

A BIBLICAL BILL OF FARE.

QUICK QUOTATIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES WELL WORTH REMEMBERING.

Of preservation as a curiosity, the annexed bill of fare is worth preserving. Taken wholly from the Bible, a right royal Christmas banquet it would make. As will be seen, the courses, as at State dinners, number five. The candelabra and music are specified. Each course is by its appropriate wine accompanied. Though in Palestine there is now no game, yet at this dinner quails and partridges are provided. With them the spiced wine of the Canticle is prescribed. At such a desert as this, with the sweet wines of the Prophet Amos, we should like to sit. Corresponding bills of fare have from Shakespeare been framed. This one from the Sacred Scriptures is unique. Of preservation as a curiosity, as we have above remarked, it is worthy. It is as thus:—

A DINNER FROM THE BIBLE.

Spread a cloth of blue, and put thereon the dishes and the spoons, and the bowls, with the bread in the basket.—Num. iv. 7, and Levit. xiii. 31.
Salt without prescribing how much, and oil in a cruse.—Ezek. xlii. 12, and 1 Kings xviii. 12.
Bright shining on a candle giveth light.—Luke xli. 6.
Tell them who are bidden I have prepared my dinner.—Matt. xxii. 4.
They are strong of appetite.—Isaiah vii. 11.
Let us eat and be merry.—Luke xvi. 19.
The feast is made for laughter, wine makes merry.—Eccles. x. 19.
Ye hear all kinds of music.—Dan. iii. 5.
Grace—Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. vi. 11.

FOUR.

Pour out the broth.—Judges vi. 20.
Feed me with pottage.—Gen. xxi. 30.
Eat this roll.—Ezek. lii. 1.
Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.—1 Tim. v. 23.

FISH.

We remember the fish we did eat freely.—Num. xi. 5.
They gave him a piece of broiled fish.—Luke xxi. 10.
Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.—John xxi. 10.
Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine.—John iii. 10.

ENTREMENTS.

Haze.—Levit. xi. 6.
Chickens.—Matt. xxiii. 35.
Roasted hares and fatted fowls.—1 Kings iv. 22.
Kidneys.—Deut. xxi. 14.
The wine is red.—Psalms lxxv. 2.
Olives.—Mic. vi. 15.
Give a little water for I am thirsty.—Judges ix. 12.

DRINK.

All manner of baked meats.—Gen. xv. 17.
Ye may eat of the rock.—Deut. xli. 15.
Ye shall eat the wheat and wild wheat.—Deut. xxi. 5.
Cause the strong wine to be poured out.—Num. xxviii. 24.

VEGETABLES.

Take unto thee wheat, barley and millet.—Ezek. iv. 9.
They brought parched corn and beans.—2 Sam. xvi. 22.
After that the fall corn in the ear.—Mark iv. 28.
We remember the leeks and the onions, and the cucumbers and the garlic.—Num. xli. 5.
The manna was as coriander seed.—Num. xli. 7.

GAME.

Partridges.—Jeremiah xlii. 16.
Two young pigeons.—Lev. x. 7.
And he brought quail.—Psalms cxxxv. 10.
I would cause thee to drink spiced wine.—Cant. xvi. 2.
Carry these ten cheeses to the captain.—1 Sam. xvi. 20.

DESSERT.

Behold a basket of summer fruit.—Amos vii. 1.
They brought of the pomegranates and figs.—Num. xli. 23.
Comfort me with apples.—Cant. ii. 5.
The children of Israel brought dates.—2 Chron. xxxi. 7.
Two baskets of figs.—Jeremiah xlii. 2.
Then thou mayest eat grapes thy fill.—Deut. xxiii. 24.
We remember the melons.—Num. xi. 5.
They brought bunches of raisins.—1 Chron. xli. 40.
Carry nuts and almonds.—Gen. xxiii. 11.
Sweet wines.—Amos ix. 15.
Royal wine in abundance.—Ezek. i. 7.
Drink thy wine with a merry heart.—Eccles. ix. 7.

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

Tunis is interesting to the American visitor from its association with the memory of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Here he spent the last years of his life, and here he died and was buried. He who sang so sweetly of home was a wanderer. An interesting story about him was related by Mr. Heap, American representative at Tunis.

