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# FOLLY'S QUEENS



## WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE RULED THE WORLD

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# FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

## Women Whose Loves Have Ruled the World.

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OF CUPID'S COURT FOR TWO  
CENTURIES.

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BY JULIE DE MORTEMAR.

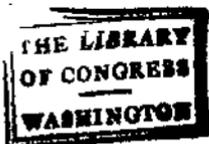
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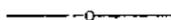
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# FOLLY'S QUEENS.

## CHAPTER I.

### FIRE-GIRL AND KING'S MISTRESS

Those who have made Satan's character a study tell us that his ruling policy in winning the world to himself is to select handsome women with brilliant intellects for his adjutants. And facts and our own observation compel us to admit, ungallant as it is, that the assertion is true. There are many reasons in extenuation of this fact, not generally considered by moralists who delight in sermonizing over "lovely woman's folly." They start out with the proposition that a woman who is endowed with intellect and beauty, and is of bad morals, must necessarily have been created so, and that she acts solely from impulses beyond her control. Their inconsistency becomes apparent at once, when in the face of this belief they condemn the woman for that which they claim she is irresponsible. People of liberal ideas look upon mankind as the creatures of circumstance, and regard their actions, whether good or bad, as the outcome of certain conditions of life. The man or woman who holds this view is always charitable and forgiving with their fellows. They may condemn, but their condemnation is seasoned with pity.

In contemplating the character of famously infamous women who have reigned as Queens in Folly's Court, it is hoped that the reader of these articles describing their career, will be among those who are more willing to forgive than condemn. With but few exceptions the lives of these women were moulded by adverse circumstances. They strutted their brief hour on life's stage creatures of the present, taking no note of time and the sorrows and remorse it might bring. God and they alone know what their punishment was.

The moral that their lives teach is all that concerns us. Let us glance at that of one of Folly's fairest sovereigns, merry Nell Gwynne.

This "archest of hussies" was born in the little town of Hereford, England. A mean, rickety old shanty is pointed out as the place of her birth. The gossips there little thought that a child so humbly born would be the mother of a line of dukes, or that her great grandson should be the bishop of her native town, and occupy for forty years the Episcopal palace in close proximity to the shaky dwelling-place where his grand-mother first saw the light.

Nell was born in 1650, and tradition states that at a very early age she ran away from home and went to London. Shortly after her arrival there she gave evidence of that enterprise and energy which was to carry her to fame and fortune by engaging in the fish business. She roamed the streets, selling fish by day, and rambled from tavern to tavern at night entertaining the company after supper with songs and was an occasional attendant in the house of a noted courtesan, Madame Ross. In this way she soon became a character of London, and one of the most popular of her kind. She found plenty of time while crying the merits of her stock to banter ribald jokes with the lusty, red-faced yokels who were her neighbors and competitors. Her wit made her a dangerous opponent in a verbal contest with more lofty acquaintances, too, as all who engaged her in wordy battle had good reason to know. She could flatter a customer into buying double his needs and make one who concluded, after looking over her

stock, that he "wouldn't buy anything to-day," feel that he had committed a grievous sin.

Her beauty captivated the hearts of the susceptible fish-boys in the market, and made them knights, ready to blacken each other's eyes and otherwise bruise their anatomy for the honor of being considered her favorite champion. A handsome, athletic young fishmonger after many encounters and many hard-earned victories was awarded the palm by the rollicking Nell. She became his companion, retiring from the market altogether.

But her restless spirit soon began to chafe under her new condition, and she bade adieu to her first love, and again entered upon an active life, this time as a barmaid in a famous inn a short distance from the Drury Lane Theatre, much frequented by the actors of that celebrated temple of the drama.

It was quite natural that her vivacity and beauty should attract the notice of Theophrastus, noted as they are for their susceptibility to female charms. A famous member of the Drury Lane company named Lacy offered to give her dramatic instruction, and then secure her a chance to make her appearance before the public as an actress.

Nell readily accepted his kind offer, and at seventeen years of age made her *debut* at the King's theatre in the character of "Cydaris" in the tragedy of the "Indian Emperor."

She made a failure also, and as dead a one as any herring she had ever vendid from her scaly basket.

Tragedy was too serious for her temperament, and it was not until she assumed comic characters, stamped the smallest foot in England on the boards, and laughed with that peculiar laugh that, in the excess of it, her eyes almost disappeared, she fairly carried the town, and enslaved the hearts of the city and Charles Second's merry court. She spoke prologues and epilogues with wonderful effect, danced like a fairy, and in her peculiar way invested all she did with such naturalness that her auditors were enchanted. Dryden, the poet, gave her the best parts in his plays. After she tired of Lacy, another actor, Hart, became her tutor and soon made a star of her of the first magnitude.

In the green-room she was so fierce of repartee that those of her associates who, jealous of her success, were wont to allude

sneeringly to her antecedents, never ventured to do so a second time.

Among those who came nightly to witness Nell's performances was Lord Buckhurst, a man, according to the chronicles of his time, "brave, truthful, gay, honest and universally beloved." Added to his other accomplishments were intellectual gifts of a high order. His poetry won the high compliment from Pope that he was "the grace of courts, the muses' pride."

While in the midst of her triumphs, the clever nobleman became enamored of Nell, and in obedience to his request she left the stage to preside as mistress of his house at Epsom.

The transition from a fish-boy's darling to that of a lord was enough to turn the head of any ordinary woman. But Nell accepted it as a matter of course, and carried herself with a grace that won encomiums of admiration from all the noble roysterers who were from time to time Lord Buckhurst's guests.

After a year's absence from the stage, she returned. Whether her desertion of Buckhurst was due to her fickleness or a desire to once more tread the boards, or whether the nobleman tired of her, is not known.

She was hailed with applause by the general public, but treated with contempt by a number of influential persons who had hitherto been valuable friends to her, and whose jealousy now made them enemies. But she found compensation for their scorn and enmity in the profitable friendship of Lord Dorset, and finally in the royal homage of Charles Stuart, the reigning king of England, himself.

Night after night he occupied his box, a delighted watcher of her pranks and oddities. She became his mistress in 1668, and soon after disappeared forever from the stage, and retired to a palatial residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields, provided for her by her royal lover.

Here in 1670 her first son, Charles, was born. A second son, James, born the following year, died when two years of age.

Appreciating, no doubt, the advantages which accrued to her from her relations with the king, Nell curbed her natural bent, and remained loyal to Charles for a number of years. She exerted all the blandishments of her nature on the prodigite monarch. He became her slave, and readily complied with



NELL GWYNNE,

THE ACTRESS, AND MISTRESS OF KING CHARLES II.

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all of her wishes, no matter how capricious and unreasonable they were.

The son of Nell Gwynne and the king, afterwards known as the Duke of St. Albans, was born before she left the stage on May 8th, 1670. The expedient he adopted to secure for this son advancement to the same rank Charles conferred on his other natural children was an amusing one. The king happened to be in her apartments when the youngster was engaged in some childish sport, and his mother called to him:

"Come here, you little bastard."

"Oddsfish," said Charles, "Thou mightst give the lad a better name, Nelly."

"Indeed!" she replied, demurely, "and what should that be? Sure I have no other to give him."

A few days afterwards this nameless young gentleman was created Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford.

In his fourteenth year he was made a duke by an accident of death. Harry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, died at ninety years of age, leaving no successor to his title. Charles gave the name of St. Albans to Nell Gwynne's son, with the title of duke, making it hereditary. The present and tenth duke of St. Albans is a lineal descendant of King Charles and Nell Gwynne.

While under Charles' protection Nell lived like a princess. She received a pension of a £1,000, and gifts amounting altogether in five years to more than £60,000. Whenever she appeared in the parks for a drive her equipage had no rivals in magnificence. Petitioners with a case to push at court always found a powerful friend in her. She spent as she gained money, with open hand and liberal charity, and kept up an army of pensioners. Her home life was one round of pleasure. Titled *roues* gathered nightly at her board, and sat far into the morning enchanted by the witcheries of their charming hostess. She loved nothing better than to try her fortune at cards, and lost and won large sums with equal indifference.

Numberless stories are told of her quick wit and charitable goodness. We read how, while driving up Ludgate Hill in a superb coach, she came upon some bailiffs who were hurrying a poor clergyman to jail for debt and pawned her diamond rings to release him; how, one day, her coachman fought and was beaten by a street loafer who called his

mistress a harlot, whereupon Nell told him "to never risk his carcass again save in the defence of truth;" how, driving through the streets of Oxford one day the crowd, mistaking her for another of the king's lemmings, the Duchess of Portsmouth, hooted her until she put her head out at the coach window and said smiling, "Good people, you are mistaken. I am the Protestant hussey," and much more like it. We read, too, that she was the most popular of all the mistresses by whom Charles left his fifteen children, and that once, when the report got abroad that the king had presented this same Duchess of Portsmouth with a handsome service of plate, a mob gathered round the goldsmith's shop, loudly hooting the Duchess, wishing the silver was melted and poured down her throat and saying it was a thousand pities his majesty had not bestowed this bounty on Madame Ellen.

Charles loved her to the last as he deserved to, for she is said to have been the only one of his mistresses who was faithful to him. His last words were "Let not poor Nelly starve."

It would be unjust not to make note here of one good work this fair but frail beauty did for the kingdom whose ruler she ruled. But for her influence on the king the splendid Chelsea Hospital for seamen, to this day a monument to English gratitude to its defenders, would probably never have existed.

The character of this eccentric beauty is such a mixture of inconsistencies that all of her biographers have been puzzled whether to condemn or admire her. She was a creature of humors. She could be cruel and kind almost in the same moment. She respected neither persons or positions, only so far as suited her schemes and ambitions. Success was accepted as a matter of course, and adversity likewise. All of her actions were seasoned with recklessness from her birth up to the day of her death, which occurred in November, 1687, in her thirty-seventh year.

Notwithstanding the immense wealth that had been given her in one way and another, she died poor, leaving a large amount of debts. She was buried in St. Martin's in the field, lamented by a small number only.

Will any moralist deny that, if Nell Gwynne's early life had been different from what it was, she would not have been an ornament to womankind?

## CHAPTER II.

## THE QUEEN OF KINGS AND MOTHER OF REVOLUTIONS.

It is the proud boast of Irishmen that Ireland has produced more poets, orators, philosophers, statesmen, fiddlers, and various other geniuses of the male gender than any country on the globe, and glory be to St. Patrick, the boast is not an empty one.

It is strange, when the characteristic gallantry of Irishmen toward the fair sex is taken into consideration, that they so seldom sing the praises of their talented countrywomen, and this notwithstanding the fact that Erin has fathered—or mothered—some of the most intellectual and beautiful women the world ever saw.

Among the Irish women who did a little more than their share of stirring the world up the most prominent was Lola Montez.

She was born in the City of Limerick in the year 1824. Her father was a son of Sir Edward Gilbert, an Irish gentleman of the "raal ould stock." The mother of Lola was an Oliver, of Castle Oliver, and her family was of the noble Spanish stock of Montalvo, descended from the Count de Montalvo, who once possessed immense estates in Spain, all of which were lost in the wars with the French and other nations.

Her father was made an ensign in the English army when he was seventeen years old, and before he was twenty he was advanced to the rank of captain. Soon after his promotion he was married, his wife being only fifteen years of age at the time. In the second year of this marriage a daughter made her *debut* in the world. She was christened Marie Dolores Eliza Rospanna Gilbert. (Lola Montez was the name she adopted when she became an actress.)

Soon after the birth of Lola the Forty-fourth Regiment, in which her father was Captain, was ordered to India. The family were in that country but a few days when the cholera broke out and Captain Gilbert was among its first victims. There was a young and gallant officer in the Forty-fourth named Craigie, of whom Captain Gilbert was very fond, and, when dying and too far gone to speak, he took his wife's and child's hand and put them into the hand of this young officer. Craigie accepted

the trust, and, to make it more binding, married the young widow six months after Gilbert's death.

