

for holding water. Silversmiths with their glittering ornaments, furriers, smoky forges, fruit from Turfan, meat stores, dealers in clothes, pawnbrokers, a chemist's shop, a bric-à-brac shop, a potter, kitchens with their evil-smelling, cheap food, are jumbled together along the long bazaar street. In the towns along »pei lu» (the northern route), however, the bazaar presents a considerable contrast to the trading carried on in the south. The Chinese element and the Dungan, outwardly very like it, predominate here and their influence is noticeable everywhere. Trade is carried on constantly on an equal scale and not on a fixed day as in the south. Nor is there anything like the seething mass of people here that you see, for instance, in Yarkand, Khotan or Kashgar, elbowing their way along the narrow, draughty, covered-in street. Beggars in their peculiar professional garb, shouting storytellers, women in impenetrable veils and decorative, venerable Hadjis with their staffs and dazzling white turbans which, with garish carpets and coloured blankets, give street life in the south a certain oriental glamour, are absent here. You look in vain for the Kashmiri and the Hindu with his bright but sly and insinuating exterior, the ostentatious, vehement and unapproachable Afghan, the cringing but at the same time supercilious native Beg, with the mark of the slave protruding from under his rich fur-edged velvet cap in the shape of a Chinese pigtail. The Andijanlik, the Chinese Turk and Tartar disappear here, there being so few of them, in the blue-clad crowd of Chinese and Dungans, who form the mass of the population. There is an air of uniformity about this blue-clad crowd and the Chinese shop with its finicking and often rather beautiful display is less artistic than the little cupboard-like crib of the Sart, where the owner sits on a bright carpet spread on the floor surrounded by coloured silk and cotton cloth.

The SW corner of the town is formed by the Manchurian fortress, built in the shape of a square with a two-storeyed tower in the centre. The fortress, about 200 sq. fathoms in size, is densely populated and houses 1,060 Manchurians and their families. Excepting the Manchurians stationed at Ili, this is now the only Manchurian garrison in the province of Sinkiang. It was formed of the Manchurians who survived the Dungan revolt with the addition of some families that removed from Ili, Barkul and Turfan (?) to replace the garrison which, it is said, was practically wiped out on that occasion. They form 6 not quite complete tchy (a tchy should number 200 men) under the command of the »tchyng shu y» (corresponding to a Djentai) Kuj. The troops consist partly of fairly old men and have no idea, even according to Chinese standards, of the most elementary training or military drill. The bows, the traditional weapons of the Manchurians which established their fame, have been replaced by old, rusty Remington rifles (number unknown) and cartridge-boxes with the inscription »Hampshire regt», but no shooting practice is done and no cartridges are to be found in their equipment. General Kuj, a polite man of 56, does not appear to have the remotest idea of his profession, which is not surprising seeing that he rose to the rank of general by looking after Prince Tuan's ducks and geese. He said he had never handled a rifle, and when I asked what system he considered best for arming the troops, he replied very modestly that whatever rifle was sent from Europe would always prove excellent in China. His second-in-command, the Tchengje Fang, a toothless old man of 60, is in command of a tchi. A company of about 50 men who were paraded at my