

ABOUT THE ETYMOLOGY OF SOME TOPONIMS IN KARAKALPAKSTAN

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The history of the origin of geographical terms, the reasons for their naming are based on one source. This article describes the history of naming the most significant terms "land-water" among the toponyms of the Takhtakopyr region. Therefore, we stopped in the region of Takhtakopyr, the Karateren lakes and Mount Borshitav.

Keywords: toponym, oikonym, hydronym, oronym, etymology.

Currently, there is a growing interest in regional research in the toponymy of Karakalpakstan. The study of the toponyms of the region, the development of their service ethics, leads to interesting results related to the past of history. Jer-suo, place terms are formed in the rich language of the local people and developed in connection with the history of the people.

Some information about the toponyms of Karakalpakstan can be found in the historical and ethnographic works of Russian scientists, as well as in the trips and expeditions to Turkestan for various purposes.

In the works of scholars V.V.Bartold, A.V.Oshanin, S.P.Tolstov, Ya.Gulyamov, P.P.Ivanov, T.A.Zhdanko, E.M.Murzaev etc. Karakalpak dialectologists have a lot to offer in the study of Karakalpak toponyms. The dialects they studied expressed the initial ideas about the common ailments of the dialects, the terms of the castle, and their etymology. Recently, Karakalpak scholars have begun a great deal of research into geographical terms in the republic.

The origin of the toponym *Takhtakupir* is connected with the construction of a bridge from a board (tree). The bridge was commissioned in 1904. In those years, the Takhtakor Bridge was a major route for caravans of traders from Khiva, Urgench, Konyrat, Khojeli, Tortkul and Shymbay. They used to commute to the cities of Kazaly and Kyzylorda in Kazakhstan through Takhtakupir. The caravans of merchants of these cities passed through Takhtakupir. Caravan Bosayarna (now Kuwanyshzharma) had to cross the canal because there was no bridge. The country on both sides of the canal was connected by a small ship from black willow. During these years, the number of people who came to Bosayarna increased, and Khojamet Bolys ruled both the west and the east of the canal. In 1903, under the leadership of Khojamet Bolst, the people on both sides of the canal thought about building a bridge over the canal. The bridge is made of local materials. Then people began the work of collecting the largest white poplars and black willows. Both men and women have been invited to cut down trees and perform rituals. The work of cutting down the imported trees has already begun. The most difficult part of the bridge was the installation of trees on the canal. These works were carried out during the winter, when the ice was frozen. Carpenters, craftsmen, jewelers, and women took an active part in the bridge. Atty and de jayao', a horse with a load, and a donkey cart were very large enough to pass safely. The whole crowd rejoiced at the construction of this bridge.

Thus, the wooden bridge over the Bosayarna canal became a huge historical monument. From that time on, the people began to call this place *Taktay-Kupir Takhtakupir* [2.73].

If we fully prove the meaning of each term, its distant history, and the secrets of the world, we will be interested in everyone today. The toponymic system of the remaining region was formed during the captivity. The history of the people has its own language in its language. There is a history of the so-called Lake Karateren. Lake Karateren is located on the shores of the village Burshitao, Takhtakor district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan. This lake helped people to put food on the table for centuries.

It used to be a kingdom under Karateren. But no enemy was able to defeat him. The people were standing on a four-sided steep cliff on the moon, and the enemy had never seen such a moon. The king of the people who inhabited this place was very clever and wanted to take care of the people. The king had an only daughter, and when she was born the king gave a big party for forty nights and forty days. His mother was rocking her lonely daughter in a gold cradle and a silver-plated felt housework.

Years passed and the girl, who was rocking in the golden cradle, grew up. The girl's name was Karakoz and she was very beautiful. But the people did not have the courage to ask the king for his daughter. One day, Karakoz wants to rest in nature, but his father does not allow it. Karakoz sighed and went to his mother and cried, and then his mother said, "Oh, my daughter, it's not easy for your father, he is thinking of you and doing this." courage to ask the king for his daughter. The girl did not return from the intention to climb the cliff. One day, Karakoz set out on a journey to reach his goal. As she reached to the rock, someone fell from the roof in front of her. The girl froze in her tracks. The girl froze in fear. When he looked up, he saw that he was a handsome young man. The look in his eyes was hot and he felt different. Fearing the girl ran home and told her father about the incident. Then the father:

"Oh, my daughter, I told you not to go there," he said.

