

I began to realize how much gratitude I owed to Mr. Macartney for his thoughtful choice. It was a piece of real good fortune which gave me in Chiang, not merely an excellent teacher and secretary, but a devoted help-mate ever ready to face hardships for the sake of my scientific interests. His vivacity and inexhaustible flow of conversation lent attractions to the lessons I used to take in the saddle while doing long marches, or else in camp whenever it was pitched early enough in the evening. Once I had mastered the very rudiments of colloquial Chinese, his ever-cheerful companionship became a great resource during long months of lonely travel and exertion.

From the very first his unfailing care, good manners and tact assured me that I had not merely a faithful helper by my side, but a gentleman and true comrade. Very soon, with the true historical sense innate in every educated Chinese, he took to archaeological work like a young duck to the water. With all his scholarly interest in matters of a dead past, he proved to have a keen eye also for things and people of this world, and his ever-ready flow of humorous observations lightened many a weary hour for us both. But what it took time to make sure of, and what always surprised me afresh, was the cheerful indifference and the physical toughness with which Chiang could bear up against privations and discomforts. Often as I look back on all we went through together, I have wondered to what merits (of a previous birth, perhaps?) I was indebted for this ideal Chinese comrade of my travels!

To secure from the start the goodwill of the provincial Chinese government for my fresh explorations was, of course, an important object of my stay at Kashgar. In this direction, too, Mr. Macartney's kind offices, supported by his personal influence, were of the utmost value. A recollection of my previous archaeological labours about Khotan had helped to prepare the ground favourably, even though, with the kaleidoscopic shuffling of appointments which forms so essential a feature of the Chinese administrative system in Turkestan, I could not expect to find any of my old Mandarin friends still actually on the scene. Official visits paid during the first days of my stay put me