

of gratitude to the first impression of good feeling which he established for us there.

And, relation of mine though he be, and biassed as I may be thought towards him, I do not think that in this place I ought to omit a mention of my uncle, Robert Shaw, the first of all Englishmen, together with Hayward, to visit Yarkand, and the officer selected by the Government of India, in Yakoob Beg's time, as Political Agent to that prince. Schlagentweit, the only European who had ventured into Chinese Turkestan from India before Shaw and Hayward, had been murdered. Nothing was known of the country. It was hidden in mystery far away beyond the Himalayas. Alone, in the capacity of a merchant, he set out with a caravan to penetrate into the weird unknown. On the confines of the country he was overtaken by Hayward—an explorer as bold as himself, who was afterwards murdered in Yasin, a valley of the Hindu Kush. Together they were escorted on to Yarkand—together, but separated, for they were always kept apart, and communication between them was forbidden. After many trials and dangers, these two returned safely to India, with a favourable report of the country. A year or two afterwards the Government of India sent there an imposing mission under Sir Douglas Forsyth, and subsequently Shaw again visited the country as Political Agent. He stayed there then for more than a year; he composed a valuable grammar and vocabulary of the language, and also a history of the country, which is now with his relatives, in manuscript. During this time he instinctively attached himself to the people, and to illustrate the lasting effect of the devotion which he evoked, I will give one story. Two years ago the servant of an English officer was travelling alone on the borders of this country, and unexpectedly found himself in a peculiarly awkward position, which placed him absolutely in the hands of a native official. This man could have ruined the servant, but, knowing he was