

in the employ of an Englishman, he said, "I too was once an Englishman's servant; I was in the employment of Shaw Sahib, and out of gratitude to him I will now let you off."

The house where Shaw had lived chiefly, I was told, had all been pulled down by the Chinese, and official yamens built in its place. Dalglish's residence was a comfortable little native house in the old city, where he used to sell his goods himself. Here the usual trays of fruit were brought me, and after spending the morning there talking to the numerous visitors, I returned to the inn and prepared for a visit I was to make to the Chinese governor of Yarkand in the afternoon. Hitherto, since leaving Peking, I had purposely kept from visiting the Chinese officials, partly because I had no proper interpreter, and partly because I was travelling in such a quiet way that the official probably would not care to return my visit in a wretched traveller's inn. Chinese officials surround themselves with a good deal of state when they appear in public, and it seems to go as much against the grain with them to visit a stray foreigner in a traveller's *serai*, as it would to the mayor of an English town if he were expected to get into his full livery and go with all civic ceremony to call upon a wandering Chinaman putting up at the local Blue Posts. As a rule, therefore, I merely sent my passport and my card up to the chief official, said I had just arrived, and would leave the next day, or whenever it was, and that I regretted I should not be able to do myself the pleasure of calling on him. But this governor of Yarkand showed particular civility, and sent me several friendly messages, so I called upon him on the afternoon after my arrival.

He received me with the usual politeness of a Chinese official, but with more cordiality. His residence here in Yarkand, at the very extremity of the Chinese Empire, was of precisely the same pattern and character as those in Peking itself, and the governor's dress was exactly similar to that of