

The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 18, 1869.

Culinary Compleat.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon. And put salt sauce your roasted lamb on. Veal cutlet in egg and bread crumb. Fry 'em up as a brown's red coffee. Grate Gruyere cheese on macaroni. Make the top crisp but not too bony. In venison gravy, currant jelly. Mix with old port—see Francastell. In dressing salad mix this law: With two hard yolks one that's raw. Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve; And pickled mushrooms, too, observe. Roast pork, sans apple sauce, put doubt, Is "Hamlet" with the prince left out. Your mutton chop with paper cover, And make them amber brown all over. Broil lightly your beefsteak— fry it Argues contempt of Christian diet. Kidneys a fine flavor gain. By stewing them in good champagne. Suet-stuffed pigeons. When you've got them, The way to cook them is to pot them. Woodcocks are dry when gumps have marred 'em. Deform your trout all ways lard 'em. To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em; Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em. It gives true epures the vapors To see boiled mutton minus capers. Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course, Is exquisite with celery sauce. The cook deserves a hearty cuffing Who serves roast fowls with tasteless stuffing. Smelts require egg and brand powder, Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder. Egg sauce—a few make it right, and I Is good with blue fish or with bass. Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—A fish, when fresh, to feast a god. Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious—'Twould have electrified Apollon. Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton Might make ascetics play the gutton. But one night rhyme for weeks this way, And still have loads of things to say. And so 'ill close—for, reader mine, This is about the hour I dine.

FOREIGN PERSONAL AND OTHER GOSSIP.

An Englishman is going to start a weekly newspaper at Jerusalem. The German Reichs Zeitung charges Henry Ward Beecher with infidelity. The King of Bavaria is the best looking and most eccentric monarch in Europe. The French minister of justice has a paper bearing the suggestive title, "The Demagogue." Thackeray's daughter is traveling in Germany, and meets everywhere with the most cordial reception. Cloche, Ullrich's humorous paper, was recently confiscated for speaking of "our venerable emperor." The Orleans family has spent already over three million francs to secure the French throne for the Duke of Montpensier. The American colony at Bordeaux numbers one hundred and fifty persons. There are nearly one thousand Americans at Havre. The pedlar of the "Lanterne" will be credited to Pierre Antoine Berryer, at Marseilles, will contain a medallion head of Abraham Lincoln. Sainte Beuve compares Victor Hugo's humor to that of the executioner, and to the criminal round whose neck he is adjusting the noose. Paul de Cassagnac has challenged all the sixteen French editors who refused to meet with him at the same table in the prison of St. Pelage. Rochefort's "Lanterne" is now published by a Brussels printer, who pays Rochefort two thousand francs a week. The occupation of the "Lanterne" is between 50,000 and 60,000 copies. When Billant, the eloquent French minister, died, the people said, "The emperor has lost his tongue." Now that Troplong, who drew up the constitution of 1852, and most of the laws of the second empire, is dead, they say, "The emperor has lost his pen." Horace Schœlcher is thirty-five, and looks like a man who will appear under the name of a university professor at Upsala. He is an ungallant enough to say that she is a woman of glutton, and that her frequent indispositions arise from her eating too much. The French critics, who now advance copies of Victor Hugo's "Le Quinzieme" have been admitted, pronounce it far inferior to "Les Miserables," although they admit that it contains some episodes of great beauty and power. It was the Duke of Montpensier who, in the month of August, informed the American ambassador at Madrid of the secret efforts which Napoleon III was making to induce the Spanish government to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Senaro, Frim, Rivero, Olozaga, Castellan and Brando, the leading men of the Spanish revolution, were all warm friends of the North during the war of the rebellion. There is no doubt whatever that Gonod has suddenly become very pious, and that he promises the pope not to write any more music for the stage. The king of Sweden has a new volume of poems in press. They will appear under the name of "Charles Magnus," and be dedicated to a university professor at Upsala. Patis, the well known author of a cyclopaedia of composers, had some time since a quarrel with Victor Hugo, and he has since been obliged to omit his name from the new edition of his cyclopaedia. The heirs of Baron James Rothschild refuse to pay the legacies which their deceased father and mother bequeathed to the family, and they belong to the Rothschild family. A number of lawsuits will no doubt arise from this refusal. King Victor Emmanuel recently visited Hercules and Pompeii, and surprised the learned German who accompanied him on this occasion by his utter ignorance of ancient history. He really thought the eruption of Vesuvius, in consequence of which the two ancient cities were overwhelmed by volcanic ash, had disappeared from the face of the earth only about four or five hundred years ago. It is also stated that when, in the course of conversation, the name of Pliny was mentioned, the king of Italy did not know who Pliny was forty. The king of Prussia recently said that the monarch whose intellectual capacities filled him with the highest respect was King John of Saxony; and the king of Saxony some time ago was Victor Hugo's royal brother of Prussia—a "Knight Bayard on the throne." Madame Rosini says that she receives on an average thirty calls a day from strangers visiting Paris, and that she is able to give one hundred and twenty performances, at 6000 francs each. Menotti Garibaldi is not living very happily with his young wife. She resides at Leghorn, and he has the reputation of being a womanizer. The pope spends most of his leisure hours in inspecting the arrangements made for the reception of the members of the Ecumenical Council. Langens's favorite phrase is, "I am a man of letters." I was in Great Britain in 1841, and nothing so far as virtue is concerned; such a man he was. Mrazini says that in his forthcoming volume that Napoleon III. is to be called the Emperor Alexander the Second of Russia "the scrofulous drunkard of St. Petersburg." The climate of St. Petersburg is believed to have greatly injured the health of Madame Patrice. She has retired to the country, and she has the reputation of the Emperor of the Imperial Opera in that city. The telegram which the pope sent, on the 14th of March, to the French prime minister, to congratulate him on his birthday, was so unimpeachable that it had to be repeated three times before the operators in Paris were able to make out what it meant. Garibaldi is still undecided as to the title which his next book is to bear. The object of the work is to exhibit the corruption of the Roman priesthood. He had entitled it at first "Celia." Next he changed the name to "Roma Militante." But he has now decided to call it "The Pope and the Emperor." The St. Petersburg gossip says that the prince hereditary of Russia keeps as a mistress one of the most beautiful ballet girls of the Imperial Opera, and that this mistress bore him a son about a month ago. The child is called Dagmar, his wife gave birth to her first child. When the allied armies occupied Paris in 1815, the emperor of Russia, who resided at Talleyrand's palace, was in the habit of taking every morning, in the afternoon, and in the evening, the Tuilleries, and from thence to the Palais Royal. One day he fell in there with his two allies, and the three sovereigns were going together to the

