles into silver pieces. It was a lot of trouble to weigh out and verify these piece for piece, as well as haggling too. In some silver pieces marks were stamped; in event they were not accepted by the Mongols, the firm would cash them in again. Since Pälsi and I spoke Finnish to each other at this, the Chinese were eager to know what nationality we were. The language was not Russian, that they could hear. A splendid paper was placed before us with the flags of the entire world, and they asked us to point out our flag. Quite truthfully I pointed out the Russian flag. After a short while another Chinese came with an atlas and asked us to show our fatherland. When I showed them Finland, the borders of which were on the map, an older Chinese reported that he had read this and that about that country. They export from there, he said, lumber, tar and oats abroad. The inhabitants of the country are literate. I can no longer report accurately everything that he told us about Finland, but in any event it was quite commendatory, and we were generously treated to tea and Chinese sweets. After our silver trade of 300 liang was concluded, we walked from the Chinese quarter of the city past the prayer wheels towards our residence.

Beside the prayer wheels, though it was late in the evening, there were some older lamas moving about with a rosary in hand and their orkimji-cloak over their shoulders. I struck up a conversation with them and asked if any of them knew the old lama from Erdeni Dzuu, who ten years ago had been Sain biligtü's teacher in Smirnov's house. That they did indeed, but reported that he died some years ago.

Our conversation dragged on for a long time and the moon already stood high in the heavens. The Erdeni Dzuu lama had been very proud of his pupil, who according to what I heard was very knowledgeable about Mongolian history. Finally I said that I was that same person. The lamas were amazed at the fact that in recent years more and more foreigners were coming to Urga. A Russian doctor had spent some time there and now an emin bakshi, "master of medicines", had even come, it was said. We talked about their own medical knowledge, and someone of them offered to get me medicinal and astronomical writings to read if I so desired.

When after finally parting from the lamas we came to our temporary dwelling, both our servants Darja and Baljir were waiting for us there. They announced that we had to proceed at once to Ignatyev's house where a kind of celebration was awaiting us. The dedication of the club founded by the druggist was taking place there right now.

Whatever it was, we went to watch it since our druggist-friend had sent us word and an invitation to that important opening several times during the evening. When we arrived, yells and brawling of drunken people were heard from inside. Pälsi went and cautiously opened the door of the hall.

In the hall the druggist was sitting on the sofa, on one side on the same sofa was a man who called himself a manufacturer, and on the other sat a Russian who had gotten money from us to buy sheet iron, to make a travel-stove for us according to Pälsi's sketches. However, he was unable to make the stove because he had drunk and wasted the money, although he claimed that only some tool was still missing. Peeping through the slightly-opened door, we could hear the conversation of those three men.

The druggist was complaining that he could not feel at home in Urga and "Those Finns are very stubborn people and do not understand the joys of social life. Let us still wait for them for a while!"

We at once withdrew from behind the door and again went for a walk, since the moonlight was nice and the weather warm. After a short walk we chanced to meet our recent lamas. Again we stopped for a conversation, but then from the other direction, from "Meat City", came the druggist, supported by the other two men who had been sitting with him on the sofa. "There is that emin baksi," a lama said. "But now he has found disciples," another lama added. Singing an aria, probably one of Chaliapin's, the druggist was walking at the edge of the square toward the pharmacy. Pälsi and myself parted from the lamas to go home and sleep.

Above I mentioned the manufacturer whose acquaintance we had also made. His factory was down by a branch of the Tuula River, quite close to the city. Poles had been erected on the ground and between them sack-cloth was stretched to serve as a fence. Inside this was the "factory". You see, entrails which were thrown out when slaughtering sheep were collected there. Young girls and boys washed and dried them in this enclosure. These dried and salted guts were then sent to Europe, where eating sausages is the general custom. According to the manufacturer's own words, he was doing a particularly good business, since he did not have to pay anything for the entrails; these he got free from almost any yard and only needed some little girls and boys to pick them up. In some European countries there was supposedly a shortage of guts, so that people were obliged to use substitutes for sausage casings. The manufacturer also claimed that Mongol sheep guts were first-rate for violin and guitar strings.

The next day the druggist came to express his regrets about our not coming to the club's dedication. Now he didn't know whether he would stay in Urga at all, since there were no civilized persons at all with whom he could

associate. He was displeased at the sheet-metal worker who had gotten money from him too, for some order which in spite of all reminders he had not filled until then. I tried in earnest to suggest to the druggist that he could chemically study the nature of the soil, especially the minerals which have been found in several places in Mongolia, including gold and phosphorus. In addition he could make a list or index of the lamas' medicinal herbs and their medical practices. This somewhat comforted the man, especially when I assured him that that kind of work could be of very great importance.

Clad in light Mongolian coats we proceeded some days later by horse from Urga, while our hired hands on horseback led our dray horses. Our two carts were loaded rather lightly. We brought along two tents and four equally large Mongolian trunks, marked on the sides with numbers: 1 and 2 for me, and 3 and 4 for Pälsi. These trunks were placed in the tent before nightfall and on them light fabric camp cots were placed. Thus, when we lay in bed no one could secretly get at our trunks. The other tent was for the servants. Thinking of the cold nights we had brought along our winter coats.

Our journey went quickly. As early as the 30th of June we passed the regions of Sarin tala and Yatutin tala and on July 1st and 2nd were beside that Süüji stone and grave which I had found in 1900. The stone inscription was photographed anew. Since Pälsi was an archaeologist by profession his recordings and observations are naturally much more accurate than those I made during my first trip.

On July 13th we arrived at Khandu-wang's monastery, where I met old acquaintances. My most important acquaintance was naturally the prince himself. It chanced that he happened to be somewhere in the northwest to treat his gout at the hot springs, but before long was to return to his court. Therefore we stopped to wait for him. Since first

and foremost it was our task to gather as rich an archaeological material as possible, the prince himself had to be aware of this. Indeed, in Mongolia it is dangerous to dig up relics of early times. If you make a hole in the earth's surface, according to folk belief, evil spirits can rush out and attack people. Even the government of China had sometimes, through the medium of the Mongolian authorities, let people know that ancient relics were not to be touched. Instead, cattle got to touch them every day, and ravens and crows regarded the upright stones as extraordinary observation posts in the wide steppes and the otherwise barren terrain. As soon as we heard the prince had returned home and was waiting for me, we proceeded to his reception.

The audience hall was at the rear of many courtyards in a beautiful two-story building, very representative in regard to Mongolian conditions. It was thronged with people and the forecourts were almost full of horses. The prince's most elevated subjects brought along gifts. I too had a gift with me, a fine Kauhava knife, specially made to order, with the words "presented by hand" engraved in Mongolian. I had to wait a long time in the waiting-room, since there were many persons seeking an audience ahead of me and I did not want to upset the sequence.

During conversation in the waiting-room, I mentioned the ancient times of the Mongols. When I said that the Turks about a thousand years ago resided in the land and that the areas around the Orkhon and Selenga rivers themselves were the actual original home of the Turks, some people became annoyed at my statement and asked me to prove my allegation. Thereupon I drew on a piece of paper the same letters which were on the Tonyukuk stone and other grave monuments from the same period and mentioned the Süüji stone, which I had photographed on the journey hither; the man beside me passed the paper with letters on it on, and it circulated among the Mongolian officials and subjects who were waiting their turn in the waiting-room. I noticed that

some nodded their heads that this might be true. "Such scripts, which no one can read, are still found in Mongolia," they said. Finally, one man with a splendid ruby ball in his cap said softly, but still so that I heard it, "Exactly such inscriptions were also on the stone which I saw last winter in the vicinity of my winter residence." I asked nothing and spoke no more about the matter, but when this man's turn came to go in to the prince, I was able to learn from another that he was the prince's temporary chief tax-collector. I merely praised the tax-man as stately and vigorous, but did not inquire after his name.

I had now learned that within Khandu-wang's principality there was an ancient Turkic stone, which as far as I knew no one had found and photographed. During my audience with the prince I offered my gift wrapped in a large khadak; at the same time I presented to the prince a request that my comrade and I should have every right to study the ancient monuments as freely as possible. He gave no direct reply but his brow wrinkled. As a present in return I received a large wall map of China from the prince. It had Chinese text and was very unreliable, at least as far as Mongolia was concerned. In addition I got a cork lifebelt so that we shouldn't drown in floods. Without answering my request, the prince explained at great length how important such a lifebelt was as a means of saving life. Pälsi had a hard time keeping a straight face, when he found out what it was all about. Later I read in the book by the Swede, F. A. Larson, "Larson, Duke of Mongolia" [Boston, 1930, p. 26] that Khandu-wang, in company with Larson, had been in Shanghai and bought life belts by the hundreds there.

On coming back to our tent I heard from a lama where the chief tax-collector in question had spent the preceding winter. He had lived with his cattle and tent on the slopes of a mountain called Örgöötü on the western border of the principality.

This data awoke my interest, since the word Örgöötü means "court". A "court" can only lie within the central part of the residential territory of a tribe, and the name Örgöötü clearly derived from very ancient times. On the maps there was no mountain by that name. Beyond the border in the west lay a minor principality named Aksan Ma-Gun. Ma-Gun or Duke Ma had once been lord of this principality, but had died long ago, and in spite of many papers and messengers being sent to Peking, no new prince had ever been officially recognized, for which reason the principality went under the designation of Aksan Ma-Gun, or "the previous Ma-Gun region". For the people of the area both this designation as well as the prevailing situation were very painful. [To have no ruling prince is a shame for a Mongol.]

Pälsi and I agreed to look for the mountain Örgöötü, and to the queries of Mongols we were to answer that we were on the way to the little monastery at Aksan Ma-Gun.

On July 24th we proceeded westward from Khandu wang's monastery. The first days we made long trips, about 40 or 50 kilometers a day (25 to 30 miles), but after that we slackened our pace and took long rests by day since it was hot. Likewise we took long morning and evening breaks. To travel this way and sleep in a tent struck even Pälsi as especially pleasant. We had sufficient food and one could always buy sheep. The same day that we purchased a sheep, we generally cut all the meat into small pieces and boiled it in a large kettle, whereupon it was lightly salted and stored in a few large tin candy containers. This canned meat kept excellently under a layer of fat even when it was hot.

I had also brought along a few fish-hooks and occasionally for a change tried to get fresh fish from the Orkhon River. One evening, when the tent was already pitched and food was almost ready, Pälsi was wondering why I was bothering so to catch little fish. The Mongols despise fish, which they call "water worms". As a rule Mongols in

northern Mongolia know only two kinds of fish by name. The one has the name "taimen" (migratory sea trout) in their language, and the other is called "kharius" (grayling), names they got from the Siberian Russians. These in turn learned the names from the Karelians. This evening I caught four little salmon. When they were served broiled, Pälsi could not but be amazed at how good they tasted. When I woke up the next morning there sat Pälsi in his turn on the shore, fishing with my fishing line and hook fastened to the end of his whip.

