

# A BOOK ON GALLIFFET.

## Anecdotes of the Famous "Enfant Terrible" of the French Army.

PARIS, Sept. 30.—There is hardly a Paris paper which does not every few days print a story about the late Marquis General de Galliffet, who crowned an adventurous career by accepting the Portfolio of War in the "Cabinet of Republican Defense" only to find himself face to face with M. Millerand, the Socialist Minister of Commerce, whose father Galliffet had once ordered to be shot. That was during the Commune.

"I forgive you," said the son cordially. "I had no idea he was such a bad father," remarked the Marquis dryly, refusing to take the proffered hand.

A volume of Galliffetiana has been compiled by M. Louis Thomas. Some of the stories told of and by the cavalry officer, who was an "enfant terrible" all his long life, are new. Here is a bet of Galliffet's:

"One evening, when I was quite a young officer, I bet that I would eat a wineglass, stem and all, and I did. I took some time about it, but I ate it. My mouth was bleeding when I had done, but I went to bed all right. At 3 in the morning I woke up in fearful pain. I tried to think what I had eaten, and then I remembered. It was the wineglass, of course. I proceeded to kick myself. 'Galliffet,' I said, 'you're an ass. You were going to die for your country, and now you are going to die in your bed, because of a driveling and disgusting bet.' While I cursed myself the pain stopped. I turned around, went to sleep, and woke up fresh and fit in the morning, and thought no more about the wineglass."

Some say that the pluck which Galliffet certainly had came from a good digestion, which he certainly seems to have had also. Here is a military anecdote of him:

"During some manoeuvres he was watching a charge of cavalry under his orders. Suddenly the leading squadron stopped dead. Galliffet roared, 'Send me the Colonel!' and he galloped up.

"'Now, Colonel, what's wrong?'  
"'We came upon a road at the bottom of an embankment too steep to ride down, Sir.'

"'Nonsense, Sir! You are not fit for your job. I will lead the charge. You go to the tail of the squadron.'

"Galliffet took the command, galloped to the road and rolled down the embankment with his horse. Lying on his back with a sprained muscle in his leg he shouted to his men to stop, adding, 'Send me the Colonel.' The Colonel came up from the tail of the squadron. 'Colonel, you were right; I am a blank fool. You may take the command of your regiment again.'"

Toward the end of his life, when in a bad temper, Galliffet insisted on calling himself a played-out old idiot. Journalists would try to interview him, and he generally showed them the door with a voluble speech.

"No, Sir; every one knows I am an old fool. If I were to talk to you everybody would say, 'What does that blank blank dotard Galliffet want to be talking for? Who wants to know what the decrepit old sinner thinks?' And you my dear Sir; what would people say about you? That you were the blankest ass in the press to ask the opinion of a senile idiot like Galliffet about anything. Now, I don't want people to call you an ass. That is why I won't tell you anything. Good day!"