



"THE LIFE OF SIR GARNET WOLSELEY," by Lieutenant Low, I.N. (2 vols.: Bentley and Son). Whatever question may be raised as to the good taste or propriety of this publication there can be no doubt that it is in many respects interesting. The distinguished officer whose biography has been thus written out of due time has seen under the British flag in so many parts of the world that the mere backward glance over the fields on which he has served is a pleasurable excitement to the peaceful reader. The records of individual prowess as the boy ensign of war recruits in the attack on Donabaw, as Assistant-Engineer in the trenches before Sebastopol, in the storming of Lucknow and the defence under Outram of the Alumbagh, and in the brief but brilliant Chinese campaign of Sir Hope Grant, are all so many picturesque chapters out of a military history which is everywhere picturesque. Lieutenant Low is thus at his best where his hero comes only to the front as one brave man where there were many brave, an officer of special promise among the many promising officers who served under Outram, Campbell, or Hope Grant. He is at his worst (with one conspicuous exception) where he gives way to eulogy which even in the case of a living Wellington or Marlborough would be somewhat in discord with the modest simplicity of military memoir, and when applied to one officer who, for all his indisputable merits, has yet to prove his right to be classed with names like these, jars positively on the reader's nerves. The one exception is the account of the Red River Expedition—a most ably conducted though bloodless enterprise, in which, partly, we suspect, because it was so bloodless, partly by reason of the greater attractions of the contemporaneous Franco-German War, far less attention than it really deserved was bestowed either at the time or subsequently. The chapter devoted to this rarely-mentioned episode in the military history of the Canadian Dominion may be justly commended to all who are interested in new. The biography as a whole, though containing much, as we have said, to amuse the multitude and not a few particulars not generally known—e.g., the story of Wolseley's plucky and successful battle with the War Office officials when they attempted to cancel his promotion to a Captaincy on the plea that he was too young—is hardly a general design and plan a work we should desire to see often limited.

Time flies so fast that memories of Miss Cushman and her famous personations—her Romeo, Meg Merrilies, Lally Macbeth, —are fading rapidly from the minds of modern playgoers. The more welcome should be the little volume of Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memoirs of Her Life, edited by Her Friend, Emma Stebbins (Houghton, Osborne, and Co., Boston), to all on either side of the Atlantic who can appreciate a graceful portrait of one not greater as an actress than amiable and admirable in private life. It is a memoir that should interest the members of the profession to whom it is dedicated hardly less than the plain admirer of a gentle life. For in Miss Cushman we have the actress who can advise others as well as act herself, and who, as an almost typical representative of the "natural and spontaneous," rather than the "conventional" school, is at the least an interesting study, even when she is guilty of preferring a Ristori to a Rachel, or characteristically enjoys a Porte St. Martin drama better than the restful and artistic success of manerism, however, *au fond* of the Comedie Française. Still though a very complete account of her theatrical career from her engagement as "general utility" actress at the Park Theatre, New York, to the (professionally) profitable association with Macready on his "starring" visit to the United States; from the time when she first arrives in London resolved to trust to herself alone, though reduced to her last sovereign when Maddox, of the Princess, found her in her London lodgings, to those last readings—the most artistic, perhaps, of all her performances—which beguiled the closing years of an incurable disorder, it is mainly for the story of her domestic life that the volume will be valued; for the correspondence with clever people, with Miss Jewsbury, Mr. Carlyle, Henry Chorley, &c., for the delightful journals of old times in Rome, still in those days a genuine old world, for the pretty pictures of her simple household, her quiet "receptions," her untiring energy to the very end. Memoirs pleasanter to read we have not encountered for some little time.

Most amusing as well as most instructive, an excellent specimen in a word of the light, airy, but ever methodical French treatise on some branch of History or Science agreeably popularised, is the "Histoire Ju Luxe" of M. Baudillart, Member of the Institute (Paris: Hachette et Cie., Tome I.). Such a history in French we need hardly say is not only more than a philosophic examination of "la théorie du Luxe"—of the instinctive love of luxury and display; the opposing teachings of the ascetic and the Epicurean, whether manifested in the old philosophies or in the religious systems of a later time; the greater or less increase of luxury according as the government is an absolute or a limited monarchy, an aristocratic or democratic republic. This duty discharged, we pass (after a hasty glance at crude developments of luxury among savage tribes) to a really interesting historic survey of the growth and progress of "le luxe" among the nations of the ancient world, as traceable in the temples, colonnades, and mural paintings of the Egyptian, in the fragmentary chronicles and scattered relics of Persian and Assyrian, in the stories handed down to after ages of the luxurious but far from enervated Republics of Carthage and of Tyre, among the Hebrews as depicted in their own prophetic writings, or in artistic Greece from the mid-day glories of Athenian taste to the degraded art and Asiatic pomp of the successors of Alexander. M. Baudillart has clearly studied his subject with much care, and can draw his illustrations with as much readiness from the "Book of the Dead" or the last hieroglyphic unearthed by Mariette Bey, or from the more familiar pages of Strabo or Herodotus. His work thus far may well be commended to the average student as thoroughly popular without being superficial.

