An Indian Gourmet.

Of all the distinguished Indian gourmets the most pleasant to write about is the late Colonel Davidson, of the Bengal Engineers, the author of a *Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India*, which, with the *ventures in Upper India*, the Hon. Emily Eden's single exception of the Hon. Emily Eden's delightful journal, is to our thinking the most agreeable book of Indian miscellaneous reading we have met with. He was a man of bold before the and pleasantry, thoroughly conversant with the native character, speaking Hindustani as if it were his own tongue, and a most keen observer of men and manners. But above all he was a most accomplished cook, and is never weary of recalling the circumstances which elicited any remarkable display of his skill or his taste, from the "long affectionate boiling" of a whole goose to the eloquent apostrophes which he never failed to address to Colin of Nairn on the occasion of opening one of his truffled *pates*. Strange to say, the concoction in which he considered himself unsurpassable, and in which he is evidently inclined to rest his fame, is that not very recondite matter, "a fish, boiled, and served with a rich sauce. But any one who knows the all-important part which game bids of every description play at an Indian table, and the atrocious nature of the poulet-like compound which native cooks invariably serve under that simple name, will easily understand that few things would be more gratefully received by the hunting party on which he participates. One hunting party on which he particularly dwells took place among the jungles on the frontier of Oude, and consisted of General Churchill, who fell at Maharajpore, with his wife and daughter, General Curetton, who was killed in the Punjab; two ton, who was killed in the Punjab; two civilians, and two other officers of the Sixteenth Lancers, one of whom has since become celebrated by another and less enviable way, and Colonel Davidson himself.

We dressed and sat down to dinner. The *pulao* had disappeared; wine had been drawn all round, and instead of the lively chat, there arose a dull expectant hum. It was evident that the feelings of the party were highly ruffled. Eyes were constantly directed to the door of the tent, facing the *battery de cuisine*, where it was well known that I had been exercising my skill. At last, when patience was nearly exhausted, the servants, with unusual statelines and solemnity of manner, bore in a huge saucepan, in which I had carefully prepared a rich bread-sauce. The conversation wholly ceased —the black partridges were magically disembarred. "Shall I send you any of the sauce?" "Thank you, most certainly." It was literally dispensed to all, and, as I had expected, one joyous universal burst of delight and surprise resounded through the tent and grove. They felt that they were sitting in the presence of a master mind. "Capital! most capital! Never tasted anything so delicious! Superb, superb indeed!" In fact it was what in the Scotch Kirk Sheriff would state a *bonne cuit*. My spirit was soothed. It was clear that my talent had not been wasted on insensible ears. Never since therefore, I have cared for a second dish, such as the salmon, cod, skate, turbot, flounders and sharks, porpoise, pickled pork, pomfret, shark, dolphin and cuttle-fish, beckies, mango and hisis and scores of others; but I have never eaten anything so delicious as was this glorious mahseer!" My friend, whether out of the most exalted generosity or the most lamentable ignorance, thought he certainly fully capable of the former feelings of his own accord presented me with the head and shoulders. It was one of the largest I had ever seen. To devour the whole, at starting, seemed an impossibility; but I succeeded in doing it, and some recollection soothes me. The palate was two full mouthfuls, the large fat eyes were a mouthful each, the brain another—never ending, still beginning—luscious and yet unsatiating! Reader, if you are an epicure, and yet never ate the head and shoulders of a large fresh mahseer, his loss to Hudwar, get Kirke to catch one for you, ask him to dinner, let your claret be well cooled, and let it be the Jubilee claret if you wish to enjoy a good meal and pleasant talk, send for me, and I'll engage that you shall give Prince a charming frame of mind. If you forget me, that will be my fault; but the memory of the fish will enchant and enslave you through life! You will mention his wonderful preservation in your house, of some character created by his friend, Wilkie Collins.

Dickens has once personally given the lie to wilful assertions of his inaccurate knowledge, and we have, from personal knowledge, no hesitation in branding similar statements as counterfeit and false.

