

row are alike. Each wears a robe of different pattern, but all of the same strikingly attractive character—silk or cotton print—and all in brightest colours mixed in stark contrast. Here is a gigantic Afghan with nut brown complexion, handsome countenance, and flowing beard of glossy black; and next him is a fellow countryman of the same stalwart proportions, but bowed by the weight of his grey beard and scarred cheek; both in the midst of the subservient crew show in their looks the natural independence of the race, and, in defiance of etiquette, raise their heads to survey the stranger at their leisure, and, I must record, with a look of unmistakeable “*rapprochement*” too.

There sits a square-faced, flat-nosed, skew-eyed Kalmák, with cheek bones as high as his shoulders, and a body as square as his face; his ruddy features, without a hair to ornament them, are respectfully bowed, and wear an expression of seriousness only equalled by that of timid submission. Next him sits a fair, full, round faced Andijáni, with short trimmed beard, bright eyes, and an air of complacent self satisfaction supported by the stolidity with which he plants his Dutch built frame amongst his fellows. His looks of natural confidence and ready activity contrast strongly within the cunning mien and crouching seat of his Kirghiz neighbour, whose angular eyes and angular cheeks and angular face—all suffused with a healthy glow of red, and all together on one plane prolonged to a point at the chin by a short wispy tuft of beard—present a no less strange divergence from the rotund features and form beside him. But here a very different form interposes like a full stop in a sentence topped with a stroke of surprise. He is our familiar black skinned and oily faced Hindustani Musalmán, whose beard shines as bright as his eyes, and both by contrast more pronounced in colour, whilst his obsequious smiles have grown none the less by distance, despite the disguise he appears in. Beyond him again come forms more in consonance with their garb, at least according to our associations, and then another type that arrests attention by its peculiar hard lineaments, its deep sunk eyes, narrow retreating forehead, and naked projecting jowl. It is owned by the muddy skinned, withered, opium smoking Khitáy whose repulsive physiognomy is the reflexion of his cowed spirit and forced servility. Like him too, but with more oblique eyes, more prominent cheek bones, and more fleshy features is his Tungáni confrère. And different from all, though strongly allied to the first, is the brown skinned, bewhiskered, and gentle looking Badakhshi, with high full forehead, long arched finely carved nose, and oval face of the true Aryan stamp. He sits with respectful pose and downcast eyes, and only looks up to show a ready obedience on his countenance.

Such was the odd medley of garbs and grimaces that composed the guard in waiting in this second court of the King's palace. The next, a much smaller one, is covered in and shelters a similar guard which holds the gateway. Everywhere within the palace courts a perfect silence prevails, so much so that even the sociable and homely sparrow shuns the stillness and chirrups not where men dare not speak.

The population of Káshghar is almost entirely Turk and employed solely in agriculture. They are said to be restless under control and inclined to tumult, and have a character for neglecting those courtesies and conventionalities of society so carefully observed by their neighbours. Further they are taxed with a want of hospitality and denounced as but poor Musalmans considering the many priests and sacred shrines in their midst. They belong to the Aktághlúk faction and, as their detractors are the rival Karátághlúk, perhaps they are not so bad as they are painted. Under the lax rule of the Chinese, however, they were notorious for indulgence in all sorts of forbidden pleasures, meats, and drinks, and amongst them flourished whole colonies of the gay and accommodating *Chaucán*. All these are now strictly repressed, and their loss is supplied by a more general resort to hemp and opium, and a most degrading vice.

*Úsh Turfán*.—This little division lies to the north-east of Káshghar from which it is separated by the Balauti range. This is an irregular chain of hills which, emanating from the Tirikti Peak near Chádir Kol, projects eastward parallel to the Alátágh and shuts off the Úsh Turfán valley from the plain. The western half of the valley is occupied by the Kirghiz pastures of Kákshál, through which flows the Aksáy river from Chádir Kol. Its banks, as the river approaches Safarbáy, are studded by dense forests of poplar trees, and the road passes through