

A Christmas Feast in Africa.

Mr. Reade, in his work of "Savage Africa," gives the following account of a remarkable repast he once partook of in that country:

That Christmas morning I enjoyed a stupendous repast. The mouths of members of the Acclimatization Society will water as they read. It was a collection of gastronomical rarities—a tissue of eccentricities *de cuisine*.

We commenced with snails, brought from France in barrels filled with flour, which had preserved them admirably. They were prepared *au gratin*, and we forked them out of their retreat with instruments unpleasantly resembling toothpicks. We had also oysters torn from trees.

Our fish consisted of African soles, carp, and mullet. Detestable in themselves, they illustrated the skill of the cuisinier.

Then followed the gazelle cutlets *a la papillote*. Two small monkeys served cross-legged and with liver sauce, on toast. Stewed iguana, which was much admired.—A dish of roasted crocodile's eggs. Some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior,) which none of us could touch. A few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land-crabs (previously fattened,) and other crustaceae. The breasts of a mermaid, or manatee—the grand *bonne-bouche* of the repast. Some boiled alligator, which had a taste between pork and cod, with the addition of a musky flavor. And some hippopotamus steaks, *aux prommes de terre*.

We might have obtained a better dessert at Convent Garden, where one can see the bright side of the tropics without the trouble or expense of travelling. But we had pine-apples, oranges, roasted plantains, silver bananas, papaws (which, when made into a tart with cloves, might be taken for apples,) and a variety of fruits which had long native names, curious shapes, and all of them very nasty tastes. But I must not omit the famous palm-cabbage.

It is erroneously supposed that it is peculiar to one tree which is called the cabbage palm. It is, however, the bud of the tree, so to speak, and is found in all the palms, though in some it is red, in others white. It is a great luxury; indeed, to eat one is like eating a whole tree, for the palm always dies when the cabbage is cut out. Throughout this country, therefore, it is forbidden food; but Europeans may some times infringe the law by paying a large sum. When raw it tastes like celery, but when stewed *au sauce blanc*, as upon this occasion, it is not to be compared with any vegetable of mortal growth. It must have been the ambrosia of the gods.

Budget of Curiosities.

- A fish from the stream of life.
- A thimbleful of the milk of human kindness.
- Some of the contents of "a pretty kettle of fish."
- A bolster for a bed of onions.
- A shingle from the roof of a mouth.
- Tears from a weeping-willow.
- A button from a coat of paint.
- The contents of a box on the ear.
- A buckle from a belt of woodland.
- A key to the gates of happiness.
- The hood of deception.

PAT AND HIS PIG.—A rollicking Hibernian of the light division in the Peninsula, was once trudging along the road with a pig on a string behind him, when as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by Gen. Canford. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial.

"Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?"

"What pig, general?" exclaimed the culprit, turning round with the most innocent surprise.

"Why, that pig, you have behind you, you villain."

"Well, then I vow and protest, general," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that beast to my cartouch box."

THERE is a natural and just exception taken against the use of terms, too common with American biographers, in the remarks which follow:

"*Born of Poor but Honest Parents!*"

"Whenever I read the above words as the introduction of a biography, I pronounce the author lacking in good common sense, as well as politeness. Just as if the parents must especially be exempt from dishonesty.—Just as if it were necessary to inform the reader that, although the parents were poor, they had the exceptional and unusual merit, worthy of particular notation, that they were honest!

This is one of the occasional libels upon the poor.—Nothing but a purse-proud and money-honoring intellect would be guilty of such nonsense. It would answer when the reading of the world was confined to the rich. But when the poor, as well as the wealthy, constitute a large portion of the readers, it is a direct insult, as well as a miserable falsehood. Who does not know that there is as much dishonesty among the higher classes as the lower? Who does not know that a community made up mainly of the hard sons of toil, and gentle daughters of industry, is quite as honest, as virtuous, as manly, as lovely, and as noble as the scions of bloated wealth, or boasters of noble heritage of name and blood?

How would it appear to the rich, if a writer should speak of his hero as having been "born of rich but honest parents?" It would certainly be quite as near the point as the converse."

SOME HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.—Before entering a drawing-room, look through the key-hole to see who's there, and adapt your style to your company.

If announced by any other name than your own, correct the servant publicly, and should it be a boy in buttons, kick him.

Should any stranger in the company observe that "it is fine weather," wink slyly and say, "you musn't tell." Thus you will gain a character for caution and secrecy.

If you have not been introduced to a lady with whom you are desirous of speaking, address her as "What's-your-name." N. B.—There are exceptions to this rule.

Dancing a waltz by yourself is generally set down to vanity or misanthropy, therefore 'tis best avoided.