In society Dickens is reserved and thoughtful even to melancholy. His voice is sweet and very clear, and his greatest charm is that it rings with his individuality. He enters into everything he says. In his best readings his own apparent enjoyment is quite as attractive as his remarkable dramatic delivery. When he tells a story (which is a most infrequent concession) his earnest, sympathetic manner of narration enlists everybody's interest. His knowledge of human nature is wonderful, and even that of Thackeray in universality of scope.

His kindliness is boundless. Sitting in the editorial chair of *All the Year Round*, he has written to poverty-stricken contributors in terms of advice and sympathy, pointing out their shortcomings with tender touch, and giving their merits, a condescension unhappily too rare.

Above the middle height, but stooping, with a sad, thoughtful face, lit by two bright black eyes, and lined deep by care and ever-much-overspinning of despised humanity, Charles Dickens is, indeed, a king among men.

A Down View of a Railroad Car.

Night passengers will appreciate the following admirable sketch of the interior of a car at day-break:

"Long before we hear the roar of wheels we see the glimmer of a glowing light. Brighter and broader it opens, like the eyelids of an awaking eye it is, the headlight of the train. Then the steady jar, then the mingled clank, as of a thousand hammers and chains, and the cars are here. 'All aboard' and all right' follow each other in rapid succession, and we are breathing the close and heavy air of a crowded dormitory. The carpets have gone out disgusted—the little weaklinkness of the sleepers has subsided, and the dim staring outline of cloaks and shawls, and frightened-looking heads, flushed here and there, like a troubled sea, with white, compose the landscape, while over all the pendulums, swing phlegmatic carpet bags slowly, to and fro, and little satchels, brisk as mantle clocks, and bonnets made of cloud and air, dance up and down like blossoms in a rain—all timed to the motion of the train.

"But the dim gray urns to an old-eyed white, and the breathing bundles begin to stir; out of an ragged mass package is hatched a woman, with locks dishevelled, like Venus from the sea. Another, or two, and a rough form emerges from a cloak and shawl and shakes itself awake. A shapeless mass turns out a man bearded like a bear. A pair of boots, thrust out like a bowsprit, so out of sight as the owner comes in view. One is scowling an irritated lad with gentle touches of his elbow, another pulling the wilted collar. Disordered tresses are smoothed with hasty touches of the hand, and crumpled sleeves persuaded into shape. One lady has learned her lesson from Grimaldkin, and makes her toilet—precisely like a cat.

"The cold, clear light of early morning is always trying to human beauty; there are no tints to be borrowed, no softening shades to be worn, a plain, cold stare that looks one out of countenance. But, in a railroad train, the illusion is always appalling. If a face ever looks faded it is then; the hair has any gray in it it is sure to show; the eyes look like a sign-board, afar off. If there be discontent in the heart, it will come into the room, and in the heart it comes into the room, and everybody looks like people after a masquerade, or Richard, after he became 'himself again.'"

Interesting Discovery of Roman Coins in Paris.

During some recent alterations in the grounds of the Lycée Napoleon, Rue Clovis, Paris, the workmen came upon a little pile of Roman gold coins. They have been examined and classified:

