account of Hugo's parliamentary career, he
launches this thunderbolt (p. 28):
"I venture to dwell upon this division of
Hugo's life and labours with as little wish of
acquiring as I could have hoped to convert
that hesitancy verified to establish
a law of nature the fact or the
doctrine that 'every poet is a fool' when
he writes with passion and power, but
without a confidence based on supernatural
superstition, that the maintainers of this
opinion, if they wish to cite
essence of the evidence supplied by
Victor Hugo's poetic career, will be well to
persevere in the course which I will do them
the justice to admit that—as far as I know
—have always hitherto seemed to me, in
words, to assume the universal
assent of all persons worth mentioning to the accuracy
of this previous assumption, and denies with a
quiet smile or an open sneer the impossible
notion that anyone but some single imbecile or
conceit can pretend to take seriously what
seems to them ridiculous, or to think that
ridiculous, which to their wise minds com-
mands itself as serious."

As an example of ironical style, this must speak for itself. But truly, 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. 43) in his description
of a baby's incomparable smile, with
graciously pleased to permit with courtesy
and accept, with kindness, the votive touch
of a reverential finger on its august little checks.

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 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 phlegmatically indifferent to 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 an unpageable cannot the beautiful
volume, long out of print, be resurrected?
while those from Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit
(p. 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 accorded (p. 27)
to Blye Blea 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 all those
of Les Contemplations; what is plain to Mr. Swin-
burne by the title, is so to them. This un-
named poem (alluded to on pp. 19-20)
conjecture to be "Guitard," the ballad of
Gustafiel, but I feel no confidence in that
idea. Right one as regret the exigency which
prevented Mr. Swinburne from speaking more fully
of the fourth book of Les Contemplations;
it is probably a mere fancy of my own that
the twofold poem ("A qui soigne, les Deux
Cavaliers dans le Forel") is not only one of
the best among the 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 advan-
tage: as a poet from the works of his master that
shall win new worshipers, he is beyond praise.

E. D. A. Morehead.

The Voyage of John Huggins an Englishman to the East Indies."
The first book of his
his pupil, H. Burrel; Vol. II, by Mr. P. A. Tiecle.

It is one of the penalties of advancing years
to find one's surroundings haunted by the
spectres of the passed away, to tread every-
where on the tombstone of some dear friend,
and, briefly, to see one's world—the only
world known to man—laping into ruin.
This sensation can be unpleasantly suggested by reading the "last to the
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
for his collaborator, Mr. Burrell, 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 (set. 1846, ob.
1862), was full of performance and promise.
But I can hardly notice Dr. Burnell's latest
work without a passing tribute to the sterling,
aimable, and enduring qualities which have
caused him to be so deeply regretted by a
host of friends. For some years I cor-
responded with him chiefly upon the subject of
Camoons—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 unaffected and unselfish
characteristics were truthfulness and honesty, the bases of all
virtuities in a littérateur; and nothing would
induce him to lend his name when he sus-
pected "tampering with" texts. He had
no original work to express, and by an
accident, upon the subject of India,
the land where stupendous lying still hound-
winks so many "foolish advocates" (pp. 132,
165). Briefly, he is the type of our modern
student-labourious, exact, unselfish, but
prejudice called "theorists," fond of invention,
and pledged to tell the truth, the whole
truth, and nothing but the truth.

The introduction is written by Mr. Tiecle,
who edited Vol. ii, and of whom it may be
said, with all-convincing praise, that he
has worthily finished a task worthily begun.
Biographical and bibliographical, it introduces
the traveller, popularly known in England as
"John Huggins," English reader, and
Harlem," who died in 1611, was a
matchy-matchy, without a pension for his valuable
services rendered to geography and commerce. Though
buried in sundry folio "collections,"
the
Burnell notes "Correct. The plague seems never to have touched the desert" (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 Guzarat were represented by this exceedingly small change. See also the three baptisms, Huminis, Huminis, and Huminis (p. 265), and the seven orders of Hindu slaves (p. 276).