Part VI. of the Messrs. Audsley-Bowes' magnificent "Keramic Art in Japan" (Liverpool, published by the Authors; London, H. Sotheran and Co.), if boasting no such glorious specimens of Hizen or Kioto ware as adorned some of the preceding numbers, is nothing inferior in general interest or in the delicacy of its autotype and chromo-lithographic plates. The wonderfully comic plate of the seven popular divinities of Japan—the Deities of Long Life, Contentment, Daily Food, &c.—with the grotesque figures that hardly need any letterpress to explain their own story, and that of the simple people who address to them their outspoken prayers, is almost worth all the money in it.

From Europe to Paraguay and Matto Grosso," by Mrs. M. G. Mulhall (E. Stanford), is the brief, plain story of a tour

sufficiently uncommon even in these days of ubiquitous travel to merit somewhat larger space than Mrs. Mulhall has awarded to it. It was a tour, we gather, part by water, part by land, but for the greater time up the mighty stream on which the banks the Jesuits forced long ago their famous "missions," and where Lopez set out on days held in high honor for some three years the combined forces of the Plate and of Brazil—a voyage into a country now waste and desolate, amidst Indian tribes of every degree of civilisation, from the half-Europeanised Guarani to the hardly human Botocudo. Mrs. Mulhall might give a capital idea of her materials, but curt as it is, her journal gives a capital idea of a region little known and rarely visited.

With upwards of seventy millions—to a great extent unclaimed—locked up in the funds of the Court of Chancery, not to speak of the large sums in the shape of Army and Navy Prize Dividends of the Bank of England and Army and Navy Prize Money" still awaiting their proper owners, a new edition of "Chambers' Index to Next of Kin," by Edw. Preston (Allen, Reeve, and Turner: Next of Kin Office, 1, Great College Street, S.W.), seems certainly to supply a want. We may add that S.W., 10,000 new names have been put upon the list since 1871, while on the other hand a number of notices, apparently only of value to solicitors and genealogists, have been expunged—a point of some importance when the fee for a copy of any notice is half-a-guinea.

A fourth edition, revised and enlarged, of the now historic "Life of E. A. Poe" (Middleton: New York: Chatto and Windus: London), in which Mr. E. P. Gill so triumphantly vindicated the poet's memory from the grosser aspersions heaped upon it under the guise of friendship by Dr. Griswold, will be heartily welcomed by the countless admirers of perhaps the most original genius of the century. The publication in the appendix of the "Critique on Griswold's 'Poets and Poetry of America'" which is believed to have been the *terminus a quo* of the secret animosity against Poe, and which so decidedly amuse the reader, while it will go far to explain Dr. Griswold's otherwise inexplicable malice.

TOBACCO AS A REMEDY FOR SICK CHICKENS has been found highly successful according to an American journal, the *Weekly Rural Visitor*. The doctor has given large quids of tobacco about the size of the first joint of a man's thumb.

A CURIOUS ANCIENT MEXICAN LIBRARY has been found in the ruins of a vast palace at Xayi, near Chiapas, in Southern Mexico. The writings are inscribed on terra-cotta tablets, half-an-inch thick, and are supposed to be sacred records, but the language in which they are written is not accurately known.

JURIES UNABLE TO AGREE ON A VERDICT may like to hear of the plan adopted by some Scotch jurors. As they could not make up their minds whether the prisoner deserved hanging or not they decided by pulling straws, and found the man guilty. The judge, however, fined the jurors, and gave the prisoner a new trial.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT is being tried in Japan, and the Mikado has opened an Assembly of Provincial Officials at Yokohama which is intended to afford the way for popular representation on a larger scale. Small local Parliaments to be elected by a popular vote are shortly to be established, and the formation of a national Legislature is projected, although the plan will not be carried out for some time yet.

AN ENTERPRISING NEW YORK LAUNDRY advertises its business by means of numerous negroes who parade up and down the principal streets of the city in a regular line, each with a glossy and spotless starched apron, and standing up some distance about their ears. The ebony skin and hair form an admirable contrast to the white collars (in fact a perfect "symphony" in black and white), and the motto is, "Go to X—'s laundry."