"There are 20 coins of Nero, 61 of Vespasian, 47 of Titus, 72 of Domitian, 27 of Trajan, consisting of 51 with Trajan's head, 1 representing the Emperor on a triumphal car, 1 of Trajan in the costume of a Parthian king, and 1 so-called 'Restitution coin' (struck by later Emperors to show their high appreciation of the noble deeds of their predecessor), 12 of Titus with Trajan, with the inscription 'A Trajano Restitutus Titus;' 102 coins of Hadrian, of which 96 are portraits of Hadrian, 1 of Julius, his nephew, 1 representing the Emperor rendering divine honors to Trajan, his predecessor and adopted father, representing the Forum Trajanum under the reign of Hadrian, and 2 with the portrait of Hadrian, and a reverse full of most delicate workmanship, representing the Emperor and Lucius Verus; 29 of Lucius Verus, the Emperor's brother and colleague; 4 of the Empress Crispina, wife of the Emperor Commodus; 12 of the Emperor Commodus, representing Commodus fighting in the Roman Circus; 3 of the Emperor Geta; 1 of Pertinax, 1 of Caracalla; 1 of Septimus Severus—one bearing the legend 'Victor Parthicum, the other 'Restitutor Urbis;' 8 of the Empresses Julia Domna, wife of Septimus Severus; 15 of Faustina I., wife of Antoninus; 20 of Faustina II., wife of Marcus Aurelius, one of which, not hitherto known, represents her with the attributes of Ceres; 1 of Lucilla, wife of Lucius Verus; 1 with the combined portraits of Trajan and Pollina, wife of Trajan; 1 of Plotina alone; 1 of Matidia, her daughter; 1 of Matilda alone; 1 of Marciana, sister of Trajan; 1 of Sabina, the wife of Hadrian; 1 of the Emperor Claudius; 1 of Augustus, in the corner of a Trajan coin (this single piece has been placed in a glass frame); 2 of Vitellius; 2 of Claudius Albinus, competitor of Septimus Severus in the early part of the third century."

There are several theories as to the manner in which these coins happened to be where they were found. M. Fournier argues from the fact that the last Emperor found among them is Severus, that they were hid during his reign, probably by some one implicated in the unsuccessful attempt of Albinus, to save his life. M. Fallure, on the other hand, thinks the money belonged to a chief tax-gatherer of Paris. His reason is the great number of Faustina coins in the hoard. These coins being much heavier than those of later period, were rigorously demanded in payment by the tax-gatherers, who pocketed the surplus value, until a specific edict stopped the abuse.

The collection has been placed for safe keeping in the Paris Museum of Antiquaries at the Hotel Carnavolet.

A Consistent Dinner of Horse-Flesh.

A few days ago Mr. W. Forsyth partook of the French capital of a banquet of five courses, all horseflesh from beginning to end. The very vegetables were dressed with "horse-oil," instead of butter, to secure uniformity in the culinary art. The dinner, says the London *Times*, was excellent. Every dish was palatable, appetizing and nutritious. It is not pretended that the meal was actually better than ox-beef but it was not inferior to it in taste, in fact, except for a little darkness of color, was not to be distinguished from beef on the strion of the stomach. The "horse-oil" will probably be regarded as the most doubtful article in the bill of fare, but our correspondent adds that two bottles of the neat extract were put upon the table for inspection, and that he found it still could have been sweeter, clearer, or more perfectly free from all objectionable qualities.

It should also be understood that for the proper appreciation of the argument, that Mr. Forsyth approached the experiment without any prepossession in favor of the novelty. He was by no means what spiritualists describe as "unfitably disposed," or prepared with the requisite amount of faith and credulity. On the contrary, he has been in seat with a "decided feeling of prejudice and repugnance," which was only conquered, he now avers, by the undeniable excellence of the viands served up. The proof of the meat was in the eating, and so favorably was the result of the experiment, that Mr. Forsyth does not see why horseflesh, apart from economical considerations, should not be introduced to our tables as an acceptable variety "instead of the everlasting beef, mutton and veal."

A Religious Dispute.—The Rector of St. Alban's Church, Birmingham, lately accommodated a young lady. Her friends wishing to test her right to do so in a court of law, have asked her to give to the communion in order that the priest might be compelled to eject her publicly. Her first attempt led to a riot. Her second was to be made on St. Luke's day, but the parish authorities learning it, did not open the church. It was expected that she would present herself on the following Sunday, and precautions had been taken to insure quiet.

Dr. Newman Cardinal.—The *Guardian* says Dr. Newman has long wished to found a branch of the Oratory in Oxford. The Pope, however, has at last definitely disapproved of the plan. This result is mainly due to the persistent opposition of the English Roman Catholic bishops, who are of opinion that Dr. Newman would take with him too large a following of the Roman Catholic young men, to whose souls it would be perilous to bring them into contact with Anglican education."

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Rich Dress Goods.
Rich Dress Goods.
Rich Dress Goods.
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Cloaks, Cloaks, Cloaks.
Cloaks, Cloaks, Cloaks.