The New Orleans Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1868.

Gov. Seymour's Speech at Rochester.

ROCHESTER, October 24.—Gov. Seymour arrived here at five o'clock this afternoon, and was received by a large gathering of citizens.

He was accompanied by Hon. Francis Kernan, of Utica. They went to the Osborn House, and at eight o'clock were escorted to the rink by a large cavalcade and torchlight procession. The rink was filled with people, 6000 or more being present. Hon. Z. L. Fish, mayor, presided. Gov. Seymour addressed the meeting half an hour. His remarks were received with great enthusiasm. He was followed by Mr. Kernan. A display of fireworks was made near the hotel, after the meeting. Gov. Seymour goes to Buffalo at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. At the rink he spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens—I am astonished at this demonstration. I left my home to-day for the purpose of addressing a meeting at Buffalo to-morrow evening. I can, therefore, speak to you to-night, but very briefly; but I shall be followed by those who more ably than myself can discuss the great issues of the campaign.

Nearly four years ago the war which ravaged our land ceased: nearly four years ago the affairs of this country were confided to the administration of the authorities. We found at the close of the great contest that a large section of our country had been disorganized in its industry, in its structure, and in its moral construction, as the result of that war.

It we turned from the South, that portion which had been overcome by the valor of our troops, and took into consideration the condition of the whole country, we found it burdened by an enormous debt. We found that the carrying trade had been swept from the oceans of the world; we found the business of our country perplexed by all the uncertainties which overhung its future business pursuits. [Cheers.]

We meet now for the purpose of determining whether those who have administered the affairs of the United States during the past four years have governed it wisely and well. They come before the people of the country asking to be reinstated in power; they say that they have so controlled its interests that they are entitled to the confidence of the people; they claim that their measures have been wise and judicious, and that they have tended to advance the interest and welfare of the republic.

In their convention they congratulated the people upon the success of their scheme of reconstruction. The question now presented to the voters of this country is simply this: Are you satisfied with the conduct of those who have conducted the affairs of the country? (Cries of "No, no," and cheers.) Are they entitled to your confidence? (Cries of "No, no.")

Have they so administered your finances that your taxes have been lightened, and as they might have been? [Cries of "No, no."] Have they relieved the labor of the country from the great burdens which rested upon it? [Cries of "No, no."] Can the business men of the country, who conduct its capital, say that they repose such confidence in the wisdom of those who now administer its affairs, that if they shall again be placed in power, can they go on in confidence in their transactions? [Cries of "No, no," and cheers.] The answer of this great audience, and I believe the answer of the people of this country, will be "No!" The day was when the American people were proud—when they were counted among the foremost nations of the earth as a people largely engaged in the commerce of the world. [Cheers.] We do not find that this great subject has, during the past three years, attracted even the attention of those who administer the affairs of our land.

Wade Hampton—A Dignified and Manly Letter.

[From the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

The following letter from a Confederate general to a Union general should be read by every patriot in the land. It is a frank, manly expression of opinion by one whose bravery is unquestioned, whose talents are admitted, and who accepts the arbitrament of the sword. His allusion to the misrepresentations made by corrupt politicians brands them with deserved infamy. His statement of the position of the people of the South is unquestionably true. They "desire, above all things, a firm, just peace." They "recognize the questions of slavery and secession as settled forever by the war." It declares "they have no purpose, open or concealed, to agitate these questions at any future time, and look to constitutional agencies and peaceful remedies alone to free us from legislation which we believe will destroy the South utterly and irretrievably."

COLUMBIA, October 5, 1865.