And now a few words on disputed points. I hold that the Al-Salim is not the Wāliškī tribe. Is it not "pangūla" (a canoe)? Carib and not Arian (p. 32)? Monsone is not the wind (p. 35), but the season (Aryan musum) during which the sailing wind, north-east trade, prevails. F. Barretto (p. 35) is a manifest misprint for P(o)dr(o), who is thus conformed with his brother Francisco; and a "femin" (p. 45, last line but two) for "genm," "Carneck" is the Arab. karrāka, often found in the Arabian Nights; and Galleon—Galiyān (p. 178). Dr. Burnell should have rehabilitated D’Albuquerque, who certainly encouraged the marriages of Europeans with native women (p. 223), and not held "pangūla" (p. 223) to be the Persian but-habah (boll-house), and the last word survives in our "cuddy." "Alparge" or "alparno" (sun-kings) is the Arab. al-qurshī (p. 287). The skin certainly does shine after oil (p. 278)—cero exportado. "Kidah" is a directing point generally, not only the direction of Meccah (p. 287). In vol. i., "bers or beraj" (p. 117), a preparation of hemp is usually pronounced beraj. "Mwirū̇" (pearl) is not Persian from Latin (p. 133), but the Arab origin of "margarita." "Alkececa" (p. 141) is N-al-kī, the carnelian; "kirīt" (p. 146), a carat is the bean of the Abru precatorius; and "ballaries" (fr. belate, the balza-ruby) is from Badakshān, the province, though, by the Span. belaje (p. 156).Lastly, "jiness" (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 collected the learning of Yulo, upon whom the unfortunate loss has thrown so much irksome labour.

R. F. BOSTON.

Dagomel 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 effectually bring into a contrast between the sombre forms in which Calvinism was wont to drape itself, the vulgar brutality of mere animal sensuality, and the light-hearted jovemness which exist or, what comes to the same thing, which the present day believes to have existed, before Generan Protestantism and the Restoration profusely darkened our lives. Much might be said on this question of the various things which our readers might not care to hear; but if any such matter is discussed, it may be well to say that this book seems to be one of the most excellently conceived tales we are acquainted with and 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, no Gullaway, 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 devotion on 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 for those who can only endevour after expressing the wisest of our court failure, but that our words not only do not convey what we intend, but which is often so nearly the reverse that they may per chance fall down hard and rough when, if understood aright, we should receive a rich store of blessing.

This position is admirably dealt with in Dagomel 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—no 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 depicted 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 darknings of the sixteenth century. Vain as these quarrels were, and terrible as the bloodshed and hatred that have flowed from them, it is unjust to blame the children of the Reforma for that which, by the inherent weakness of man, has been 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 that the innumerable covenants of God, the several Churchs of Christ, the Severely taint that at many periods a form of belief as gloomy and a grining examination of conscience as relentlessly cruel as anything to be found in the banals of Puritanism, and all the evasion, inhumanity and bale of the thousand forms of belief and to the law under the penalties and penalties

Augustine and St. Bernard, and, indeed, of every other great soul that has ever accepted the orthodox dogmatism they represent in a perfectly healthy mental condition, but are so not 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 Dagomel 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 PRIDING.

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

The author of Henry Erskine and his Kinfolks and Mrs. Calderwood’s Letters has followed up those 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—who tells the story 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 Aird 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 hair 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 Bishop Sharp had been murdered; in June the battles of Drumclough and Bothwell Bridge had been fought; and it is now that we find Grierson beginning to cooperate with Claverhouse in his raids upon the Covenanters of the Lowlands. Almost immediately several civil grievances, and the clartness of nature in the system of belief as gloomy and a grining examination of conscience as relentlessly cruel as anything to be found in the banals of Puritanism, and all the evasion, inhumanity and bale of the thousand forms of belief and to the law under the penalties and penalties