When Lola was six years of age she was sent to Captain Craigie's father at Montrose, Scotland. This old gentleman was pleased with the precocious little beauty and humored every whim and fancy that entered her head. In her thirteenth year, by request of her mother, Lola was sent to Paris to be educated. Her advancement in the ordinary studies had been very rapid, and she was considered beyond the capabilities of the school which she had been attending.

She remained but a year in Paris. Shortly after her return to Montrose her mother arrived from India and began to prepare all manner of extravagant wearing apparel for her daughter. One day Lola made bold to ask what this was all about, and received for an answer that it was none of her business—that children shouldn't be inquisitive. But there was a Captain James, of the army in India, who came out with her mother, and he informed Miss Lola that all this dressmaking business was for her wedding—her mother having promised her in marriage to Sir Abram Lumly, a rich and gouty dotard of sixty years, who was Judge of the Supreme Court in India.

In her distress Lola sought the counsel of Captain James. He was twenty-seven years of age and handsome as an Apollo. In tears and despair she appealed to him to save her from this detested marriage. He did it most effectually by eloping with her the very next day.

The pair went to Ireland to Captain James' family, where, after considerable difficulty (as no clergyman could be found who would marry so young a girl without her parents' consent), the Captain's sister went to Montrose and obtained Mrs. Craigie's permission to the bans, but she would neither be present at the wedding or send her blessing.

Captain James remained with his child-wife eight months in Ireland, and then returned with her to his regiment in India. They located in Calcutta, and there Lola first began to



DESCENDING TO HER DOOM.



give evidence of her fondness for the gay side of life. When brought into contrast with many of his brother officers Captain James was not so charming a personage as Lola thought him when she flew to him for protection from her mother's plans. The society of young officers pleased her, and her husband became jealous of the attentions she showed them. According to all accounts, however, Captain James was not one of the sort who "take pizen and die" whenever some hitch occurs in their domestic joys. His principle of living was to make the best of everything, and when Lola became free and easy in her notions of matrimony Captain James followed suit.

The pair were boarding with a Mrs. Lomer, a very pretty woman of thirty-three, who had joined her fortunes to that of a wealthy gentleman double her age. Mrs. Lomer made up to Captain James Lola's lack of affection. The pretty Irish girl did not keep a very strict lookout on the actions of her lord. In the early morning, when he and Mrs. Lomer were off on a social ride on horseback, she was peacefully sleeping off the fatigue of a night's frolic in congenial society. Things went on this way until one morning Captain James and Mrs. Lomer rode so far that they could not find their way back. The Captain and his innamorata never returned.

Lola hailed this domestic episode as the turning point in her life. Summoning up all the courage (a desire to be choise in our language prevents us from saying "cheek") she possessed she sought her mother, who was in another part of India with her husband, and asked for sufficient money to take her back to Montrose. Her stepfather sympathized deeply with her in her domestic troubles, and signalized his affection by placing in the hands of the little grass widow a check for a thousand pounds on his banker in London. There her old guardian was to meet her and escort her to his home at Montrose.

Among the passengers on the ship in which she sailed from India was an American lady of fast proclivities named Stevens. Noticing the vivacity and beauty of Lola Mrs. Stevens took occasion to describe in the most glowing terms the pleasures of life in London. The result was that Lola decided to take up her residence there. Mr. Cragie, who was a blue Scotch Calvinist, was there on her arrival to take her home, but she refused to go, and the

good old gentleman of Montrose without her.

She was left in London to her fate. She had, besides the dollar check given her by her stepfather five and six thousand dollars worth of jewelry. Possessing extravagant tastes a very considerable portion of this capital disappeared inside of a year, and she then began to take stock of the future. She applied for a position in one of the theatres, but her defective English was a bar to her immediate aspirations. Then she resolved to become a *danseuse*. She engaged a Spanish teacher of that art, with whom she studied four months, and then made her *debut* at Her Majesty's Theatre. After stopping there a few months with great success a number of influential friends secured an opening for her at the Royal Theatre at Dresden, in Saxony, and here she met and became acquainted with the celebrated pianist, Franz Liszt, who was then creating such a furor in that city that when he dropped his pocket handkerchief it was seized by the ladies and torn into rags, which they divided among themselves, each being happy to get so much as a rag that had belonged to the great artist.

The excitement created by Lola Montez's appearance at the theatre in Dresden was quite as great among the gentlemen as was Liszt's among the ladies.

She was invited by the King and Queen to visit them at their summer palace, and when she left her royal patroness, the Queen (who was a sister to the King of Bavaria), gave her a letter of introduction to the Queen of Prussia, which opened up the way for an immense triumph in the capital of that country. The Queen became her enthusiastic patron, and often invited her to the royal palace, and finally wound up her attentions by offering to make a match for her and settle her down in the stagnation of matrimony at Court; but Lola Montez was a giddy fool, intoxicated with her success as a *danseuse*, and cared not a fig for all the wealth and position there was in the world.

Pleasure was the be all and end all of her ambition—just then.

While Lola was at the Prussian Court an incident occurred which caused laughter all over the kingdom. Frederick William, the King, gave a grand reception to the Czar of Russia,

admitted to dance. During the performance she became very thirsty, and asked for a drink. On being told that it was impossible to have any, as it was a rule of etiquette that no artist should out of the presence of royalty, she flew into a violent temper and flatly declared that she would not dance until she was given a drink. Duke Michael, the brother of the King, informed Frederick William of Lola's determination. Thereupon the amiable monarch sent for a goblet of water, and, after putting it to his lips, presented it to her with his own hands, which brought Lola's demands within the court rules of etiquette.

From Berlin Lola went to Warsaw, the capital of Poland, and it was in this city that she first became involved in politics. Prince Paskewich, Viceroy of Poland, a very old man, fell most furiously and disgracefully in love with her. Old men are never very wise when in love, but the vice-king was especially foolish.

The manager of the theatre at which Montez was dancing was also a colonel of the *Gens-d'armes*, and was very unpopular among the people, being suspected as a spy for the Russian Government.

One fine morning Lola received a note from the viceroy requesting her to call at the palace. She went, and received from the infatuated old statesman a most extraordinary proposition. He offered her the gift of a splendid country estate, and promised to load her with diamonds besides. The old man was bent and withered; a death's-head making love to a young and beautiful woman! Lola declined his offers. The next day the manager of the theatre called at her hotel for the purpose of urging the suit of the viceroy. He began by being persuasive and argumentative; and when that availed nothing, to threaten. Then ensued a row, which ended in Lola ordering him from the room.

When she appeared at the theatre that night she was hissed by two or three parties who had evidently been instructed to do so by the manager. The same thing occurred the next night, and the next. Finally Lola's patience was exhausted. Quivering with rage she rushed down to the footlights and declared that those hisses had been given her by direction of the manager, because she had refused an infamous proposition from the

viceroy, his master. The audience cheered her lustily, and when the performance was over an immense crowd escorted her in triumph to her hotel. She found herself a heroine without expecting it.

The hatred the Poles felt toward the government and its agents found a convenient opportunity in this incident for demonstrating itself, and in less than twenty-four hours Warsaw was bubbling and raging with the signs of an incipient revolution.

Lola Montez was deemed the whole cause, and an order for her arrest was issued by the viceroy. When she was apprised of this, she barricaded her door, and when the police arrived she stood pistol in hand ready to shoot the first man who should break in.

"Come in," she cried, "but remember death awaits you."

The officers were cowed by her determination, and went away to inform their masters what a tigress they had to confront, and to consult as to what should be done.

Meanwhile the French consul came forward and gallantly claimed Lola as a subject of France, which saved her from arrest. A peremptory order was then given her to quit Warsaw at once. Her trunks were searched under pretence that she was carrying on a secret correspondence with the enemies of the government. Among other documents was found the letter of introduction from the Queen of Prussia to the Empress of Russia. Lola snatched it from the hands of the officer, and tearing it into a hundred pieces flung them at his head. This act confirmed their suspicions, and every one who took the part of the *dansense* was suspected of being an enemy to the government. Over three hundred arrests were made and great excitement reigned throughout the city.

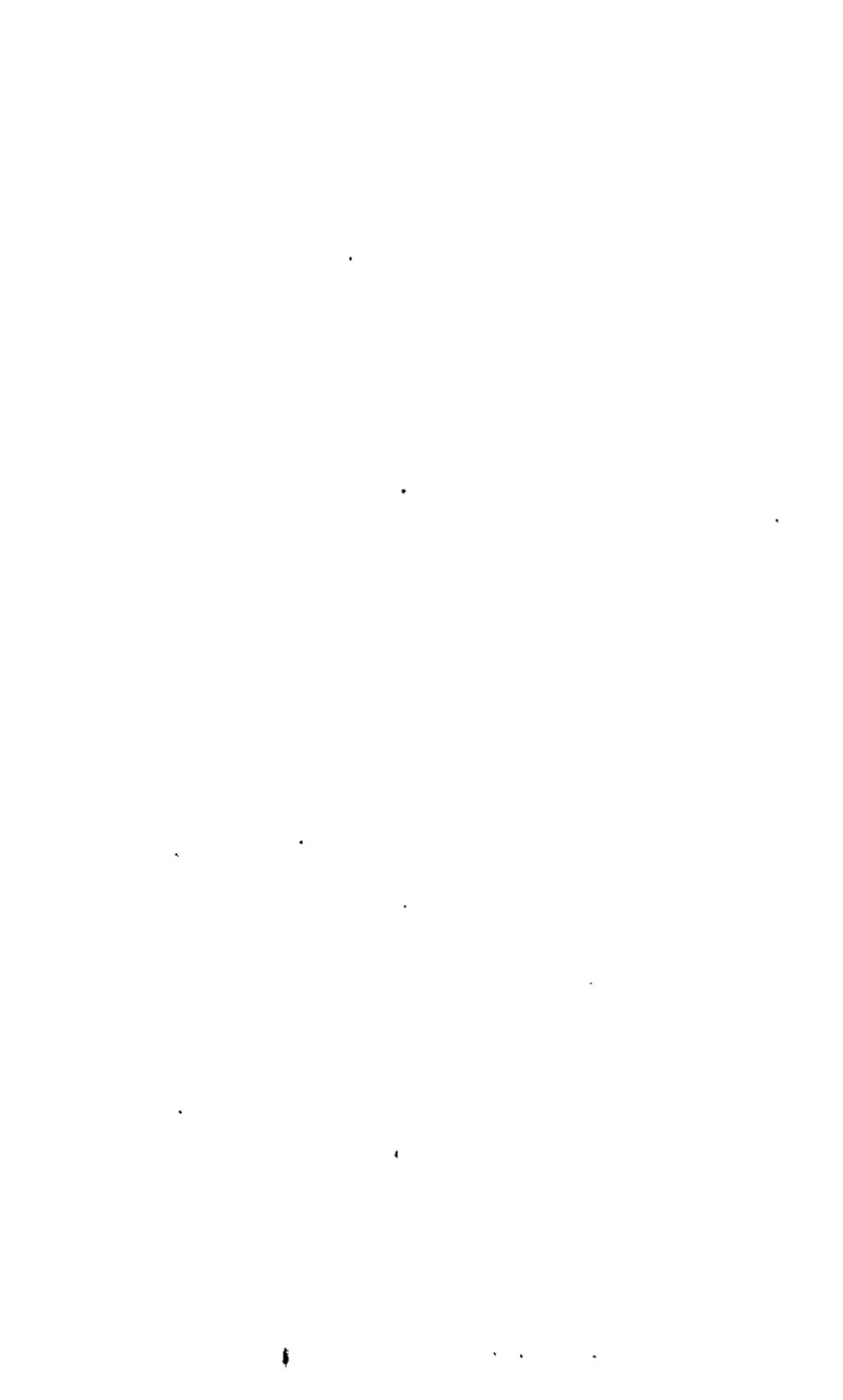
In the midst of all the hubbub, Lola slipped off to St. Petersburg, where she had been invited by the Czar.

Her reputation as a politician had preceded her, and she was received at court with the greatest cordiality.