Gradually we came to learn where Mount Örgöötü lay, and as we slowly moved our tent we drew near to it. Now it was a question of quickly finding out where an ancient grave with high stone pillars was to be found. I was afraid the Mongols would disturb and hinder us, since we were moving far north of the usual route of travel.

The morning of July 30th we all went off in different directions to look for the stone. In a book I had brought along I showed our hired men what these old Turkic graves were generally supposed to look like. Moreover, they too had been with us at the Tonyukuk grave site. Pälsi went to the west, I to the south, Darja towards the north-west and Baljir to the northeast, and not until evening were we all again to meet. When we did meet in the evening and took our common meal together, Pälsi and I were downcast. Nothing had been found. In the other tent, however, where Darja and Baljir ate their supper, I heard Darja tell Baljir that the men of the olden times must have been strange, since they made food troughs of stone for their dogs too. I went to their tent to ask what a food trough for dogs looked like and where he had seen such a thing. Darja explained that there was one about 300-400 meters (1, 000 to 1,250 feet) from our tent on the other side of the little pond there. The name of the place was Shine usu, or "New Water", since a little spring rose from the middle of the valley. Around it a pond had formed, which according to the information of

older persons had not been there previously.

The next morning we all went to see the "food trough" for dogs, which was supposed to be located north of the pond. The food trough consisted of a stone, about a meter long and a half a meter wide, the upper surface of which was ornate and had an almost square depression in the middle. Round about there was sand, and sparse, high grass was growing. That square stone had formed the base of a stone pillar and the depression was the hollowed-out part where the pillar had once stood upright. A few meters from this stone base lay an oblong stone scarcely visible in the grass. When we shoveled the sand aside with our hands, ancient Turkic letters were clearly seen on the side of the stone. We had to get the stone up on the ground, regardless of whether it was permitted or not. It required a pole or some other tools to lift it with. Baljir said that in a valley nearby there lay a big pile of poles, apparently the winter fence-poles of the tax-collector. From this supply Darja and Baljir soon fetched some long poles. The sand was shoveled aside from the sides of the stone and the stone was lifted up from the ground but revealed itself to be the upper, shorter portion of a stone pillar that had broken in two. This part was only a meter long. Together we searched around nearby for the other part of the gravestone and actually found it. The first of August we had both parts of the Shine usu grave site vertical stone up on the surface of the earth. The stone had originally been a mighty granite pillar, four meters tall (13 feet), the four sides of which were fully decorated with inscriptions, altogether around 6,000 letters. Those sides, which after the stone had broken in two, were facing upright had weathered from the effect of air, while the sides which lay sunk down into the sand were still so clear that the inscription was quite legible.

Perhaps some Mongol had observed from a distance our labor of lifting the stone, and had given information about

it to the nearest police authority. The next day when Palsi was busy with photography, four men arrived to arrest us. They demanded that we should immediately come with them to the chancellery of the prince. However, I had the map, which I had gotten from the prince, and besides that Radloff's book about the Tonyukuk stone. I therefore calmly sat on the stone and spelled out those remarkable letters, of which the Mongols understood not the least thing. When I suggested that first they should inform themselves about the matter, and at least learn the alphabet, they became disconcerted. I told these Mongols too about the ancient history of this region. The police absolutely insisted on knowing who had shown us the way to that stone, and I explained to them that it was mentioned on another stone, and that even on this stone it spoke of another grave site. Among other things there was mentioned here a city, which the ruler buried at this site had once had Sogdians and Chinese construct by the Selenga River. The name of the city in Turkish had been Bai-baliq, or "The Rich City", and according to Chinese data the place Fu-ch'eng, "the rich city" really had formed a kind of center along the Selenga River. The same stone also related that this ruler, at the junction of the Orkhon River and its tributary, Baliqliq, had had his "capital erected and that there were a 'people's house' and a 'ruler's house'." When I explained these things to the Mongols and to the policeman who was very zealous at the outset, and showed them the corresponding places on the stone, the Mongols did not know what to believe. My hired men offered them tea and food, Pälsi and I gave them some good cigarettes. Before night fell, we managed to get rid of them.

The following day we spent in perfect peace and continued our "rubbings", and photographing the stone. The stones were rotated in turn and faced into the sunlight, so that all sides were photographed several times.

We spent a week at this business. It was obvious that we had made an extremely valuable find. The stone had been erected in memory of the founder and first ruler of the Uighur dynasty. This rule had followed the Türk dynasty. Traces of the ditch which had originally set off a rather large area around the grave could still be seen on the ground. In the middle of an earlier fence stones lay piled up, but we did not concern ourselves with digging them up or studying them specially.

A few kilometers due north of the stone, on the very top of a low hill was a peculiar, rather small mound, erected by human hands. There lay alternately slate and sun-baked tiles in thick layers. At this site the ruler's court had probably once been located, or else it was the remainder of a temple, where the memory of the founder of the Uighur dynasty was worshipped.

This stone, the text of which is singularly valuable, was situated within Prince Khandu wang's area. Very few persons had ever caught sight of the stone, since only one side stuck out of the sand a little. The Mongols really had cause to wonder how we had come upon it. Its base was the "dog trough" that Darja had seen. It was Magister Pälsi and I who on the basis of our joint knowledge had realized that in point of fact it was the base for a stone that stood upright. What the policeman may have thought, whether arrest or some other interlude, we never learned, and hence we happily spent a pleasant time near the stone until August 7th.

The hill on top of which the ranged stone pile was located was obviously the same Mount Örgöötü, at the foot of which the tax-collector had spent the winter. I tried, as soon as possible, to dispatch a message about our find to Helsinki, but when the telegram arrived the chairman of the Finno-Ugric Society, Professor Donner, had died the preceding day. Neither Prince Khandu-wang nor any other expert on history among the Mongols knew anything about the

existence of this stone. I learned this only during my trip in 1912, when a special expedition arrived in Urga from St. Petersburg to photograph the stone. Indeed, Khandu-wang sent men to me in Urga to inquire where the stone was located.

From the Shine usu stone we moved due westward along the little Mogoitu River and arrived at the region of Aksan Ma-Gun. This little monastery on the slopes of the mountain looked very nice, but nothing of special interest to investigate was found there. We continued a ways westward and then turned towards the south. The fine August days in the beautiful valley landscape of the Khuni gol and Khanui gol rivers were among the most pleasant of our trip. Not until getting further south, along the Tamir River, did we strike on something more impressive. The Tamir River is formed by two rivers, the Khoitu Tamir, or Northern Tamir, and the Urid Tamir or Southern Tamir. After they join up, the river is just called the Tamir, and the whole region is called the Three Tamirs region. On level ground along the Khoitu Tamir extensive ruins of cities stretch for kilometers. The Mongols call this place Khuuchin Uliyasutai, "Old Uliyasutai". This name is obviously very recent; the present-day city of Uliyasutai in fact is located in a spot where the uliyasun or aspen really grows. The area around Old Uliyasutai, however, is steppe region without aspens even in the neighborhood. These city ruins along the Khoitu Tamir were perhaps once an administrative center and the place may have had the same significance as later the present-day Uliyasutai had.

On our trip south we passed the mountain road over Khara Khulu and arrived at the Zaya Gegen monastery, where we tarried from August 17th to 22nd. Just as in Urga, here too in the vicinity of the monastery lived Chinese merchants in permanent buildings. We made different purchases, for the most part provisions, flour, tea, sugar, etc. The Zaya Gegen monastery is not especially large, but this gegen is

in a way a prince, since the number of his subjects can measure up to the population of a principality.

Everywhere in these parts one sees traces of ancient inhabitation. Partly these are remains of fields, but still more of small graves built of stone. On some of these were once found sculptures of granite, most of them representing human form, but sometimes recumbent sheep or camels of stone, and more rarely, a lion as well. In general such stone sculptures represent former officials, the distinguishing mark of which is formed by an identical cap, high in back, which the Koreans used and the Japanese still employ as a holiday headgear at court festivals. Most of these old men in stone have meanwhile had their heads hacked off, since in the view of the Mongolian lamas they stem from pagan times and spread heathen spirits amongst the populace. If such a stone figure ever keeps its head, the Mongol herdsmen smear fat sheep meat around its mouth or put snuff in its nostrils and implore these mighty lords for friendship and protection for cattle. In the Aksan Ma-Gun monastery were two lions of stone in front of the monastery temple. The lamas were a little embarrassed when I explained that these too came from heathen times. Pälsi and I had been able to conduct interesting archaeological investigations on account of the numerous graves and sculptures, but the troubles we were subjected to in connection with the Shine usu stone showed that this could be dangerous, in particular when we did not know the princes and authorities personally. Extensive areas of work await future investigators in these parts.

As we travelled still further southwards, we gradually climbed the mountains. August 30th we crossed the mountain pass of Köl-Sai on the way to the Gobi Desert. Up to now some evergreen trees had been growing in the valleys on the north slopes of mountains, but when we looked from the Köl-Sai pass south, all the hills and mountain slopes were bare. In this high mountain pass the air is marvelously transparent,

and over the level steppe we could make out, far to the south, a mountain chain, which according to the Mongols was 15 days' journey away. To my question about whether people lived near these mountain regions, they replied that there was no water in that direction. Only if there is water in the spring do wild horses and wild camels sometimes ramble around there. The Mongols say that wild horses or kulans live in great numbers on these Gobi steppes. Once in the middle of the night we heard a distant stamping, and in the morning our servants maintained that during the night wild horses had galloped around our tents at a distance.

From the Köl-Sai pass the countryside sloped southwards, and we came into the broad valley on the Ongin gol river. Here too were some traces of ancient habitation. During our trip we saw a stone standing upright, on which there had once been an inscription. The winds and changes of temperature had eaten into it so thoroughly that scarcely anything was left of the letters once carved into the stone. Pälsi and I were sorry that we ran into the stone about a thousand years too late. We discovered the base of another stone, but the inscription pillar belonging to it was not to be found. The stone base was broad and well-made. Pälsi had a desire to investigate how the underlayment of the stone slab was constructed. He dug at one side and discovered a layer of tiles on which the base slab rested.

We got hold of some poles and tried to lift the slab up from the other side. Pälsi was convinced that something valuable had to be underneath the slab, but at that very moment some persons arrived who clearly had far from friendly intentions. We quickly let the slab fall back into its place, in doing which Pälsi hurt one foot somewhat. We got no better results from this reckless attempt at lifting.

