

account of Hugo's parliamentary career, he launches this thunderbolt (p. 33):

"I venture to dwell upon this division of Hugo's life and labours with as little wish of converting as I could have hoped to convert that large majority whose verdict has established as a law of nature the fact or the doctrine that 'every poet is a fool' when he meddles with practical politics, but not without a confidence based on no superficial study that the maintainers of this opinion, if they wish to cite in support of it the evidence supplied by Victor Hugo's political career, will do well to persevere in the course which I will do them the justice to admit that—as far as I know—they have always hitherto adopted; in other words, to assume the universal assent of all persons worth mentioning to the accuracy of this previous assumption, and dismiss with a quiet smile or an open sneer the impossible notion that anyone but some single imbecile or eccentric can pretend to take seriously what seems to them ridiculous, or to think that ridiculous which to their wiser minds commends itself as serious."

As an example of ironical style, this must speak for itself. But surely, if Mr. Swinburne cannot "suffer fools gladly," he might put them out of their pain more quickly. And something of the same unnecessary pomp of language appears (p. 83) in the description of "a baby's incomparable smile, when graciously pleased to permit with courtesy and accept with kindness the votive touch of a reverential finger on its august little cheek."

In estimating a book, which is nothing if not outspoken, I have endeavoured to be outspoken also on what seem to me grave faults of style and taste. A far pleasanter task remains—that of praising heartily the beautiful skill with which, in less than 150 pages, and amid a quantity of controversial matter, the "quintessential charm" of Hugo's best work is presented to the reader. If any one can read the extracts scattered through these pages, or even one of them, without an ardent desire to refer to the volumes from which they are drawn, he must be a phlegmatic student of poetry indeed. If there be anywhere in modern literature a stimulating and majestic poem, it is that extracted (pp. 56-7) from *Les Châtiments*; scarcely less beautiful, in its tender pathos, is that on p. 80 (cannot the "beautiful volume, long out of print," be resuscitated?); while those from *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit* (pp. 90-7) are of a sadness almost unbearable. Possibly, for English readers, to whom the names of Hugo's dramas are more familiar than their plots and execution, it would have been well if the high praise awarded (p. 27) to *Ruy Blas* had been confirmed by quotation; in fact, one craves for a little more about these dramas in general than Mr. Swinburne gives us. Perhaps, also, when willing but ignorant readers have to be guided, the guide should speak in less oracular style about the one poem that stands out among *Les Rayons et les Ombres*; what is plain to Mr. Swinburne is by no means so to them. This unnamed poem (alluded to on pp. 19-20) I conjecture to be "Guitare," the ballad of Gastibelza, but I feel no confidence that I am right. One almost regrets the *religio* which prevents Mr. Swinburne speaking more fully of the fourth book of *Les Contemplations*. It is probably a mere fancy of my own that the twelfth poem ("A quoi songeaient les Deux

Cavaliers dans la Forêt") is not only one of the best among the minor poems, but one peculiarly attractive to an English reader.

To sum up, in brief, my impression of this book, I should say that Mr. Swinburne, as controversialist, appears in it to small advantage: as a poet, exhibiting from the works of his master that which shall win new worshippers, he is beyond praise.

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

*The Voyage of John Huyghen van Linschoten to the East Indies.** The first book of his *Itineraria*. In 2 vols. Vol. I. edited by Dr. Burnell; Vol. II. by Mr. P. A. Tiele. (Hakluyt Society.)

