



*A 26-year old Dungan from Hochow.*

the Dungan revolt his energy and severity gained him considerable renown. Though himself of Dungan origin, he was placed here by the Chinese Government to prevent any disturbances among his countrymen, among whom his name alone is said to be sufficient to instil terror and aversion. I called on the general and cannot deny that he made an impression on me. On hearing that he intended to go into the country on the morning after my arrival, I sent him my card at 7.30 a.m. At the first glance I failed to realise that the young man with a youthful figure who came to meet me with buoyant gait was the warrior of 60, of whom I had heard at Lanchow. He had not a single grey hair, but at close quarters the many wrinkles in his face showed that he had left his youth far behind him. His sharp features looked well under the black turban-like head-cloth of the Chinese soldier with one corner hanging behind the left ear. He had a curious habit of staring straight at you, as though trying to pierce your most secret thoughts. From time to time he would seem to be dreaming with a melancholy look in his fine, dark eyes, and when roused from his thoughts, he answered with a winning smile, as if apologising for his absence of mind. There was something quite unlike the Chinese about him and it almost offended your ear, when he used the expression «uomen chunguorin» (we Chinese); one would have expected him to say «we Turks» or «we Arabs». What thoughts constantly lure him away from reality? He looks as though he had both brains and energy, a man who would be in his right place leading an insurgent Dungan army rather than acting as a servile watchdog of Chinese interests and taking Chinese orders. It is strange that the Chinese so easily find men to