Major General John A. McClernand, Springfield, Ill.:

Dear Sir—Your letter inclosing the pamphlet, has just reached me, and I beg to thank you for your attention in sending the latter, as well as your polite invitation to address the people in your State. It would give me very great pleasure to accept this flattering invitation, but my services are imperatively demanded here, where we are struggling against very heavy odds, though with a fair prospect of success. If I could leave home I would certainly visit the great Northwest, in the hope that I might in some small degree disabuse your people of the false impression given to them by Radical misrepresentations of the purposes, the wishes and the desires of the people of the South. I would strive to impress upon them that we desire, above all things, a firm, just peace; that we recognize the question of slavery and secession as settled forever by the war; that we have no purposes, open or concealed, to agitate these questions at any future time, and that we look to constitutional agencies and peaceful remedies alone to free us from legislation which we believe to be unconstitutional, and which we know will destroy the South utterly and irretrievably.

We appeal, confidently, to the great conservative party which is now fighting for the Constitution, to rescue us from the ruin that is impending, not only over us, but over the whole country. We ask for peace, justice and the Constitution. We ask only for the rights held sacred by every American citizen. We are well nigh powerless. And, if help comes at all, it must come from the people of the North. If the South is crushed by military despotism, the fate of the North will be sealed for constitutional liberty. Republican institutions will disappear under the same blow that destroys us. It is this conviction that makes us cling so tenaciously to that great party which alone offers us safety, and tenders to us honorable and equitable terms. If the candid men of all parties at the North would come to the South and see the condition in which we now are; if they would acquaint themselves with the feelings of our people, there would no longer be among them any doubt, either as to the absolute necessity for a change of government, or of the sincerity and good faith with which our people stand upon the platform of the Democratic party.

Let me urge you, then, to send some of your speakers here. They will meet a cordial welcome, and they can effect great good. For the misrepresentations of myself, to which you allude, I personally am perfectly indifferent; but I regret them as reflecting injury on our party. I can only say that I have constantly advocated submission to law; that I have urged our people to bear patiently the frightful evils under which we groan, in the hope that relief would come in the success of the Democratic party; and that I have everywhere conjured my old followers to be as zealous and devoted soldiers in the cause of peace as they were in that of war.

I have written very hastily, as I am about to leave home, but in perfect frankness and sincerity. This was demanded by your kind letter. Hoping that I have been successful in assuring you of the position I occupy, and thanking you again for your letter, I am

Very respectfully yours,
WADE HAMPTON.

The address of Judge Burwell, of New Orleans, before the Board of Trade last night (Monday night) has had the effect of awakening general interest in the many things desired to be accomplished. That our City Council should at once abolish the wharfage tax on barges and steamers becomes clearly apparent, and that a resolute move should be made by our Congressmen to make St. Louis a port of entry, and to clear away the many red-tape impediments now cursing commerce through the operations of custom house regulations, is also clear as the noonday sun. We shall take occasion to refer more at length to these matters in the future. It may be proper to state that Judge Burwell has been warmly invited by our leading men to pay our city another business visit, and that he is quite likely to do so at no distant day.—[St. Louis Democrat, 21st.

GROVER AND BAKER SEWING MACHINE.—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mr. J. H. Gardner, the agent of this popular machine. The Grover with all the recently invented attachments is, by those who have used them, said to be the best sewing machine in use. It is simple in construction and easily operated. Mr. Gardner has a large and fine assortment on hand, and owing to the stringency of the money market has reduced the price so as to bring them within the reach of every one. The office is 182 Canal street.

A DISH OF FRUIT.

[From all the Year Round.]

After the refined and complicated luxury of a good recherché dinner, we seem to go back, when the fruit comes on table, to the primitive simplicity of the earliest ages. We consume our entremets and our fricassees, our soups and our made dishes, and then our host, as if the répertoire of delicacies had been exhausted, steps out into his orchard and his garden, and brings us in a simple handful of fruit; a bunch of golden grapes, some apples painted red and yellow by the soft pencil of the summer sunbeam, a dusty velvet peach, or some honey-leshed apricots. He is doing what King Alcinous may have done to Ulysses and the storm-beaten Greeks; it is patriarchal, it smacks of the golden age and the old mythologic time; yet it is a custom that does not wither, and will never grow unfashionable. How things alter! The salad, once all that the hermit had to live upon, has become a relish for the gourmand; cheese, once the shepherd's only food, is now an entremet after many courses; fruit, once the only food of the early denizens of a world, is now the mere crowning pleasure of a dinner.