Along the Ongin gol river lies the monastery of Lamain Gegen, and its lovely temple buildings in Tibetan style look especially impressive. A giant-sized Buddha image painted

in red and yellow on the bare mountain slope to the north could be seen from afar and lent the monastery lying below it a special holiness.

We then continued our trip towards the south and southwest, until we came to the monastery of Prince Sain Noyon.

September 15th we headed back towards Urga the straightest way, northeast. The nights were already getting cold. Now and then snow fell at night, but the days were still warm. During our trip many pleasant incidents occurred. A young Mongol asked us about conditions in Urga, which he could not imagine even in fantasy. In many places people gathered along the road to look at the funny foreigners. On this desert trip of ours there also took place a meeting which was very memorable for us.

Early one morning a Mongol came to our tent with a letter, on the cover of which was written in Finnish, "To Mr. Ramstedt and Mr. Pälsi." I at once woke Pälsi and showed him the letter, whereupon we opened it wide-eyed. It was from J. G. Granö, M.A. He had travelled to Mongolia the same spring we did but to its westernmost part, to study the Altai mountains, and it struck us as impossible for him to have gotten lost thousands of kilometers east of there. We learned from the letter that he had had bad luck. The Kirghiz he had hired had deserted with all the horses, at which the Russian consul in Uliyasutai had fixed up travel arrangements for him with an ox-caravan to Urga. I at once bought a well-rested horse for Pälsi, and so the two of us set out, with the Mongolian messenger to show the way, and at nightfall reached the spot where Granö's caravan had pitched camp for the night. Pälsi had become an excellent rider by this time. We spent the night in Granö's tent and parted the next morning. This unexpected meeting among three Finns in the Gobi desert was immortalized in a photograph by Pälsi.

We arrived in Urga on October 2nd, where we stayed two months. We had more than enough work. Pälsi was occupied

with developing his photographs, while I had to verify the reliability of Golstunskii's great dictionary, in Urga. My most important task was thus to put the Mongolian vocabulary down on paper.

During our stay in Urga, Prince Khandu-wang found himself on a visit to our temporary lodging. As a skillful cook Pälsi fixed up a particularly delicious mutton steak in a Russian oven, which the prince consumed for dinner with immense pleasure. The consequence of this was that the prince now and then sent us legs of mutton and requested them to be broiled.

To a certain extent an uneasy form of mind could be noted among the Mongolian princes because of political events in China. It became more and more clear that the freedom of the Mongols and their nomadic life were drawing to a close. All the valleys fit for cultivating were to be opened to Chinese colonization. Prince Khandu-wang quite often touched on this matter in our conversations. Later he sent me a pock-marked, tall, and ugly south Mongol, who alleged he was a pilgrim. This man had previously been a judge in Inner Mongolia, named Khaisan-gun. The first time he visited us late at night, he asked in a whisper if we would send both servants away for the night. He inquired whether there was anyone else who might hear our conversation. The Northern Mongols in general treat the Southern Mongols in a superior fashion and regard them as half-Chinese. Our boy Darja had not even wanted to let Khaisan-gun in to see us, and tried to learn his errand first. Khaisan-gun claimed that he was a pilgrim who hoped to get a blessing and instruction from the holy men. My blessing would be especially valuable for him, he said. When Darja and Baljir had departed, Khaisan-gun stayed with us overnight. He spoke of all the tribulations which oppressed the Mongols' minds. Out of 88 princes

about 40 were clear about the political situation, said Khaisan-gun. He had visited them all. Some of them were seized by fright and realized the coming danger, while others were so ignorant and addicted to drunkenness that a visit to them was wasted.

Khaisan-gun was a peculiar man. For some years he had published the first newspaper in Mongolian in Harbin, and had written some works about Mongolia's history in Mongolian. He had passed the examination to be a high Chinese official, had been the Mongolian secretary to the Chinese statesman and diplomat Li Hung-chang, and finally had offered his services as agent to the Russian secret police. He wanted to try to get money from that side because he had lost all his property and all his subjects to the Chinese. Having become a Russian agent he received permission to travel among the Buryats (Mongols who live in Siberia) and at that time had paid close heed to remembering all the rights the Russians had bestowed on them. He was not satisfied with conditions there either, but held the view that the Mongols should find ways and means to try to reestablish an independent realm. My conversation with Khaisan-gun was something quite new to me, from a Russian standpoint this would be a most dangerous conspiracy. Khandu-wang came sometimes to get roast mutton and asked in passing whether I had met Khaisan-gun.

This happened in 1909. When I visited Mongolia the next time in 1912 in company with Magister Arvo Sotavalta, Khaisan-gun was Minister of the Interior in Autonomous Mongolia and my friend Khandu-wang was the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I visited the Minister of Foreign Affairs in his official quarters and saw there on his table the same copy of Justus Perthes' pocket atlas, which I had given him myself and where I had written beside every country with Mongolian letters the name of the country in Mongolian. It is possible that Khandu-wang's geographical

knowledge and this very atlas were the chief reasons for his being named Minister of Foreign Affairs in the first government of New Mongolia.

8. MY TRIP TO MONGOLIA IN 1912

Before I give an account of my last trip to Mongolia, I have to mention that the political activity, which during the time around my previous trip had arisen among the Mongols, had since then continually increased.

At the request of Khaisan-gun, whom Khandu-wang had introduced to me, I had left him and some other acquaintances some empty envelopes with my name and my address in Lahti, in Finland. These persons understood that such an envelope with a letter in it and supplied with an ordinary Russian stamp would get to me.

In the fall of 1910 I unexpectedly received a letter from St. Petersburg. Inspecting it more closely, I discovered that the envelope was one of my own, and the handwriting well-known to me. The letter was in Mongolian and signed by Khaisan-gun. He was in St. Petersburg accompanied by Prince Khandu-wang and Da-lama from the monastery in Urga. They asked me to come to St. Petersburg to a hotel on the Nevskii Prospect, since they were in sore straits and even other matters were in confusion.

I got a few days leave from the co-educational school in Lahti and departed. I found the three Mongols in St. Petersburg without difficulty. Khaisan-gun was very happy and said that Ramstedt would certainly put their affairs in order. During our conversation a policeman showed up and informed them that they would have to go with him to a police hearing. I took a hand in the matter and told the policeman that that would not do since one of these gentlemen was a grand prince of Mongolia, the other was the head of 20,000 lamas in the largest monastery of Urga. Nor was the third any insignificant person. The gendarme advised that these three men had no passports and were Tibetan adventurers. The Mongols in fact had been unable to produce a passport or any proof of identity. Instead they had

brought along a young Buryat, who was in St. Petersburg for the first time in his life and with his knowledge of Russian was supposed to serve as their interpreter. All three of the Mongolian gentlemen had left their country in secret. The aim of the trip was in conjunction with the great political plans touching Mongolia. I knew that Khandu-wang as ruling prince could not travel away from his country and his subjects without permission of the government in Peking. In Urga, there were both a Chinese governor, and a Russian consul-general. He could not in any case have applied for a travel permit. The Chinese governor-general had a Buriat interpreter, and the Russian consul-general, since he did not know the language of the country, depended on his Buryat interpreter. Khandu-wang would quite simply have been arrested had he gone to Urga to apply for a passport; he could see that himself. A similar explanation was offered by the supervisor of the Urga Monastery, Da-Lama. I tried to explain to the gendarme officer what the title "wang" meant, and stated that this wang had about 60,000 subjects. When I discussed the matter from various points of view with the gendarme, he promised to suspend the hearing with these individuals who had no passports and report them and their errand to the military authorities. He left empty-handed.

Khandu-wang sent the Buryat interpreter out to get mutton and to arrange for having it prepared in the hotel kitchen, after which a kettle was brought in and placed in the middle of the room. There we sat, political intriguers, all four of us in Mongolian fashion on the floor around the pot in that fine St. Petersburg hotel.

I now learned that the Mongolian separatist movement had already developed quite a long way and that Khandu-wang and his companions had come to St. Petersburg with the intention of asking the Russian Ministry of War for some 20,000 rifles and in addition, machine-guns and

cannons for Mongolia. But with no passports, and linguistic capabilities as they were, their plans had stopped half-way and their own fate was rather uncertain.

The Buryat came with some fruit with which we conspirators refreshed ourselves.

Then a General Popov of the General Staff showed up. A long conversation with him took place, at which I did service as interpreter. The three Mongolian gentlemen assured him that they had come from China empowered and commissioned by all persons who were participating in the separatist movement. General Popov listened and was amazed that he had not received any sort of advance information about these matters. There was a Russian consulate general in Urga subordinate to the Foreign Ministry, and in Kyakhta at the border of Mongolia was a border commissar, from whose office some preliminaries could have been expected. I don't know whether General Popov gave credence to all the assurances which Khaisan-gun, Khandu-wang and Da-lama gave him through my mediation. In any event he sent a telegram to Lahti to find out if there really was there a person named Ramstedt. As soon as I returned home, I heard that the gendarme in Lahti visited Mayor Lyytikäinen and requested a statement about my identity and reliability.

When General Popov departed, he promised to convey the information he had received to the Ministry of War. The Mongols had hoped they themselves might have an audience with the Minister of War. They specifically expressed this desire and moreover requested that on the basis of my knowledge of Mongolian I should serve as their interpreter.

After a few hours of waiting the general again came to the Mongols' hotel and reported that at four o'clock they could present their case before the Minister of War. The Mongols were overjoyed and Khandu-wang kept patting me on the shoulder. Khaisan-gun reported this and that of great interest and was pleased that his work of arousal among

the northern Mongols had gone so far. Now the colonization of Northern Mongolia by new Chinese settlers could be checked. If the Mongols could get weapons and good leaders, Russian officers, North Mongolia could be kept for the Mongols. We waited until four o'clock.

Then an unknown Russian officer turned up, and with him a rather young Russian named Mikhailov, who was to be present at the audience as an interpreter. Mikhailov however did not speak Mongolian, but Chinese. He had served in Peking at the Russian-Asiatic Bank. To the great dismay of the Mongols he did not understand their language at all. Khaisan-gun to be sure spoke fluent Chinese, and Khandu-wang knew this language to a certain extent, but Da-lama's abilities in Chinese were quite non-existent. Da-lama absolutely insisted that the Mongols' affairs should be conducted in Mongolian.

Naturally, it was not suitable for me to get involved in the matter and demand to be present at the Ministry of War when political secrets were being treated. The general staff officer thanked me handsomely for taking the trouble to come to St. Petersburg and preventing the gendarmes from making mistakes. Then he added that a train was leaving for Finland at a certain time, and I should still be able to get back to Lahti the same day.

