

Khatris from various parts of the Punjab, whom I felt tempted to greet as quasi-countrymen; men from Jammu territory, equally familiar to me; and a sprinkling of Muhammadan Kashmiris, of whom there is quite a settled colony here. They were all in their best dresses, decently mounted, and unmistakably pleased to greet a 'Sahib.' So it was only natural that they wished to make some show of him. Accordingly I was escorted in great style through the whole of the Yangi-Shahr, or "New City," and the Bazars that connect it with the old one. Our clattering cavalcade was undoubtedly a little event for the people that thronged the Bazars. These all seemed broad and fairly clean; in point of picturesqueness far more attractive than those of Kashgar.

Then we turned off to the right and rode round the crenellated walls of the "Old City" into an area of suburban gardens. Here lies the Chini-Bagh which Mr. Macartney had in advance engaged for my residence. It proved quite a summer-palace within a large walled-in garden. Passing through a series of courts, I was surprised to find a great hall of imposing dimensions, with rows of high wooden pillars supporting its roof. Beyond it I entered a series of raised apartments, once the reception-rooms of Niaz Hakim Beg, the original owner of these palatial quarters. There was no mistaking the marks of departed glory. The gilding of the latticework screens separating the rooms had faded, and other signs of neglect were numerous. Yet good carpets covered the floors and the raised platforms; tasteful dados ran along the walls, and over the whole lay an air of solemn dignity and ease. When alone in my temporary mansion I felt the reality of the charms which such an abode offers even more than I had in the old Moghul and Sikh garden-residences, once my favourite haunts in the Campagna of Lahore.

The days which followed my arrival at Yarkand passed with surprising rapidity. I had intended from the first a stay