

That certain charges of a nature grave
Against my chief advisers have been made;
And as the Committee you yourselves appointed
Has your anticipations *dé* appointed,
I have judged best, considering the position,
To give instructions for a Royal Commission.
If this don't suit I see no other plan
Than let you fight it out as best you can,
Trusting your difference after due debate
Like the *Kilkenny cats* may terminate,
The well remembered issue of whose quarrel
Left scarce sufficient *ta (i) le* to point the moral.

Song "Cook a doodle doo," by His Excellency.

Cook a Doodle Doo.

A few remarks I'd like to make
Before I leave you now,
And just express my sentiments
About this precious row;
The house is in an uproar
And you make a great ado;
But after all it's nothing more
Than Cook a doodle doo!

Chorus of Senators—

Cook a doodle, cook a doodle, cook a doodle doo.

You say this prerogation is
Of privilege a breach,
And very kindly undertake
My duties me to teach.
Well, talk away, it don't hurt me
And doubtless pleases you;
But I'm quite aware it's nothing more
Than Cook a doodle doo.

Chorus—

Cook a doodle, cook a doodle, cook a doodle doo.

My Ministers have me assured
The charges are not true,
That they've the country's benefit
At heart, in all they do.
Sir John the matter has explained
And very glibly too;
But I fancy much of what he says
Is Cook a doodle doo.

Chorus—

Cook a doodle, cook a doodle, cook a doodle doo.

But anyhow pray rest assured
However things turn out,
That I shall keep myself aloof
From party strife and rout.
I'll not myself identify
With either him or you,
But listen calmly to your cries
Of Cook a doodle doo.

Chorus—

Cook a doodle, cook a doodle, cook a doodle doo.

(A prolonged caw from Black Rod.)

Art and Literature.

M. Guizot, who is stated to be in excellent health, will have another volume ready in January.

Mrs. Grote has intimated her intention to give the MSS. of her late husband to the British Museum.

Mr. Charles Adams has now all but completed the biography of his father, ex-President John Quincy Adams.

Messrs. Macmillan will issue early in the spring Sir Samuel Baker's account of his recent expedition, in two large volumes.

A new edition is in the press of the well-known sporting book, "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities," which has been for some time out of print.

Mr. R. E. Francillon, author of "Earl's Dene," "Pearl and Emerald," etc., is writing a new story, called "Olympia," for the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

It is stated that Mr. B. L. Farjeon and Mr. Justin McCarthy will both commence new serial stories in the January number of *Tinsley's Magazine*.

M. Millais has almost completed a work on which he has been some time engaged. The subject is a girl in white muslin reading a log-book to an old sailor.

Medallions of game and birds, real skin and real feathers are being used for wall-paper decorative. Flowers of wax and linen, tied together with bright-coloured ribbons, are also introduced.

Lovers of German Poetry will be glad to hear that Herr Stodtman, Heinrich Heine's able biographer, is writing a biography of Burger, the author of the well-known poem of *Lenore*.

The *People's Magazine*, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, now conducted by the Rev. W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A., one of the Assistant-Chaplains of the Savoy Chapel, is to be discontinued at the close of the year.

It is intended to remove from its temporary site in Waterloo-place the statue of Sir James Outram, with the view of sending it out to Calcutta at once. The scheme for securing a replica to be retained in London has not been brought to perfection, but is not abandoned.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's novels seem to be a great attraction in Holland, in which country they have been almost all translated. It appears that that gentleman's "New Magdalen" has likewise been represented at the Hague by the Royal Troupe of Holland, under the title of "The Penitent."

It is said that Mr. Edward Wilberforce, a barrister-at-law of the Midland Circuit, is about to commence a life of his uncle, the late Bishop of Winchester. Mr. Wilberforce has already made some reputation in literature by his *Letters from Munich*, and by one or two novels which have attained a certain amount of popularity.

It has been proposed at a meeting of the Statistical Society that 1874, the centenary of the great victory won by John Howard, the philanthropist, in procuring the prison reform he contended for, should be signalized by the institution of a Howard medal to be awarded thenceforward annually to the writer of the best essay on some named topic of those in which Howard took so constant an interest.

Religious subjects suggest good works. Mr. Barrillot publishes a volume of poetry where not only each stanza represents the step of a ladder in creation, but also the symbol of development. The "Ascension of the Soul" is the title of the piece. Step by step the soul is represented as mounting and passing through a series of wonderful Pythagorean changes, from a bird to a dog, from a monkey to a nigger; ultimately assuming a vapoury

stage at the topmost step. It disappears like all vapours—in space.

The fourth series of the *Ottoman Bibliography* of Belin, first dragoman of the French Embassy in Constantinople, which has just been published in Paris, contains an interesting notice of the books printed in Constantinople during the years 1871 and 1872. The total number was 169, of which 89 were works on theology and legislation, 38 on moral literature and poetry, 28 on history and biography, 26 on various sciences, and 38 relating to linguistic subjects. The Turkish Imperial printing-office showed the greatest activity in its publications, having turned out from its presses in the year 1871 alone 46,950 volumes for commercial and general purposes, and 74,000 volumes destined for the use of schools; and in 1872 50,880 of the former description, and 45,000 of the latter.