Should you bump against other couples in a dance, swear horribly at your partner, and refuse to give her any refreshment.

On recognizing a lady in the street whom you have seen at a party on the previous night, cry, "How are you, eh?—all right?" You can jocosely allude to her excessive dancing by a tender inquiry as to the state of her poor feet. Should she not courteously answer your questions, set her down for a bloated aristocrat, and pass on.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.—High up the mountain slopes of Chamouni there is a beautiful plain, covered with verdure and flowers. Thither the shepherds of the Alps drive their flocks to partake of the rich pasturage and breathe the pure mountain air. The ascent is difficult, over icebergs and torrents. At one point the rocks rise almost perpendicular; when the flock arrives at this point, none appear bold enough to venture, but the shepherds gather the lambs in their arms, and toss them up on the plain; the whole flock clambers after them, and is soon feeding upon the rich herbage, or ruminating beneath the "rose tree of the Alps."

Bereaved parents, the lamb of your love has been carried up, and beckons you to follow where all flowers sweeter than those of the Alps, and air and sunshine pure, and brighter than is found up in Chamouni. It is the greenwood of love in the spirit land.

A farmer who lives on a certain hill, called "Hard Serabble," in Central New York, says that last summer, owing to the drought and poor land together, the grass was so short they had to lather before they could mow it!

On the occasion of a magic lantern exhibition, the scene of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea was given, and the small children were asked if they could tell what it represented. One little fellow immediately sang out, "Burnside crossing the Rappahannock!"

INFERENCEAL REASONING.—A physician took a young student to see a patient who was confined to his bed.—"Sir," said the physician to the sick man, "you have been imprudent, you have eaten oysters."

The patient admitted that he had. Returning home, the student asked the doctor how he discovered that the man had eaten oysters.

"Why," replied the doctor, "I saw the shells under the bed."

A few days after, the student was sent to visit the patient. He soon returned however, saying that he had been kicked out of the house for telling the patient he had been imprudent; he had eaten horse-flesh.

"Horse-flesh, you young fool! what do you mean?" cried the doctor.

"Because, sir, I saw a saddle and a pair of stirrups under the bed."

MRS. CROCODILE'S NEW BONNET.—Mrs. Crocodile is an absent minded lady. She bought a new bonnet not long since, and the first time she wore it on Montgomery street, she thought every one would notice it, of course. Presently, she met Mrs. Simpkins, who stopped her with a "Good morning, Mrs. Crocodile." "I bought it only a few weeks ago." "How is your family?"—"One hundred dollars." Mrs. S. perceived that the mind of Mrs. C. was on her bonnet, and tried her once more. "Anything new, Mrs. Crocodile?" "Yes, the feather is new, too—a new bonnet altogether." And so they parted.—*California paper.*

A regular matrimonial price current is issued daily, in Paris, entitled L'Echo Nuptial. It contains several columns of "Wants" and "Offers;" and also a short correspondence between the advertisers, together with a review of the matrimonial market, announcing, day by day, whether blonds are in favor; whether browns rule high; whether there is a brisk demand for widowers or widows, and whether the business of matrimonial exchange is good.

A high private of extraordinary dimensions, lumbered into the presence of Gen. Thomas and asked for a furlough, adding, "General, I wish to go home and see my wife." "How long is it since you have seen your wife?" inquired the General. "Why he answered, "I haven't seen my wife for over three months." "Three months!" remarked Gen. Thomas, "why I haven't seen my wife for three years." "Well that may be," rejoined the other, "but you see General, me and my wife ain't o' that sort." Of course the high private got his furlough after that rub.

A little girl about four years old, and a little boy about six, had been cautioned in their strife after hen's eggs not to take the nest egg; but one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized on an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother! Susy has been and got the egg the old hen measures by."

Punch says he never could see that Canady was of much benefit to England; for all the mother country ever got from that province, was wars and fights and rows—except the Canadian boat song, and even that commences—"Row, Brothers, Row."

A lady in this town sent her husband to the store lately, to buy a dollar's worth of sugar, as the good wife was nearly out. The sugar not appearing, a few days afterwards she asked her husband what he had done with it. He replied after a few moments' hesitation and head scratching, "that he must have put it in his *other vest pocket*."—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

The late Dr. West having married a veay tall lady, whose name was Experience, was asked his opinion of matrimony; to which he replied that, "by long Experience, he had found it to be a very comfortable thing."

Pigeons drink differently from most other birds. Gallinaceous birds sip, and raise their heads; but pigeons take a long continued draught like quadrupeds.

At some of the seas-hore resorts the food is so light the ladies go every day to the grocers to get weighed, to see how much they lose per diem.