"Once when I was in London," said Payne, "I ran out of money, and was at last driven into the streets from inability to pay for my lodgings. It was a dismal rainy night when I wandered out with not a penny in my pocket, and not knowing where to go. A bright light in a window attracted me. The curtains were up, and I could see a parlor filled with a happy company. Several gentlemen were standing near a piano, where a young lady was seated, and singing with an exquisite voice, my song, 'Home, Sweet Home.' I stood there for some minutes, and listened, and then went slowly on, feeling sadder than ever before in my whole life."

"Why didn't you," said Mr. Heap, "ring the bell and tell them you were the author of that song?"

"Tell them that, indeed," Payne replied. "They would have ordered me away, and possibly called a policeman to arrest me as an impostor."

Payne's grave is in the foreign cemetery at Tunis, and shaded by a pepper-tree, whose growing roots have cracked the masonry above the feet of the gifted writer. There is no monument beyond the broad slab of marble which

covers the grave, and bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY
OF
COL. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
TWICE CONSUL OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FOR
THE CITY AND KINGDOM OF TUNIS,
THIS STONE IS HERE PLACED
BY A GRATEFUL COUNTRY.
HE DIED AT THE AMERICAN CONSULATE
IN THIS CITY AFTER A TEDIOUS ILLNESS,
APRIL 1st, 1852.
HE WAS BORN AT THE CITY OF BOSTON,
STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS,
JUNE 2nd, 1792.
HIS FAME AS A POET AND DRAMATIST IS WELL
KNOWN WHEREVER THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS
SPOKEN, THROUGH HIS CELEBRATED BALLAD,
"HOME, SWEET HOME,"
AND HIS POPULAR TRAGEDY OF "BRUTUS," &c.,
AND OTHER SIMILAR PRODUCTIONS.

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, the angel said,
Welcome to heaven's Home, Sweet Home.

THE GLEANER.

The Turkish troops were last winter trained in target practice.

It is said that Mme. Tussaud is to add Brigham Young and his widows to her collection, and is building an extension for them.

Food digests more readily if fat is mixed with it. Fat also takes an important part in the formation of cells, blood-corpuscles, and even the generation of blood.

M. GREY, ex-President of the French Chamber of Deputies, has been selected to succeed Thiers as the leader of the Democratic party in France.

Of forty-three varieties of apples tested by M. A. Truelle, of the Chemical Society of Paris, the red American reinet was found to contain the largest amount of sugar.

Mr. Moody is said to be showing the results of overwork. He had been obliged to forego solid study during the past summer, and has suffered from some trouble in the head.

A VIRGINIA paper thinks that Thomas Jefferson's greatest deed was bringing "love apples" (which are now tomatoes) from France to America as food for his hogs.

GENERAL RADZIKY, the commander of the Russian troops in the Sankha Pass, has taken a prominent part in more than 150 battles and skirmishes, and possesses three St. George's crosses, a distinction rarely met with in the Russian army.

M. DE BROGLIE, the Premier of the French Government, and the leading spirit in the prosecution of Gambetta for having indulged in freedom of speech, is a grandson of Madame de Staël, whom Napoleon I. pursued relentlessly for her advocacy of liberty of speech.

To keep in order the trees, shrubberies, and seats upon the Paris boulevards and in the Paris public squares and gardens costs every year about \$400,000. The number of trees in the squares and courtyards of public buildings is estimated to be 8,300; the number in the cemeteries, 18,400, and the number in the avenues and boulevards, 82,201.

The French are trying, instead of tents for troops bivouacking, a waterproof sheet woven of cotton one side and wool the other, and on the cotton side is laid a specially-prepared vulcanized india-rubber, which neither heat nor cold affects. They are very light, and are said to keep out damp admirably.

THIERS once told an American that "Lafayette had plenty of patriotism but no ability whatever. He had too little brains for a soldier, too much heart for a politician, and not enough tact for a diplomat. He was a failure in everything he attempted—was dangerous only to the cause he espoused, and but for his American escapade would be unknown to history."

THE *Times* says of Osman Pasha:—The defence of Plevna by Osman Pasha has stamped that General's name high on the scroll of military fame. His perception of the value of the position, the energy and rapidity with which he converted an open town into a formidable fortress, the coolness and courage with which he has resisted a long bombardment and a desperate assault, and his just appreciation of the exact moment at which to abandon the defensive and deliver an attack, establish him as a commander of no ordinary capacity.

BURLESQUE.