Canon Mouis, author of 'Le Maudit,' 'Le Jésuite,' 'Les Mystères d'un Evêché,' and 'La Religieuse,' who left the Roman Catholic Church from inability to accept the doctrine of Infallibility, is expected in England at the end of this month as the guest of the Rev. R. Radolph Suffield. It is understood that he will make arrangements for preaching and lecturing in London in the French language during the ensuing season. M. Mouis was an Honorary Canon of Bordeaux, and in 1866 refused the bishopric of Guadalupe. His courage and benevolence were conspicuously displayed in the assistance he rendered to the cholera patients in La Gironde in 1859, and were publicly recognized by Napoleon III., who conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Since retiring from the Roman Catholic Church he has resided at Brussels, conducting religious services, and editing a journal called *La Rénovation*. He is a man of scientific as well as literary attainments, and is likely to exercise considerable influence as a religious reformer.

Miscellaneous.

A Curious Mistake.

A curious *lapsus penne* was recently made by a French statesman writing to a political colleague. "You are marked down for a place in our next Ministry, as your well-known *rapacity* demands," &c. The Ministerial whip had written the italicised word with an *r* instead of a *c*.

A New Thing in Law Proceedings.

A new thing in law has recently occurred in the neighbouring province of New Jersey. Mr. Cortlandt Parker, an eminent counsellor of Newark, not being able to be present in the Court of Errors, telegraphed his brief to the Chief Justice. The brief was read to the court, and answered the purpose. It is the first instance of the kind known in legal proceedings.

Wholesale Plagiarism.

The Paris *Figaro* complains that fifteen out of the London theatres are playing operas and pieces by French composers and authors, without paying to them one shilling for their rights. The indignant writer cites the three versions of *Madame Angot* (there are two only), *Les Deux Noces de Boisjoli*, at the Strand, by M. Warnie (qv. Farnie), *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, at the Court Theatre, and *Le Juif Errant*, by M. Leopold Lewis (played recently at the Adelphi).

Horse Flesh.

Hippophagy appears to be on the increase in France. The following statement is from the committee formed in that country for popularising the practice:—"The consumption of this article of food is making continual progress in France. During the third quarter of 1873, in Paris alone, 1,548 horses, 140 donkeys, and 15 mules were killed, yielding 303,970 kilos. of meat. In 1872, the figures were 1,046, 95, and 3, respectively. In the capital there are forty butchers for this article, inspected by veterinary surgeons. The price is about half that of beef."

English vs. German Artillery.

A contributor to the *Cologne Gazette* observes that while at the last Paris Exhibition English guns were decidedly superior to those of all other countries, the Vienna Exhibition has shown that this superiority is now possessed by Germany, whose guns, far surpassing the English ones, are almost equalled by those made in Russia. All three of these States, says the writer, have 12-inch guns, the heaviest now in use, and in Germany and in England preparations are being made for constructing a 14-inch gun.

An Early Marriage.

A Troy paper says that a few days ago a girl, aged thirteen years, named Farley, and another one of about the same age, left Cohoes for a walk to a place a mile or two east of Cohoes. When about half way they met a boy, aged fifteen years. Miss Farley at once fell in love with him and he with her. They approached each other, and after a brief conversation she resolved to accompany him to his father's farm in the town of Water-vliet, where they would be married. The parents of the girl became alarmed at the absence of their daughter, but on Wednesday they received a letter from her which said, "I will be home on Christmas Day, and bring my husband with me."

A Terrible Picture.

A correspondent of *The Daily Graphic* gives the following description of a painting in the Wiertz Museum, near Brussels, which represents Napoleon I. in the other world; not to put too fine a point upon it—in Hades: "He is surrounded by those whose lives he caused to be sacrificed in his attempts to conquer the world. Bloody hands are thrust out towards him, and horribly mutilated bodies and dismembered limbs, still dripping with gore, strew the ground. Clinging to him, with faces expressive of anguish or fury, are the wives and sisters of those whom he has slain; yet he is represented standing in the well-known attitude, with folded arms, calmly gazing into futurity, and heeding naught of the scene about him. His face betokens deep thought. The whole picture is terrible in its significance."

Queerly Named Colours.

A certain Monsieur de la Bedollère wrote a strange book some two or three years ago, wherein one finds a list of fantastic names for shades of colour at different epochs in France, which none but the fantastical brains of French men or women could invent. What would one conceive such colours to be as the toad in love, the scared mouse, the spider meditating a crime, the wonderful lamp, the last sigh of Jocko, the flea in childbirth, the suppressed sigh, the mud of Paris, the bowels of a money-lender, the leg of a passionate nymph, &c., &c.? Such appellations were common enough at the end of the last century, just before the revolution, and only one word (puce) has remained as expressing a colour. To-day the taste, if more refined, is still eccentric.

The Retort Direct.

A dog was accidentally present during divine service in a Scotch kirk, where the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud in the sermon, and, in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, of shouting almost at the top of his voice. The dog, who in the early part had been very quiet, became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when

hearing a noise; and from whining and whining, as the speaker's voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called upon the deacon to put out the dog; and he at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temptation to look up to the pulpit, and to say, very significantly, "Ah, ay, sir; but indeed it was yourself began it."