There was only about an hour's time until the departure of the train. I delayed intentionally, finally took a droshky, which I ordered to drive slowly, and thus arrived at the station the same moment the train departed. I pretended to swear about my delay, but went back by another way to the hotel, where my friends were staying. I slipped in and stayed to wait for the Mongols from far away, after their remarkable visit at the Minister of War's.

Khaisan-gun, Khandu-wang and Da-lama returned, and Khaisan-gun managed to fix things so that the escorting Russians did not catch sight of me. When we were free of

outsiders, Khandu-wang and Khaisan-gun at once asked me where Bukhara lay and what kind of a state it was. Outer Mongolia presumably had been offered the same position vis-à-vis Russia as Bukhara had. For their part they knew nothing about Bukhara and had proposed the same relation as existed between Finland and Russia. This proposal the Minister of War had listened to with great surprise. What had been proposed to them and what they had been promised did not interest me to any great degree, since I understood that the present Minister of War in the Russian government did not really want to help the Mongols, but had in mind extending Russia's already large sphere of power. I sneaked out of the hotel and went back to Lahti via a later train.

Time went past and I waited for developments from Mongolia. In China, especially in Peking, the situation was disturbed. In the fall of 1911 there broke out that uprising which put an end to the power of the Manchu dynasty. The Chinese revolutionaries declared China to be a republic. It interested me to watch how relations between China and Mongolia or between China and Manchuria would develop. The question was whether the Republic of China embraced only China proper, or whether it included as well the lands of Manchuria, Mongolia, Eastern Turkestan and Tibet, which the Manchu dynasty had once added to its possession.

The newspapers then publicized the news that Northern Mongolia, on December 1st, 1911, by a meeting in Urga of the assembled princes and representatives, had declared itself to be an independent state. Here I had a question: what was meant by the name "Mongolia"? Did that embrace the entire extensive region south of the Gobi desert, or did they mean by that just Northern Mongolia, or Khalkha together with the northwestern corner, which went under the name of Uryangkhai, with the Kobdo district?

I was sorely tempted to visit the land of the Mongols, now that Mongolia had become an independent state standing

by itself, and to get acquainted with the persons who now led the destiny of the country. Since there was still money available from my preceding trip in 1909 and the results of this trip could be considered propitious, a new journey to Urga was arranged in the spring of 1912. I was accompanied this time by Magister Arvo Sotavalta [from Helsinki]. In St. Petersburg I heard that the Academy of Sciences was organizing an expedition to Northern Mongolia under the direction of my good friend, Wladislaw Kotwicz [instructor in Kalmyk]. Kotwicz was a very quiet and tractable scholar, who worked in the Oriental section of the Ministry of Finance while being at the same time instructor in Mongolian and Kalmyk languages at the university. As can be seen from his name, Kotwicz was Polish by birth. About the trip on the railway itself there is nothing in particular to be related. The journey was over territory well-known to me. My thoughts were preoccupied chiefly with quite different things, namely, tracking down some sites of ruined cities which I had heard about on my previous trips, and with the question of what attitude the Mongols now took towards looking for as yet undiscovered ancient memorials.

We arrived safely in Urga and that very day, when magister Sotavalta and I were out to see the city, encountered a large official procession coming towards us on the square. From the midst of the procession resounded Khaisan-gun's joyous voice. My friend Khaisan-gun was now the Deputy Minister of the Interior.* Leaving his escort, the members of which lay with their foreheads pressed to the ground around us, he ran forward to me and asked me to come the next day to his official quarters, the former chancellery of the Chinese governor. He was convinced that Khandu-wang, now the Minister of Foreign Affairs, would be very happy when he heard about my

*(Ed. Note: the text wrongly says he was the Minister of Internal Affairs, corrected by P. Aalto, JSFOu 72, page 27.)

arrival in Urga. Difficulties they had had, and still did, but now it was much easier, since they again had a friend to help, just as in St. Petersburg.

I visited Khaisan-gun as well as Khandu-wang at their offices. Khandu-wang had in front of him that pocket-sized atlas which I had presented him four years ago. Probably on the basis of owning that atlas he was a logical choice for foreign minister. Their office rooms were rather unassuming, and the guards and soldiers who walked and hung around here and there in their capacity of protectors of independent Mongolia, did not make a flattering witness to Mongolian might. Perhaps they still were to ensure the country for the Mongols themselves. The soldiers had short epaulets of wood in yellow or red, but wore no other military insignia. Those who had previously been lamas and whose heads thus were clean-shaven had sewn on a plait to their cap. This was the traditional symbol for a layman. Thus even Urga's lamas had been taken into military service.

In any event when Khandu-wang, Khaisan-gun and the Minister of the Interior, Da-Lama, lightened their hearts or unloaded their minds to me, their concern about the activities and ideas of the Russian authorities and especially of the consul-general formed the principal theme. The consul-general, Lyuba, was a relatively new person in Urga. He evidently knew nothing about or did not care to take any heed of Mongolian psychology. Now and then even the Russians were astonished at his undertakings. This same Lyuba, according to what I heard, had always sought to advance his own interests and whims and in many ways had tried to dictate the composition and tasks of the Mongolian government.

Both the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Foreign Affairs asked me whether I had read in foreign newspapers Mongolia's declaration of independence, and what I thought about its wording and expression. Was it successful? They were surprised that I had read nothing

like that, since the consul-general had stated that it had been published in foreign newspapers. The Mongols had turned in the declaration, written in Mongolian, to the consul-general's office, where it was translated (with Buryats as translators) into Russian, whereupon it was sent to St. Petersburg and from there on. Consul-General Lyuba invited me to breakfast. When the question of Mongolia's declaration of independence came up there, when I wanted more precise information about it and if possible a copy for myself, the consul just laughed and said, "Let them keep believing that. If they want to have some military forces, the Mongols will come in a couple of years to serve in the Russian army. The Mongols are playing at independence like little children and understand nothing at all about it." After this meal I really felt out of sorts. I understood that I had gotten in between two completely opposing aspirations. Some days later Khaisan-gun said that the consul had demanded that he, as a Southern Mongol, should leave the government, which should only admit Mongols from Khalkha. Some prince had shown up with his retinue from distant steppe regions and had demanded a place for himself as a member of the government. He claimed that he would be much more suitable than so-and-so who was now in the government. Khaisan-gun was convinced that this was an intrigue directed against him.

What did the Russian government intend? Did it recognize Mongolia as an independent state or not?--that was for me a big puzzle which I was not in a position to solve. The declaration of independence had been translated into Russian and sent to St. Petersburg, where it was buried among the papers of the foreign ministry. The foreign minister of Mongolia now inquired when and in what way England, Germany, France and other countries would advise that they recognized Mongolia as an independent state separated from China. To all these queries,

it was hard to give the Mongols any guidance or consolation. When a sharp dispute once arose between the consul-general and the Mongolian government, I could only inform him that a representative of the finance ministry, Kotwicz, would presently arrive in Urga and that they could get better information from him about what people were thinking in St. Petersburg. This statement had the result that the minister of the interior, the minister of war and other ministers, opposite the Mongolian border at Kyakhta, arranged a tent and escort for Kotwicz's expedition. Kotwicz himself, as I have said, a very quiet and unpretentious man, was extremely amazed at the splendid reception prepared for him. When I met him later in Urga, a big camp had been set up on his account beside the consulate. There were soldiers, guards and everything that the gegen of Urga was accustomed to have: luxury tents with carpets, and canopies for the unpretentious Kotwicz. He was offered Mongolian and Chinese delicacies, and from the gegen's wine cellar they sent a vast quantity of beverages. Kotwicz asked me what all this meant, and why he was being feted in this way? The consul-general wondered too and showed his anger. Of course, the Mongols' only intention was to secure in Kotwicz a friend and defender, specifically against the consul-general.

For my part I marvelled at the great confidence of the Minister of the Interior and the Foreign Minister, that they, with this extraordinary hospitality towards Mr. Kotwicz, would secure a reliable ally for the Mongols' cause. I did not bother to set forth for Kotwicz the reasons for this hospitality, but merely conveyed an invitation from Khandu-wang and Khaisan-gun to come the next day at 4 o'clock to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for tea. When Kotwicz assented, we met a little before four in front of the Foreign Ministry and went in together. I introduced Mr. Kotwicz to Khaisan-gun, at which Khaisan-gun and I discussed politics for a little while. In spite of

the fact that Kotwicz was a teacher of Mongolian, it was impossible for him to understand our conversation, since we naturally talked fast and used the colloquial language. This differs to a high degree from the old language of Chinggis Khan's time which is used in writing. After due deliberation the ministers informed me that they merely wished to pose three questions to Mr. Kotwicz and requested my help in presenting them.

The first question went like this. "What do the great powers think about Mongolia's declaration of independence; do they intend to recognize this country as an independent state?" I placed this question to Kotwicz in Russian. He answered almost sarcastically, "Certainly they are not at all delighted at the fact that Russia acquired such a big country almost for nothing." I got very embarrassed at how to translate this reply, and said quite briefly that I would expound on it somewhat later. Then I asked to hear the next question.

The second question went like this. "What are Russia's intentions regarding Mongolia? What assurances ought we to get to best preserve our independence from Russia?" This question, which was already answered by Kotwicz's first reply, I likewise left untranslated, and asked for the third question. "How ought the Mongolian government to react to Consul Lyuba's practices of interfering in Mongolia's affairs? The consul generally speaks in all matters in the White Czar's name, even when it concerns his own business affairs. Is Lyuba the fully-empowered representative of the Czar and the Russian government in all matters? If the government of Russia has recognized Mongolia as an independent country, ought we not to be able to handle our own internal affairs, without the consul incessantly interfering in them?"

The third question was justified in all respects, and I wished I could have presented it to Mr. Kotwicz in all

its baldness, but my position too was delicate. For this reason I explained to Kotwicz that the Mongols merely wished to know whether they had to obey the consul's whims in all matters, or whether they themselves could determine what was the consul's obligation toward the government of independent Mongolia. To this question he made a reply dryly and very calmly that the Mongols had to obey the consul. This answer I translated rather directly into Mongolian, and it almost happened that these two important members of the Mongolian government displayed their great bitterness about the answer. I promised, however, to explain Kotwicz's views for both ministers somewhat later and thus was able to calm them down. Kotwicz and I were then treated to a Mongolian-Chinese snack. The reception concluded quickly. Neither Kotwicz, who was surprised at the questions posed, nor I, who had to act as an intermediary in this delicate interview, was in the mood for a pleasant, friendly get-together. I departed in company with Kotwicz. Some hundreds of Mongolian soldiers were lined up in a long honor guard in front of the Ministry. They dropped their rifles almost simultaneously beside themselves on the ground and with forehead against the earth carried out a bow, similar to what the Mongols do in front of saints and at ceremonial occasions before a prince. This was intended as a humble tribute and mark of honor for Kotwicz and me, but newcomer that he was, Kotwicz, who was beside me, apparently did not take notice of it at all.

