The Free Press.

Tuesday, December 25, 1877.

A Christmas Dinner.

A TRULY BIBLICAL BILL OF FARE.

As a curiosity the annexed bill of fare is worth preserving. Taken wholly from the Bible, a light royal Christmas banquet it would make; it will be seen, the courses, as at state dinners, are limited five. The cambolatus and sauce are poached. Each course is by its appropriate wine accompanied. Though in Palestine there seem to cease, ere all the dinner guests and party dress are provided. With them the spices were:

Canticles is preserved. At such a dessert as this, with the sweet wines of the Prophet Amos, a mouth like to all. Corresponding bills of fare are from Shakespeare, been framed. The one on the Scriptures is simpler. Of preservation is curiously, as we have above remarked, it is setting. It is as long—

A DINNER FROM THE BIBLE.

Spread a cloth of blue, and put thereon wafers and the cheese, and the bowls with to feast in the tabret.—Num. iv. 7, and Lev. i. 2.

Dish without prompt that how rounds, and oil in crusts.—Ezra vii. 22, and 1 Kings xvii. 12.

Fryed cheese for a needle guard light.—Luke xi. 36.

Fat things who are broken I have prepared my feast.—Matt. xxii. 4.

Sauce for the sake of appetite.—Isaiah viii. 11.

Let us eat and be merry.—Luke xv. 23.

The feast is made for laughter, wine makes merry.—Eccles. x. 19.

(choice all kinds of music.—Dan. iii. 5.

Prince—Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. vi. 11.

SOUP.

Now eat the broth.—Judges vi. 20.

And me with pottage.—Gen. xxv. 30.

Eat this well.—Ezek. iv. 9.

Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake—1 Tim. v. 23.

FISH.

Ye remember the fish we did eat.—Num. xi. 5.

They gave him a piece of broiled fish.—Luke xxiv. 42.

Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.—John xxi. 10.

Every man at the beginning doth set forth the good wine.—John ii. 10.

FRUITS.

Ye shall bring of summer fruit.—Amos viii. 1.

They brought the pomegranates and figs.—Num. xiii. 23.

Gather you with apples.—Song of Solomon ii. 5.

Be children of Israel brought dates.—2 Chron. xxxi. 5.

Two baskets of figs.—Jer. xxiv. 2.

Ten thousand grapes they fill.—Deut. xxxii. 32.

Remember the melons.—Num. xi. 5.

They brought bunches of raisins.—1 Chron. xii. 40.

Nuts and almonds.—Gen. xxxiii. 11.

Sweet wines.—Amos ix. 13.

Pure wine in abundance.—Isaiah xxv. 6.

Drink thy wine with a merry heart.—Eccles. ix. 7.

San Francisco Commercial Advocate.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Outcast," Etc.

He was roused from his reverie now by a rose-bush, Mr. Montagu Scarlet, of the War Office, the scion of a noble house, the prospective heir to a title and one of the most hopelessly wicked of Maude Hillary's admirers.

"Why, Tredethlyn," exclaimed the young man, without removing a gigantic cigar from between his lips, "how delightfully you're going, at that waker! It looks as if you were contemplating felo de se, by-the-bye, hadn't you, old boy? and how do you expect to be alone? Where's the fiancee?"

"I was thinking of some family matters, not very pleasant ones," Mr. Tredethlyn answered, simply.

"Anywhere the future?"

"The What?"

"The future—Mrs. Francis Tredethlyn of to be—the Countess, I hope. I have a lovely Julia deserted her Frank! What, a dear, good old baby, how you break it a crime to be in love with a pretty girl! I only wish your young affections had led themselves on one of my girls, for then I most amiable girls, but without so much a spoonful of what our lively neighbor calls pelage."

Francis Tredethlyn stared aghast at the young ethical.

"Why, you don't suppose—you don't think that I—that Miss Desmond—that—"

"You know those silversmiths on the boulevards.—No, you don't know those arts, by the-bye.—Well, dear boy, there are Parisian silversmiths who show a great display in their shop windows by wash of a concealed light—a light opening at a strong flare of gas. But I don't—if is Paris there was ever such a metaphor use of spoons as the present, and I can't ame you, my dear Tredethlyn. If I were de Alexander I would be the other person. I were not madly, hopelessly in love with me-eyed Maude, I should fling myself at se feet of dark-eyed Julia; small teeth, and ich a generally regal torniture, with thirty housand a year, ought to make a sensation, rank, I congratulate you! Bless you, my ly, and be happy! Mr. Somerset wrung le friend's hand with effusion.

"But, my dear Somerset—but, upon my ul to be sure, Desmond!" cried Mr. Tredethlyn extreme terror and perplexity. "Miss Desmond has been very kind to me, and ading myself of prior claim here. I've been ery grateful for her kindness; but, as I ry again, not one word has ever been ex- ased between us upon any but the com- nonest subjects, and I am sure that neith- r she nor I have the slightest idea of—"

"Oh, you haven't, eh!" asked Montague omerset, taking his cigar from his mouth, nd staring at it in a contemplative man- er, as he knocked away the ash; "never aid about Miss Desmond, you haven't any idea of making her mistress of yourself and our property, real and personal, eh? You dmire her very much, and are very grate- ul to her for being civil to you, and so on, ut you have no idea of making her an offer f marriage?"

"No more than I have of soaking you uch an offer."

"Then, in that case," replied Mr. Somerset, deliberately, "all I have to say is to his effect,—look out for squalls; when you see Parisian silversmiths play such a great display in their shop windows by wash of a concealed light, expect a strong flare of gas. But I don't, if in Paris there was ever such a metaphorical use of spoons as the present, and I cannot ame you, my dear Tredethlyn. If I were de Alexander I would be the other person. I were not madly, hopelessly in love with me-eyed Maude, I should fling myself at se feet of dark-eyed Julia; small teeth, and ich a generally regal torniture, with thirty housand a year, ought to make a sensation, rank, I congratulate you! Bless you, my ly, and be happy!"