oute certain Parisian editors for slandering her imbecile character. The French government, however, did not take the hint. A patient at the Bicetre Hospital has been asleep for upward of six months, and all attempts to wake him up have been invariably unsuccessful. He has been incessantly plucked, shaken, whipped, plunged into cold water, and undergone other unpleasant things calculated to arouse sleepers, but he more on. Food is introduced into his body through his nostrils by means of a tube, and the doctors are in a temper of perplexity about it. The ex-electeur of Hesse-Cassel, it has now been ascertained beyond a doubt, was a most corrupt monarch while he was on the throne. He never permitted a railroad to be built in his States without compelling the contractors to pay him large bribes. Sir Morton Peto paid him thus upward of two hundred thousand dollars. The money was given to him by the emperor of Russia. He was so shameless that he laughed at his ministers when they respectfully remonstrated against such incredible transactions. The electeur is the direct descendant of the villainous prince who sold to Great Britain the Hessians that fought against the American patriots in the war of independence. The most popular and fashionable time in Constantinople is the Marsellaise. All the strolling bands and organ-grinders play it, and the Turks are so delighted with it that they always encore it. A few weeks ago the Prince and Princess Murat arrived at Constantinople, and test their sensitive ears should be shocked by hearing the revolutionary tune on all the street corners of the city, the French ambassador at Constantinople requested the Turkish minister of foreign affairs to forbid the playing of the tune in the streets. An order was issued to this effect by the police, and the disconcerted bands and organ-grinders were advised to play "Partant pour la Syrie" in place of the Marsellaise. King William of Prussia has an illegitimate son, who is now judge of one of the superior courts of the province of Brandenburg. He bears a strong resemblance to his father, and surpasses both the old king and the crown prince in understanding and sagacity. He is said to be liberal in politics. His royal father has had him well educated, and has occasionally to see him. Queen Augusta knows all about the descent of this illegitimate son of the late king. When Frederick William the Great, the father of William I, who was then a young man, heard of his liaison with an actress which led to the birth of this son, he threatened to banish the prince forever from the royal courts, and for a year afterwards he hardly exchanged a word with him. The crown-princess Victoria, of Prussia, had recently a long conversation with some American ladies in Berlin on her favorite subject—the employment of women in fields which are now closed to them. In the course of the conversation she inquired with evident interest about the progress of the female suffrage movement in the United States. Her royal highness said she was in favor of the movement, and had no objection to the women of the United States being admitted to the suffrage. This will be good news to Clara Mundt, Mrs. Amely Bolte, and the other leading advocates of female suffrage in Germany. Madame Bombina—that is to say, the ex-Queen Mary of Naples, wife of Bombina, ex-King of the Germans, who is now residing in the residence of the Journal de Geneve. "Is still a very pretty woman. She looks a little pale, and it seems to me that her hair is not quite as full as it used to be. I saw her in the month of August, but she is enough of a woman to give about her turn the head of any susceptible young man. I saw her, the other day, galloping past the Monte Príncipe, with some children—those of Count Francesco. I was told her appearance was as jaunty and as sprightly as it could be. What a pity that this charming creature should be linked to such a husband. Him, the ex-king, I saw too the other day. He looks sorrowful and bored. He seems to me to be a man without understanding, wit or energy. His favorite companions are few low fellows, who help him to squander his limited resources, and do their best to make him believe that nothing is more certain than that he will, at no distant day, rescend the royal throne of Naples." Two of the most prominent ambassadors in Paris, the papal nuncio and Lord Lyons, the British minister, are conspurcators. The famous sleigh in which Napoleon rode, in 1812, from Russia to Dresden, is now in the possession of the Countess Theresia Nimpfshaus, a distinguished member of the Bohemian nobility. The French minister of justice has a report on the penal colony of Cayenne, that the inmates married to the male convicts make by far better wives than the female thieves and pick-pockets. The Swedish university of Upsala is one of the largest in the world. It has at the present time 1216 students, thirty ordinary and two extraordinary professors, thirty-seven private lecturers, and four drill masters. Let me tell you how success is organized at the opera. The chief of the clique, vulgarly called King David by his soldier colleagues, half sits, half stands in the front of the boxes, and his feet on the bench before