

before the village, was firm and rose slightly. After 45 minutes we crossed a stream running southward in a small valley, a couple of hundred paces wide. In front of us the edge of the oasis formed a semicircle with the horns, thickly wooded, jutting out at a distance of about $2/3$ of a mile on the right and left of the road. Half an hour's ride took us, after passing a large building like a temple and a memorial column on the left, to the edge of the cultivated area. Here a stream or small river wound its way along a valley in a SSW direction and quite close to the town joined the one we had passed $1\ 1/2$ miles before. There were single houses in the shade of trees in the valley and along its edges. For a short time we skirted the valley and then crossed it. The river, flowing in two arms, and a broad ariq were crossed by 3 good bridges and we entered the suburb of Hami.

October 27th. Yesterday and to-day I exchanged calls with the Mohammedan Prince of Hami, the *Hami*. Djentai of Barkul who was still staying here and the military commander of the place, the Hsietai Jang.

Prince Shao Makhmut lives in a neglected and badly constructed group of buildings in the NE part of the Sart town near its northern wall which is about 9 fathoms high in this place and of a respectable thickness. You ride along a narrow courtyard, paved with stone slabs and rough stones, shaped like a passage, which forms a curve and leads into the inner courtyards, through a succession of wooden gates to the palace. On one side of the inner courtyard a broad stairway, reminiscent of church stairs, leads to the building occupied by the Prince. A pathway of stone slabs leads to a pavilion opposite which usually serves as a reception room. There is a gateway in Chinese yamen style before the entrance, with double doors in the middle and side entrances for less exalted visitors. The reception room, lighted by many windows along both the side-walls, was light, airy and pleasant. A deep scarlet sofa, divided into two by a low table, stood opposite the door. From the door to the sofa there were two rows of red armchairs facing each other. The most tasteless screens and lamps were placed next to beautiful Chinese vases. Two of the commonest lamps were suspended from the ceiling above the rows of armchairs and were adorned with looking-glass medallions, fixed into the painted tin shade, and a couple of bronze birds on the metal wire holder. The scheme of decoration was completed by some paper scrolls with Chinese wording on the walls and a couple of bright red and green hangings over the doors.

As I dismounted at the gateway, the Prince came hastily down the steps of his house dressed in the official Chinese garb. He was below medium height and very bent, though he did not look more than 45. Constant association with the Chinese and his life in Peiping have endowed him with all the manners of a Chinese mandarin. In spite of his smiles and excessive politeness, there is something repellent about his personality, which breathes toadyism and cowardice. Unlike his son-in-law and colleague at Lukchun, he is master of the Hami oasis, where he levies taxes, dispenses justice and even has a bodyguard of 40 Chinese soldiers, armed with Mauser rifles, since the Dungan rising. The population does not seem to be pleased with his exercise of power, for disturbances had occurred recently. The local people had declared that they no longer wished to fulfil their duties as tax-