It is one of the penalties of advancing years to find one's surroundings haunted by the spectres of the passed away, to tread everywhere on the tombstone of some dear friend, and, briefly, to see one's world—the only world known to man—lapsing into ruin. This sense of desolation was unpleasantly suggested by reading "the late Arthur Coke Burnell" in the volume which now lies before me. This is not the place to describe his energetic and scholarly career in India. His collaborateur, Col. Yule, in a prefatory note, justly terms it "an enormous amount of achievement in Indian scholarship"; and we look forward to a detailed memoir of a life which, though short (*nat.* 1840, *ob.* 1882), was full of performance and promise. But I can hardly notice Dr. Burnell's latest work without a passing tribute to the sterling, amiable, and endearing qualities which have caused him to be so deeply regretted by a host of friends. For some years I corresponded with him chiefly upon the subject of Camoens—by the by, he has honoured my version with copious quotation—and I could only admire the thoroughness of his work and the liberality with which he communicated his knowledge. His characteristics were truthfulness and honesty, the bases of all virtues in a *littérateur*; and nothing would induce him to lend his name when he suspected "tampering with texts." He had original opinions and the courage to express them; for instance, upon the subject of India, the land where stupendous lying still hoodwinks so many "foolish advocates" (pp. 132, 166). Briefly, he is the type of our modern student—labourious, exact, unfettered by prejudice called "theory," fain of innovation, and pledged to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The introduction is written by Mr. Tiele, who edited vol. ii., and of whom it may be said, with all-sufficient praise, that he has worthily finished a task worthily begun. Biographical and bibliographical, it introduces the traveller, popularly known in England as "John Hugh [for Hugh-son] Linschote of Harlem," who died in 1611, *æt.* seventy-eight, without a pension for his valuable services rendered to geography and commerce. Though buried in sundry folio "collections," the

* Vol. i., p. lii. Prefatory Notes and Introduction by Mr. Tiele; Epistle Dedicatoire and Address to the Reader by John Wolfe; and the Voyage (pp. 1-307). Vol. ii., Contents pp. xv. and 320 of Voyage, and twenty-one pages of Index, general and special. A good portrait of the traveller, but no maps.

travels of Linschoten have never ceased to be read, and now they can be read to the best advantage. The quaint version, dating from 1598, is anonymous; but the title to vol. ii. shows the initials W(illiam?) P(hilip?). The writer never dreamed of the literal method of translation introduced by Aldus, and so carefully worked out in our day; and I cannot but hold it an error of judgment to have retained in the text palpable mistakes and misprints (*e.g.*, *veto* for *voto*, p. 13), to be corrected in footnotes, which, also, often lack the Dutch original. But here Dr. Burnell's literary integrity might have declined to garble the original even to its own advantage. For the same reason, he printed in italics the many interpolations of Linschoten's friend, "Paludanus," who in the flesh was Dr. Bernard Ten Broecke, a fine specimen of the travelled book-worm and *helluo librorum*.

Linschoten sailed for India in the service of Archbishop Fonseca on April 8, 1583, three years after the death of Camoens, from whom he borrows much, at times making a prodigious blunder (*e.g.*, "Sinosura," p. 119). He stayed a fortnight at Mozambique, and entered the river of Goa (a sea-arm) on September 21. He lived in the capital of Portuguese India five years, and sailed, sadly homesick, for Europe on January 20, 1589. After touching at Cochin, St. Helena, and Ascension, he made Terceira in the Azores, where he remained two years. Thence he embarked for Lisbon; and on September 3, 1592, he reached his home at Enkhuizen, after an absence of nearly thirteen years. He "found his mother, brother, and sister in good health"; but his father had died a short time after his departure. Here I leave him; for his second voyage to the Kara Sea does not concern this work. Moreover, it has been admirably related by my late friend, Dr. Charles T. Beke, in his introduction to the Journal of Gerard de Veer (Hakluyt Society, 1853).

The *Voyage of Linschoten* is an itinerary of ports, beginning at Madeira and ending in China and Japan. Interspersed with the geographical are valuable chapters, medical, botanical, and anthropological, with notes on the various peoples studied by the author. Space compels me to be brief, and to point out only the principal novelties. "Footsteps" are intended as signs of conquest (p. 79). The orange is a native of Malabar (p. 80). Curious details concerning fibulation in Pegu (pp. 99-100) illustrate Camoens; and the ethnologist will find interesting notes in p. 274 and vol. ii., pp. 114 and 208. "Bonze," a Japanese priest, derives from *Bozu* (p. 161). The personal cleanliness of the Hindu is justly derided in pp. 226-7. Cholera, which now threatens to become endemic on the Mediterranean sea-board, is proved to be no new disease in India (dating, as had long been supposed) from the last century. The Sanskrit name is *visúciká*, and the Portuguese *mordexim* (which the French termed *mort-de-chien*) is from the Maráthá *modási* (p. 235). Fracastorius is proved to be correct about the antiquity of syphilis (p. 239); but how can Linschoten assert, "The plague hath never been in India" (p. 240), when it desolated the Western Coast, and was stamped out of Guzerat in the early part of the present century? To this Dr.