"Father, forgive me, I will not go anywhere else, but save the young man on the left," the girl begged her father.

The father, helpless, did as his daughter told him and treated the young man.

One day the girl went to see the young man, and when the young man regained consciousness, he looked at the smiling face of the girl:

"Are you the one who saved me?"

- Yes, I am.

"Thank you very much, without your help, I wouldn't be alive today and wouldn't be talking to a girl like you now," he said. At that moment, they fell in love with each other. Shortly afterwards, the king summoned the young man and asked him how he had come to these places. Then the young man said, "My name is Temirbek, I am a lonely man. I would spend the day in the field, taking care of everyone's property. But I hadn't seen my parents since I was born, I was brought up by the shepherd. This man named me. I used to feed the well-known left-handed shepherd. One day, while I was tending cattle, some horsemen came and beat me on a stick and took the cattle away. "I have no place to go, I'm just wandering around, and if you don't mind, I'll serve you," he said. The king felt sorry for the young man and allowed him to stay, but he did not know that the young man loved his daughter. The king saw the young man as his own son, and feed him. There was an invader who wants to conquer this land. He conquered all the

lands, but could not conquer them. One day, as usual, he entered the city and tried to find out about the weak points of the place. Suddenly he met Temirbek and asked him for directions. Temirbek simply told him that he was the king's confidant. Then the invader: "Young man, if he loved you as much as his own son, he wouldn't have made you a shepherd. Answer one question, do you want to be king of this country?" he said. - No, I do not need wealth, I do not need the state, I love his daughter.

Hey, young boy, love has blinded you, the king will never give you his daughter."

"Don't say that, why won't he, his daughter loves me too," he said coldly.

- You know, I'm just saying. If you say no, then no, the robber suddenly disappeared.

After that, Temirbek was upset and lost in thought. As he drove the herd to the village, he stopped at Karakoz and told him to wait on the outskirts of the village at sunset.

Karakoz was so worried thinking what had happened. After that she went to the place. When she came, Temirbek was waiting for her. He said: "My love, I am just an ordinary man, your father will not allow us to marry. Then she answered: "Why do you think like that, my father loves you. You should ask him for my hand in marriage, he will give his consent. Temirbek found it a good idea and decided to go to the king and add that if her father rejects that, he would kidnap her. The next day Temirbek went to the king. He jumped over the threshold and entered the house, where the king was eating. He straightened his neck and said, "Come in, son, are you okay?" "How are you?" He asked the young man. As Temirbek sat down, the king looked at the young man: "Why don't you tell me if you're silent?"

"Oh, my lord, I have a complaint."

"What's the matter, what is the problem?"

"Oh, if you'll let me, I'll tell you."

-Then on it ..

- I love your daughter. Your daughter loves me too. True, I'm an orphan, but I'm happy to make your daughter happy.

The king's blood boiled over the young man's words:

- What do you say, are not you ashamed to ask my daughter? Go, I do not want to see you in my house today, get out of here, or I will condemn you to death. The young man remained silent.

In the morning Temirbek set off. Karakoz followed in his footsteps: Stop, please, I have something to tell you. Temirbek smirked, looked into the girl's teary eyes and said, "I'm sorry, if you cry, my heart will be crushed," and wiped the girl's face with his hand. Look, I'm coming to pick you up, believe me, let's say goodbye. Wait for me, I'll be there for you anyway.

Thus, Temirbek left the country. On the way, he remembered what the robber had said and tried to find the robber. Apparently, love is blind, and a young man who wants to reach his beloved goes to the place of a pirate.

He confronted the invader and said that he was ready for anything. The invader looked at Temirbek and told him that it was not such a difficult task, but if he did it, he would reach his beloved.