Fruit requires no human cooking; the great stationary fire has cooked it to a turn. It has been basted with dews; the soft balmy summer rain has been its sauce. Its flavor has been mixed by the ministering spirits of garden and orchard; its color and shape are of a lasting fashion; it contains essences never discovered, and wines as yet undreamed of; it is older than the cutlet, and anterior to the fricandeau; its seed blew to us from Eden, or it fell to us from the aramanthine gardens. Turtle soup is sublime, and there are ragouts which exercise a moral and psychological influence over the world; but they are earthy, their component parts are known; there is not the mystery about them that appertains to fruit.

The finest orchard in the world is Covent Garden Market. A gorgeous sight in the season, it conveys a vast sense of the greatness of England and the distance her far-stretching arms can reach. There, leather-coated chestnuts are from the mountainous woods of Spain; those gray flattened figs are from the hills behind Smyrna; those orange golden pines, with the bristly plumes, grew at the foot of the Blue Mountains; those pale green flashy grapes came from Portugal; those scorched-looking bananas from the Bermudas; these enormous pears, like pantomime pears (only fifteen guineas the dozen!) are from Provence; those nuts from the Kentish copses jostle their browner and oblier brethren from Barcelona and the sunny shores of Spain. Pomona and Vertumnus (now in the fruit business, and talking with a strong Hebraic accent) have summoned them from every quarter of the globe. Look at Pomona, she is trying to induce a young guardsman to give two guineas for a ball-room bouquet for a lady, while Vertumnus, refreshed with a light luncheon of fried fish, is arranging some filberts in a heap, to give a beauty and tenderness by contrast to a basket of peaches next them. Artful Shadrach Vertumnus. One ought to be charged for walking down that central avenue; the flowers are so beautiful, the smell of the fruit is so delicious. As a boy, we sometimes thought of living for a day on fruit, and spending the whole twelve waking hours here under cover. A watermelon for breakfast, with some dates to wind up; plums, apples and nuts for dinner; a tea of bananas and filberts; a supper of grapes and Normandy pippins.

But really, to enjoy fruit, one should pick one's own and eat it in appropriate scenery under the tree from which it is gathered, or beside the bush whereon it has grown. The pear reached down from the pliant bough, where it has long swung like a golden weight for Mammon's scales, tastes as much better than the same fruit coldly cut by a silver knife, at a formal dessert, as a damson does than its humble rustic cousin, the sloe; the strawberry has its finest fragrance only when discovered under its own tripple leaves. When is the raspberry so delicious as when plucked from the straggling canes? The apple should be twisted from its fostering twig; the grape-bunch nipped from the ragged brown branch bound to the greenhouse roof. The best things refuse to be transplanted. What French custom really retains a healthy life in England? What English custom really thrives in France? But let us ransack the Cornucopia of Pomona, and tumble out the fruit dishful by dishful.

The raspberry is almost the earliest fruit of the year in France, and it lasts on the French table from the end of April to the end of September. Here nature is less generous with the fine flavored dark crimson berry. How pleasant it is to pick the pulpy raspberries that often come off the stems as you touch them, and leave white, bald and pithy stalks, like hat pegs from which the hats have fallen! What fragrance there is in the seed! how refreshing the smell as you bruise the berries, and their nectareous blood reddens your hands! The raspberry is balsamic, refreshing, and eminently wholesome, though delicate people call it cold, and consider that it requires sugar and wine to correct its effect on the stomach. As it is a shame that Milton and Shakspeare should be associated with the weariness of school tasks, so it is a thousand pities that the mature man should have his mind poisoned against that fragrant, fine-flavored and delicious preserve, raspberry jam, by the horror of youthful powders—cruel alliance, hideous ambuscade—lurking wickedly under beguiling sweets.