CELESTIALS IN SOUTH AMERICA fare much better than their brethren on the Californian Coast. In Peru the Chinese have all the rights and privileges of native citizenship, and are considered quite a "catch" by the American belles, while the Government warmly encourages their immigration. Accordingly, San Francisco journals are asking why the Chinese problem in their State cannot be solved by the Celestials moving down the Pacific Coast to a country where they are welcome.

A NATURAL THEATRE exists in the Blue Mountains, not far from Cañon City in Oregon, S. P. Passing through some rifts of rock, similar to granite, in a regular stage is reached, raised some 40 feet from the floor, and having an overhanging arch with "flats" and "flies," and spaces for dressing-rooms on each side, while the back is regularly shaped for the reception of scenery. In front rise ledges suggestive of the different tiers of seats in the auditorium. There is not a solitary sign of vegetation about the "Temple," as it is called, all is bleak, bare, and towering.

A DRAMATIC SUICIDE recently took place at Capron, Illinois, where a certain lecturer, George W. Burling, announced to his fellow citizens that, in order to gratify an often expressed curiosity on the part of his townsmen to witness some such tragedy as the hanging of Sherry and Connolly, in Chicago, he would on the evening of the 23rd ult. deliver a lecture in Thornton Hall, and at its conclusion gratify his hearers by shooting himself through the forehead. The price of admission would be one dollar, and the amount realised should be devoted towards his funeral expenses, and the remainder invested in the works of Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin for the town library. His idea in ending his life was to secure eternal peace by annihilation. At the appointed time the hall was crowded, and after the delivery of an infidel lecture of wonderful power, in a manner and tone which marked him as an adept, he suddenly drew a Derringer, placed it to his forehead, and, despite attempts to prevent him, fired, and fell in the arms of two friends who were on the wings of the stage for the purpose of hindering the execution of the design.

A COCONUT FESTIVAL is celebrated annually in Bombay, when pious Hindoos offer the nuts to the sea to gain its favour towards those who trust themselves to its mercy, and after this festival the stormy part of the season is considered to be at an end. This year the festival was not so well observed as usual, and it is noted by *The Times of India* that young Hindoos are not nearly so devout as their predecessors. Some groups of Brahmins, however, were very ceremonious. One of the number stood up to his knees in water, holding an open round basket with bunches of flowers, and a dish of *kunkoo*. His fellow-worshippers twice dipped their fingers into the water, anointed their forehead and tongue, received a bunch of flowers, which they threw into the sea, and presented their cocoanuts to the Brahmim who smeared them with *kunkoo*, and flung one into the water, the others being preserved as his perquisite. He then marked his companions' foreheads with *kunkoo*, and they in their turn placed fragments of flowers on his head. Most of those who brought cocoanuts paid a select few volunteers to throw them into the water, as the shore was so swampy that the devotees had to wade up to their waist in mud to get near the stream.

THE WILDS OF KERRY

II.

