

failing effort nearly a hundred thousand people fled over the mountains (or died while trying), in order to join their kindred people in West Turkestan. The last of these dramatic struggles began in 1864; the Chinese were forced out of Dzungaria, and a few years later Kashgaria was in the power of Yakoob Beg, a name which has a familiar sound to ears of our generation. His bloody exploits were known even to the European world, and his sudden elevation to regal power was the theme of much admiring comment. But his glory was short. Back came the Chinese and down went Yakoob Beg, his sun setting in a sea of blood.

It was scarce thirty years ago that the Chinese Peace was re-established, yet the province is now ruled almost without a semblance of military power. It seems to have been immemorially thus. When the fire of rebellion flames, the great Empire throws upon it quenching floods from its bottomless well of humanity, and then awaits the next conflagration. Something there is in this of justice—the generations which yield are not burdened with the support of the armies of “benevolent assimilation,” while those who would strike at the great leviathan are slaughtered as soon as armies may be brought from the over-teeming fields within the wall.

And now the long drama, with an all-Asia caste, is ended. When the curtain next rises we see Europe on the stage modestly attired as a consul and having about her a handful of soldiers, merely guards, to preserve her dignity from breach. Behold her in constant *pour parler* with the former heroine of the play—the fair maid from far Cathay,