The next day Khandu-wang sent some men to procure from me more precise information about the ancient imperial grave which was said to be located within his princely territory. Mr. Kotwicz had come to Mongolia by commission of the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg to get information about the big inscription that Pälsi and I had found at Shine usu. As Khandu-wang and his men had had no inkling of the stone's existence, I had to render precise information about where it was located. Of course I willingly gave them the requested data.

Khandu-wang and Khaisan-gun conferred with the other members of the Mongolian government about hiring me as organizer for matters related to education and schools. In all respects the offer was pleasant proof of trust and respect, but naturally I was not able to set aside the commission on which I had come to Mongolia. Besides, my presence in Urga was scarcely appealing to the Russian consul. In such a touchy situation I really did not want to take on the job.

Soon thereafter, a few days later, one of my acquaintances, a Russian merchant who had long lived in Urga, informed me that the consul was extremely amazed at the rendering of honor made to Kotwicz. He deplored the fact that I had involved myself up in the situation between him and the government of Mongolia. The merchant Zaitsev too, whom I earlier met in connection with events during the Boxer Rebellion and who was now doing business in Urga, came to me and reported that the secretary of the consulate had by chance, when he was a bit "moved", said that the consul intended to show me and my travelling companion Arvo Sotavalta out, and banish us across the border to Siberia. Zaitsev gave me some Russian newspapers to read. Among them was "Novoye Vremya", which in one issue had an article about events in Mongolia and a direct proposal that the border should be moved all the way to the Gobi desert. It was now evident that the authorities in St. Petersburg were merely toying with the simple-minded Mongols in a matter which was serious to them. To judge from everything the independence of the Mongols had been buried in the files in St. Petersburg. Among the Mongols only a kind of vain hope was to be entertained, until the time would come to extend the borders of Russia, which already stretched far enough.

As far as possible I now tried to avoid connections with the Mongolian ministers. My fellow traveller and I

had progressed so far in preparation for our expedition that we left Urga after a few days. However, when we were about 30 kilometers (= 20 miles) from Urga I sent long letters to Khandu-wang and Khaisang-gun and earnestly explained Kotwicz's answer as well as consul Lyuba's intentions, including those touching on me. I had the letters forwarded by a Mongol who rode past and some days later had my reply letters.

I had already tried to explain to the Mongols that they absolutely had to accredit a plenipotentiary representative, who could defend their viewpoint, to the Russian government in St. Petersburg. If their independence was recognized, they should send their own trusted agents to Germany, France, England, America, and Japan. In reply to this proposal I later heard that an Englishman named Binsteed, according to the report of a member of the Englist legation in Peking, was somewhere in Mongolia, and at the same time I was commissioned to send a letter composed in English to this gentleman about the Mongols' ideas of independence. Following instructions I wrote a letter in as good English as I was able to manage at that time.

At the same time I received the task to write a letter to Balta wang, prince of the Torgouts, whom we earlier talked about. Balta wang was now governor in the Altai district on the far western border of Mongolia. He had never joined independent Mongolia, but administered his district like a Chinese official. No one knew whether he still adhered to the old Imperial government or to the Republic founded by Sun Yat-sen. A letter to him had to be written in Kalmyk script which the Mongols know nothing of, even though the Mongols and Kalmyks have almost the same language. I have no idea whether this letter ever got there or who signed it, Foreign Minister Khandu-wang or Deputy Minister of the Interior, Khaisan-gun.

Such remarkable correspondence fell to my lot, since the Mongols in general are not good at languages, and taken

as a whole had lived quite to one side of worldly events up to now. Khaisan-gun arranged for me to write a newspaper article intending to sent it to "Novoye Vremya". It contained many accusations against consul Lyuba. How things went with this article I never learned, but I sent a shortened extract from it in Russian to my friend Professor Andrei Rudnev in St. Petersburg.

Among the Buryats in Urga was a Mr. Zhamtsarano, a lecturer in Mongolian at the University in St. Petersburg. I had known him for a long time as an eager collector of Mongolian heroic epics. He placed full confidence in the new upsurge in the Mongolian state, and was hard at work as editor of a newspaper called Shine toli kemekü bičig, "The New Mirror News," which was published in Urga. He was profoundly convinced that a new time of prosperity was dawning in Mongolia, and that popular education would soon be rising to the same level as among other peoples. He also asked me to contribute to the work of Mongolia's development, and I wrote a rather long article about the Uighurs for his newspaper. "A Short History of the Uighur People," or uiγur ulus-un quriyangqai teüke, came out in three separate numbers of Zhamtsarano's newspaper, and an offprint was made of this hastily-composed newspaper article which was later re-printed in a reader intended for schools in Mongolia. To the degree that people were going to school at that time, they certainly knew my account of the Uighur and Türk dynasties and their ancient cities and ancient monuments in Northern Mongolia.

I do not intend here to continue the account of Russia's course of action to protect the independence of the Mongolian state. My purpose on this trip was to study the history of the Turkic people and their successors, the Uighurs. Accompanied by my travelling companion, Arvo Sotavalta and a little caravan, made up of only two men, two tents, some ten horses and four carts, I went at a

fairly slow pace on short daily marches in a northwesterly direction from Urga. We saw many graves and memorials, but for a long time we did not find anything particularly new. Along the south bank of the Khara gol's lower course there are in a certain place traces of a sizeable settlement, maybe a former city. In general there are numerous ancient relics along the Orkhon and Selenga rivers and the minor water courses that run into them.

Once more I visited Khandu-wang's monastery, where several new buildings had been erected. Among other things, the merchant Mogilnikov had a fine new house, where he ran a far-flung business. He had come to be on very good terms with Prince Khandu-wang and to a considerable degree had improved his fortunes, once he had come to live by the monastery, after losing all his property during the flight to Kyakhta. He maintained that Khandu-wang often talked to him about me and believed that his acquaintance with me had helped him to a certain extent to get in Khandu-wang's good graces. Among other things I learned that Consul-General Lyuba had demanded of the Mongolian government the right to mine for gold throughout the entire country and that 16% of the net income was to belong to the Mongolian government. Mogilnikov himself had offered Foreign Minister Khandu-wang 25% of the gold which might be found in the areas of the Orkhon and Selenga. Mogilnikov's offer however was not accepted, but the consul pushed through the less favorable offer.

From Khandu-wang's monastery our trip proceeded westward, along a somewhat more northern route than Pälsi and I had taken. Along the Khanui and Khuni rivers were many old graves. A ways south of the confluence of these rivers lay a grand city in ruins. Some remains of a castle attracted my attention. The Mongols reported that the castle had once been burned. That city had belonged to a Khan named Eljigidai. Traces of the fire damage were clearly evident among the ruins.

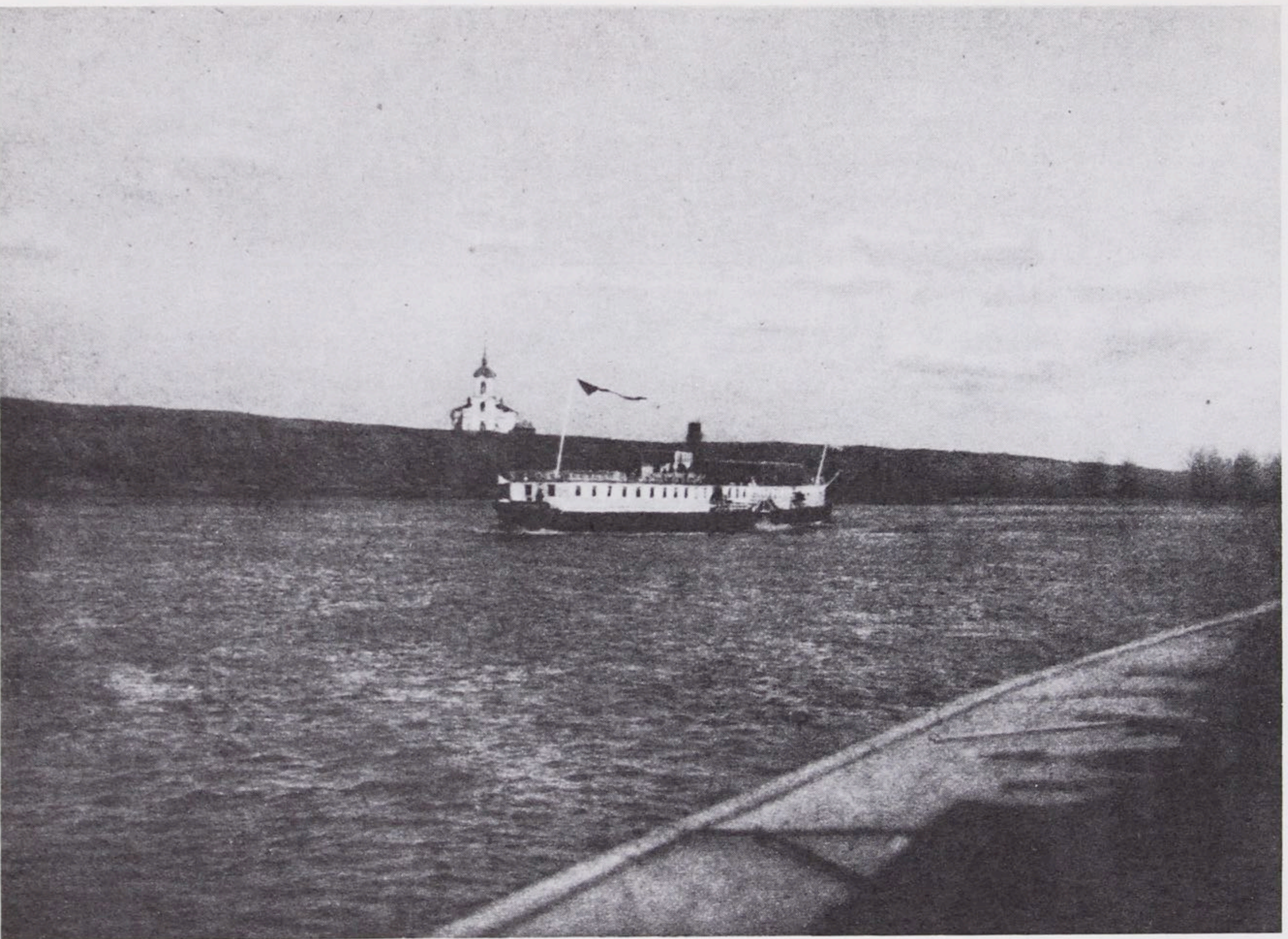
At that spot where the Khanui and Khuni rivers flow together, thereafter to continue jointly their course northwards towards the Selenga, there lies on a high hill near the river an old castle, with the fore-courtyard and intermediary courtyard facing towards the river, hence eastward, and an inner courtyard higher up. The castle walls had been low, but at some distance had been towers, and quite close to the great gate of the forecourt lay on the ground a black stone, about two meters (6' 6") long and over a meter wide. Its outer surface had been polished and was full of inscriptions. This inscription was neither ancient Turkic, Chinese or Sogdian, but reminded one to a high degree of the signs which occur as an ornament in the friezes of early Turkic stones. To judge from everything this singular script was of pre-Turkic origin. I sent a photograph of it to Professor Vilhelm Thomsen in Copenhagen, who in his reply stated, "Here comes a new puzzle." As far as I know no one has been able to decipher the inscription on this stone. The castle itself was a ruined hill of stones, tile and clay. In the middle of the ruins was a large depression, in which now willows and other bushes were growing amidst the stones, since winter snow and spring rain collected there.