It is a curious fact, and one that does not redound to the credit of French confectioners, that even as late as 1805 raspberry jam was unknown in France! A cookery book of that date says distinctly—and no commentator, however much a special pleader, can explain away the matter: They have tried to make compotes and confitures of raspberries, but *hitherto* (mark the remarkable and stultifying words, gentlemen of the jury), "hitherto without success. The fire carries off almost all the perfume." Carries off, quotha! Why, no preserve in the world has such a bouquet?

Cherries look very well as a dessert, arranged in quadranguiar pyramids—pyramids of rubies and cornelians—piled like cannon shot on the terrace of a Chatham battery. A standard tree laden with rosy May dukes just after a shower, and shimmering in the sunshine, is a sight to remember. So must the jewels have grown in Aladdin's trees in the subterranean garden. The little dark Kentish cherry, with its black juice, is a mere wild fruit compared with that rusty beauty the red and white May duke, or the lordly bigaroon. The best cherries in Paris come from the pleasant valley of Montmorency. The "guignes" and the "short-tailed gobets," are also good and estimable kinds. The invalids, croaking again, declare bigaroons to be indigestible, and guignes heating; but this is nonsense. The French dry cherries in the oven, make dragées of them, and preserve them in vinegar. In brandy we all know them. They give the spirit a delicious flavor, but the tawny fruit, so generous that it gives away everything, becomes itself a mere brown tasteless sop.

The apricot is a delicious fruit: not brimming with scented cool juice, like the peach, but more like a fruit that has done its best to turn into a preserve. The nutmeg apricots, freckled and small, are of a fine flavor, but not so refreshing as a peach, nor so nectareous as a nectarine, but still very pre-eminent. The French excel in apricot marmalade, and at Clermont and Auvergne they make an apricot paste, cheese we should call it, which is quite a grand article of commerce.

The standard apricot, which has the sun and air all round it, and grows in a natural way, bears little orangy fruit, preferred by great connoisseurs to that of espaliers, though they run smaller. The skin should not be removed from apricot preserve: it is full of flavor, gives variety, and serves to imbed the white almondy kernels, which contrast with the luscious golden fruit. The espalier fruit is seldom ripe all the way round. The apricot makes a delicious ice, and, when dried and stewed (this is the famous Mismish of the Egyptians), it forms a fine change for convalescents, as it is free from acidity, and is nourishing and emollient.

Gooseberries (as school-boys we always called them, with affectionate familiarity, gooz gogs, but why we never knew) are the same as what the Scotch call "honey-blobs." So we read in the history of Lord Lovat, who stopped and bought some when on his way to the Tower, where the ax was grinding for his rascally old neck. The gooseberry is the chief constituent part of English champagne, and it is supposed to account partly for the vast yield of the vineyards of Epernay.

A gooseberry is not a pretty fruit; it is hairy, like a harmless little bantling hedgedog; it has not the transparent cornelian jeweled character of the white or red currant; it has no purple gray powder to bloom on it, like a plum; it is just a bag of syrupy pulp and whitish and greenish seeds; a bag which you squeeze as you do shaving-cream from the collapsible tube. Boys liken ugly blonde persons' eyes, when they are dead and insipid, and lack lustre, to boiled gooseberries; and the chins of immature hobbledehoys, when first beginning to sprout in a callow sort of way, have been playfully compared to the same featureless fruit. The Westphalians make a sauce of the gooseberry, to flavor the raw ham they devour in a cannibal sort of way. The ingenious French play all sorts of tricks with the gooseberries. They crystallize them, they pulp them, they strain off the seeds; they preserve them, they make a fine jelly of them, which is peculiarly useful in fevers; they make a liquor, a syrup, and very excellent ices. But for all that, an English gooseberry pudding, with a thin paste and a little butter inserted under the uplifted crown of its hat, is a thing not to be despised.

