

dating from the time of Yaqub Beg, is kept clean and in a very fair state of repair, I should have been warmer; but I preferred to stick to my little tent and its fresh air as long as possible.

My march on September 28th to Karghalik was a fairly long one, about twenty-four miles, but very enjoyable. A light storm overnight, though accompanied only by dust without a drop of rain, had thoroughly cleared the atmosphere. It was pleasant to walk in the fresh morning air between the carefully cultivated fields and orchards that cover the ground south of Posgam. Irrigation from the Yarkand River provides plenty of water, and the comparative proximity of the villages and Bazars along the route testifies to the prosperity of the tract. About nine miles from Posgam there followed a grassy plain known as Tügölaz, which is intersected by numerous clear streamlets said to be fed by springs further west. The sight of their limpid water, so different from the red, grey, or brown colouring of the larger streams seen since Kashgar, was in welcome harmony with the view of the distant snowy ranges that now showed themselves in the south-west. The mountains which I could see for a great portion of the march belong to the ranges through which the Zarafshan forces its way down from Sarikol. All through my stay at Yarkand the haze had hidden them from view.

Beyond the Tügölaz plain we came to the Tiznaf River, now reduced to a number of narrow channels, but evidently fed with plenty of water when the snow melts in the advanced ranges of the Kuen-luen. The well-constructed bridge which leads over the main river-bed was built, according to the Chinese and Turki inscription at its head, some twenty-five years ago, and measures fully 250 steps. Beyond followed a rich tract with smiling fields of lucerne, Indian corn, and cotton, dotted with comfortable-looking villages. At Charvak, the "Tuesday Bazar" of this neighbourhood, I found an animated scene. The Amban of Karghalik was expected to