

running round outside the main wall, but it is now almost in ruins. Inside the wall are some yamens, but only a few houses. Outside, to the south, are a few shops and inns.

I had a conversation with some Tunganis who came to see me. They said the population of the place is almost entirely Tungani and Turks. In the mountains round are Kalmaks and Khirgiz. These Tunganis (they called themselves Tungani without my asking who they were) are not distinguishable in features from an ordinary Chinaman, but they seem cleaner and more respectable than the Chinese about here, who appear to be the scum of the central provinces of China proper.

*July 25.*—We had to make a half-halt to-day, to dry things which had been wetted in the river on Saturday night. I went for a stroll round the place. Outside of the walled city there are two streets running down to the river, which is rather more than half a mile from the walls; the northern street has most shops, but they are poor. Near the river were some encampments of Kalmaks. They are regular Mongols, living in yurts and dressed as other Mongols, and wearing pigtails, the round coloured caps with a tassel, and long coats. They are easily distinguishable from both Chinese and Turks. I questioned several people about the different races of this part of Turkestan, and was told that there were three different races—the Kitai (Chinese), Tungani, and Turks, and here at Karashar were a few Kalmaks. The Turks do not appear to be divided into tribes, but are called by the town they belong to. The Chinese call them Chan-teu (turban-wearers). One Turk, with whom I was trying to converse, took me off to a shop where there was a man who had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and had seen Lahore, Bombay, Suez, and Constantinople. He only spoke Persian, unfortunately. It is wonderful the distances these pilgrims travel. I could find no Hindustani-speaking men in Karashar.

I had told the innkeeper to look out for a good pony for