- Now listen to me carefully. One end of the Aral was close to the country, and now there is a dam, but it is well guarded day and night. No one can approach it, so everyone knows you. You should destroy it. The young man agreed

Temirbek immediately set off, and as he approached the dam, armed men came out and greeted him. "Who are you?" This is me, Temirbek, the king sent me to bring a message from you .. Well ... well, we thought you were a stranger, get off the horse, you must be tired, hold your breath. No, I'm tired of what I say. You go day and night.

Yes, as much as possible, the waters of the Aral Sea rise and fall on our country, and it keeps its eyes on the enemies. It is clear that if we do not rest, our country will be flooded. Temirbek finally said: - Guys, take a break, I'll be watching. "Well, then, let's take a break. "I'll wake you up, don't worry, I'll be awake." People who were very tired fell asleep. Temirbek slowly approached the reservoir. Suo' was standing on the tarpaulin. Temirbek opened one side of the reservoir, and the water began to flow towards the place where people lived. Temirbek rode his horse, fell in front of the flood and hurried to the neighborhood before reaching the river. The water was following in Temirbek's footsteps.

The people were completely unaware of this. Suddenly the weather changed and a storm arose. Although the sky was clear, the water began to drip like rain. People started shouting and running in all directions. Karakoz looked outside, rolling her eyes, as if he knew that he was coming. At one point, Karakoz heard a voice say, "I'm coming." When the girl looked away, Temirbek was riding a horse. The horse was very tired and was running with all his might. He mounted Karakuz on horseback and continued on his way. Seeing this, the king cursed his daughter.

Probably it is true that "mother curse is a flower, father curse is an arrow". When the two lovers escaped from the water and were now far from danger, a large stone from Borshytaw fell on them and the two lovers died there. The kingdom was flooded. Some survived, while others died. The young man, on the other hand, destroyed an entire nation in order to reach his beloved one. To this day, the memorial stone of the two lovers is hanging around Burshitao. The sun does not reach the bottom of the so-called Karateren lake, nor does it reach the bottom of the human foot, so it is not known what is at the bottom.

In fact, both the present-day Takhtakopir people and the Karateren regions have a large population and have been called Dauqara. According to scientific sources, this place is sometimes called Dauqara Lake and sometimes Dauqara Pass [1.47-49]. This is because in the course of history, these lands have been prone to floods, and these lands have been arid and sometimes flooded. In these sources, in 1588-1790, these lands were clear lakes. Now, the term Daoqara is derived from the legend that Daoqara was the son of a rich man named Shymbay. Shymbay was a wealthy man, and because of the large number of cattle, he sent his eldest son, Daoqara, to the herd. Later, Daoqara's wealth increased and he became famous. She did not have a son, but a daughter named Makaria.

He had engaged his daughter to the son of a rich man in another country. One day, while Makarya was talking to her lover, a voice was heard in the distance. The young man looked at the girl and said, "Ask your father for a horse and I will go and find out what this noise is." The girl goes to her father and tells him about it and brings a horse to the man. The young man got on his horse, looked at the girl, and said, "Put on your clothes and wait for me at the door. If there is any danger, I will come and pick you up."

When he went to look, he saw that it was the water of the mountain. As it turns out, a steady stream of water comes and reaches the horse's knee. While Makaria was waiting in front of the

house, the man quickly got on a horse and the two escaped. It is not known where they went, but the people says they went to place called Makaria a long time ago. According to some sources, the city of Nizhny Novgorod was once called Makaria. The Tatars call this place Makarsha and the Bashkirs Makaria. And now the same words are heard in the mouths of the people that Daukara was married to a Russian. There is a reason for this to be close to the truth. After all, Daukara was in contact with Russian merchants and called his daughter Makaria a Russian. It is not clear whether the place called Makaria is connected with it or not. However, Makaria (Nizhny Novgorod) used to be a famous trading place on the banks of the Volga, where it was an international fair for the beginning of the twentieth century.

Russian travelers Gladyshev and Muravin crossed the Daukara River in 1740 on their way from the lower reaches of the Syr Darya to Khiva [1.47-49].

