

thirty feet high, and twelve paces wide at top; the bastions, which were built up of successive layers of mud cement, project some forty paces from the rampart walls and still show the marks of connection with them by means of covered passages or galleries one above the other. At least such was our solution of the meaning of the regular lines of rafter sockets (decayed wood was found *in situ* in one of them) that at intervals of six or seven feet run horizontally round these bastions.

To Iskandar Mirza, a grandson of the Amir Timur, is assigned the credit of having reduced this famous stronghold by diverting the Kizil Sú against its walls. A main branch of the river certainly does flow where the east face of the city walls ought to stand, and so far accounts for their disappearance, and gives support to a tradition connected therewith. It is to the effect that the defenders, on seeing the means resorted to by the enemy for their reduction, gave up all for lost, and at once sought means of escape from the vengeance their obstinate resistance had provoked. By a counterstratagem on the part of their Chiefs, they were enabled under cover of darkness to escape to the cities in the direction of the Marálbáshi and Táklamakán unobserved by the enemy, who too late discovered that the sounds of activity proceeding from within the walls were produced by the only living creatures left there—a number of camels with rattle-drums fixed on their necks, scampering wildly through the deserted streets—the unwitting agents of their own protracted terror, the people's hurried escape, and the enemy's destructive rage. And so the celebrated Káshghar of the time of Wang Khan was reduced to ruins.

From the bridge we passed through a thin suburb to the city, which is considerably smaller than that of Yarkand. It is enclosed within high walls strengthened by buttress bastions at short intervals, and surrounded by a deep ditch. The entrance on the south side is through three gateways, one within the other and at different angles, into the main bazaar. The centre gate has folding doors plated with iron, and is kept by a guard of fifty soldiers, whom we found seated on each side of the roadway with prong-rest rifles set before them. Our progress through the bazaar was slow owing to the dense crowd of market people thronging the thoroughfare, and the circumstance afforded us a good opportunity for judging of the condition of the general community and observing the different types of nationality. Compared with similar scenes in Yarkand, one is struck by the remarkably robust and healthy look of the people and the almost entire absence of goitre which is there nearly universal: and next, by the large proportion of pure Chinese faces amongst the general crowd of Uzbaks, Tajiks, and Tunganis: whilst here too, as there, the generally excellent clothing, the good-will, the order and the activity characterizing the crowd did not fail to attract our notice.

Arrived at the Dadkhwah's residence, we passed through a succession of courts similar to those of the Governor's residence at Yarkand and the Amir's palace here—each with its guard of soldiers clad in the national *choga* and loose silk robe splashed boldly broadly and bluntly with all the colours of the brightest rainbow and seated along the walls with downcast heads and solemn looks, amidst silence perfect.

The Dadkhwah met us in the verandah of his audience-hall and after salutation conducted us to the seats prepared expressly for us at the upper part of the room. These were high-backed arm-chairs, cushioned and covered with scarlet cloth or purple plush. All were ranged round two sides of a large square table covered with the rainbow pattern silks before alluded to. Our host took his seat on a divan near us, welcomed us warmly to Kashghar, and begged we would pardon any omissions on his part, as he had never had the pleasure of meeting any of our people before and was consequently ignorant of our customs, and assured us it was his desire to please and do us honour.

Alish Beg is an active little man, of very pleasing manners, and bright intelligent features of a strongly Tartar cast. His hospitality was so profuse that our united efforts made small impression on the array of five score and five dishes and trays and bowls of stews, pilaos, pastry, sweets and fruits, &c., set before us. The fact did not escape the notice of our host and drew from him the remark that we would probably address ourselves more freely to the feast before us if relieved of the ceremonial restraints of his presence, and he consequently