We travelled northwards as far as the Selenga, and when we crossed the river our road went for a distance along the foot of a mountain, where there were traces of old irrigation canals. In the vicinity of the river amidst trees and bushes lay a monastery named Baibuluk, which was erected in one corner of a larger earthern enclosure. On this spot a rather large settlement had obviously earlier existed. Baibuluk is evidently the Baibalyk or "Rich City", the founding of which is mentioned on the gravestone of the Uighur ruler at Shine usu. Baibalyk was said there to have been erected by Chinese and Sogdians. In the vicinity of this former city I became

aware in some places on the slopes of the mountain of traces of broad roads which once had worked their way into the side of the mountain. All this no doubt belonged to the past, and I could merely confirm what Dr. Pälsi had once said, that we had again come at least a thousand years too late. We made no big discoveries or finds, but neither was our trip in vain. Whenever opportunity arose, I recorded the contemporary vocabulary of the Mongols during the journey. This dictionary work and the collection of linguistic materials in and of itself was sufficient booty for me. After this trip to Mongolia, to untrodden areas hitherto largely unknown to scientists, Sotavalta and I returned safely home for Christmas, 1912.

AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

I have included all of the photographs from Ramstedt's original Finnish edition, by kind permission of W. Söderström, publisher. A few of them (landscapes, rivers) are not so unique, but others, as the pictures of the Kalmyk lama, Baza Bakshi, are rare treasures.



A river-boat on the Volga

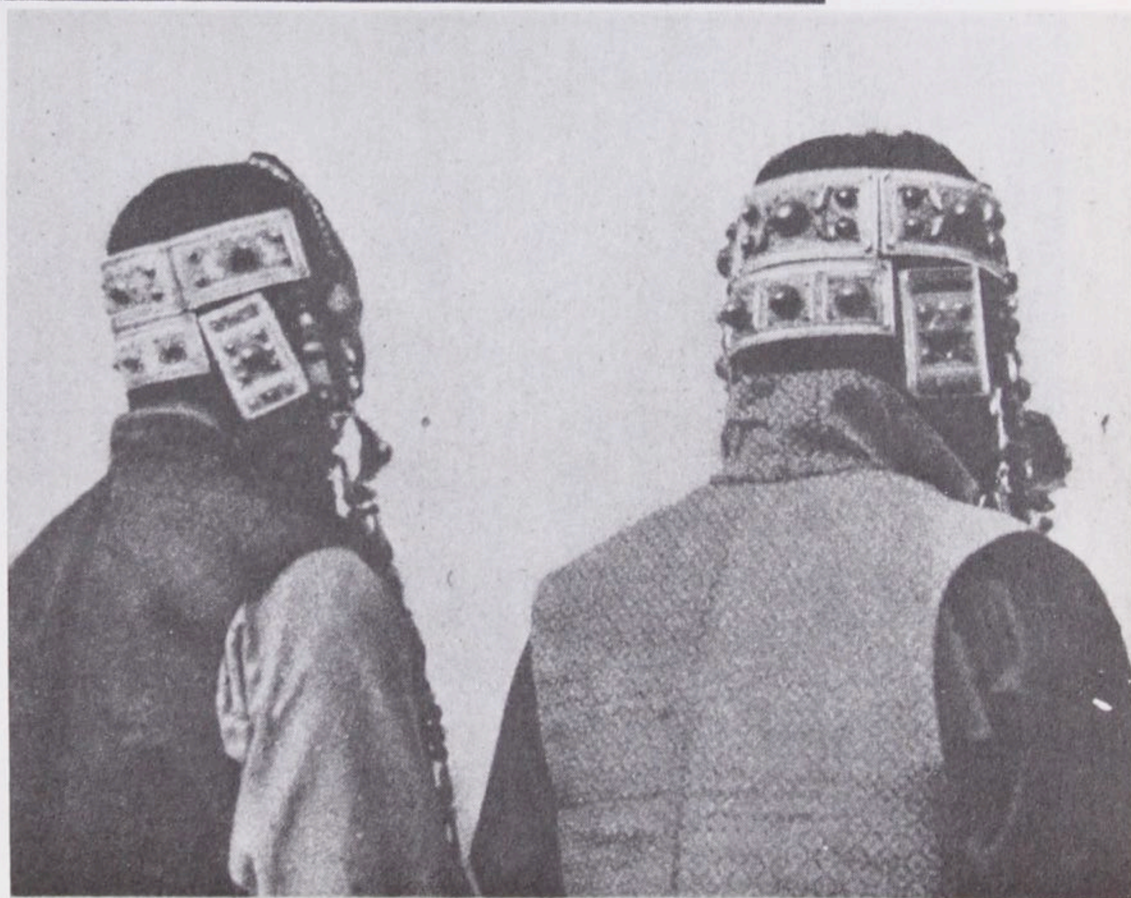
The author, Ramstedt, with his baby daughter Sedkil, in Terentii's orchard, in the Cheremis village of Tushnal.

Among the Cheremis. In the foreground on the right are the author's wife and daughter.

A Cheremis landscape. To the left, the author's wife and daughter.

The family of a Mongolian prince.

Some poor
but happy
Mongols.



Two Mongol women: in their headgear are
pieces of silver adorned with jewels.

Rich Mongol ladies mounted on their small, brisk horses.

The surest way to travel is on the back of a horse or camel

The wealth and social status of a Mongol woman is often reflected in her headdress.

Some Mongol women with their children on the road

Things like this happen on bad roads in Mongolia.

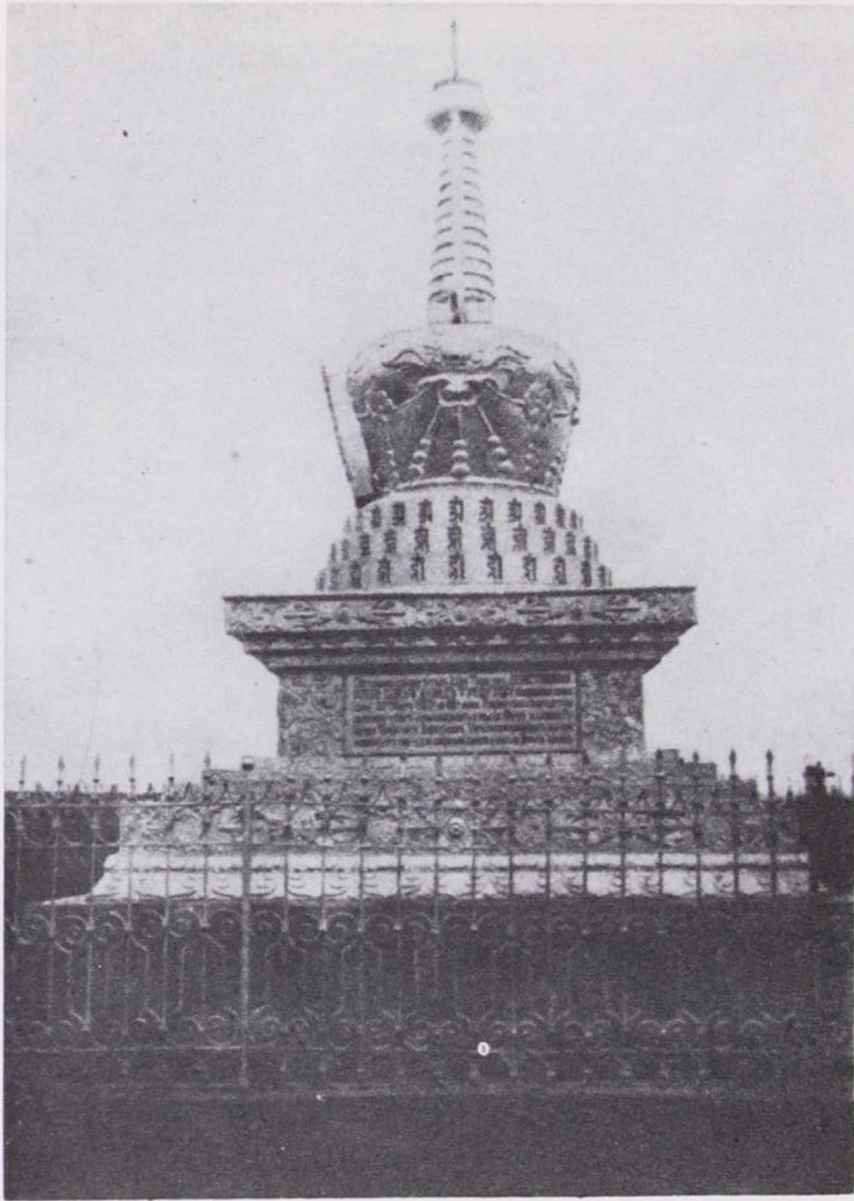
Baza Bakshi, high priest of the Dundu Hurul monastery

The grave and monument of Baza Bakshi.

Tseren David Tundutov, last prince of the Kalmyks

Ölzetē Tundutov, last princess of the Kalmyks

The young Kalmyk prince, Danzan Tundutov, in his uniform of the school for Russian page-boys.



The monument of a Kalmyk prince

The Kalmyk princess, Ölzetē Tundutov with her retinue

A Kalmyk tent

Kalmyk boys wrestling.