After a short stay in St. Petersburg she went to Paris. Her experience at the courts of Saxony, Prussia, Poland and Russia had created in her a love for politics. Kindly as she had been treated at the different courts, she had imbibed a bitter hatred of monarchical governments. On her arrival in Paris she



MADAME'S CORRESPONDENCE.



cultivated the acquaintance of the Republican leaders, among whom was Dujarrier, editor of *La Presse*. He was a man of uncommon genius and greatly loved and respected by all who knew him.

The pair fell in love with each other, and agreed to marry. This was in autumn, and the following spring the marriage was to take place. It was arranged that Alexander Dumas and Merry, the celebrated poet, should accompany them on their wedding tour through Spain. But Dujarrier was killed in a political duel a short time after plighting his troth to Lola. On the morning of the duel he wrote her this affectionate note:

"MY DEAR LOLA:—I am going out to fight a duel with Beauvallon. This explains why I did not come to see you this morning. I have need of all my calmness. At two o'clock, all will be over. A thousand embraces my dear Lola, my good little wife whom I love so much, and the thoughts of whom will never leave me."

Immediately on receiving this note Lola rushed to the dueling ground just in time to see her lover fall dead on the sword.

On the morning of the duel Dujarrier made his will, leaving almost all of his estate, amounting to over a hundred thousand dollars, to Lola. During the trial of Beauvallon she was a witness, and while giving testimony, told the prisoner that she was willing to meet him in a duel at any time or place he might designate.

After the trial she left Paris for Bavaria. Her beauty and fame had preceded her, and she was readily admitted into the highest circles. King Louis soon became one of her most ardent admirers. The susceptible monarch was so bewitched by her beauty and her wonderful originality of mind, that he became her abject worshiper. She attained such a power over him that she was enabled to create a total revolution in the Bavarian system of government.

When Montez arrived in Bavaria the nobility had such power that a tradesman could not collect a debt of one of them by law, as they could only be tried by their peers. And the poor people, alas! had no chance when they came under the ban of the laws, for the nobility were alone their judges. The Republican ideas which she had received from Dujarrier were set in motion by her to do

away with this tyranny and injustice. King Louis in his hours of dalliance with the pretty dancer was importuned to redress these outrages by blotting them out of his code of government. Her influence over him began to make itself felt with the nobility, and they became her enemies. The king was remonstrated with his association with Montez. He showed his contempt for their counsel by making her the Countess of Lansfeld and giving her an estate of the same name with certain feudal privileges and rights over two thousand souls. She succeeded in having Louis abolish his ministry, composed wholly of noblemen, and then made him choose his advisers from the ranks of the people.

Prince Metternich offered her a million dollars to quit Bavaria, but all to no purpose. Then came threats and plots for destruction. She was twice shot at, and once poisoned—and it was only the accident of too large a dose that saved her.

Falling in everything, gold was distributed among the rabble, and a riot broke out that threatened to upset the kingdom. Armed with guns, cannons and swords a mob surrounded Lola's castle, and threatened to burn it over her head if she did not quit the country. Against the entreaties of her friends she appeared before the mob and defied them to do their worst. In the midst of her harangue she was dragged back into her house; and soon after, finding that her enemies were making preparations to burn it down, she made her escape disguised as a peasant girl, and walked through the snow out into the country. She now saw that it would be worth her life to remain in Bavaria, but before she quitted the country forever she went back to the capital disguised in male attire, and at twelve o'clock at night obtained a last audience with the king. She gained a promise from him that he would abdicate the throne rather than repeal the laws which he had made through her influence. This promise was faithfully kept.

Under the stars of a midnight sky, Lola Montez went out—a poor woman—to look for the last time upon the city which had been the scene of her greatest triumphs.

She went to London and entered upon another marriage experiment, of which nothing came but sorrow and mortification. During her residence there she dressed ostenta-

tiously in perfect male attire, with shirt collar turned down over a velvet lapelled coat, richly worked shirt front, black hat, French unmentionables, and neatly polished spurs. She carried in her hand a handsome riding whip, which on several occasions she used on impertinent observers with great effect.

Her next step of any note was her coming to America. She was a passenger in the same ship that brought Kossuth over. She created a *furor* throughout the country. Every where she appeared she was greeted by large audiences.

One of her exploits here was the horsewhipping on Broadway of a person named Judson with whom she had been connected in London and who had followed her. But the most curious amatory feature of her American career connects her oddly with a prominent actress of the present day.

Among her New York acquaintances was a young man about town, clever, handsome and well-to-do, named Follin. He was married and had a young son and daughter. He fell madly in love with Lola, and abandoning his family fled to California with her. There and on the road thither he acted as her agent as well as lover and together they left San Francisco for the Sandwich Islands.

But her love began to cool, and Follin experienced all the pangs of impotent jealousy. He drank deeper and deeper as the voyage and the conviction of his loss of his mistress progressed together. Finally as the ship was entering the harbor of Honolulu he leaped overboard and the sharks of the Society Island enjoyed a feast.

The son of this faithless husband, grown to manhood, became the husband of the actress Maude Granger.

Finally she abandoned the stage for the platform. She became an enthusiastic admirer of the doctrines of spiritualism. Many assert that she became insane on the subject. She met with reverses, sickness came, and on the 17th day of January, 1861, her turbulent career was ended by death. Although she had been worth millions during her life, she died in great poverty. She was saved from a pauper's burial by some intimate, personal friends, who provided this wayward but gifted woman with a last resting place in Greenwood Cemetery; whether the good she did during her life was balanced by the evil is a question we leave to the charitable or uncharitable reader to answer.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AN EMPEROR'S AMOUR.

At the commencement of the present century there was a wealthy speculator in Paris, named De la Plaigne. His wife ran a private gaming house, sanctioned by the fashion of the time, and had more admirers than her husband, unless the gossip of the day did her injustice.

They had a daughter, born on January 15th, 1787, and christened Louise Catherine Eleanore Dennelle De la Plaigne, upon whom they wasted little love. A brunette to perfection, black-eyed, raven tresses, and with a superb complexion, this young woman was also a natural wit, clever, well educated, and of a passionate nature.

In 1804, Louise met at the theatre a lieutenant in the Thirteenth dragoons, named Ravel. Ravel was thirty-three years old, a

dissipated, handsome rake, impoverished by his excesses, and a godson, moreover, of the father of Mirabeau, the great orator. He fell in love with the beautiful brunette at sight, gambled himself into her mother's good graces by losing all the money he could beg, or steal to her, and became a favorite.

On January 15th, 1805, he succeeded in persuading Madam Campan, at whose school Eleanor, as she was called, was being educated, to permit him to marry her. The wedding disenchanting her. She discovered her husband to be a worthless scamp, and when, on March 17th, Sorel, the famous restaurateur, had him arrested for forging the draft he had given him in payment of the wedding breakfast, she discarded him.

On August 12th he was sentenced to two



LOLA MONTEZ,

THE QUEEN OF KINGS AND MOTHER OF REVOLUTIONS.



years' imprisonment at Dourdan, and Eleanore cast him off for good, and, having been discarded by her own people, who were probably glad to be rid of her, entered the service of Madame Murat, who had been a schoolfellow of hers, as reader.

On January 26th, 1806, Napoleon returning from the campaign of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presbourg, laden with captured standards, entered Paris. On the 28th he breakfasted with his favorite sister Carolline, whose husband, Murat, was then Governor of Paris.

His sister had a complaint to make to him. Murat had fallen so desperately in love with her reader, the fair Eleanore, that his wife was jealous, and invoked her powerful brother's interference.

"Let us see the woman," said Napoleon.

She was summoned. Napoleon saw her to be fascinating and intelligent, and—as his sister doubtless thought he would—took her out of Murat's way for his own possession. Daroc conducted Mme. Revel the same day to the Elysee, and Madame Murat had her fickle lord to herself again till he found a new idol to render homage to.

Napoleon never wasted time in his amours. On January 30th the hotel adjoining the Elysee was bought, a bonus being paid the occupant to quit it within a week, and Mme. Revel was established there.

On the 18th day of February she sued for a divorce because of her husband's infamy. Revel made no opposition in consideration of a full pardon, reinstatement in his rank in the army, with an unlimited leave of absence on full pay, and a round sum in cash. Consequently, on April 20th Mlle. Denolle received her decree, and on December 13th, 1806, she gave birth to a son, inscribed two days later at the Mairie of the Second Arrondissement as "Leon, born of Mlle. Eleanore Denolle and an unknown father," the said declaration being signed by the Steurs Ayme, treasurer of the Legion of Honor; Andral, surgeon of the Invalides, and Marchais, obstetrician.

The Emperor took the child from its mother, and in 1808, Mme. Revel married Lieutenant-Colonel Philippe Angier de la Saussaye. "with the consent of his Majesty," who signed the contract and gave as a wedding gift an annual pension of 25,000 francs, the nominal giver being M. Aubry, a member of his house-

hold. Mme. de la Saussays accompanied her husband as far as Bavaria on the Russian campaign. At the battle of Moskwa he was killed.

His widow, who was all the rage at Munich, having fascinated every one, from King Maximilian-Joseph down, married again, her third husband being the King's Chamberlain, Count Charles Emile Henri de Luxembourg, a major of artillery. This was on the 25th day of May, 1814, when Napoleon was at Elba.

The child Napoleon spoke of in his Memoirs, his correspondence and in his will. "It was," says Constant, "his first; it resembled him as one drop of water resembles another; never did he love a woman as he had Mme. Eleanore." Just before taking the field, in 1812, he assured Leon's future by settling an annual income of 30,000 francs upon him, confiding him to the care of the faithful Baron de Menneval. In these hands Leon lived quietly for some years. But his mother's first husband scented profit in him and made up his mind to secure it if he could.

Revel had been in 1800 promoted to a captaincy, and in 1812 retired. He was not heard of till 1814, when, having no longer to dread the anger of the head of the State, and imagining that the nature of his suit would provide for him popular sympathy under the new regime, he instituted an action to set aside the divorce of 1806 and give him the custody of Leon, then eight years old and in the keeping of M. de Mauvieres, Baron de Menneval's father-in-law.

He called for popular sympathy in a foul pamphlet which he had printed and circulated wherever he could find a taker for it. This pamphlet was called "Bonaparte and Murat. The Wrongs of a Young Wife. Paris: 1815; Quarto." In it he claimed to be the real father of the imperial bastard, and demanded possession of him. He argued in substance:

"The divorce was granted April 29, and my wife gave birth to a son on the 13th of December following; therefore, that son may, I say may, not must, be mine, and therefore they should place him in my custody, and allow me to administer his fortune. Oh, I know all you are going to say. My absence; my imprisonment; the rape of my wife by the Emperor. But the law is formal and inexorable, sir, and if I am declared not to be that child's father,

then my wife should be punished for adultery. That is my case and I am refused a hearing."

He secured one, finally, on December 15th, 1815, but after the publication of his "Bonaparte and Murat," no decent lawyer would touch it; so Revel conducted the case himself, December 15th, 22d and 29th. Mme. de Luxembourg, who had recovered sufficient interest in her son to desire not to see him come to harm, secured counsel to defend him. The fight kept up, with all sorts of delays, appeals and the like, until Revel died in 1842.

Up to that time he stuck to it like wax. He published a fresh pamphlet every time the trial came up, such as "New Proofs in the Case of Madame Revel; Paris, 1816;" "Disavowal of the Paternity of Leon, Natural Son of Napoleon Bonaparte: Paris, 1821;" "Divorce Abetting Adultery; or, Law Under the Empire: Paris, 1822;" "Proceedings Before the Cour de Cassation: Paris, 1822;" and still others. He haunted the Palais de Justice, where he became a fixture.

