

along the tracks. Prayer flags and pennants float from poles on and around every building. Prayer mills are turned by the water of every stream, each flag, each mill, bearing the sacred formula, "Om Mani Padme Hum" (Oh, the jewel in the lotus flower), so that every waving of the flag, every revolution of the mill, repeats a prayer for the benefit in its future course of the soul of him who fixed the flag or the mill in its place. Nearly everybody carries in his hand a little machine with a wheel which he turns round and round as he sits and talks, and which in each turning repeats again the mystic phrase. Nowhere, not even by the anchorites of the Thebaid in the fourth and fifth centuries of Christianity, or by the Celtic hermits who placed themselves on isolated wave-washed rocks along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland in the sixth and seventh centuries, were the austerities of a life of solitude and privation carried so far as they are to-day by these Tibetan lamas who immure themselves in a cave or small stone building which is thereupon walled up, leaving only one small aperture—a sort of tiny tunnel—through which food barely enough to support life is thrust in by some one from the nearest monastery. The solitary inmate, living in unbroken darkness, utters no word and hears none. It would be a deadly sin for the lama who brings his food to speak to him, and were he to speak, all the merit he has acquired by his mortification and seclusion would be thrown away. Dr. Hedin saw the outside of such a hermitage, erected with very thick walls over a spring, the interior perfectly dark. Within it dwelt an anchorite who had already lived in silence for three years, and had vowed himself to perpetual seclusion. Should he not draw in the daily bowl of food, the lama who brings it might guess that he was ill, but would not interfere. Only if six days elapse without the bowl being touched do the monks conclude that the inmate is dead, whereupon they break open the enclosing wall, and bury him. Dr. Hedin was told of a lama who had died fifteen years before, having entered this hermitage at the age of twenty, and spent forty years in it. A still more remarkable case was that of a devotee who had lived immured in the darkness of such a hermitage for sixty-nine years. It is hard to believe that the human frame can retain life for so long a period in a climate intensely cold in winter, with a supply of daily food extremely scanty, and always the same kind of food, and without a single ray of sunlight. One must suppose that the hermit, occupied solely in meditation and in the repetition of the magic Om Mani, passes into a sort of stupor, in which not only day and night and summer and winter pass unnoted,

but all sense of time itself is lost, and the Nirvana which he seeks is practically attained by a loss of individual consciousness itself as well as of all human desires and passions.

Intensely religious as the Tibetans are, after their fashion, and bent as they are on keeping all European strangers out of their country, they do not seem to be intolerant. Muslims come up and move freely about among them, as well as Hindus; one of their most sacred spots is, indeed, an object of equal veneration to Hindu pilgrims coming from the plains of India and to the Buddhist natives of the plateau. This is the Manasarowar Lake, called by the Tibetans Tso Mavang, a beautiful sheet of water, about sixteen miles wide, which lies between the source of the Brahmaputra to the southeast, and the source of the Indus to the north, at a height of 15,098 feet above sea level, three thousand feet higher than Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, and higher than the highest summit in the Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Nevada. Dr. Hedin, who prudently carried a small boat about with him, putting its pieces together when he had to use it, explored the lake to ascertain its depth, and had a perilous adventure on it in a storm, for this lofty plateau is a land of tempests. Indeed, his aquatic adventures on the lakes are the most thrilling in the book. North of the lake is the sacred mountain, which the Hindus call Kailas, and the Tibetans Kang Rinpoche. It rises from the plateau, here 15,000 to 16,000 feet in elevation, to a height of 21,818 feet, and may owe its especial sanctity not only to the proximity of the sacred lake, but to the peculiar form of its topmost peak, which resembles the Tibetan shrine tomb consecrated to a saint. Immense numbers of pilgrims come from India, as well as Tibet, to make the circuit of it. That circuit is twenty-eight miles long, and the path is in many places steep and rocky, but the worshipper will sometimes make it thirteen times in succession. The greatest merit is earned when the mountain is compassed by a series of prostrations in which the devotee measures his own length along the ground all the way. Such a pilgrim body-circuit is equivalent in soul value to thirteen circuits made on foot. Whether the top of the mountain is accessible we are not told. Dr. Hedin does not seem to have ever climbed any summits (as a regular Alpinist would have done), or to care about them; he tells us only about passes. Perhaps the peak is deemed inaccessible; perhaps the spirits that dwell on it would repel a daring intruder. Anyhow, it is, as Dr. Hedin observes, the most holy of all holy mountains; holier than Sinai or Ararat or Fuji Yama; holier than any of the sacred heights of

Europe, such as Monserrate in Spain or Croagh Patrick in Ireland.