The author in his home-made canoe at Sarepta on the Volga

Kalmyk lamas

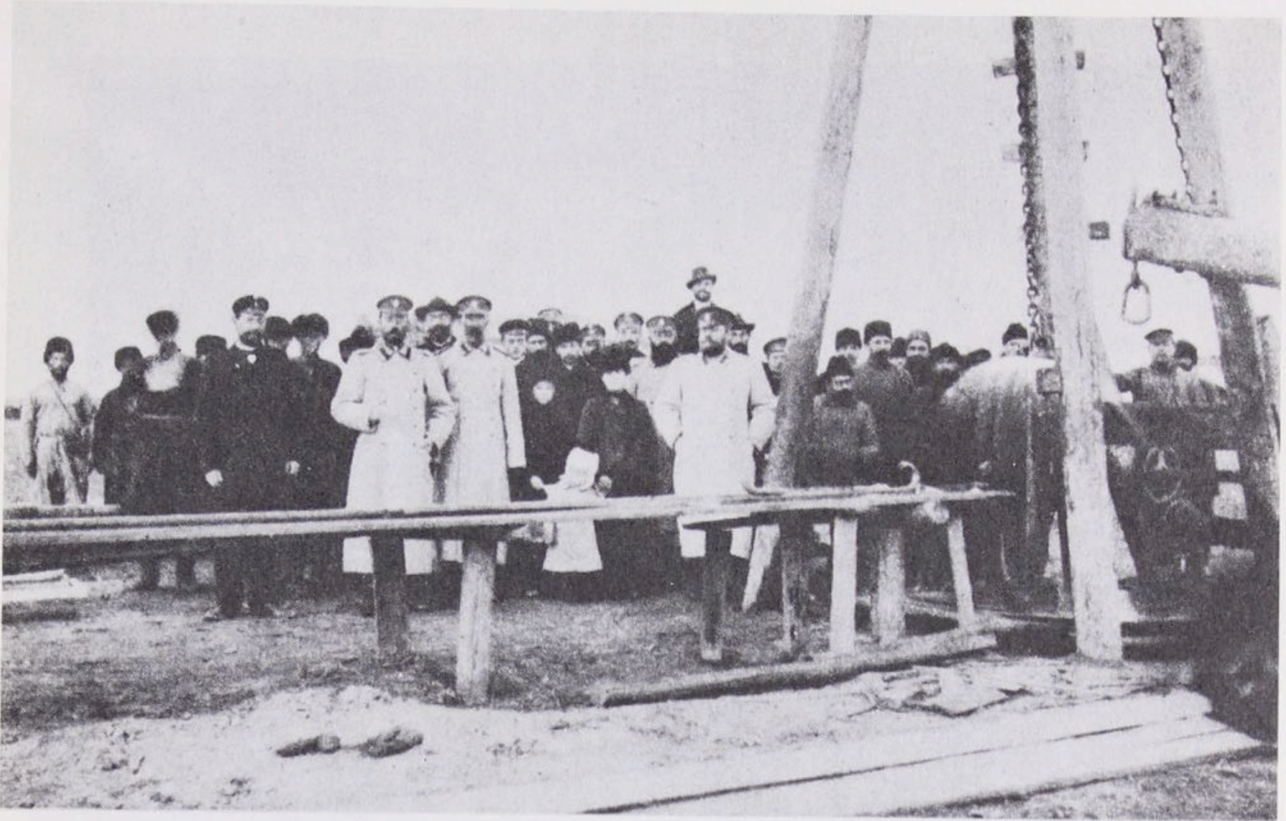
Kalmyk women

There is often a shortage of water on the dry steppes. A camel is hauling the water cask.

A falconer. To the right of the horse can be seen *argal* (horse dung) drying in the sun.

Kalmyks travelling in the steppe

Kalmyk women.



A well found in the steppe near Achikulak village

The discovery of the well is celebrated in Achikulak.

A mother of the Caucasus, with her son

Men of the Caucasus.

Young women of the Caucasus

Ruins of a fortress on the Afghanistan border

Abdilla and Rustam, two Mongols (Moghols) found in Kushka.

a difficult road

A Chinese inn

a part of the walls of Chugochak

Kalmyk tents. In the distance, the snow-capped tops of the Tien-shan.

Chinese and Sart

A street in Urumchi

The northern gate of Urumchi

A house in Urumchi

The Urumchi water conduit

The author and his Mongol servant Baljir, in front of his tent.

Stones at the grave of Tonyukuk

The Zain Gegen, whose clerical position is so high that he is called a Khutukhtu, a living god.

An aristocratic
Chinese family

The wife of a Chinese of high rank

The author
and Dr. Sotavalta in their tent. Mongol servants are in the foreground.

Professor Andrei Rudnyev and his sister Stenya, in Kalmyk dress, Sarepta, 1904.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Gustav John Ramstedt was born October 22nd, 1873, at Tammisaari (Swed. Ekenäs) in westernmost Nyland province of Finland, and died on November 25th, 1950, at the age of 77. A bibliography of his scholarly writings by Karl-Erik Hendrikson appeared in Studia Orientalia (Vol. 14, No. 12, pp. 1-14, 1950); and a general appreciation of his life (drawn in large measure from his travel memoirs) by Y. H. Toivonen appeared in the Journal de la Société Finno-Ougrienne (the JSFOu) (Vol. 55, No. 1, pp. 1-21, 1951). Other useful information may be found in Pentti Aalto's article "G. J. Ramstedt's mongolische Bibliothek" (in the JSFOu, Vol. 47, No. 6, pp. 1-26), and the obituary by N. Poppe in the Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies (Vol. 14, pp. 315-322, 1951).

There is a discussion of Ramstedt's scholarly achievements in Poppe's book Introduction to Altaic Linguistics (Wiesbaden, 1965, pp. 130-132). Aalto also wrote "G. J. Ramstedt and Altaic Linguistics," which appeared in the Central Asiatic Journal (Vol. 19, pp. 161-193, 1975), as well as an article about his political activity in Mongolia (drawn from the travel book too), "G. J. Ramstedt and the Mongolian Independence Movement" (JSFOu, Vol. 72, pp. 31-32, 1973).

Ramstedt became Professor Extraordinary at Helsinki University in 1917, although he spent the years from 1919 to 1930 in Japan as the Finnish chargé d'affaires there. He retired from University teaching in 1943 at the age of 70. The next year he composed, unaided by notes, the travel memoires presented here. The work proved sufficiently popular to appear in several editions in Finnish, and in 1961 it was translated into Swedish. Ramstedt also wrote his memoires about his period of service in Japan, titled Lähettiläänä Nipponissa ("As Ambassador in Japan,"

Porvoo-Helsinki (Söderström Co.), 3rd ed., 1950, 207 pages). It makes only the briefest mention of Altaic or Mongolian matters, and is mostly touristic in nature.

INDEX

AAbo (Turku) 9, 57, 100

AAlto 5, 6, 267

Abdilla 137, photo 256

Ačikulak 117-8, photo 253

Adriatic 37

Afghanistan Chapter 5

Agrafina 14-18

Aksai 119-125

Aksan Ma-Gun 203, 208-9

Alexander the Great 136

Altai district 152, 227

amban 39

America 227

Amitābha 54

Amur Bayaskhulangtu 68-9

Angara River 27-8, 188

Ar askhatu mountain 79

Arluyev 113

Armenian 116-9, 128, 132-3, 137

Arshaa Chapter 6

Ashkhabad 129-131

Asia RR station 24

Astrakhan 106, 113-6, 128, 132, 170

Austria 74, 76

Babushkin 29

Bai-baliq (Baibalyk, Baibuluk) 206, 230

Baikal 27, 29, 187-8

Bakhty 142

Baku 128-9

Baliqliq 206

Baljir Chapter 7

Balta, Prince 149-153, 227

Baluchistan 127

Barnaul 163

barometer 187

Basov: see Kokovin & Basov

Bayan tala plain 194

Bayanov 113

Bayar, Prince 149, 151, 160-1

Baza Bakshi 104-5, photo 243

Beketov 122-3

Bektemirov Chapter 4

Belgian 156

Berlin 151, 180

bičigtü qada 80

Biisk 88, 90

Biligtü baγsi 63

Binstead 227

bitch 57

Björkö 107

Björneborgarna 173

black plague 70

black-class 43

Bobrovnikov 22, 158

Bogdo Gegen 53-4

Bogdo Uula Mountain 37, 47, 53, 55, 159

Bombay 128

Borodin 27-32, 99, 189-191

Bosgomči 105

Boxer Uprising 77, 87, 89, 226

Bravin 122

brick tea 52-3

British Bible Society 42

Brunnsparken 139

Bukhara 219

Buriats 76, 191, 213, 215, 228
butter tubs 168

camera 55
Campi 6
canoe 116, photo 248
capital, Kalmyk 113
carpenter 63
Caspian Sea 128-9, 138
Castrén 9-10
Catherine II 102
Celestial Kingdom 33
Ch'i-t'ai 157
Chahar 66
chairs 40
Chaliapin 197
Chedrovskii 22-3
Chelyabinsk 173-176
Cheremis Chapter 2
Chervlennaya 106-7
Chinese theater 160-1
Chinggis Khan 37, 79, 181, 224
Christianity 42, 102, 106
Christmas 23, 74-5, 179, 231
Chuguchak 140-4, 160-1, 180
Chuvash 183
circumambulation 45, 53
clouds 48
coinage 51
Collinder 5
Copenhagen 230
Cossacks 31, 38, 59-62, 115, 119, 124, 161
Crimean 118
cyclones 76

Da Lama 215-6, 221
Danzan, Prince 107, photo 245
Darja Chapter 7
Darkin Gegen 54
disinfection 72
Dobrudja 118
dogs 50
Dolbezhev 59-61, 158-9
Dombrovskii 108-112
Donner 9, 10, 21, 79, 187, 207
dough 67
dörböljin 142
Dumpushan (Tuan Fu-shan) 89
Dungans 154, 157, 183-185

earth, owning 85
Easter 23, 75
Egin gol river 80
Eklund 129
elephant 55
Eljigidai, Khan 229
Enckell 103-4, 116
England 9, 222, 227
epics 78
Erdem Ramstedt 125
Erdeni Dzuu 50, 89, 197-8
Ereen Khabirga 147-9
Ergene plateau 103-4
Estonian 116, 143
Ethiopia 74
Europe RR Station 24