A WOMAN WHO MEANT BUSINESS.—There is no reason why the inventor of a remedy to "cure the worst case of catarrh inside of five minutes" shouldn't feel it his duty to place a bottle of the same in every person's hand—"price 25 cents; no cure no pay." Therefore, the long-legged chap who pulled a doorbell on John street yesterday had none of that timidity in his bearing which characterizes rag-buys, lightning-rod men and solicitors for the fire-sufferers. He had a good thing and he knew it, and he wanted other folks to know it.

When the door opened and a hard-featured woman about forty years of age confronted him, he pleasantly went to business and asked:

"Madam, is your husband ever troubled with the catarrh?"

"Can a man who has been dead seven years be troubled with the catarrh?" she grimly replied.

"But the children are liable to be attacked at any hour this season," he remarked,

"Who's children?"

"Yours, madam."

"I never had any, sir! What brought you here anyhow? Why do you come asking those questions?"

"Madam, I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh. It is a good thing. I'll warrant it to knock any case of catarrh high-sky in less than five minutes."

"Well, sir, what's all this to me?"

"Why, madam—why—" he stammered.

"Do I look as if I needed any catarrh remedies?" she demanded as she stepped out on the platform.

"Madam, I would not for the world have you think that I thought you had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair and lovely can be attacked as well as the strong and brave."

"And what have I got to do with all that rigmarole? Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"Madam," he whispered, backing down one step, "I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh."

"Who's catarrh, sir?"

"Madam, I am selling my catarrh—"

"Where is your catarrh—where is it?" she interrupted.

He got down on the second step and softly began:

"Madam, I have a sure cure for the catarrh, and I am selling lots of it."

"Well, what do I care! Must you ring my door-bell to tell me that you are selling lots of catarrh medicine?"

He got down on the walk, clear of the steps, and he tried hard to look beautiful round the mouth as he explained:

"Madam, didn't I ask you if your husband was ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Yes, sir, and didn't I reply that he was dead? Do you want to see his grave, sir?"

"No, madam, I do not. I am sorry he's dead, but my catarrh remedy can't help him any. Good-bye, madam."

"Here, sir, hold on a minute!" she called, "what was your business with me?"

"Why, I have a remedy for the catarrh."

"So you said before."

"I asked you if you didn't want to purchase and—"

"You are a falsifier, sir; you never asked me to purchase!"

"Do you want—a bottle?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, sir; give me two of them; here's your money! Next time you want to sell your catarrh remedy don't begin to talk around about the discovery of America by Columbus. Here you've bothered me fifteen minutes, and put all my work behind, and it's good for you I didn't bring the broom to the door!"

He retreated backwards through the gate, his left eye squinted up and his mouth open. He shut the gate, leaned over it and looked long at the front door. By-and-bye he said:

"You can never tell where to find 'em!"

A SUMMER REVERIE.—Summer, sweet, good-bye.

"'Tis the last rows of summer," as the boy said who heeled down the potato rows on the 31st day of August.

The boy never did and never said anything of the kind. He was four miles away, doubled up with the cholera morbus in a stranger's orchard. But if you have got to confine yourself to prosy, solid truth, what is to become of all the poetry?

And all the newspapers?

Don't speak of it.

Summer is gone.

We don't know where to, but it is gone; or at least it ought to be. Here it is just the middle of September, and if summer isn't gone, when is it going?

As for us, we love the merry, merry sunshine, tra, la, la, la.

Sweet spirit of the sainted past. Gone, forever gone. Gone, with the long, the silent afternoons. Gone, with the sun-crowned hill, and the glen in sombre shadows lulled. Gone, with the song of woodland bird. Gone, with the evening hum of insect life. Gone, with the faded memories of dimpling rill and yellow stubble-field. Gone, with the ring of the scythe in the meadow lot, the sun-crowned reapers and the long-drawn howl of the farm hand with his foot in the knives of the mower. Gone, gone, gone!

Oh, tender grace of the cucumber time, when there were sounds of cholera morbus in the land. Oh, smiling dreams of the first strawberry days, when the infinitesimal pint wrought laughter for the thoughtless crowd. Oh, merry joke of the watermelon rind. Oh, happy thought of the grape seed under the false tooth plate. Oh, laughing gulp of the cherry worm. Oh, lithe-jest of the boy putting on his angel plumage with both pockets and a stomach full of green apples. Oh, sweet, blithe roundelay about the woman chasing flies. Oh, clink of the ice in the c—bbler. Oh, several things not down in the bill.

Call around next week.

So summer is past.

All things must pass. All things except the lead nickel.

And it will pass on the street car, and at the Sunday picnic.

Pass here.