The origin of geographical names and the reasons for their naming have been of interest to people since ancient times. When determining the reason for the use of geographical names, it can be seen that they are based on certain facts. The toponym Borshitau, which we are going to talk about today, also has a history of naming.

This information was recorded in 1982 on the way to Tursynbek from Karateren to Borshitau, based on a story told by grandmothers Ulzhan, Zhubai, Azhar and Almagul.

In ancient times, between Khiva and Kyzylkum, there were incomparably large cities called Kyzylkala and Dugisken. The trade route was a crossroads of nine roads that stretched across the red sands of Karatau. Kyzyl-Kala is a place where traders can relax and unwind. One day, a 10-year-old girl got lost in a Persian trade street in Khorezm. After a day or two in the city, a middle-aged man named Barai, who had started a trade migration from the Aral Sea to the camel, saw the girl, gave her clothes, food, took care of her, took her to the cat. After a few days, the traders, who had become accustomed to the hut, gestured to it, and then learned the language, began to live in the confidence of the merchants who had begun to leave. The Persian girl, who had a very different outlook on life, quickly adapted to the caravan. The caravan which was under the control of Baray sold salt, exchanged goods and dressed in the country, was in a bad situation. The sound of a child crying from the top of the mountain was heard as he was on the other side of the lake and on the other side of the hill, which was as dark as a sheep. Then he lit a fire everywhere and started looking for the child. In the morning, on a hill, a two-month-old boy was crying and gasping for breath in a wolf's den. Then the young men brought him to the caravan, washed him, gave him all the food, and pressed him to the breast of the girl and thanks to the God's kindness, the girl started to breast feed the baby.

The breastfed baby came to the rescue. As the mob gathered to load the camels, wolves suddenly attacked the caravan, killing some of the caravans and forcibly rescuing the survivors. The caravan, led by Barai, rushed to the Aral Sea, regained consciousness, and told the village elders what had happened. "This case should not be left like this, otherwise it will harm another country," he said. So he gathered a large group of young men on horseback and rode to the place where the group of wolves had started. 20 young men on horseback, sele In the evening, at dusk, an eagle noticed a wolf waiting outside. An experienced old man who felt it said, "This trouble is waiting for us, it is not a good situation, there is a secret behind it, there is a wolf, he will take blood from his stubbornness, revenge... This should not be touched," he said. That night, a wolf attacked Barai's men, who were unconscious, and wounded the horses. In the morning,

angry young men mounted their horses, climbed to the top of a high hill, killed some wolves, and hurt the alives. Not wanting to return to the place, he cleaned the top of the mountain, burned the nests, made a mark, called the cattle, took the boy and his mother, and Barai The hero married the girl. The girl's ancestry is Persian, her name is Barcha. The baby he found in the nest was named Borshi. A few years later, people moved to the area. One day, a middle-aged man came to the country with a dream and made it a habit to spend the night on a rock that clung to the mountain. One day, a resident of the village met an older man and asked about his condition. The grieving couple said they had lost their one-month-old son, Suyel, about 20 years ago. A rich man from Khiva took a pair of wolves from the nest and took them to Khiva. Then an angry pack of wolves blocked the road, attacked the caravans, disturbed the country, and took one child from each street. We didn't have time to think about the child at that time. He told me that we were in a situation where we could not find any information about our son Suyel. The sedentary country hears everything, and your children are safe from what we hear. A merchant named Barai, dressed in rich salt, was rescued from the hills of the mountain by wolves, and it is said that the Aral Sea is located around Syrdarya. That's all we hear. Your child was named Borshi because he was separated from the blue wolves. At that time, the couple was happy to know that this big hill was a sacred mountain with such a benevolent history. It was named after their eldest son. There is a legend that went to the Syrdarya searching his son Borshi. It is said that to this day, a child crying and a wolf's howl can be heard all the time. In short, the name of your land is like the genealogy of your country for generations. It is the duty of all of us not to erase the name of our lands and waters, to preserve them as much as possible, to turn them into the success of our generation.

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