Fährmann 103-4, 116
Fazer Co. 159
Finland Station 181
Finnish 197, 211
Finno-Ugric 12, 73, 99
fish 57, 203
France 222, 227
freedom 165
French 63, 155
Fu-ch'eng 206

galoshes 58
Gandan 39
Gegen 53-56
Geographical Society, Russian 32
German(y) 102, 116, 121, 155, 222, 226-7
ginger cookies 103
Glauber'ssalts 35
Gniloaksaisk RR station 105
Gobi 74, 193, 209-210, 219, 226
God 155
gold 19, 200
Golstunskii 212
Gospels 42
gostinitsa 13
Granö 211
grayling 204
Greek 9
Gunan-gurbun urtu 78

haggling 65
Hamburg Zoo 150
Harbin 213
hay harvest 41, 83
Heaven 86
Hebrew 9
hells 86
Hendrikson 267
Herrnhüter 102
High Green 40
history 84
Hokkanen 129
holidays 86
horse colors 82
horse-racing 115
horseherds 81
Howorth 79
Högström 171-176
Huns 183
Huth 10

ice 66
Ignatyev 197-8
India 45, 127-8
Ingush 131, 134
Innocentius, Saint 87
inscriptions 80
Iran 127, 130, 183
Irkutsk 26-29, 99, 101, 187, 196
Irtysh River 141, 152, 166
ispravnik 14-17, 21
Italian 63
Ivanov 100
Iwingi river 78

jackass 67
Japan 152, 209, 227, 267
Jaroszewski 16-17
Jesuit 156
Jesus 155-6
Jirgalangtu 148-153

Kaivopuisto 139
Kalugin 87
Kansk station 101
Kara-Kirghiz 157
Karelians 204
Karuna estate 100
Katanov 22-23
Kauhava 201
Kazan 16, 21-24, 27, 70, 75, 106
Khadak 51
Khaisan-gun Chapter 8
Khandu Wang 78-80, 89, 98, Chapter 8
Khandudorji 78
Khanui 208, 229-230
Khara gol 229
Khara Khulu 208
Khoitu Tamir 208
Khuni 208, 229-230
Khur Khara usun 149
Khuuchin Uliyasutai 208
Kiev 173
Kirghiz 132, 157, 164, 211
Klementz 195
Knoblauch 116
Kobdo 219
Koivisto 107
Kokhanovski 158
Kokovin & Basov 33, 40-1, 192
Koreans 22, 209
Korsinen 23
Korzin 23, 75
Kostroma 100
Kotwicz Chapter 8
Kowalewski 15, 99
Kozlov (smith) 41, 67, 83
Kozmodemyansk 13, 14, 17, 21
Köl Sai pass 209-210
Krakow 32
Krasnovodsk 129
Krasnoyarsk 25-26
Kronoby 40
Krueger 6
Krusenstjerna 131, 134-5
Ku-cheng 157
kulans 150
Kuma river 112
Kumyk Chapter 4
Kuokkala 143
Kurkijoki 40
Kuropatkin 128-9
Kushka 128-132, 136
Kutuzov 114
Kuylenstjerna 74
Kuzmin 18-21
Kuznetsov 178
Kyakhta 30, 32, 36, 88-91

Lahmann's spirilla 139
Lahta 39
Lahti 39, 139, 181, 215-219
Laitinen 138-140
Lamain Gegen 65, 210
Lapp 38
Larson, Frans 202
Latin 9
Latvians 117
laundry 48
Lavarin khashaa 194
Lavrentyev 62, 64
Leech 127

legal proceedings 79
Leipzig 72
Lhasa 105-6
Li Hua-chung 63
Li Hua-kuo 63
Li Hung-chang 213
liang 51
lifebelts 202
lion 55
liquor 87
Listvenničnaya 27-28
Listvyanka 27
London 152
Lubsang 89-91
Lund, Hugo 10
Lutheran 22, 155
Lyuba Chapter 8
Lyytikäinen 217

Mahmud 183
Mai-mai-ch´eng 32, 44, 47-48
Mäklin 100
malaria 116, 137-139
Malo-Dörbet 104, 107
Manas 154, 183, 185
Manchu 185
Manchuria 130, 149, 219
mandarin's coach 32
Mankhatai 37
Mar 80
Maria, Empress 177
marmots 53, 70-1
Meat City 39-44, 62, 199
meat eating 43
Mecca 183-184
medicine 46
merchant's route 30
Merv 129, 131, 136-139
methylene blue 139
Metropol 23
Mikhailov 218
Mikkola 100-1
Mogilnikov 87-90, 229
Mogoitu river 208
Mohammed 184
Moravian 102-103
Mordvins 22
motley ribs 147, 153
Mönküjiyev 104
Mukden 178
Murgab 136
mustard 103-104
mutton 212
Mysovaya 29-30

Nalaikha 194
Namjil 65, 67, 69-70
Narmayev 106-107
Narobanchin Gegen 54
Nestegaard 39-42, 48, 56-57, 63, 66-67
Nevskii Prospect 180, 215
Niite beise 161
Nikolai, Father 159
Nikolai Station 180
Nine Dunes 69
Nizhni-Novgorod 12
Nobel petroleum 129
Nogai Tatars 112, 117-118, 122
Norwegian 39
Novotorzhsk 180
Numelin 5
numerals 133
nuns 44

Nyland 12, 15
Nyman 6

Obolenskii 163
Ochirov 113
Ojansuu 9
Old Torgouts 148
Omsk 141, 149, 163, 166, 169, 171, 173-174, 176, 181
Ongin gol 210
Onion Corner 56
opium 143
Orkhon 68, 78, 94, 87, 89, 229
Oroin buluk 105
Ossetians 117, 123

Ölöt 143
Ōlzetē, Princess 107-108, photo 246
Öndür nogoon 40
Örgöötü, Mount 203, 207

Pa-li-ta see Balta
paddle-wheelers 189
page school 107
Pälsi Chapter 7
Pashto 132
Peking 74, 87, 149, 152-153, 159
pelmeny 30
Penza 24
Persian 132
Perthes, Justus 213
Peshawar 128
pharmacist 192
phosphorus 200
photography 73, 158
pipes 44
Pitkänen 23
Polish 9, 16, 32, 99, 220
Popov 217
Poppe 39, 267
Port Arthur 176
Poukka 40
Pozdneyev 39, 189-191
Proletarskaya 109

quinine 138

Radloff 195, 206
Ramstedt 16, 174, 215, 217
rats 105
Raun 5
Raunistula 9
rectors 191
Red Cross 177
reincarnation 54
relay-stations 36-37
Reuter 9
revolver 70, 92, 95
riddles 78
Riga 13, 180
rope-tying 92, 96
Rosenberg fund 102, 127, 152
Rostov 122, 128
Rudnev 116, 141, 181, 228, photo 266
Ruin, Alexander 131
Rumania 118
Rustam 137, photo 256
rye-meal bread 57-58

Sääksmäki whetstones 40
Sadovaya street 100
Sagai 22
sagas 108
Sain biligtü 63, 197
Sain noyon 211
Salus hospital 139
Samolyot Co. 12, 16
Sanger 192, 196
Sanskrit 68, 108
Saratov 106
Sarepta 102-111, 116
Sarin tala 79, 200
Sart 142
sausage 156, 199
scales 51-52
scarlet fever 75
Schmidt, P. P. 189-190
Sedkil Ramstedt 236
Selbi river 48
Selenga 30, 80, 83, 89, 97, 189, 201, 206, 229, 230
Semipalatinsk 141, 166
Semyonov Guards 180
sepoy 128
Serb 191
Service 6
Setälä
sexual contact 43
Shanghai 202
Shara Khulusun 148
Shara süme
Sharas-Makhas 182
Sharpa river 103
Shih-ho 149, 153-154, 160
Shine usu 204-205, 208-209, 225, 230
Shishmarev 38-39, 57
Sikänen 23
silver 37, 39, 51-52, 197
Simpatka 65-66
Sjögren 9
Sjöman 163
sleeves 36
Slyudyanka 188
Smetanin 138-139
Smirnov 22, 39, 40-41, 47, 49, 55-56, 62, 65, 74, 197
snuff 44
soda 35
Sodbo 66, 77, 79, 90, 91
Sogdians 206, 230
Sokov 142-143, 161-164
Songinin-bulung 56
Sotavalta 213, 220, 226, 228, 231, photo 266
soul 63-64
Söderström 5 , 268
Spalving 191
Stalingrad 54, 102
starosta 132-134
Stavropol 112-117
stone houses 68
suicide 59
sukka 57, 66-67
Sun Yat-sun 227
Süüji 79, 200-201
Swedish 129, 131, 173
Syrian Christian 80-81, 136
Syzran 24

taboo 50
Täht 143
Taiji 57, 59, 62
Taiwalant agency 100
Talko-Hryncewicz 32
Tamir river 87, 91, 208
Taranchi 151, 157-158
Tarbagatai Mts. 142
Tashkent 129
Tea, Mongolian 34-36
Temir Khan Shura, city 118-119, 123, 125
Terenti 18
Thomsen, Vilhelm 79, 230
Tibetan 42, 46, 50, 106, 108, 153, 219
ticket purchase 110
T'ien-shan 147, 154, 156-157, 183
tigers 145, 150, 154
Tikhretskaya station 114
Timothy 18, 20-21
Tologoitu dawaa pass 37
Tonyukuk 194-197, 201, 206, photo 263
Troitskosavsk 30, 32, 98-99, 191, 193
trout 204
trunks 200
Tsaritsyn 102, 105-111, 114
tser (taboo) 50
Tuan Fu-shan 89
Tula river 47-49, 53, 56, 66, 78, 180, 199
Tula (Russia) 179
Tundutov (Prince) 107, 109, 113, photo 244
Tunguz 29, 31
Tunkelo 9
Turfan 158
Turkestan 127, 141
Turkmens 130, 132
Turku, see AAbo
Tušnal 18-21
Tyakht 142-143

Uighur 81, 157, 228
Ukranian 114
Uliyasutai 208, 211
Ural-Altaic 11
Urals 141
Urid Tamir river 208
Urumchi 143, 152, 154, 157-160, photo 260
Uriyangkhai 219
Ust'-Kyakhta 30
Uzbek 132

Veliko-Knyazheskaya 109
venereal disease 46
Vereshchagin 150, 160
Verkhneudinsk 30, 187-189
Viborg 129
Vilovaty Vrag 18
Vladivostok 189-190
Volgograd 102
von Daehn 117
von der Gabelentz 127
Votyaks 22
Vyazma 178, 180

Warsaw 179-180
watermelons 137
whetstones 40
white-class 43

Wilhelm II, Kaiser 107
wind god 148
Wirén 104, 116
World War, First 102

Yamatu, Mount 144
Yatutin tala 79, 200
Yedishan 118
Yekhe dörböt 114
yellow-class 43
Yemilianov 177-179
Yermak 31
Yisün elestei 69
Yolasova 17-18
Yukka 57, 66-67

Zaitsev 87-90, 226
Zaya Gegen 91, 208, photo 264
Zhamtsarano 228
Zhdanov 31-32
Zosutu 107
Zyrians 22