He was a stout and solidly-built little man of gracious manners, neat as a pin, of regular features, brown face surrounded by close-cropped whiskers, and surmounted by a luxuriant head of jet-black hair, wearing with ease and dignity the costume affected by the well-to-do bourgeois of the Restoration; a low-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver hat, a high muslin cravat, of which the embroidered ends fell over a pique waistcoat, showing an ample shirt front adorned with a costly diamond pin, cuffs as ample, shoe-buckles of great size, bluish pantaloons, and olive coat of high collar, from the tail pockets of which, on the slightest provocation, he would produce a pamphlet.

He lived meanwhile by extorting money from his wife, who paid him whatever he asked to keep him quiet, up to the time he died. Leon also advanced him a little money for a time.

If Leon was not Revel's son he should have been, for he was a companion scamp. His parentage was well known in Paris, and he went in good society. On October 24, 1832, he fought with Mr. Hess, an aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington, in the Bois du Vincennes, and shot him through the body. This was the brightest page of his career.

He became a colonel of the National Guard, but unsuccessful dabbings in politics, silly *Liaisons*, reckless incurring of debts and participation in the most rascally commercial enterprises of the epoch forced him to resign. He was repeatedly imprisoned, and finally ran through the last penny of the estate of 30,000 francs a year bequeathed him by his father.

Up to this time he had been on good terms with both his mother and her first husband. But Madame de Luxembourg and her husband were fast lovers, and had only a couple of hundred thousand francs securely invested to keep them alive; so they were unable to help him to the money he demanded from them when he went broke.

Then at Revel's suggestion, he undertook to extort what they would not give. He commenced suits against them and kept them up, until, in July, 1842, the Royal Court declared him the illegitimate son, by an unknown father, of Eleanore Dannelle successively divorced wife of Revel (absent at the time of legal conception), widow of General Augier de la Saussaye and wife of Count Henri de Luxembourg. This threw the support of him upon his mother, and Leon obtained an alimentary pension of 6,000 francs a year from her.

This pension, however, was not regularly paid, and Leon undertook to accelerate matters by denouncing his mother as a bigamist. He claimed that she had married the Count de Luxembourg without legal evidence of the death of her second husband—whose body was not recovered after the battle of the Moskwa—and that, having committed a criminal offense, she was no longer competent to minister or enjoy her estate, which was that which Napoleon had settled on her when she married Col. Saussaye. The court indignantly refused to entertain his case, which came up for the last time in 1847. Maître Marie represented with electrical eloquence the destitution of the Luxembourgs in their old age, and poured out a fiery flood of denunciation on the heartless and greedy son, while Maître Cremieux endeavored to show the wrongs that Leon had suffered, and his care for Revel, who, but for him, would have died of hunger. The result was a judgment for the mother, and the case was never revived.

Leon lived, thenceforth, in the misery ha





"SUCH A LABR!"

deserved. He had tried to identify himself with every political party in the chaos which succeeded 1848, but all united in repudiating him.

At the inception of the Second Empire he fondly hoped that his name and birth would reopen to him hearts and doors his misconduct had shut against him. But he reckoned without his host. Neither the Emperor, whom he called his "cousin," nor the ex-King Jerome, whom he called "uncle," nor his other "cousin" of the left hand, De Morney, whose boon companion he had been, nor his half brother, Walewski, who had made for himself so different a destiny, would entertain friendly mention of his name. A few old friends of the Napoleonic dynasty opened their purses to him, till that most zealous servant of the new fortunes of the Bonapartes, the duc de Persigny, from the funds of his department, provided Leon with a pension that enabled him to support the family he had created (irregularly); a family to which, dying in 1857, he bequeathed nothing but misery.

His mother survived him ten years. She died in Munich in 1867. It is an odd coinci-

dence that, in the same house in which she began her amour with Napoleon I., Napoleon III., who bought it in 1848, and re-opened the passage his uncle had made between it and the Elysee palace, quartered his mistress till 1860, when the opening of the Rue de l'Elysee swept it away. It was in this building, by-the-by, then called the Hotel Sebastian, that the Duchess de Praslin was murdered by her husband on August 18th, 1874.

What a completion of the gloomy personal history of the upstart Emperor and his descendants this story of the vilest and most worthless of them complete!

Napoleon I. died at St. Helena; Napoleon II. perished in Austria, without even the name that belonged to him, since he was called the Duke of Reichstadt; the bastard of the empire gave up the ghost like a contemptible cur; Napoleon the III. ended his life at Chislehurst, dethroned and almost forgotten; Napoleon IV. perished in a savage skirmish in South Africa.

After all, the star of the Bonapartes destiny was a more sombre one than that of many a beggar whom they ruled.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FROM PALACE TO NOVEL.

Josephine Ordz in 1848 was young, beautiful and fascinating, a central figure in the brilliant society of Pesth, the Hungarian capital, in which her father's (Count Ordz's) rank and wealth placed her, and her own exceptional charms of mind and person made her conspicuous. A short time ago her bruised body was stretched out in the San Francisco morgue, naked, for the lack of some friendly or pitying hand to throw over it even the poorest mantle charity could grant to misfortune.

Born on the estates of her father in Southern Hungary in 1830, she was sent in early childhood to one of the convents where the daughters of the Hungarian nobility are carefully and thoroughly educated. She had entered the gay society of Pesth and was enjoying the triumphs of her first season's numerous con-

quests when Hungary revolted against the rule of the Austrian Emperor. Her father's house was foremost in the ranks of those most loyal to Austria, and Josephine, who, with her beauty, talents and peculiar ability in political intrigue, was no mean ally in the days when women was a power in court politics, would have ranged herself with her father's cause except for an influence more potent than loyalty to kaiser or to kindred.

Among her suitors was Count Karaly, a dashing patriot, whose outspoken opposition to the Austrians had anything but favored his suit in the eyes of Josephine's parents. But she loved him.

At the outbreak of the rebellion it was clear that Count Karaly could not remain in Pesth. In the choice between the man whom she loved and the cause which her father advocated she

obeyed the dictates of her heart, and agreed to fly with Karaly to England. While her resolve was yet unknown to her family, she was made aware of Karaly's intended arrest by the Austrians on a following day. She had only time to warn him. He fled from the city that night, reached Venice, was apprehended there by the Austrians and imprisoned. She followed him, and exerted her influence with the Austrian authorities at Venice for his release, but unsuccessfully. Austria had been guaranteed Russia's aid, and in the confidence that the rebellion would be quelled, arrogantly boasted that all high rebels would be punished. On the night before Karaly was to be returned to Pesh a prisoner, for trial on a charge of treason, he escaped from the prison in Venice.

Josephine had been unable to secure his discharge, but his escape was secretly assisted by an Austrian officer, who dared not openly do a favor to the rebel daughter of the Count Ordz.

Josephine and Count Karaly reached Paris in safety, were married, and lived happily together until his death, in 1850. The rebellion was over, but the young widow could not return to her father's house, as her marriage with a rebel had irrevocably estranged her from her family. Her husband's estate had been confiscated, and she found herself dependent upon her own resources for a living. Of all her accomplishments none had been so extravagantly praised as her singing. She adopted the name of D'Orme, which was probably that of her mother, a French woman, and, as Josephine D'Orme, made a brilliant debut on the operatic stage in Paris in the early part of 1851.

The Austrian authorities in Pesh forgave the once disloyal woman, who returned to the capital the reigning contralto star in all Europe. Her success during the following year, in all the European cities, is said to have been something phenomenal. A magnificent voice and figure and a beautiful face gained her fame and fortune, but only served to widen the breach between herself and her parents, who might have condoned her sin of disloyalty, but could never forgive the insult inflicted upon the family name and pride by the appearance of their only child as a public singer.

In 1852 Josephine joined the famous Mario-

Grisi opera troupe, which was under engagement to Max Marotzek for an American tour, and early in 1853 made her first appearance in New York in the old Academy of Music, burned in 1865. How she was received in New York can be best told in the language of a resident of this city who saw her there and said to a *Chronicle* reporter:

"Even the great soprano, Grisi, suffered by comparison. Josephine had youth, beauty, voice, rank and a romantic history. The musicians pronounced her voice and method faultless, and her wonderful charm of manner and undeniably good birth carried her into society which few professionals have entered. She was the favorite of all favorites. Her audiences went perfectly wild over her. Why, sir, I have seen infatuated men tear off their rings, diamond pins, even watches and chains, and throw them at her feet, littering the stage with jewelry. Wherever she appeared these extravagant successes were repeated."

After her New York successes she departed for the tropics. After a tour of Cuba, Mexico and Central America she appeared in San Francisco in the Metropolitan Theatre in 1863. She came here from Costa Rica, Central America, with a baritone named Fallini, and applied to Signor Bianchi, then San Francisco's chief *impresario*, for an engagement. Both she and Fallini were engaged, and soon appeared in "Hernani," following in the "Barber of Seville" and "Lucrezia Borgia."

If the woman of forty-three had been robbed even of a tinge of her personal charms, she had increased her power of fascination. Her artistic success in this city, however pronounced, was excelled by her individual conquests, and in her society numerous wealthy men are said to have gladly lavished fortunes. A resident of the Paris of the Pacific, who was a witness of her *debut* there and one of her adorers, observed to a *GAZETTE* correspondent:

"I remember her as she looked in 1863, big, bright dark eyes, plenty of color in her face, and a perfect form. It was unfortunate that she had already acquired the vice that brought her to that place you speak of—the Morgue. She would drink too much champagne, which we were all too willing to supply, perhaps. Her success would have been better established except for that. She appeared several



AN ANGRY QUEEN.



times on the stage evidently too much exhilarated with wine. Poor woman! Every one liked her though, personally, you know. Ever hear about her being shipwrecked? That was a curious affair. She left here for Australia and was shipwrecked and cast ashore on a South Sea island."

"Josephine lost everything she had in the world and found herself a captive by a tribe of savages. Regular cannibals they were, too. Well, she sang to them and charmed them into complete docility. 'Music hath charms,' etc., you know. She was gone from here a year, and returned by a ship from the Sandwich Islands, where she had managed to make her way. Her account of her life among the cannibals was one of the funniest things I ever heard. She brought one of the native women's costumes with her and used to masquerade in it sometimes for her friends' amusement. There was not much to the costume, but she had a droll way of mimicking in it.

"She married the late George Evans, the musical director, but they did not live happily and were divorced after awhile. She got into a way of drinking odious stuffs, gin and such things, and did not seem to keep herself quite as exclusive as formerly. I lost track of her for some time, but a few years ago heard of her in Sacramento, where she met with a runaway accident which caused the amputation of a leg and thus permanently crippled her. She came to my room one day, awhile after that, and I was greatly shocked at the change in her appearance. She was on crutches, was haggard and worn, and I easily believed her when she told me she was penniless and starving. I was one of her oldest friends, she said, and asked me for assistance. I gave it to her, of course; but a man in my—situated as I am, you know, could not have her coming to my room to beg, and somehow I lost track of her again.

"The last that I heard of her was that she appeared at the doors of the theatres on the days the actors were paid off, and begged from the

members of the fraternity she once shone so in."

From the condition her one-time worshipper thus coldly describes, poor Josephine travelled by rapidly succeeding stages to the mire such lives as hers usually end in. She preserved little of her old accomplishments save her skill at the piano. Thanks to that, she obtained employment at a beer garden where she made music for the vulgar revellers.

Even this was not enough. From the saloon she descended to the dive, and at last she was glad to obtain employment from 8 to 12 o'clock at night, hammering the piano in a Jackson street groggery, frequented by the roughest class of hoodlums and sand-lotters.

She lived on Montgomery avenue, in a single room with a man named Bower, whom she supported with the money she earned playing. She cooked his meals, chopped wood for his fires, turned her earnings over to him, and in return was brutally beaten with much regularity. On Tuesday night she returned to her room as usual a little after midnight, and not finding Bower in the room called for him in an adjoining room occupied by a man known as "Pretzel Johnny." Soon afterward the other inmates were awakened by her screams, heard the sound of brutal blows, a woman's voice crying, "God help me! God help me!" and then a heavy fall upon the floor.

Half an hour afterwards Bower woke up one of the women in the house and said his "wife" was very sick. He was advised to do what he could for her, but soon went again to the woman's door and asked her to come and see his wife. The woman and her husband dressed and went to Bower's room and saw Josephine—dead.