French Revenge.

Already the two hundred millions of indemnity is flowing back to France in exchange for wines and brandies and *articles de luxe*, and a French fashion has already set in in German dramatic literature. Previous to the war the comedies played at the German theatres were broader, coarser, and quite as stupid as our Christmas pantomimes, but now another fashion has set in. One of the most famous of their playwrights has produced a comedy in the French style, and all Berlin is in raptures. Is it not the old story over again? Græculus Esuriens is making himself felt in Rome and teaching the new men who had beaten him down.

Industry of M. Thiers.

People are surprised at the silence of M. Thiers. The fact is, he is occupied with his long-expected *History of Art*, wherein he writes the history of peoples from their picture galleries; it is art from a philosophical or psychological point of view, where the character of a race and its variations are depicted in its national paintings. There will be found in the forthcoming work the peculiar excellences of his writings, details that never fatigue, and shades of expression that ever charm. He is also occupied with his *Political Memoirs*, living over again, as he says himself, pen in hand. Some assert only ladies can succeed in writing memoirs, as they alone know best how to be indiscreet.

Snuff and Smoking.

A writer in *Le Sport* makes some curious remarks on the de-thronement of the snuff-box by the cigar or pipe, and regards snuff-taking as a Monarchical and courtly institution, and smoking as a Republican and somewhat vulgar habit. Snuff-taking had the advantage of displaying the riches and accomplishments of the *grand seigneur* by the magnificence of the snuff-box, the delicacy of his hands, the beauty of his lace ruffles, and the elegance of his manner of enjoying the favourite powder. There was a peculiar way of letting a few grains of the snuff fall on the lace ruffle that it might be brushed off by a white hand gleaming with splendid rings. Snuff-taking lasted from the end of the 17th century till 1830, when it effectually died out, and the old kingly habit is now almost entirely replaced by the *laissez aller* cigar.

Oscillation.

A scientific writer has recently collated a group of facts illustrative of the effect of oscillation on powerful bodies when not frequently broken by vibration. In crossing large suspension bridges it is esteemed necessary that processions should break step in order to insure safety; and it is told, in illustration, that when the first suspension bridge was building in England a fiddler offered to demolish it with his fiddle. Striking one note after another, he eventually hit the vibrating note or fundamental tone, and threw the structure into extraordinary vibrations. Only recently a bridge went down in France under the tread of a regiment of infantry, who neglected to break step on entering it. Three hundred persons were drowned. The experiment of breaking a tumbler or other small glass vessel by frequent repetitions of some particular note of the human voice belongs to the same class of phenomena.

Two Epigrams.

"Those who like a witty remark, or a pungent epigram," relates Lord William Lennox in his "Recollections," "would join the table at which James Smith sat, and any common-place remarks of the day was immediately converted into verse. I remember once asking him if he was going to the ball at the Mansion House, got up in aid of the unfortunate Polish refugees. 'No,' said he. Then, calling for a sheet of paper and a pencil, he wrote the following lines:

Aloft in rotatory motion harled,
The poles are called on to support the world.
In these our days a different law controls,
The world are called on to support the Poles.

Again, when asked 'Whose are the best guns, Manton's or Egg's?' he replied, 'Eggs for poaching.'

A Slight Mistake.

A few days since, in Portland, Me., a lady halted in front of a garden, and said to a man at work on some trees, "What are you doing to those trees?" "Girdling them, madam, with printer's ink and cotton to prevent the canker-worms from ascending," replied the man. "How much does it cost?" asked the lady. "About twenty-five cents apiece," answered the man. "What's your name?" was the lady's next question. "Hill," says the man. "Well," said the lady, "I wish you would come and girdle ours." The man gave an evasive reply, and the lady went home. On telling the story to her husband she was astonished to see him burst out in convulsive fits of laughter. "What on earth are you laughing at?" said the lady. "Why," said the husband, "your man that you asked to girdle your trees was Rev. Dr. Hill, late president of Harvard College, one of the foremost mathematicians living, and now pastor of the First Parish Church."

A Novel cure for the Mumps.

A Pennsylvania newspaper relates a curious circumstance, which should induce some genius to establish a laughing-cure for the benefit of humanity: Two persons were lying very sick in the same room, one with brain fever, the other with an aggravated case of mumps. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakened both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved, and now both are well.

Game in Paris.

Game of all kinds is unusually abundant in the Paris markets this season. The supply of larks, too, is so large that they are to be had for less than a song. A few of them, no doubt, have fallen a victim to the unerring aim of the French "chasseur," but for one lark killed with the gun a thousand are captured in the nets. The mode of procedure is very simple. The nets, generally about 15 yards long by 5 wide, are drawn across the fields at night, and two experts in the bird-catching art can capture as many as twenty dozen if they have anything like good luck. This wholesale destruction is at its height when the nights are dark and foggy, and there is an old tradition among the lark-catchers that they are most fortunate on All Saints' and Christmas Eve, because the ringing of the church bells so annoys the birds that they do not know where they are flying.