him, the velvet of which has to be renewed every year, on account of its wear and tear. If he turns his case around, and makes it sound on the floor, there is a faint cry, and his entire force thunders, and on the other hand, he pulls out a handkerchief, and at the end of the piece pretends to blow his nose there is silence in the ranks and nothing is heard. When Ferdinand the Second of Naples, better known as King Bombo, first heard of railroads, he gave it as his opinion that they were an invention of the devil, and that none of them should ever be permitted to cross his State. His profession he naturally to reprobate in the most urgent manner with him in order to obtain his consent to the building of the first railroad in Naples, and even then he refused to give his consent until he was told that he had already received the following curious circular to his friends: "After reading Rosini's circulars, I bought the right of performing it in Italy. Believe me, it is the greatest and the most perfect work Rosini has ever written. It is certainly by far more beautiful and grand than his 'Stabat Mater.' I do not write you this for the purpose of puffing the work. I have engaged the author to write me a number of operas, and he shall be paid for them. He has written for me the mass in the large cities of Italy with an orchestra of one hundred performers, and a choir of two hundred; in the second-rate cities with sixty musicians and sixty chorists; and in the small towns with thirty musicians and thirty chorists. The latter will always accompany me as the nucleus of my troupe; moreover, I shall take with me four reserve singers, in case one or the other of the stars should be taken sick. I shall give every month twenty-six performances, six in the large cities, four in the second-class cities, and sixteen in the smaller towns. My monthly expenses will be about 70,000 francs; but the extraordinary expenses will be about 100,000 francs, the frequent indisposition of the Patri involving me in heavy losses. In one week I lost in France 18,000 francs, in consequence of her sickness. With the mass and my four reserve singers I shall be able to give 150,000 francs in Italy, and my calculations seldom fail to prove true. There are in Italy fifty-two cities with large theaters, and I believe I shall be able to give one hundred and twenty performances, at 6000 francs each. Menotti Garibaldi is not living very happily with his young wife. She resides at Leghorn, and he has the reputation of being a womanizer. The pope spends most of his leisure hours in inspecting the arrangements made for the reception of the members of the Ecumenical Council. Langens's favorite phrase is, "I am a man of letters." I was in Great Britain in 1841, and nothing so far as virtue is concerned; such a man he was. Mrazini says that in his forthcoming volume that Napoleon III. is to be called the Emperor Alexander the Second of Russia "the scrofulous drunkard of St. Petersburg." The climate of St. Petersburg is believed to have greatly injured the health of Madame Patrice. She has retired to the country, and she has the reputation of the Emperor of the Imperial Opera in that city. 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due St. Florentine, when they were met by a man who, in all probability, had arrived in Paris but a few days ago. "Gentlemen," he said to the allied princes, "can you tell me where I can find the Tuilleries?" "Yes," replied Alexander, "follow us; we are going there." The stranger thanked him, and the conversation was continued. A few minutes afterwards they reached the palace, and as their paths separated, they were all saying an evening word. "I should like very much to have the names of the gentlemen who have been exceedingly kind to me," I believe you have heard already of me," replied Alexander, "I am the emperor of Russia." "A capital joke!" exclaimed the Gascon; "the emperor of Russia! And you," he asked of the second, "are you?" "I suppose I am not entirely unknown to you, either as the Gascon, or as the Prussian." "Better and better," replied the Gascon. "And you," he said, turning to the third, "I am the emperor of Austria." The Gascon burst into a fit of laughter. Alexander then said to him: "I suppose you will tell us now, likewise, with whom we have the honor of speaking?" "Certainly," replied the Gascon, drawing himself up to his full height and waving his majestically, "I am the Emperor Henry V," which the critics have found so good that it will be shortly performed at the Royal Theater in Berlin. As a birthday gift, Napoleon III presented to his royal highness, a miniature representation of the Camp of Châlons, ingeniously made out of cast iron, and costing nearly five thousand francs. It fills one of the smaller rooms of the Pavillon de Flore, which the prince now occupies at the Tuilleries. M. de Mühler, the Prussian minister of public instruction, a tyrannous and overbearing man, hated by the employees of his department, on account of the despotic manner which he treats the people, and his harsh pecked husband, his wife Adelaide, a rather strong minded lady, is the real master of his public instruction. 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