The police surgeon, who made the autopsy, reported the cause of death to be "chronic alcoholism." The reporter looked at the body and saw three marks, which could only have been produced by cruel blows on the head and face. However her death came to her, it was a welcome one, as can readily be believed.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE MISFORTUNES OF A LAWLESS GENIUS.

On the 15th day of June, 1835, in a little village a few miles from New Orleans, a babe of the feminine gender was born, who was destined to justify the opinion of foreign critics, "that for *civic*, recklessness and goaheaditiveness the American girl excels her sisters of every other nation in the world."

This promising little bundle of femininity was christened Adelaide McCord, and long before she could sip a word was voted by the women in the neighborhood "the most precious minx in Louisiana." As she grew in years this estimate was fully sustained by the sprightly Adah. She astonished her teachers in the village school by her aptness in learning, and shocked them by her disregard for the proprieties of society. She could indulge in all sorts of mischief, play all manner of pranks, and then discount the most studious scholar in school in having an understanding of her lessons. Punishment acted as fuel for further violations of the rules governing the school, and at length she was expelled.

Shortly after this event she created a great sensation in her native village by becoming a convert to the Jewish faith. Several of her neighbors were Hebrews, and she was in the habit, whether from a desire to be eccentric or out of curiosity, of accompanying their daughters to the synagogue. The doctrines of Judaism charmed her, and she was finally baptized into that belief, and assumed the name of Isaacs. Several of her biographers have fallen into the error of claiming that she was a Jewess by birth, owing to the fact that she belonged to that creed.

The country village soon became too limited a sphere for the daring Menken's ideas and aspirations, and accordingly one fine spring morning she took French leave for fresh fields and pastures new.

New Orleans was her first stopping place. She installed herself in a cheap boarding-house, paid all her money for a week's board, and then began to take reckoning of her future movements and prospects. She had resolved to become an actress, but was entirely ignorant of the means to gratify this desire.

While looking over the list of wants in one

of the dailies she came across an advertisement for young ladies to dance in the ballet of a spectacular play soon to be produced at one of the leading theatres of the city. She forthwith repaired to the theatre, found the manager, and applied for a position as a danseuse. In reply to his question whether she had ever had any experience, she frankly answered "No; that made no difference to her. She could dance as well as any of his troupe."

Her beauty, vivacious manner and evident intelligence doubtless made the astute manager less critical than he would have been with a young lady less fortunate in personal charms. She was engaged, and on the night of her debut proved that she had not overrated her accomplishments.

She rapidly rose in her chosen profession, and was soon counted a favorite among theatre-goers of the Crescent City. After stopping a year in New Orleans, she joined a troupe and visited Havana. The social atmosphere of this lively city was just suited to the temperament of the young actress. The susceptible Spaniards were fascinated by her beauty and abandon. She flirted with a purpose, and many a heart fluttered with pride at her attentions, and many a pocket-book was lightened. She was called the "Queen of the Plaza," a title she won by the magnificence of her equipage when she appeared in public.

Returning to New Orleans, she rested from her theatrical duties for a few months, during which time she turned her attention to literature, and produced a small volume of poems entitled "Memories," under the non de plume of "Indigna." There was nothing startlingly original about these effusions, taken as a whole. Some of them, however, evinced a poetic talent of no mean order. They served, however, to enhance the interest the public had already begun to take in her, and therein Adah no doubt found her recompense. She had tasted the first sweets of fame, and yearned feverishly for more.

The quiet walks of literature soon became irksome to the restless Adah, and she again took to the stage. While playing an engagement in Galveston, in 1856, she married a



MADAME DE LUXBOURG,  
THE MISTRESS OF NAPOLEON I.



musician named Alexander Menken, and with him returned to New Orleans. Her first venture in matrimony was not a success. Menken demurred to her capers, and made himself such a stern reality to her that she went to the accommodating State of Indiana and obtained a divorce.

Freed from matrimony's cares she entered the studio of T. D. Jones, in Columbus, Ohio, and began the study of sculpture. This latest freak, for it was nothing else, soon lost its novelty. There wasn't excitement enough about it for her. Her nature delighted in turmoil, and aesthetic occupations that did not furnish this element soon lost their charm.

It was in the early part of 1863 that she applied at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, for an engagement. She needed money badly and was willing to play in the stock if necessary, although her earnest desire was to be starred in Mazepa. At first the manager put her off, but business being frightfully bad, concluded to give her a chance.

After mature deliberation they decided it would be cheaper to play her as a star on shares, as in that case unless expenses came in she would get nothing, whereas if they gave her a stock engagement they would be responsible for her salary whether the houses were good or bad.

Mazepa being settled upon as the opening piece, the next thing was to get a horse, as Miss Menken in those days did not travel with such a piece of property. After a despairing search of forty-eight hours nothing suitable could be found, and the would-be star was obliged to put up with a livery hack of the most ordinary description. Her blood was up, however, and she worked faithfully with the beast, remaining with him on the stage every afternoon when the rehearsal was over, firing pistols at his ear, forcing him up the runs at his best speed, and in a general way omitting nothing which might assist him in going through his part successfully at night.

When the eventful evening came the house was small, and no wonder; nobody had ever heard of Menken; Mazepa had been played out years before, and to make matters worse the Front Street Theatre was an old tumble-down rookery in an out-of-the-way location.

But although the house was small it turned out to be a tremendously enthusiastic one—

true, Miss Menken didn't know the lines of Mazepa—for the matter of that she never did, but she dashed through her part with great spirit, and best of all the plaudits of the audience and the glare of the footlights so wrought upon the livery hack that when led out he actually reared and pawed the air in his terror and rushed up the runs with Mazepa on his back, as if Satan was after him. A veritable Tartar of the Ukraine breed could hardly have done better, and the triumph of the star and steed was complete.

Before the week was ended the theatre was crowded, and Menken was the sensation of the day. Thus, in that dingy coal-hole began that career which was to embrace both hemispheres in its conquests, and considering its limited space—only seven years—probably the most successful, pecuniary, in the annals of the stage. Her engagement lasted four weeks to a succession of packed houses, and although her share amounted to several thousands of dollars, none of it remained when her last week was finished.

She came to New York, and its feverish, nervous, bustling life delighted her. She began an engagement as "Mazepa," (a character with which she afterward became identified) at the National Theatre, under the management of Purdy.

At this time John C. Heenan, the Bentley Boy, was in the hey-day of his glory as a pugilist. He had whipped Tom Sayers, England's champion heavy-weight, after one of the pluckiest contests in the records of the prize ring. He was considered the representative of American pluck and muscle, and society, not so rigid then as now in its canons of heroism, made him its hero.

On one of her midnight revels, at which a select gathering of choice sporting spirits were present, Menken met the American gladiator, and took occasion to express her admiration of him in the most enthusiastic terms. Hard as John could hit, and be hit without finching, he was not invulnerable to the witchery of a lovely woman's smiles or the honied flattery of her tongue.

He was the champion pugilist of the world, and to have attained a first place in any sphere was to Menken a sufficient reason for bestowing her unqualified admiration. She regarded the uncultured prize-fighter as an

ideal man, and took no pains to disguise her estimate of him. Like Othello, Heenan felt that

She loved him for the dangers he had passed,  
And he loved her that she did pity him.

A short, very short, courtship followed, and on the 3d day of June, 1859, they were married at the Rock Cottage on the Bloomingdale Road, the Rev. J. L. Baldwin performing the marriage ceremony. It has been asserted by many that no marriage ceremony ever took place. "Brown's History of the American Stage" states the above fact, and the many conflicting stories told leads the author to believe that it is authentic.

The widely different temperaments of the pair soon made "love's young dream" a very chaotic reality. Heenan found that, although he could vanquish scientific and plucky pugilists, an impetuous, obstinate and wilful woman was beyond his power. Adah held notions of matrimony radically at variance with the majority of her sex. The bands of wedlock, according to her ideas, were as silken cords, to be broken whenever they hampered her actions in any way. The ideal man became a very commonplace specimen of humanity. They quarrelled, and Menken once more sought Indiana, that Mecca of all matrimonially distressed. She told her tale of wedded love to one of the courts of that State, and departed "single, and fancy free," to find another ideal man.

To a woman of her giddy and impulsive nature this was a very easy task. She came back to New York and played an engagement at the Bowery Theatre. While thus employed she met and became acquainted with Robert Newell, better known to the world as "Orpheus C. Kerr." This talented humorist was then in the zenith of his fame. Among the many brilliant Bohemians of New York at that time he ranked among the first. His contributions to the press had earned him a high reputation in literary and other circles.

Adah, it will be remembered, was afflicted with the scribbling fever, and in addition to writing occasional poems for her own personal gratification, contributed now and then sketches, romantic and practical, to the press. There is always a sympathy, if not an affinity, between persons of similar tastes and occupations. Menken felt that she had met her

affinity in Orpheus, and Orpheus reciprocated the feeling. They pledged themselves before a parson "to love and cherish each other, come better or worse, till death do us part." And they probably meant what they said at the time.

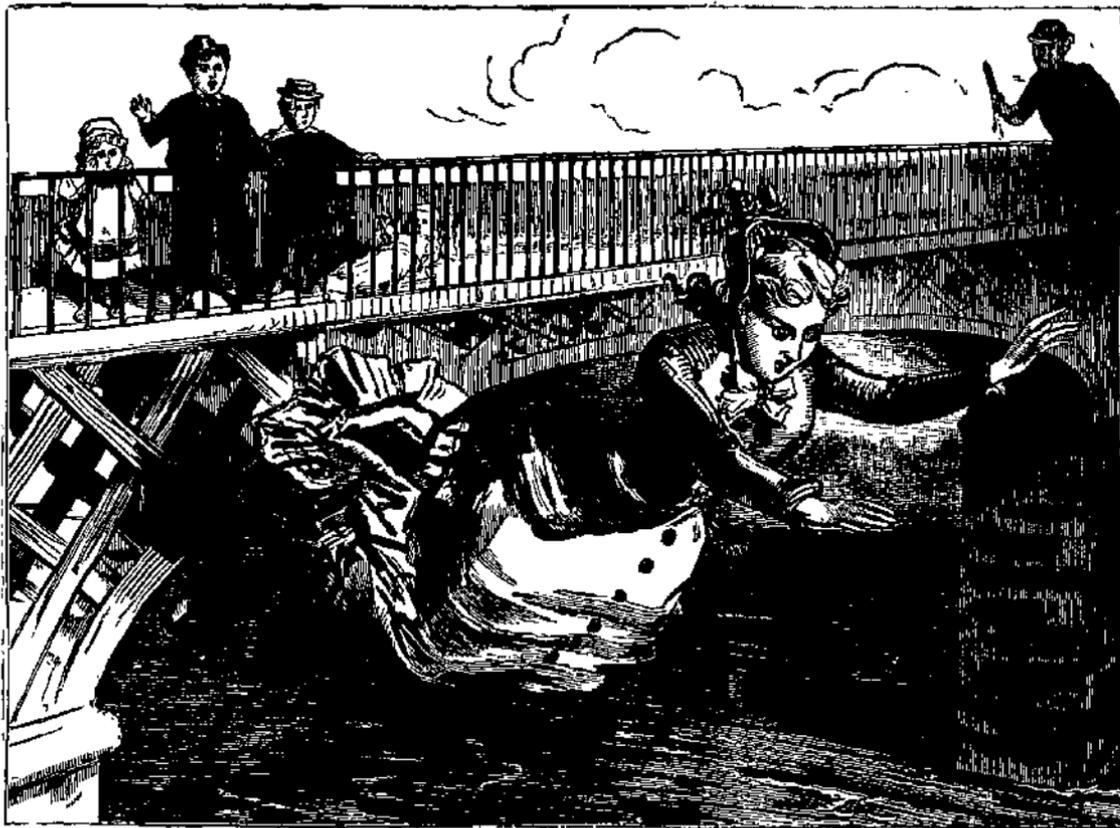
Adah soon again had urgent business in Indiana—in fact, wanted to see some friends who had helped her out of two (to her) unpleasant alliances. They proved as obliging as formerly, and she was for the third time a single woman.