Burnell notes "Correct. The plague seems never to have extended beyond Scinde" (p. 240), when the Persians are always carrying it to Kerbela. Almonds, even in my day, were used as coins (p. 246), and the lesser fractions of an officer's pay in Guzerat were represented by this exceedingly small change. See also the three baptisms, *fluminis, fluminis, sanguinis* (p. 265), and the seven orders of Hindu slaves (p. 276).

And now a few words on disputed points. I hold "admiral" (applied to the commander as well as to his ship) a corruption of *amirial* (p. 9). The Macuwen (p. 30) must be the Wamákúá tribe. Is not "pangaia" (a canoe) Carib and not African (p. 32)? Monsoon is not the wind (p. 33), but the season (Arab. *mausim*) during which the sailing wind, north-east trade, prevails. F. Barreto (p. 35) is a manifest misprint for P(edro), who is thus confounded with his brother Francisco; and so is "same" (p. 45, last line but two) for "gem." "Carrack" is the Arab. *harrik*, often found in the *Arabian Nights*; and Galleon=Ghaliyán (p. 178). Dr. Burnell should have rehabilitated D'Albuquerque, who certainly encouraged the marriages of Europeans with native women (p. 183). I hold "pagoda" (p. 223) to be the Persian *but-kadah* (idol-house), and the last word survives in our "cuddy." "Alpargate" or "alparca" (sandals) is the Arab. *al-gharifah* (p. 257). The skin certainly does shine after oil (p. 278)—*crede experto*. "Kiblah" is a directing point generally, not only the direction of Meccah (p. 287). In vol. ii., "bers or bersj" (p. 117, a preparation of hemp) is usually pronounced *barsh*. "Murwárid" (pearl) is not Persian from Latin (p. 133), but the Arab. original of "margarita." "Alakecca" (p. 141) is *al-akik*, the carnelian; "kirát" (p. 146, a carat) is the bean of the *Abrus precatorius*; and "ballayes" (Fr. *balais*, the balaz-ruby) is from Badakhshán, the province, through the Span. *balaja* (p. 156). Lastly, "junssa" (p. 279) is the ground-nut—*Arachis hypogaea*.

I must now look forward to Dr. Burnell's last work, the Glossary of Indian terms, in which he collaborated with the learned Col. Yule, upon whom the unfortunate loss has thrown so much inksome labour.

R. F. BURTON.

Dagonet the Jester. (Macmillan.)

THIS is a tale of the times of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. So far as the plot is concerned, it is as independent of time and circumstance as "The Tempest" itself. But the author has probably selected the middle of the seventeenth century for the period of his beautiful vision, that he may with greater ease and more effectiveness draw a contrast between the sombre forms in which Calvinism was wont to drape itself, the vulgar brutality of mere animal sensualism, and the light-hearted joyousness which existed, or, what comes to the same thing, which he believes to have existed, before Genevan Protestantism and the Restoration profligacy darkened our lives. Much might be said on this question, including some things which our readers might not care to hear; but, before any such matter is discussed, it may be well to say that this book seems to us to be one of

the most excellently conceived tales we are acquainted with. The story is very simple: just a love-tale of a poor jester who has been expelled from his lord's castle, a blacksmith's son who becomes a scholar, and two simple good English maidens. There is no word-painting. The whole atmosphere is gray; but now and again the clouds part for a moment—they are not storm-clouds, but the drift, as it would seem, from some far-off sea of trouble—and the bright sunlight of pure and holy love shines down upon us.

So much nonsense has been written and spoken on the subject of mental and emotional sympathy between those who occupy one home, that it was a daring act for the author of this book to touch upon the matter. The relations between the jester and his wife were those of perfect love; but she never could make him understand what it was that wrung her heart. It is terrible—perhaps, indeed, more shocking than any physical torture invented by man—to spend long years in the bitter agony which flows from sorrows that cannot be clothed in such words as will be understood by those we love, if of an emotional nature differing from our own. It is not only that in any endeavour after expression the wisest of us court failure, but that our words not only do not convey what we intend, but something which is often so nearly the reverse that they may perchance call down hard reproof when, if understood aright, we should receive a rich store of blessing.

