

caravan. The Beg was evidently a man who had grown old in the enjoyment of comfort, probably, or rather certainly, the fruit of his "squeezings" during his tenure of office. He informed me that he had received strict orders from the Chow-Kuan of Yangi Shahr to escort me through his district and afford me every assistance; and, for this reason, he could not be persuaded to leave me till, at the boundary of his jurisdiction, he had handed me over to the Beg of Tazgun. He of Tazgun, more amenable to my wishes, left me before I reached Yangi Shahr; and, skirting that town so as to avoid oppressive attention, I marched towards Kashgar. As I hurried on I suddenly met Macartney, who, with his Chaprassie, Jaffar Ali, was looking out for me. It was only ten months since I had left them at Yarkand, but they had been months of toil; both my appearance and my garb had changed, and I was not recognised. However, my voice declared my identity, and my friend took me to his home, which seemed like a little oasis of civilisation amidst wastes of Asiatic barbarism. For me the place had something of an air of enchantment; the looks, the language, the conversation, the ways of thinking of my host and hostess were delightful, while the physical comfort derived from well-furnished rooms, table linen, plates to eat from, and glasses to drink from, to say nothing of the well-cooked viands, was such as I had never experienced before. None can appreciate the ordinary comforts of life like those who have been long deprived of them. Several days elapsed before the sensations of preternatural enjoyment began to tone down, and I was able to consider calmly the conditions of life in Kashgar.

One question which interested me and which I set myself to answer was, whether Muz Tagh Ata is visible from Kashgar. Having measured a base with one end