Whether by this time the "land of the free" had become too free to suit her, or she was moved by a desire to try her luck in other countries where freedom was not so free, is not known.

She left for London in October, 1861, opened at the Drury Lane Theatre shortly after as Mazeppa and immediately became all the rage. The staid, methodical John Bulls were fairly upset by the pranks and antics of the erratic American actress. She held to her eccentric course, however, never losing sight of the main chance. There was too much of the Yankee in her to do that. Money came to her as plentifully as did manna to the Israelites on their celebrated tramp to the promised land. And she spent it as freely. Her turn-outs rivaled those of the nobility. Her costumes were as elaborate and costly as those of any titled dowager in the land. She was the talk of the clubs and the observed of all observers.

Having become sated with notoriety, she returned to New York. Her escapades in London had greatly enhanced the interest her countrymen felt in her, and this paved the way more easily to their pocket-books. Her first engagement on her return was one of the most successful of her life.

Strango to say, during her absence she did not marry any one. For this dereliction from her usual course, she soon made speedy amends. Her next "ideal man" was James Barclay, a successful merchant, with more money than good sense. Her fourth venture in wedlock took place on the 21st of August, 1866, at her residence, Bleak House, New York. According to current chronicles this residence must have been anything but "bleak" when its charming mistress was at home. Every night found it occupied by as merry



WEDDED TO DEATH.



and reckless a crowd of Bohemians as ever came together under one roof. Under the direct supervision of the hostess revels took place that would vie in their wild hilarity with the feast of Saturnalia.

Menken's restless nature was always yearning after rarity, and shortly after her marriage she started for Paris, leaving her liege to mourn, or perhaps rejoice, at her absence. Her life in the gay capital of France was but a repetition of what it had been in London and New York. She understood the French language perfectly, and she performed Mazappa in a way that set the volatile Parisians all agog with admiration, and charmed old Alexander Dumas to the extent of bringing him to her feet.

In the midst of her mad career in that city, in 1868, she was stricken down. At that time she had just finished playing an extraordinarily brilliant engagement at the Port St. Martin Theatre. She had taken Paris by storm. Her voluptuous beauty had turned the hearts of all men. The splendor of her life, the gorgeous dresses, her showy equipage on the Bois de Boulogne, her throng of lovers, among whom were some of the most illustrious authors and artists of the world, and her theatrical renown had fastened all the feminine eyes of the capital upon her, and made her name familiar on every tongue.

Eugenio, then upon the wane of her beauty, was very jealous of her. The Emperor had called her one evening to his lodge and presented her with some gifts, at the same time telling her with all his eyes that there was nothing he so much admired as a fine woman very much undressed. Mazappa was then the great attraction of Paris. Men wore Mazappa hats, collars, handkerchiefs, and perhaps even Mazappa pantaloons, which was very queer, to say the least, as neither Mazappa or Menken wore scarcely any clothes at all when they presented themselves nightly on the boards of the Port St. Martin.

It was in the midst of this gaudy glory that Menken died—suddenly, as if cut down by a pistol shot.

In the little Jewish cemetery of Mont Parnasse rests the body of Adah Isaacs Menken. Her grave is crowded in among many others, and takes up a very narrow space. It is covered with a slab of gray stone and headed by a small gray monument. On the top of this monument is a funeral urn. Upon one side are the words "Thou Knowest," the last words she ever uttered. On the other side is the inscription:

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN;  
Born in Louisiana, United States.  
Died in Paris, Aug. 10, 1868.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A DESTROYER OF MEN.

Since the downfall of the French Empire and the establishment of the Republic, the flash glory which surrounded "fast" Parisian society has suffered an eclipse. The court of Napoleon III, and its peculiar surroundings attracted and sustained all sorts of adventurers. The *demi monde*, embracing all the loose women from the handsome and elegant mistresses of noblemen to the unfortunate painted promenadeurs on the boulevards, never had such a period of prosperity as during the year preceding Napoleon's humiliating defeat at Sedan. Chief among these destroyers of men ranks Cora Pearl.

Cora Pearl, who, for twenty years at least, represented the most selfish, mercenary, reck-

less and extravagant phase of the *demi monde* as it existed in Paris during Napoleon's reign, was a great favorite among the Cocottes; her soiled name was in numberless mouths; her dress and eccentric performances were the talk of the clubs, and many columns were given to her in the newspapers; her photographs were displayed in the shop windows on all the principal avenues. No woman ever filled so large a place in the Parisian public's eye as did this notorious harlot.

Her exact history no one knows, but substantially it is believed to be as follows:

She was born in Connaught, Ireland. Her parentage is very misty. She has represented herself as the love-child of an English Earl and

a Dublin actress; the daughter of a Frenchman and the wife of a Belfast merchant with whom he had eloped, and the offspring of a clergyman and the daughter of a rich merchant, and several other origins of a more or less romantic character. One thing is pretty certain; she was born outside of wedlock. Her parents, whoever they were, put her in charge of an old woman residing in Tuam, and paid regularly for her education and keep up to her sixteenth year. She developed into a sprightly, accomplished girl. At the age mentioned she met an English army officer in the street one day and began a flirtation with him. After sundry stolen interviews she eloped with the gallant red-coat to Paris, just one week from the day they first met.

The Englishman was very fond of her and would gladly have made her his wife, but she preferred to live as his mistress. At the end of a month she deserted him—his money was nearly exhausted—for another love, and in less than a year she had a dozen protectors, all of whom she regarded as the creatures of her caprice. Her blandishments were bestowed in a monetary ration on the poor dupes of her wiles.

After a two years' residence in Paris she went upon the stage as a ballet girl, and was soon promoted to speaking parts, but her accent, although she had studied French from childhood, interfered with her success, and caused her to leave the theatre.

At eighteen she captured a Russian Prince. He was possessed of great wealth, and was anxious to spend it. Had he hunted Paris and St. Petersburg over, he could not have found anyone more anxious to gratify his desires than was the fascinating Cora. Her only care was that the largest portion should be squandered in her behalf. In this selfish wish she was fully gratified. He placed her in luxurious lodgings, furnished her with carriages, jewels, servants, everything in fact that unnumbered coins could buy and her mercenary and avaricious nature craved. He gave dinners and parties to artists, actors and journalists and soon grew to be the fashion. The Prince had a choice assortment of vices. He drank, gambled, and did everything he ought not to have done. Under such a high pressure of extravagance his pile of lucre soon began to

flatten out and become beautifully less in bulk.

Cora, as soon as she found that her golden star was on the wane, transferred her affections to another purse. The Prince chided her for her heartlessness, but received only jeers for his bruised heart. One day he called on her at the costly mansion which his money had bought, and was ordered away from the door by a burly man servant, who was acting under Cora's orders. Six weeks after she drove by the Prince's residence and heard an auctioneer calling for bids on his effects. Bankruptcy had overtaken her noble lover. A light, careless laugh, and the interjection, "Poor fool," showed how much the ruin she had wrought affected her.

From that time until the fall of the Empire, she continued in the same course. She would have no dealings with men who were not rich, and she scattered their funds with a recklessnessavoring of malignancy. She always had a passion for display and the more costly the more pleasing to her. Her toilets were pronounced ravishing; she set many of the modes that are followed on both side of the sea; her name crept into paragraphs in London, New York and San Francisco, and served as bait to bring many rich Americans into her meshes, her fame became world-wide, and she gloried in the shame of being the acknowledged queen of folly. Every dissipated man of fortune who went to Paris was desirous of becoming acquainted with Cora Pearl, and she rarely failed to make them pay heavily for the dishonor of her acquaintance. She had a revenue from various sources that would delight a dozen ambitious money-getters, and she spent it as freely as it came.

The eternal law of retribution at last began to make itself felt with the extravagant Cora. War afforded the reckless men about Paris an opportunity to employ their restless natures in scenes outside of Cupid's court. Many of her old admirers joined their fortunes with that of Napoleon, and, like him, tumbled to ruin and obscurity.

The chastening which the French people received checked their extravagance and licentious characteristics. They calmly surveyed the road which had led to their ruin, and started with the Republic, resolved that they



SNARED TO RUIN.



would avoid a repetition of the causes which had undermined their prosperity and glory as a people.

Cora became an infamous "has been," a relic of an accursed system, and to-day is but a shadow of what she was. Men of promise and fortune shun her as they would a pestilence. She is at present obliged to employ her wits and preserve a sharp eye for her "dear friends," as the French call men caught in the nets of incontinence.

Formerly she held aloof from her frail sisters; she affected to despise the average courtizans who were less bad and less lucky than she. She never appeared in public except in a gilded turn-out, always occupied the most prominent box at the opera, and was altogether the most aristocratic personage in the world of vice.

She has descended a number of degrees from her once gay position. Adversity has made her philosophical, and she accepts her downfall with a grace not expected by those acquainted with her imperious nature.

The strangest thing about this notorious woman is the source of her attraction. She is not, and never has been, handsome. On the contrary she is, and always has been, plain. Her features are large, not well formed and inclined to coarseness. Her figure is not bad, nor very good either. She is not noticeable for grace. She is not strictly intellectual; albeit, she has acquired by dint of close observation and retentive memory, a quantity of bright wags and speeches that pass for wit. She is beyond forty now and looks older. When she was twenty-five she did not seem very young, indeed, there is nothing in or about her that can explain her unquestionable power of allurements. Hundreds of men who claim to be judges of women have expressed wonder at her success, not exceeded by that of any cocotte in Paris.

Not a great while ago a New Yorker who had long been acquainted with her, inquired:

"What is it, Cora, that so draws men to you? You are not young, handsome or interesting, apparently, and yet you have made dozens of men, some of them very clever and widely experienced, your abject slaves. I should like to know what it is. My curiosity is greatly piqued, for never before have I seen a woman

who could charm men without ability to discover somewhere the origin of her charm."

"That is my secret, monsieur, and I should be unwise to part with it. The truth is, you have never been in love with me, if you had you would know all about it."

This woman, in brief, is the incarnation of the mercenary harlot. She declares that she has neither heart nor conscience, and in this she probably tells the truth. She avers that no man ever wronged her, that she deliberately entered upon her infamous career, and that she has enjoyed it without a tinge of regret or remorse.

Persons who have known Cora Pearl for many years say that she never does any good. She may bestow benefits sometimes, but it is by accident. She admits that she is selfish to the core, that it would be no satisfaction to her to render the whole world happy. Her desires, her aims, her aspirations, begin and end with herself. The evil she has wrought gives her undisguised pleasure. She loves to refer to the men she has ruined, particularly those who have been proudest of her.

A year or two ago Cora took warning from approaching age, and sold her town house. Since then she has lived in luxurious retirement on the hoards of her protracted infamy. An interesting conclusion to this sketch of her career is the following account of her Parisian home, given at the time its doors were thrown open by the auctioneer.

The house is a perfect nest of luxurious comfort. It is not large—only two stories high—but there is more than room enough in it, on a very liberal allowance, for one and a friend. It is tastefully distinguished from its neighbors by the gilded balcony, and its open *porte enchere* gives a view of a range of solidly built stables that might not form a bad lodging for even the most fastidious poor. Before we reach them we have to pass the "waiting-room." Its doorway is to the left of the arched entrance, and opposite to it is the door of the hall of the house. Here we are, literally in marble halls. We may survey the scene on the vestibule for a moment from a large Gothic chair, in old oak, which may once have formed part of the furniture of a convent. Now we will pass into the billiard room—we are still on the ground floor. It has

divans of red morocco, and four spirited oil paintings of the horses "Tricolor," "Black" and "Musty," and of a lap-dog that has made his bed inside a man's white hat. The noble owner adores horses, probably by right of birth, for her father let them out to hire. We may now pass up stairs, across the rugs of lion, tiger and bear skin covering the hall. Here, on the first floor and at the back of the house, we find ourselves in the dining-room. It is roomy, for pairs; and, in its rich brown-oak paneling surmounted by a wall covering leather arabesqued in black and gold, its thick carpet, its heavy curtains of rep and its indescribable air of massive luxury was very pleasant to the eye. Plate is on the great oak sideboard, chinaware on the dining-table, the latter *faience de Rouen et de Nevers*—blue on a white ground; *faience Italienne* and plateaux in the style of Louis XIII. and of his illustrious successor. On the same table, too, are large cases containing some of the choicest of Mademoiselle's personal belongings—sunshades covered with black or white lace and with handles of carved ivory or jasper, fans by the half dozen in English point, tortoise shell and mother of pearl.