BADLY FOOLED.—They were telling hunting stories in a C. street saloon, a night or two since, and after several persons had given in their experience, an old chap who appeared to be a stranger in town, took the floor. Said he: "Thar is a power o' game down to Humboldt Sink—ducks, geese and sich—but in some respects it's unpleasant down thar. I got about the wust fooled I ever was in my life the first time I camped down thar. I was on a hunt, and had a little round tent that I stuck up in the shadder of a bunch of willers. At night I curled up in this tent—just room enough for me—calkerlatin' to git up bright and airy next mornin', to try luck on the ducks and geese.

Thar seemed to be considerable muskeeters about, so when I got into my tent I pinned up the slit that made the door in sich a way as to keep 'em out. Next mornin' I woke up, and finding it still dark, took another nap. I slept a good while, and when I woke up it was still dark. Took another nap and woke up. Still dark. I thought daylight would never come. I tried to sleep, but only dozed off a little at times.

It seemed the longest night I ever saw. Finally I concluded to see what time it was anyhow. So I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was ten minutes of two o'clock. This beat me. I concluded I'd take a look outside an' see if thar was enny sign of daylight coming. I unpinned my tent and, on pulling open the door, a black mass of something that seemed alive, fell on the ground, a blaze of light at the same time strikin' my eyes and nearly blindin' me.

Bein' kinder frightened, I rushed out, and thar I saw, all over my tent and kiverin' of it to a depth of about four inches, a reg'lar mass of muskeeters. I looked at the sun and saw that my watch was right. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Gentlemen I never was so fooled afore in all my life regardin' the time of day—all along of them air muskeeters, and it wasn't the reg'lar muskeeter time, neither."

ORIGIN OF SOME FAMOUS LEGENDS.—Not among the different members of the great Aryan family only are the germs of many of our best stories discoverable. They seemed to belong to humanity. A lively American, Professor Fiske, of Harvard University, noticing how the "William Tell" legend (for it is a legend), and that of which the Welsh form celebrates the death of Gwylt's faithful hound, and a good many others besides, are found everywhere, says: "We must admit, then, that these fireside tales have been handed down from parent to child for more than a hundred generations; that the primitive Aryan cottager, as he took his evening meal of yava, and sipped his fermented mead, listened with his children to the stories of 'Boots' and 'Cinderella,' and the 'Master Thief,' in the days when the squat Laplander was still master of Europe, and the dark-skinned Sudra was as yet unmoored in the Punjab." True; but may we not go further, and say that finding these tales, or their counterparts, among Zulus and Mongols and Malays and red Indians we must either pronounce them to be "innate ideas," or else hold that men have invented them in the old, old time when the differences between Aryans and non-Aryans had not yet grown up? Sir H. Rawlinson seems to prove from the earliest Assyrian remains, that, "in the beginning," Hamite and Semite and Japhetian were all one—that even what afterwards became of the Aryan tongues were then "agglutinative," like the red Indian of to-day. Some one, too, has just "proved" the old Peruvian was a kindred speech to the Sanscrit! No wonder, then, that the same stories are current all the world over.

ARTISTIC.

MILLAIS gets \$105 for artists' proofs of the engravings of his picture of "Edie Deans."

NETMEGS and mace possess narcotic properties. They should therefore be used with caution by persons of an apoplectic tendency.

A school of art for ladies is being established in Rome. A house has been taken in the Via degli Artisti, in one of the healthiest parts of Rome, and it is proposed, if the funds can be raised, that the school shall be opened next month, under the auspices of Miss Mayor.

AN eminent sculptor who has devoted himself for many years to his statue of the ideal woman, was being quizzed by brother artists on the time he had given to the work. "Well," said he smilingly, "since it takes Nature eighteen years to make a beautiful woman, why should I finish my work more quickly?"

It is stated that M. THIERS had it in contemplation, at the time of his death, to write a History of Florence, and also a Life of Michel Angelo. He was, as is well known, an able art-connoisseur and critic, and found time amid all his other avocations to contribute numerous articles on aesthetic subjects to various journals and reviews. It is hoped that these will now be gathered together in a volume.

THORWALDSEN's fine group of St. John in clay above the entrance of the Free Church at Copenhagen, has recently been copied in marble by several of the first sculptors in Denmark, it having been determined to replace the clay sculpture with one in the more durable material. The marble group has been exhibited this summer at the Fine Arts Academy at Charlottenburg, and will now soon be set in its place.