

enough ugly words for the making of his own description. Being much piqued by his failure, and being quite without the historic sense, our good Desgodins falls to exaggeration. The true Tibetan will perhaps be found somewhere between the panegyrics of Turner and Huc on the one hand and the maledictions of Desgodins on the other. The grumbling missionary scarce tasted the crumbs of a hospitality which had once provided full loaves.

Perhaps if the Tibetans could read *Le Tibet d'après la correspondance des Missionnaires*, they might confess to present incivility, while pointing back through the years to show how they had treated the European before their hearts were filled with dread of him. They had received occasional Europeans since Odoric de Pordenone traversed Tibet on a westward journey from China in the fourteenth century.

In the seventeenth century two adventurers have left trace of wanderings in this far land. In the eighteenth century various Capuchin and Jesuit missions—in one case numbering twelve persons—were lodged almost continuously in Lhasa from 1708 to 1754; and a Dutch lay traveller lived there during part of the same period. In 1811, Manning, sole Englishman to make peaceful entry, dwelt in Lhasa, enjoying the kindness of the lamas, great and small. Next came Fathers Huc and Gabet, last of Europeans in Lhasa until the gates were yesterday opened to the sound of the insistent rifle—a sound which has scarce ceased to startle the Hindustani plains or the Himalayan valleys since the field of Plassy (1757) became an empire's birth-place.