"PATTERNS," or feasts in honour of a patron saint, used to be much more frequent in Ireland than they are at present. Year by year, especially in the more civilised provinces of Leinster, they are dying out. The Roman Catholic clergy do not encourage them, the gentry and upper farming classes look upon them with something like contempt, and, by degrees, they have become fewer and fewer. But in the remote West this is not the case; "Patterns" have gained too strong a hold on the reverential feelings of the imaginative Munster peasantry to be easily given up; and more than a dozen of these characteristic gatherings, with their strange mixture of intense devotion and merrymaking, are held in different parts of Kerry during the year. The "Pattern" which takes place at Minard on the 29th of August has many surroundings which give it an additional attraction. There is blue sea and blue mountains on every side, there is the picturesque ruined castle of the Husseys, with its moat and wall, which looks over the grass, and across a boggy field is the far-famed Well of St. John the Baptist. From early dawn side-cars, low-backed cars, and pilgrims on foot crowd down towards the valley where the Pattern is held. "It's a fine Pattern, an elegant Pattern. God bless it!" are the salutations which are exchanged as each new comer arrives. A street of booths has been made, booths of the roughest kind, consisting of coarse calico drawn over poles, and before each booth is a smoking fire of turf-logs; on these fires are placed a large covered iron pot and a kettle. These mysterious cauldrons contain hot mutton pies, swimming in a sea of greasy broth. For the modest sum of twopenny a pie and a ladle full of broth are given, and the happy purchaser retires with his saucer to the booth, squats down on the grass, and enjoys his meal in comfort. Mutton pies are the speciality of Minard Pattern, just as apples and onions are of the Dingle festival; there, the correct thing is to walk about with an apple in one hand and an onion in the other, while Minard is always associated with mutton pies. But before creature comforts are attempted the "duty to the well" must be paid. Nine rounds are the orthodox number, and so great are the virtues to be derived that people have been known to come from America expressly for the purpose of "paying a round" at Minard. In the teeth of a thick Scotch mist, for which the Kerry mountains are justly celebrated, the "patterners" make their way with some difficulty, through a high-banked stream, and through some boggy grass, to the desired spot. The well itself is not much to look at; a deep pool about four feet wide, with some large stones round it, and one of these stones is a rudely sculptured cross. This is all that appears to the uninitiated, who gaze with amazement at the rapidly increasing batches of country people, who pour in full haste and importance. The women are wrapped in red or grey shawls, and wear the Spanish mantilla; some have yellow handkerchiefs tied round their faces, for such is their love for bright colours that they will often give two pounds for a gay dress or shawl, though at the same time they prefer keeping their feet bare. The men are even more numerous than the women, and devotion could not be more fervently expressed than in the absorbed gaze, down-bent eyes, and uncovered heads. Round and round they go. Here is a father carrying his sick child in his arms, and muttering a scarcely-audible Paternoster; there is a pale-faced girl with sore eyes, whose muddy feet sink in the wet ground; there is a mother with a baby at her back, fingering her rosary as she goes; there is an old wizened creature, hobbling painfully on the ground, who is supported by the help of her stick, and there are ragged boys who have ceased to covet apples, and are going their rounds as devoutly as their elders. Not a smile is to be seen—the occasion is far too solemn—secret wishes are winging themselves into passionate prayers, and faith is implicit and unquestioning. Mugs and tin porgers full of the blessed water are eagerly drunk; three sips in honour of the Trinity is the proper number, and for this the sum of one halfpenny is expected. Faces and hands are washed at the well, the cross at the top is frequently kissed, and "tokens" of all kinds are left in a heap before it. The fringes of a shawl, pins, buttons, or rags serve as offerings. For the sum of one penny a withered old beldame sitting on the bank will volubly pour forth a long prayer in Irish for the benefit of the giver, who is advised by the lookers-on to be liberal, if he regards "the good of his soul," as the old lady is celebrated for being a "fine prayer." Sixpence, therefore, is money well laid out. Rounds are going all day, and continue till night, according as fresh arrivals come in. After the devotional part of the Pattern comes the festive part. The fiddler arrives in the afternoon, and posts himself against a wall. A circle is soon formed around him, and in spite of mizzling rain and chilling clouds, a "four-hand reel" begins. As only four performers—two men and two women—take part in it, the spectators stand round to criticise and admire. The men are the real dancers, they keep their hats on—and go at it with a will; hardly a smile escapes them, the business is evidently a serious one, and their steps demand all their attention. Sometimes the dancing is performed on a table, and the proceedings end in a "big fight," but as whisky, the food for fighting, is prohibited at Minard, the fighting is now left out.

The girls look coy and demure as they go through their parts. One of the Minard dancers had magnificent golden, or, as the Munster bards call it, "amber hair," rippled in natural waves and most carefully braided. This peculiarly beautiful hair is frequently found among the Kerry girls, and is much admired. In one of the Munster ballads, no less than seventeen Irish epithets are used to describe a certain fair one's ringlet hair; it is "curve-arching, meandering, spreading, curl-quivering, fascinating, string-like, pliant, wreathing, restless, swerving, free-extending, inclining, abundant, thick-twining, midly-bright, branching, far-sweeping." The Minard dancer of the amber locks has evidently studied her toilette, and her purple dress and scarlet shawl were decidedly effective. If the Spanish ladies have a language of fans, the Kerry girls have a language in the way they wear their shawls. If the shawl is allowed to fall back carelessly, the girl intends to "get married"; next Shrove-tide, while if the shawl is pulled round her face she intends to remain single another year. Shrove-tide is the time for Kerry marriages, and they rarely take place at any other part of the year. These marriages are arranged somewhat on the French system, and are often pure matters of business. For instance, a father has a daughter to marry, and some distance off is a farmer with a marriageable son. Accordingly the question is proposed, "I will give my daughter so and so, what do you give your son?" After a good deal of juggling about pigs and heifers, the affair is concluded, and often the people most interested have barely seen one another beforehand. A difference of ten shillings has been known to break off a match, and instead of being romantically superior to pounds, shillings, and pence, the Kerry folks are as keen after the matter as any Belgians in motion. "Arrah, what's beauty to a one-pound note?" was naively remarked by a suitor, who was weighing the merits of two rival damsels. These

"THE READER." Graphic, 28 Sept. 1878. British Library Newspapers, <https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/BA3201426390/BNCN?u=bayreuth&sid=BNCN&xid=a6a500d1>. Accessed 10 Mar. 2020.