We have not space to dwell upon the endless difficulties which our traveller encountered in the constant efforts of the Tibetan authorities to turn him back. He evaded some of these by various stratagems and devices, but sometimes was forced to yield and abandon routes he had hoped to take. It is all the more creditable to his temper and feeling that, in spite of these frequent struggles with the Tibetan officials, he speaks warmly of the courtesy and kindness of the people as a whole; observing with truth that it is far easier to succeed among semi-civilized or barbarous people by good humor and gentleness of manner than by threats or violence.

The name Trans-Himalaya, which he proposes to give to the long line of mountains separating the Upper Brahmaputra Valley from the isolated lake basins of northern Tibet, seems highly inappropriate. It suggests a region, not a mountain range, and his arguments in its favor leave us unconvinced. That is a matter for the scientific world to settle. Meantime, we congratulate him on a journey which reflects the greatest credit on his courage, his tact, and his endurance, and which has immensely increased our knowledge of this strange land and its people.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Journal of a Recluse. Translated from the original French. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The reading of this book leaves it easy to believe that the purported translation is one of the tricks of the trade of authorship used to give a stronger appearance of actuality to its origin. It is the story of a Scotchman born in humble life who, having shown himself of the stuff that meets emergencies, was privileged to receive an education on an equal footing with the young lord his master, and to share his travels and experiences so long as Lord Elliot lived. At his patron's early death he emigrated to America and presently, under the influence of Thoreau's writings, turned recluse on the Pacific Coast in the forest lands of the State of Washington. Two thwarted love affairs strongly influenced his life; one an undeclared affection for the sister of his young master; the other, a mutual passion between himself and his niece, who first meets him when she is grown to woman's estate. This temptation successfully withstood, the hero turns his attention to education, agriculture, and to keeping a journal in French. There are few topics on which he does not discourse, bringing to bear on all a mixture of conservatism and free thought which would perhaps naturally result from the immersion of a Scotch brain

in advanced ideas. Himself a man of simplicity and integrity, he has an intellectual passion of curiosity which leads him to give ear to every doctrine that comes his way, with a philosopher's indulgence to most things—unless it be the American system of education. To this he gives some eloquently hostile pages.

Other chapters of his journal are devoted to creeds and causes, to nature and civilization, to man and woman. Now he is as practical as Franklin, now as introspective as Amiel. He is old-fashioned enough to know "from observation that there is nothing so futile as these so-called *reasonings* between children and adults. They are taught to argue expertly on their own side, and the argument finishes usually by the yielding of the adult, because he has no longer the capacity for blind persistence that is a trait of youth." He is enough of a free lance to say, "For me . . . religion is nothing but poetry petrified into dogma." Throughout he is ready to take pains in behalf of such of his kind as he has sifted out and found deserving. A pricker of the bubbles of pretence, instability, and cowardice, he reveals himself as a materialist with a diligent working sense of honor.

Old Harbor. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A year or two ago, with "The Clammer," Mr. Hopkins captured a pleased audience. Its plot was nothing; but its very insignificance gave a charm to a delicate and fanciful treatment. There was, to be sure, a touch of self-consciousness about it, and "Old Harbor" confirms one's suspicion that the earlier story was the *tour de force* of an amateur—if there be such a person separable from the motley rout of our "fictionists." "Old Harbor" attempts a thing which has repeatedly been done with more or less success. Our New England coast villages with a past have been pretty thoroughly exploited by dealers in local color. It is an interesting type for America—the little old port, once active in shipping, and now, with its stately mansions and rotting wharves, but a monument of the past. Mellow decay is a phenomenon to be cherished on this side of the water. But Mr. Hopkins has little or nothing fresh to offer in his interpretation. He has provided a sufficiently varied assortment of characters—but he has provided them. They have not made themselves alive through him. Consequently, the best we can say for them, one and all, is that they are suggestive of familiar types. Eben, the prodigal brother, who is in a way the most striking person in the story, is a figure of some pathos. His sister Harriet is the New England spinster of tradition. "Clanky Beg" is one of the most artful idiots ever seen off any