One object of greater interest must not be over-looked. Mademoiselle's beautifully illuminated book of devotions in the French tongue—a praying virgin on the cover, and a great store of angels on every broadly-margined page. It stands open at the words, "Let me soon hear the voice of thy mercy, for in thee is my hope. Thy spirit of goodness will lead me in the straight path. Make me live after the law of thy justice, Lord, for the glory of thy name."

A certain stuffiness which seems to pervade the room after the reading of the passage will make a move into the freer atmosphere of the landing a relief. This place, too, is tastefully furnished; its chairs are incrustated with ivory, it is draped with Oriental tapestry, and it has a statue of the classical Paris of the size of life, and dating from the time of Louis XV. Another step and we are in the larger drawing-room, crimson and gold—the latter in the cornices and woodwork, the former in the curtains and coverings of couches and chairs. Here are two chandeliers in Algerian onyx and gilded bronze; an elegant jardiniere in richly decorated ebony, with ornaments finely

chased (the winner of the medal of honor in its class at the exhibition of 1867), with groups in marble, in metal and in porcelain—Psyche and Love, Hercules and somebody whom we will call an acquaintance, and—I have no time to see what else. Here is a Chinese contrivance for burning perfumes, and a flower stand in Roman mosaic, "representing a monument in ruins." Multiply these extracts by a couple of dozen, and you will have some idea of the number of objects, rich and rare, in this humble abode.

The smaller drawing-room shows the like diversity and profusion. Here the furniture is in the style of Louis XVI., the wood-work black and gold, the coverings of sea-green satin with flowered ornaments in white. There are two books in the room, the only ones besides the work of devotion already mentioned to be seen in the house—Dore's "Don Quixote," and "The Holy Bible" illustrated by the same hand. One fancies it would be a graceful thing to buy all three in on the part of a friend, and send them on to the new establishment in the Champs Elysees—they would not take up much room.

But stay, we were nearly leaving the *salon* without looking at a very fine oil painting of modern date, of excellent workmanship and most irrefragable "moral." It illustrates Lafontaine's fine fable of "The Ant and the Grasshopper." You know the touching little story—the thoughtless grasshopper chirped through the glorious summer time without thinking of the bad season to come; the tuneless but prudent ant expended all her energy in laying by for a rainy day. Then came the fall of the leaf and the biting blast, and the singer, who had done nothing but see life, found herself under the necessity of trying to borrow a grain or two to sustain it from her friend's store.

Significant that such an apologue should have commended itself to the notice of the mistress of this house.

Another flight of stairs and we are at the door of the *boudoir*, having just passed through an ante-chamber which, from its position on the threshold of a lady's bower, contains the most extraordinary piece of furniture in the place—a huge stand of dumb-bells of various sizes, the largest of them hardly to be lifted by any one but an athlete. Is it a delicate at-



JOSEPHINE D'ORME,

INTRIGUANTE, ACTRESS AND A HEROINE OF MANY LOVES.



tention on the part of Omphale to stupid Hercules, who, on a wet afternoon, may be supposed to prefer a turn with these instruments on the landing to the choice literature down stairs? The boudoir is tapestried in dark gray; and solid furniture of black wood is laid with ivory. The dressing-room adjoining the boudoir has a toilet service in solid silver that might serve for the ablutions of a giant. There are innumerable knick-knacks in this and the room beyond—cabinets filled with a store of needle-cases, paper-knives, pin-cushions, ink-stands, boxes that might hold wafers and boxes that certainly could hold nothing at all—made in both the precious metals, with a free use of every device known to Parisian ingenuity for increasing their cost, if not their beauty, with precious stones. In one of the many miniature frames we have a photograph of a thoroughly commonplace person whose essential vulgarity of

aspect is enhanced by her Tudor costume, and particularly by a ruff which forms a sort of second frame for the hard, fierce face. It is probably a memorial of the time when the noble owner, thinking there was no limit to the indulgence of the Parisians, tried to charm them on the stage—only to find that she had for once reckoned without her host by being incontinently hissed off.

There is now nothing left to do but to retrace our steps. Before leaving, though, we may take a glance at the stables and coach-house, with the *coupe* and the three other carriages, and the horses Dandy, Arnold, Plimco, Rainbow and Queen, so well known to every frequenter of the Bois. The hammer-cloths bear the device of a horse's head, inclosed in four half-moons, each of which also forms the letter C, with this beneath them: "Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos." "It is Madame's motto," grins the stable boy.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE COST OF A FALSE STEP.

In one of the wards of the Insane Asylum on Blackwell's Island might be seen a few years ago, seated in a low rocking chair, gazing steadily at the floor with bowed head, a woman apparently about thirty-five years of age. All through the long day she sat there, never moving, never speaking, evidently communing with herself and brooding over some idea which had taken complete possession of her.

At night she was led to her room, and in the morning returned to her chair to go over the same performance as that of the day before.

The name of this pitiful wreck of humanity was Polly Walton, at one time the most beautiful harlot in New York.

Her history is a peculiar one. Her parents were considered one of the wealthiest couples in San Francisco. Her father had gone from the East during the gold fever while a young man, and by one or two lucky speculations amassed a large fortune. His wife was an heiress, and their possessions combined placed them in position where want could never come. Polly was the only child, and every luxury that one could desire or wealth pur-

chase was given her. She was reared in an atmosphere of social refinement far above that accorded to the average *debutante* upon the stage of life, and as she neared the period of maturity occupied a shrine at which a large number of the butterfly-fies of fashion worshipped most devoutly. She grew to be a beautiful, voluptuous woman, and being possessed of an ardent, impulsive nature, she was inclined to favor those young men whose social position gave them the *entree* to fashionable society, but who were what is termed "fast" rather than those who were sedate and matter-of-fact. Under proper influence this nature might have been moulded into pure and chaste womanhood.

But her parents were too indulgent to place a single obstacle in the way of their daughter's happiness. They let her choose her own company, their love blinding their eyes to the true character of the young men with whom their daughter associated.

Admiration, the glitter of wealth and the unrestrained indulgence in the follies of the upper station of fashionable life led her astray from the path of virtue.

She eloped with a young man by the name of Frazer and went to St. Louis, where she lived for a short time as his mistress. He deserted her, just as she began to realize her terrible mistake. Several times she started for home, but turned back, ashamed to face the fond father and mother she had disgraced. Realizing that she was an outcast from society, she resolved to remain so, and accordingly came on to New York and entered one of the most fashionable bagnios in the city.

After a short residence there she became the mistress of a prominent merchant and politician. Her splendid form and physical beauty attracted numerous admirers, so that after a few years she forsook her merchant lover and opened a house which was the resort of gay and wealthy people. During the war among her patrons were many of the leading military men of the country, as well as statesmen occupying high positions in the affairs of the government.

The following story is related as an illustration of Polly's spirit and courage: While the rebellion was at its height a well-known New York general, who occupied first place in her affections, was taken prisoner and conveyed to Libby Prison. While reading the war dispatches in one of the evening papers she learned of this fact, and without a minute's thought made her preparations to go to his rescue. She told no one of her intentions, simply satisfying her associates who were curious as to the cause of her going away by telling them that she had received intelligence that a dear friend was dying in Chicago, and that she desired to see her before she breathed her last.

That evening found her speeding on her way to Washington. Arrived there, she succeeded in getting a pass to the front. By a most daring piece of strategy she made her way through the lines into the enemy's camp. Here she was arrested as a spy and confined for a few days in a guard-house. Her gallant guardians were not so loyal to their duty that they were proof against the wiles of a beautiful woman. She excited their sympathy by her protestations of innocence and her asseverations that she loved the cause they were fighting for as dearly as she loved her life.

"Taffy" of this nature, judiciously spread

on, made her custodians very lax in the watch they kept over the artful Polly. They were willing she should escape, but she must not let them see her do it. At the first opportunity she obliged them, and started off in the night, not knowing whither she was going. Meeting an old negro in the road she secured him at a small sum to act as her guide. They traveled all night and just at daybreak reached a station on the railroad, twenty miles from the Confederate capital. Before nine o'clock in the forenoon she was at her destination, wearied and sore in body, but still firm in the purpose for which she came.

After resting a day and night she began to reconnoiter the place where her lover was confined. The solidly-constructed and gloomy old tobacco warehouse, which became famous as Libby Prison, was surrounded on all sides by soldiers, who were evidently too devoted to their cause to be swerved a hair's breadth from their duty. Indeed, so zealous were they that they did not hesitate to perpetrate acts upon their charges that tarnished the fair fame of Southern chivalry and made it a thing of ridicule and contempt.

Polly soon came to the conclusion that her only way to get inside was to resort to trickery. She went back to her hotel and before the day was over began a flirtation with an officer high in command. He became infatuated with her, and when he made advances to an acquaintance was met more than half way. Before three days were passed she received a pass from him to enter the prison. It was renewed from day to day, and General — was treated by the fair Polly to food and beverages that would have delighted the palate of an epicure, let alone a prisoner whose daintiest food was "salt horse" and stale bread. She managed to do this with such secrecy that she was never detected. Her Confederate lover never surmised for a moment the object of her visits. He believed her to be as fair and loyal a rebel as there was in Richmond. She attempted several times to effect the escape of her Northern lover, but found all schemes to that end impracticable.

After three weeks' stay an exchange of prisoners was made, and General — was among the number released. He discreetly left the city without Polly. Had her Confederate lover



THE END OF FOLLY'S REIGN.



found out that she had made him her dupe it would probably have been serious for her welfare.

One fair night she shook the dust of Richmond from her feet and left the gallant Southerner to mourn her absence and wonder at her mysterious disappearance.

Making her way back to New York, she again assumed charge of her palace of sin. Her exploit was published and served to make her a heroine. Prosperity smiled upon her more graciously than ever.

Alas, like thousands more she could not stand it. She began to have periodical sprees and while indulging in one would fairly throw her money away. These debauches soon marred her beauty and ruined her establish-

ment. When this point in her downward career was reached she became more dissipated than ever. Instead of periodical "tears" she became a chronic sot. Her mind became impaired and she was taken to the asylum on Blackwell's Island.

Here she made several attempts at suicide, declaring that she was too wicked to live. When foiled in her attempts at self-destruction she would fall upon her knees and pray for death to come and relieve her from the exquisite tortures of an overburdened conscience.

Finally she relapsed into the state described at the commencement of this article. She remained so for eight or nine months, and then the Potters' Field claimed her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A MAD GENIUS.

Charlotte Charke—originally Charlotte Gibber—was the youngest and most petted child of that pompous courtier Colley. A great man was Colley Gibber; one who loved flesh-pots passing well and adored the aristocracy; who held his head high among his fellows by reason of his talents, and even came to be admitted within the portals of White's club. By what irony of fate was one so punctilious and respectable cursed with such an olive-branch as Charlotte? Indeed, he was not lucky in his children; for his eldest daughter, if proper, was strewish and evil-tempered, and his son Theophilus a grievous thorn; but it was in the person of Charlotte, the youngest, that the acme of disgrace was reached.