This position is admirably dealt with in *Dagonet the Jester*. The poor wife suffers from the corroding poison of a false theology which makes her dream that good is evil. Pure in heart and simple in thought and deed, she suffers almost life-long misery—not for any evil deeds she has done, but only because she imagines, without any just cause, that her thoughts have been wicked. The position is by no means an uncommon one in real life, but has seldom been treated by the literary artist. We know no instance in which it is dealt with so wisely and tenderly as here. We imagine that the author has come to the conclusion that this sad state of mind was almost unknown until the dark shadow of Puritanism crossed our path. We wish we could agree with him in this, for then there might be hope of speedy deliverance from one of the saddest forms of suffering; but we apprehend that the root of the evil lies far deeper than that of any plant which owes its life to the religious bickerings of the sixteenth century. Vain as those quarrels were, and terrible as has been the bloodshed and hatred that have flowed from them, it is unjust to blame the children of the Reformation for that which was inherent in the system they attempted to reform as well as in their own. We will not stop to inquire how far the ancient non-Christian religions added to the happiness of men's lives; but it is certain beyond cavil that early and mediæval Christianity taught at many periods a form of belief as gloomy and a grinding examination of conscience as relentlessly cruel as anything to be found in the annals of Puritanism. Puritanism even in its highest types, we will readily admit, was not free from this horrible taint; but may not the same be said of St.

Augustine and St. Bernard, and, indeed, of every other great soul that has ever accepted the orthodox dogmatism? To go to a far different subject, we would draw attention to the fact that the writer has left us in doubt whether his Jester was or was not an absolutely sane human being. We conceive that he means to represent him in a perfectly healthy mental condition, but are not so assured of the fact as we should like to be regarding a character who has made so deep an impression on us. We cannot understand, moreover, why the marriage of Dagonet and his love should have been performed in so strange a manner. No sufficient cause is given for it. We are quite aware that such a wedding would have been legal at any time before the unhappy marriage legislation of the last century; but, we think, proof of a marriage celebrated after the manner here described might have been exceedingly difficult to furnish had it been required.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

The Laird of Lag: a Life-Sketch. By Alexander Ferguson, Lieutenant-Colonel. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

THE author of *Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk* and *Mrs. Calderwood's Letters* has followed up these interesting volumes by the present "Life-Sketch" of the famous, or infamous, Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, whose name, to ordinary readers, has hitherto been little more than a word of vague ill-omen, associated mainly with the lurid and most powerful pages of "Wandering Willie's Tale" in Scott's *Redgauntlet*. Among the leaders of the pre-revolutionary persecutions the proud heroic figure of Claverhouse is familiar to all, and Gen. Dalrymple is realisable through the vivid word-picture of Capt. Creighton—whose title to the style of colonel, which the present author bestows upon him, we have been unable to discover; but Grierson, like his associate, Irving of Bonshaw, is a far more shadowy personality.

The Griersons were a family, apparently of Celtic origin, who acquired their lands of Airde and Lagg early in the fifteenth century, and played a fair share in the stirring scenes of Scottish history. One head of the house was wounded at Sauchieburn, another, with his son, fell at Flodden. Robert Grierson, the "Laird of Lag" of the present volume, was served heir to his cousin in 1669, and married the Lady Henrietta Douglas, daughter of the second Earl of Queensberry and his wife, Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of the first Earl of Traquair.

It is in 1679 that he first comes prominently into notice. In May of that year Archbishop Sharp had been murdered; in June the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge had been fought; and it is now that we find Grierson beginning to operate with Claverhouse in his raids upon the Covenanters of Galloway, having previously bound his own tenants and dependants by a formal document, dated February 18, 1679, that they

"Sall be noe wayes present att any conventicles or dysorderlie meetings in tyme cumming but sall walk orderlie and in obedience to the law under the paynes and penalties