The strawberry deserves a special place of honor in our dish of fruit, for does it not melt at the pressure of the lips, and leave a fragrance wherever it had rested?

In jam, in ices, crystallized—any way—the strawberry is delicious; wild or cultivated it is equally admirable and perfect. No one need fear eating it. Smothered in cream, it would not have been rejected even at Olympian tables. Yet it is a singular fact that the Almanach des Gourmands of 1805 says: "The strawberry has a delicious but very strong perfume, which does not please every one; for which reason when served round strawberries are usually mixed with raspberries and gooseberries." Why surely the revolution must have turned the good people's brains and disturbed their organs of taste! The man who dislikes the flavor of strawberries would be offended at violets, and turn up his nose at honeysuckles. Yet it is remarkable that, when preserved, the French often mix the compote with gooseberry jelly; still they have the good sense to make of the strawberry, ices, dragees, sirop, marmalade and crystallized confitures. They have, however, a horror of eating strawberries freely after dinner.

Nuts! The very sound of the word sends us back to broad leafy hedges and crooked sticks, and to those laughing boisterous searches for the brown rustling branches that the squirrels so envied us. We can imagine a satyr throwing down a crisp armful of filberts at the white feet of the wood nymph he loves. The cob-nut, coarse and generously large; the filbert, fine and white in the grain as ivory; the walnut, with a kernel inside its wrinkled shell, constituted like the folded up brain inside the human skull—all are welcome to us, and appreciated. How the quick-turning, malicious looking earwigs, tumbling from the brown filbert husks, used to frighten us; and how we used to wonder how the big fat sleepy maggot ever got inside the brown barrel of the nut through that small circular bunghole so neatly and carefully rounded!

They eat the cerneaux (unripe walnuts) in Paris with verjuice, salt and pepper, which has been sprinkled on them some hours previous to the meal. They are nice, but indigestible. It has often struck us (we may here be pardoned for mentioning) that as green walnuts make an excellent pickle before the shell ossifies, possibly green filberts would be also sweet and palatable, pickled, though not, perhaps, so fine in flavor.

The peach is one of the most aristocratic of naturalized European fruits. It should be eaten on a hot day in Ispahan, just after bathing, and on the cool edge of a marble fountain. Put on a green silk and cloth of gold turban, a white cashmere dressing-gown, a yataghan and red turned-up slippers, read a poem of Hafiz, and then eat a peach; you'll find that will be something like a peach, and the flavor will be as different from the ordinary flavor as a potato eaten from the fingers differ from a potato eaten from a fork. The peaches grown at Montreuil, near Paris, are incomparable. They are overflowing with juice, and their scent and flavor are not easily forgotten. The people of that village have grown peaches for centuries, and they know exactly how to produce them of a sumptuous size, and of the fullest flavor. The Mignonne, the first peach in Paris, appears at the end of July; but the Téton de Venus, which ripens towards the close of August, is the queen of all. At Metz, they make a wine of peaches, which, when it is old, is rather puzzling to the connoisseur, and by no means despicable. The French cook peaches "cuites à l'eau comme des œufs à la coque"; they brandy them as the Americans do, they dry them, they make ices of them, they manufacture from them marmalade, a preserve, and a paste.

Who that has traveled in France but must remember those four beautiful families of plums, the Reine Claudes, the Mirabelles, the Prunes de Monsieur, and the prunes de Sainte Catherine? What is so perfect as, what more honeyed than, a red freckled sunny greengage on which the wasps have bitten their custom house mark of approval? Honey, indeed, but what honey! the fruit is a ripe bag of preserve hermetically sealed, hanging ready to our hand. Nothing can be more delicious than a Reine Claude in Switzerland, that has dropped from a hedgerow tree and dried in the open sun. The largest and best French prunes come from Touraine, and those of Antes and of Lorraine are also celebrated; the brignoles from Provence are specially famous; they are small, clear red plums, firm-fleshed and sweet. With the outer skin and the stone removed, the Mirabelles of Metz are also to be commended as excellent. The French brandy, the Mirabelles, and the Reine Claudes. Stewed prunes are delicious and very wholesome. We must not forget how often Shakespeare speaks of them, and that Master Slender fought a master of fence for a dish of them; three Venus making the rub.

