

undertake the contemptible part of a renegade. He looked at my rifles with great interest and showed me some of his own. One glance at their condition convinced me that I was in the presence of a man who loved weapons. He said with a sad smile: »The Europeans only sell us what they consider useless in their own country.» Unfortunately, my acquaintance with Ma-ga-lian was confined to this one call. It would have been interesting to get to know him better.

Hochow is said to have suffered badly during the last Dungan revolt. There are no old relics in the Chinese town and there are still many ruined houses in the Dungan suburb. I visited a couple of mosques that must have been some two hundred years old to judge by their exterior. Their architecture reminded me very much of the old mosque I saw at Qulja, a highly concentrated collection of buildings erected in the Chinese style and surrounded by a wall. In the outer courtyard there is a picturesque tower of two storeys of wooden latticework, on the right of the entrance. It is difficult to decide from its exterior whether it is a Chinese temple or a Mohammedan mosque. Inside there is a large, bare hall with some paper lanterns hanging from the ceiling and some wall-paintings in the Arabic style or inscriptions in Turkish. At a short distance from the entrance door is a big wooden board ornamented in gilt with the name of the Chinese Bogdykhan in large characters facing the door. According to Chinese ideas this means that the people assemble in the temple to offer up prayers for the wellbeing of the Bogdykhan. This constant reminder of the Chinese yoke can scarcely be a source of delight to the Dungans. In one of the temples, I met about a dozen ancient patriarchs. To say their prayers they had put on white turbans, which gave them a confusing likeness to Sarts in Chinese or Russian Turkestan. At the first glance I mistook them for Sarts and wondered where so many of them could have come from. But a look at the rest of their Chinese dress convinced me that I was wrong. Almost all the children and young people have a fold that covers or half-covers the corner of their eyes.

I called on a couple of old mullahs, who received me in very friendly fashion. It seemed to me that a European was generally received better and with greater trust by Dungans than by Chinese. It is vouched for as a fact that during the last revolt a crucifix in a house was sufficient to induce the Dungans to spare it. Caution, coupled with fear of strength and power, is a characteristic quality of the Asiatics. It was impossible to get the old men to talk politics or relate details of the rising. If I had had more time and a better interpreter, things might have been different, perhaps, but as it was I had to be content with meaning looks and evasive answers. It is evident that strong hatred rankles in the hearts of the older generation, at any rate. The police of the Chinese seem to aim at avoiding conflict as far as possible. They appear to reckon with the Dungan element, however, for the latter are treated kindly and are even placed at the head of troops in districts with a numerous Dungan population. Ma-ga-lian has several tchi of matui under his command, recruited entirely among the Dungans, but in addition to his military duties he has been instructed to try to pacify the population which, in a manner of speaking, is under his guardianship. He does not act as a judge, however, and in spite of his military power a Djentai is resident in Hochow who has numerous garrisons under his command, mostly tchyping, quartered in all places of any importance. In Sining another