stage, quite the god from the machine from start to finish of the action. Dr. Olcott, with his property nag, is the gruff and kindly country doctor of tradition—what rustic tale can get on without him? And so on. There are a drunken ne'er-do-weel, a stately gentleman of the old school, two proud and poverty-stricken gentlewomen, a young artist, and a young coquette—who is reformed. For broad comedy, you have an Irish "Yarb" woman, and a Scotch apothecary, who occasionally exchange dialects without ceremony. Altogether, it is the kind of book that if you know rural New England, will remind you of people and things you have seen. But it is artificial—a series of reminders rather than a veritable interpretation.

Sailors' Knots. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The constant reader of Mr. Jacobs looks, nor looks in vain, for a renewal of entertainment with each new volume of his salt coast sketches. His originality in inventing situations seems without limit. His wharves where night-watchmen sit and remember are the scenes of a wit that loses not its savor. And his tidy cottages in clean little streets, his cosy interiors and deft housekeeping, offset the antics of his characters in such wise as to make his work seem like Howarth illustrations in type. His drollery is so gladdening that cheerful forgiveness may be accorded an occasional lapse into seriousness. The introduction, for example, of a real haunted house as background for one of his stories, "The Toll-House," quickly passes out of mind on the reading of "Double Dealing," a quite perfect specimen of the author's art.

Great Possessions. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A noted general, Sir David Bright, has been killed in the Boer war, and his young widow, Lady Rose, is horrified by the discovery that the will left with his solicitor insults both her and his own memory by leaving a mere pittance to her and the bulk of his enormous fortune to a Madame Danterre, of whose existence she has hitherto been ignorant. An enigmatic message forwarded from the front by one of Sir David's comrades adds to Rose's bewilderment. Madame Danterre, who has been blackmailing Sir David for years by alleging that he married her while he was delirious with fever, many years before his marriage to Rose, dies and leaves to her daughter, Molly Dexter, Sir David's fortune and a distressing temptation in the form of the will executed just before his death, reversing the provisions of the former document. Our old friend, the device of the mis-sent letters, comes valiantly to the front at

this point. Of course, Molly suppresses the will for a time, and revels in her ill-gotten wealth, only to find it apples of Sodom; equally, of course, her conscience is ultimately too strong for her, and she departs to a life of expiatory service and sacrifice, leaving Lady Rose—a true British type of blond and fragile loveliness, and a compendium of all the virtues—to the enjoyment of her rights, and a somewhat tardy appreciation of the merits of the high-minded and self-effacing hero, who has been her lover since her childhood.

GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi and the Thousand. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. With maps and numerous illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.25 net.

Garibaldi is most fortunate in having found at last a biographer who is enthusiastic but not uncritical. The life of the hero of the Defence of Rome and of the Sicilian Expedition must be told with all possible glow and color in order to reproduce for readers to-day some of the romance which held his contemporaries spellbound. He is, indeed, the theme for a young historian. Mr. Trevelyan, though young, has already had wide experience in historical writing, and this experience enables him to keep his balance throughout. Without being himself beglamoured, he causes us to feel the glamour of Garibaldi's person and exploits.

His first work on Garibaldi ("Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," 1907) left his hero in exile after the astonishing retreat from Rome; this volume begins with a description of him making candles in Meucci's factory on Staten Island. Then follows a rapid sketch of his wanderings, and of the progress of the Italian movement until Cavour, having won the support of Napoleon III, forced Austria to declare war in 1859. In that campaign, Garibaldi carried on a brief but brilliant guerrilla warfare along the Lakes. Next he appeared in the autumn as a general in the army of the Central Italian League; but just at the moment when he seemed about to precipitate an untimely invasion of Umbria, he listened to Victor Emanuel's advice, threw up his command, and retired like a reluctant eagle to his island crag. Mr. Trevelyan, having now reached his central subject, narrates in greater detail the preliminary agitations in Sicily, the assembling of the Thousand, their departure from Genoa and landing at Marsala, their amazing march to Palermo and its capture. This logically concludes the first part of their marvellous enterprise. In a second volume the author promises to complete the story of the Thousand.

Such is the substance of the book. What are its qualities? In the first