But after all what can equal a good pear for a real meal of fruit? How it dissolves on being touched by the teeth! What a flavor it has! What a vast difference between a melting Swan's Egg and a Beurré, or a Marie-Louise! yet how impossible to describe the difference in words, however subtle. How richly mellow a Windsor pear is, yet how unlike a Bergamot, and still there is to both flavors a common generic character. France is the special land of pears, and French gardeners glory in the Doyenné, the Beurré (butter), the Crésyanne, and the St. Germain. The good Christian, the Rousselet, the Messire Jean, the enormous Virgouleuse are also admirable sorts. For drying and stewing, they use the Martin-sec, and the Catilliard; the dried pears of Rheims are also famous in Paris. The French preserve pears in brandy, and they use them for marmalade, and for jelly too, but not often. Persons with weak digestions eat them with sugar, or half cooked and then sugared.

Quinces, the fruit of which the Irishman wished his apple-pie to be entirely composed, only come to table in the shape of ratafia, marmalade or jelly. In Paris, the quince jelly from Macon and Orleans bears a high name.

People talk of vineyards and the laughing vine, also about curling tendrils and purple clusters, and they quote Byron until they really seem to forget that the ordinary vineyard grape, whether in France or Germany, is scarcely worth eating, and that one fine bunch of black Hamburghs from an English greenhouse is worth a bushel basket of them. Our highly civilized grapes are higher bred, thinner, and more exquisitely fine in the skin; their pulp is less fleshy, and they contain more juice. Even the famed Chasselas de Fontainebleau are not to be compared with them for refinement of flavor. We have tasted in a Syrian vineyard, when half the grapes were dried to raisins, and the contrast with the golden grapes turned to preserves in their own exuded syrup was delicious, but even they could not hold a candle to our black Hamburghs. Howbiet, people tell you in Paris, that even the gilded Fontainebleaus are nothing to the muscatels of Languedoc, and these they often preserve in brandy. The raisins of Paris come chiefly from Provence and Italy, and those of Roquevaire are preferred even to those of Malaga.

The apple, homely but admirable fruit, painted red and yellow by the smiling sun, is, whether golden or red, equally acceptable to peer and peasant. What sight so glorious as a Quarrenden tree, crimson with its short-lived apples, or a Codling weighed down with its gigantic green fruit. Apropos of apples, it is a curious fact, that only at Rome can the *gelee de pommes* be made of the true transparent topaz color. At Paris it always clouds and thickens in course of manufacture. It is the same with *dragees*, it is only at Dresden they can be made white without artificial means. A good apple should sound quite hard and metallic under the knuckle; your rich, yellow-rinded, pretty apples are generally over-ripe. The *gelee* of Rouen is obtained from the Reinette alone. The golden pippin, that delicious little apple, has become almost obsolete; and the famed Yorkshire Ribstone pippin, a greenish apple with red streaks, is now oftener boasted of than really produced. The real Ribstone is deliciously crisp and sweet.

The French do more with chestnuts than we do; they ice them, they make a soup of them, and when ground to flour they use them in creams, *omelettes* and *soufflees*. The *pate de marrons glaces* is a great delicacy.

Figs the French eat raw with salt and at the time of the bon ili. The Provençal are the best, but those of Argenteuil, near Paris, are juicy and full of flavor. Those who think our green figs worth traveling for (we don't think them worth opening the mouth for) should seek them in the fig gardens near Lancing. Our dry figs come from the Levant. In Paris they regard most the Calabrian figs, and those of Provence, Italy, and especially of Ollioules. It is more wholesome to take water than wine with figs.

