

Disturbing rumours about the conflict with the European Powers had already in July spread through the Bazars of Kashgar, and just a week before my arrival a feeling of mutual apprehension and distrust threatened for a moment to bring about a collision between the Muhammadan population and the Chinese garrison quartered in the Yangi-Shahr, or "New City." The commotion luckily died away when it was found that the Chinese Commander-in-Chief, whose visit to the "Old City" with an unusual escort had given rise to alarm, had only come to play a harmless game of cards at the Hsieh-tai's Yamen! The recollections of the last great rebellion against Chinese rule (1863-77) have, indeed, not disappeared from the "New Dominions"; but the peaceful cultivators of the oases and the easily cowed petty traders and artisans of the towns have little reason to wish back the times when the turbulent 'Andijanis' carried on their exactions in the name of Islam.

Kashgar, since the days of Sir Douglas Forsyth's mission, has so frequently received the visits of European travellers that I may be excused from attempting within the limited space of this narrative to describe the general features and life of the city. Most of my time was spent in busy work at Chini-Bagh; and to the little oasis of Anglo-Indian civilization which my kind hosts had created around themselves cling my main recollections of Kashgar. There was little contact with the outer world to vary the pleasant round of our daily life. Though the worst of the summer heat of the Turkestan plains had passed, it was still warm enough during the middle part of the day to make the freshness of the morning particularly attractive for work. So I was regularly astir with the break of day, and 6 a.m. found me established beside my books and papers under the tall poplars of the terraced garden.

The fruit season had fully begun. The closely planted apricot-, peach-, and plum-trees of the orchard occupying the upper terrace were already bending low under an abundance of luscious fruit; while a little later a fine bower of vines