Melons of late years have reached us in great numbers from Spain, and have become cheap. The smooth green melons from Andalusia are exceedingly good and deliciously sweet. The French make a sort of hors d'œuvre, or potage of melon, and eat it with butter or milk. The sweet melons of Malta and Honfleur have a good name. The green-fleshed water-melons of Provence are also commended as cool, juicy and refreshing; but they have not much flavor. The French eat melon with pepper and salt, oftener than with sugar; sometimes with sugar and vinegar, sticking cinnamon and cloves into the flesh of it to flavor it. It is then eaten with the bouilli.

The French used formerly to eat also mulberries with salt and with the bouilli. They dry them, they make a wine of them, and they, moreover, use them to deepen the color of their poorer red wines. A very useful jelly syrup for sore throats can be made with mulberries not quite ripe.

The oranges of Provence and Italy have little of the delicious scent of the golden Portuguese fruit. The French, who are too delicate to set to work at dessert and flay their oranges in a hearty way, prefer the fruit sliced into a compote, seasoned with sugar, orange-flower water, and half a glass of brandy. This mess should be made several hours before dinner to draw out its full flavor. But nothing can be so good as a high-bred, thin-skinned orange, the yellow peel removed, its white kid stripped off and the delicious juice left in the quarters, which a silver knife has decimated.

But let us close with the emperor of all fruit—the ananas—the West Indian pine, bossy as bullion, with gray bloom on its thorny leaves. The French make exquisite bonbons of it, a liquor and a lemonade. They flavor creams and ices with it. For ourselves we would as soon smell a pine as eat one. The fragrance is delicious, the taste not so pre-eminent. It may not be heretical to say this—it would have been so at least when pines cost several guineas each; but when every White chapel lad can buy a slice of pine for a halfpenny we feel less ashamed of ourselves.

Dumas as a Cook.

A PLEASING DISAPPOINTMENT—AN APRONED HOST—THE KITCHEN AND THE WRITING-TABLE—SHOOTING COCKNEYS.

We find the following story of the great French novelist told in the Mobile Sunday Times, by John R. Thompson. The general referred to was doubtless Beauregard and the French nobleman, the Prince Camille de Polignac, who served under him in the war:

Speaking of Dumas reminds us of a droll manifestation of his eccentricity two years ago, upon the occasion of his entertaining at dinner a very distinguished soldier of the Confederate army, at that time on a visit to Paris. A French nobleman, who had himself rendered conspicuous services in behalf of the lost cause, desirous of showing every attention in his power to his former companion-in-arms, asked if, under any conceivable circumstances, he would consent to sit at table with a negro. "*Cela depend*," replied the distinguished ex-reb., "it matters very much who the negro might be." "*Eh bien*, a man of great wit and culture, in his way certainly the most celebrated man in France, a writer whose works are known more widely perhaps—" "*Tiens, mon ami*, you most surely mean Alexandre Dumas. Then I have no hesitation in saying that to meet him would give me all the pleasure in the world." "Enough," rejoined our French nobleman, "I do mean Alexandre Dumas, and my purpose is to bring you together at dinner." The dinner was accordingly given. Dumas had received his invitation, had accepted it, and did not appear. During the entertainment, however, came a characteristic autograph letter from the *farceur* to say that he was rendered absolutely wretched by not being able to attend, but that he should expect the entire company to dine at his chateau on that day week. Dumas' chateau lies a few miles from the city, in the midst of pleasant woods, through which at the appointed time might have been seen whirling some of the handsomest equipages in Paris, bearing the company to the Apician feast. On entering the drawing room, judge the astonishment of the guests to behold the master of the establishment in a scant sack coat, an apron underneath across his ample chest, and a cook's paper cap crowning his crinkled black hair. In this costume he was seated at a small table, dashing off "copy" for the printer at his highest speed. Rising immediately and removing his MSS., he advanced towards his friends with a pleasant smile and said: "*Messieurs et mesdames*, I am delighted to see you in my humble abode, but am desolated to tell you that, just as the hour arrived for cooking the dinner, my *cuisinier* fell gravely ill. In this dilemma, what do I, my friends? My faith! it remains only that I prepare the dishes myself, and so what I shall have the honor of setting before you to-day has been cooked with these hands. For the present, therefore, I must withdraw myself to make ready the soup. Be seated, my friends, and dinner will be served." Dumas retired, and there came from the kitchen, in proper succession, the soup (an execrable composition) which our ex-reb. and his French comrade thought worse even than Confed. camp rations, but which the Parisian flatterers of the great Alexandre declared was beyond the reach of Philippe or the *Moulin Rouge*, the fish, the sweetbreads, the roast. At intervals the hospitable cook made his appearance to tell some remarkable anecdote of the wines that were successively produced; of the trout, which had each a history of its own; of a sauce which, in a moment of inspiration, he had that instant invented, etc., till the arrival of the game. At this point, he took a seat at the table, poured out a goblet of still Sillery of '46, and said, "*Mesdamis*, it will perhaps impart an additional flavor to the birds whose happy destiny it is to be eaten by you, to know the manner in which they had the singular good fortune to be killed. Yesterday, I had seated myself on the veranda with the intention of writing a little romance of the period of Louis Treize. I had perfected the plot, introduced by heroine, and was rapidly proceeding to get my hero in trouble, when I was invaded by *chasseurs* from the Champs Elysees. They were acquaintances, and asked permission to shoot over my grounds. They came admirably appointed, with the latest breech-loaders, bird bags of freshest leather, and the neatest pouches of prepared ammunition—they were *tout-a fait chic* in costume, velveteen shooting jackets, heavy boots—nothing could be better. I have some tenderness for my pheasants, my woodcock, my snipe, which abound in my preserves. But I saw these feathered innocents were in no danger from the cockney innocents of Paris. I yielded, and returned to my MS. and the Place Royal, where I had left my hero making love to the wife of a cabinet minister. The day was charming, a light breeze just stirred the rich foliage of the copse, all was tranquility around. A bottle of Lafitte and a box of Cabanas stood within reach as I sat at my writing desk. My romance was getting on finely, when, all of a sudden, pop! bang! a lively fusillade of the tirailleurs makes it sell to hear, and the birds scared from their leafy coverts, came flying about me. Then silence again. I go into the house and get my own double-barrel, and, coming back, place it by my side. Again the fusillade and the flutter of the birds. I drop the pen for the fowling-piece and strew the lawn with game. In a couple of hours, when I had comfortably got my hero into the Bastile, having never once risen from my seat, my sportsmen, very much fatigued, render themselves at the chateau. Their bags are empty. The birds were mine. You are to eat them. Happy creatures in falling by my hand, doubly happy in the final appreciation of their inestimable flavor! I leave you to enjoy them, while I propose for you a *beignet de pommes*." So saying, Alexandre again retired, and was seen no more until, the fruit having been placed upon the table, he reappeared in an easy morning costume, as if about to engage in literary labor. "My friends, said he, "I find myself under some embarrassment. Owing to the distractions of yesterday, and the interruption of my romance by the words, the work was unhappily not finished. My hero languishes in the gloomy dungeon to which I had consigned him, and the cabinet minister's lady pines for his release. Moreover, the printers wait for the conclusion of the story. Fifteen minutes will suffice to bring all things to a pleasing and poetic termination. I beg your indulgence while I devote myself to this inexorable duty." Thereupon he sat down at an *escritoire* of ebony in an adjoining apartment, and sheet after sheet was thrown off, until the floor was as thickly covered with leaves as Vallombrosa in October. A quarter of an hour had passed, when he arose, and, gathering up his scattered work, asked leave to absent himself for a few moments. When he returned it was in the faultless full evening dress of a man of society. "Messieurs et mesdames," said he, "it was necessary to dispatch the romance to the printer; it is done; what happiness to me that I shall spend the remainder of the evening in your delightful society! Black coffee and a little glass! I am yours!"

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