The first glimpse we have of Charlotte is odd and whimsical. At the age of four we find her marching up and down in a dry ditch at Twickenham with step as solemn as her ponderous papa's, to the admiration of a crowd of yokels; clad in a flapped waistcoat of his, a periwig whose knotted ends trailed on the ground behind, struggling under the weight of a court sword. And here, at the outset, we come upon the ruling passion which guided her crooked life; all her tastes and instincts were masculine, her desires and ambitions;

but by some freak of nature, instead of a boy she was turned out a girl.

A few weeks later she made her triumphal entry into Twickenham, where Colley's villa was, astride on a young jackass, surrounded by all the ragamuffins in the neighborhood. Years made her worse instead of better. It was vain to hide her gun or lock the stable door. She studied physic; set up as a Lady Bountiful; ordered in a plentiful supply of drugs from the adjacent village, wherewithal to doctor the alms-house women. When Colley received the bill and roared and cursed, and forbade the apothecary to supply her, she made boluses of snails and brown sugar, ointment of chopped herbs and mutton fat and went on physicking all who trusted her as before.

A certain adventurer of the name of Charke came along and beheld a comely, unsuspecting girl of fifteen, who was overdeveloped for her years, and beset by vague and unconscious longings. He was aware that she was the favorite child of the great Colley, who, amongst other wonderful attributes, was patentee of the great theatre in Drury Lane and said to be worth a plum. Charke was a musician who gave concerts, for which patronage

was needed. The great Colley's influence might be most useful. He married Charlotte for it.

The girl had cause soon to regret her bargain. From morn till eve she was tracing her spouse through the hundreds of Drury, where resided many a wench who was frail as well as fair. Scenes of unbraiding and tears were followed by blows. The monago of the Charles became a public scandal. The too seductive musician, wearied by his wife's chiding, wooed and won another blossom and took ship with it for the Indies, leaving his better half alone to go through the travail of a first confinement.

When she rose from her bed Charlotte seemed another woman. Mrs. Oldfield, who was about retiring from the stage, gave her some lessons and spoke highly of her mental parts.

The debutante appeared as Mademoiselle in "The Provoked Wife" and was pronounced promising. Then, in company with Quin, played Cleopatra, The Distressed Mother, and a host of tragic characters, without being hissed off; was appointed "chief female understudy" in Colley Gibber's theatre, with the mission of undertaking any part on shortest notice in case of any one of the regular company falling ill.

Charlotte quarreled with some regal domineering creature, and retired in dudgeon to the new house in the Haymarket, then specially licensed to Mr. Fielding; which gentleman engaged the seceder at a salary of four guineas per week. But ignorant, reckless Charlotte slid into debt, became disgusted with the stage, threw up her engagement, pawned her credit and her clothes, and set up as a grocer in Long Acre.

For awhile the young tradeswoman was enchanted, for, by the way of frolic, her father's fine friends came to buy. She was a good horsewoman, she affirmed; why not then go her own journeys, do her own canvassing with country traders? Of course; an excellent idea. A saddle-horse was purchased instantan, and a field hired all in a hurry as a dwelling for the beast.

One evening in the dusk, a certain grimy youth elected to be amorous. Laughingly she edged him to the street with quip and banter, or it wouldn't do to offend customers, and

pushed him out, banged to the door, and fastened it with chain and bolt.

Alas! if the stable door was shut, the mare was stolen; under cover of the darkness and of dallying, other youths had crept in upon their bellies and made havoc of her goods. The bright brass weights were gone, so were the takings of the till, and everything else of value upon which the thieves had been able to lay hand.

Charlotte sat down and railed at fate, whilst she hugged her baby to her breast; then rose up and wrote penitently to her papa. But Colly was adamant to his giddy daughter. Mere acquaintances—as oftimes is the case—were more charitable than blood-relatives.

Somebody supplied the bankrupt groceress with a few pounds, which she proceeded to invest in madcap haste, as her way was, in the first speculation that offered. This chanced to be a puppet-show, up two flights of stairs over a tennis-court in St. James street.

She rigged out her dolls in new and gorgeous raiment, furbished up their noses and splintered cheeks, had new scenery painted regardless of expense; purchased mezzotintos of eminent persons, and got the portraits imitated in wood—and then sat down to take the town by storm.

Again the jaded interest of beaux and belles was aroused by the doings of the mad-cap. Fashion flocked up the two pairs of stairs; pronounced the entertainment vastly genteel; vowed that Colley was a brute for neglecting so talented a creature (Charlotte spoke all the parts behind a screen, just as a Punch-and-Judy man does); came again and again, delighted.

All was going well; but Charlotte's creditors, who upon her first failure had been content to look upon the trifle that she owed them as a bad debt, began to open their eyes now that she bade fair to prosper. They pursued her; their emissaries hung about the tennis-court. She, as well as the audience, grew disgusted; and with Charlotte to be disgusted was to throw up the occupation of the moment, and take refuge from annoyance in something novel. She sold the show, which was worth five hundred pounds, for twenty, and disappeared for a time in the unfathomable mazes of low London.

For several years we search for her in vain;



THE BEAUTIFUL BLACKMAILER AT WORK.

(FROM "MAN-TRAPS OF NEW YORK.")



and when at length we do discover traces of the prodigal, she is in a worse plight even than before. In the interval we find that she had contracted a mysterious marriage. The second husband, like the first, is dead, and has left her saddled with the burden of his debts. An important change, too, has taken place in her way of life.

Harried, pursued, hunted by a whole pack in full cry, she has abandoned the costume of her sex, and henceforth will wear the trappings of a man.

Under the nickname of "Sir Charles" we catch a glimpse of the unhappy woman in a sponging-house, from which she is rescued by a subscription, raised through the compassion of the frail sisterhood of the Piazza. Pursued again as soon as free, she is protected by a soft-hearted bailiff, who, won by the occult fascination as most people were, changed hats with her—her own silver-faced one being only too well known—in order that she may take refuge in a deserted mansion in Great Queen street, where she will find her little daughter. The door had scarcely closed upon "Sir Charles," than, too much perturbed by sudden frenzy any longer to dread her tormentors, she rushes bareheaded into the road with flying hair and piteous cries for help.

What signify bailiffs now? The child is dying—dead perhaps—will no one fetch a loach?

The spectacle of this youthful gentleman, a boy almost, in such dire distress over the loss of a little child, moves the sympathies of the mob. They sway to and fro with words of pity, and are hesitating how to act, when one, venerable and kindly visaged, breaks through their ranks and leads the youth indoors.

He communes with the friendless boy, deplores his plight, takes him home to his own house along with the child (who was not dead as it turned out), and nurses the twain into convalescence. Good-natured Mrs. Woffington comes to the assistance of "Sir Charles," as do Garrick, Rich, Lacey, and other historians.

Charlotte is in clover for a while; safe from duns and debts, well fed, well clothed, well housed, and is content to lie for a month or two in the lap of luxury, without troubling herself as to who is paymaster, or worrying

her easy-going mind with the vexations of the future.

But a time comes when a restless devil within goads her once more to action. Charlotte Charke fully made up her mind to return to the stage. She never assumed her second husband's name, though her aliases were many and various. To return openly to the stage was impossible, as much on account of her angry father's influence as for fear of the army of creditors.

So night after night she (or rather he) stole with trembling limbs and aching heart to the self-same familiar tennis-court where the belles used to applaud the puppet-show, to ask if a character was wanting in one of the plays that were constantly being got up there. Queer things took place in that theatre.

Once, in the concluding act of a tragedy, a young hero beheld a mirmidon of the law awaiting his exit in the alleys to march him off to durance vile. Scarcely knowing what he did, he drew a busk from the stays of the heroine who reposed upon his breast, and plunged it into his heart, putting an end to his own useless life, as well as to his stage rant.

About the purlieu of this peculiar abiding-place of the Muses Charlotte elected to hang, in expectation of something turning up. One night there was tribulation there, since the Captain Plume of the evening had just arrived in his sedan, speechlessly and hopelessly intoxicated. Captain Plume is the chief part in the favorite play of "The Recruiting Officer." No more could "The Recruiting Officer" be enacted without Plume than could "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Where, at the last moment was a Plume to be found?

A modest youth, slipped and down at heel, stepped in from the miry courtyard. "If it should please your honors," he said, with a graceful bow, "I would play Plume. I know that part as well as most other parts in the accepted repertory, and have with me, by good fortune, a clean shirt and stockings."

In a trice the drunken captain was bereft of his stage glory, and the amiable youth implored to be quick in dressing. But the youth had an eye to the main chance. "I care not a fig for your art," he cried, in scorn, with lamentable downrightiness. "With me it is a matter of bread and cheese. Pay me a

guinea and I'll act; if you can't I'll go away." It was paid, and the youth acted — so well that a country manager, who happened to be present, offered his terms at once. "My name is Jockey Adams," he said, "celebrated for my inimitable jockey dance. What's yours! I'm starting a strolling company. If you join you shall play first parts."

"My name," the youth retorted with a reckless laugh, "is Brown. I'm alone in the world save for a child-sister, and I'm gaping for a crust. I've no clothes but those I wear, and no money. If that suits you, well and good—I'm yours."

And so the bargain was struck. Charlotte and her little daughter went a strolling, and in the first town where they elected to set up their tent a strange and wonderful accident befell our heroine.

One of the audience, who with a party was honoring the strollers with her presence, fell violently in love at first sight with the leading actor. His form was so elegant, his face so expressive, his demeanor so genteel, that the young lady in question almost had a fit. Nothing would suit her but that she must marry him — instantly — immediately — delay meant agony, despair, death! Would the dear youth espouse the maid who loved him? Of course he would, for he of course was a beggar, whilst she (though ugly as sin) was an orphan heiress, who in eight months would be of age, at which period she would come into sole possession of forty thousand pounds in the bank, and effects in the Indies worth twenty thousand more.

Charlotte visited the unfortunate heiress, and told her the plain truth. "I am no young man," she said, "only a poor, forlorn, deserted, neglected, starving girl. My father is the great Cibber, friend of earls and dukes. He reckes not where his daughter rots. I have to live somehow until I'm summoned hence, and to fill another mouth besides my own, and God knows that the task is hard." With that the two women, so oddly brought together, mingled their tears and sighs, and parted, never to meet again.

This adventure appears to have effected Charlotte as deeply as anything could affect so smooth a temperament. She railed by fits and starts at the injustice of her fate, vowed vengeance on her father, on all the world. She

persuaded Jockey Adams to remove to another town, to St. Albans, and here, as she brooded over accumulated wrongs, the desired vengeance answered her call and came. It reached her ears that the obdurate Colley, traveling on business, was to lie the following night at St. Albans on his way to pay a visit to some aristocratic patron. Charlotte donned boots and vizard and looming through the mist a horseback in the road bade his coach stand while he delivered; presented a pistol at his breast and while he groveled down and cried for mercy withered his conscience-stricken soul with her upbraidings. With unctuous tears he begged for life, craved pardon for the past, gave up his purse with three score guineas, his diamond buckles, sumptuous watch and snuff-box and then was permitted to depart with gibes and echoing peals of laughter for his cowardice, which cut into his vanity like knives.

It was but a poor revenge of Charlotte's after all, although she gained the guineas and the jewelry no doubt; for she fixed firmly in her parent's heart undying hatred.

Hitherto he had taken no steps himself to do the lady injury. But now it was different. She dared to show up her father to public ignominy and derision, to make a laughing stock of him. She must be crushed, then, ere time was given to work more serious harm.

Her life thenceforth was an endless round of misery. She played snap parts as a man till she had to reveal herself; served as a valet to an Irish lord and next as journeyman to a sausage maker.

Her next post was a waiter at the King's Head Tavern, Marylebone, whence she returned to the profession as manager of a wretched band of barn-stormers. An uncle provided her pitifully with a little money, with which she opened a tavern in Drury Lane, but soon went to pot. She played under her brother, Theophilus, at the Haymarket till the house was closed, when she relapsed into the old, hopeless condition of a vagabond player.

The simple story of her wretchedness reads incredible. She published it in an autobiography in 1755, which provided her with money enough to open a public house, in which she failed, as usual.

She escaped her creditors and a warrant and hidden in a hut in the fields, squatting on a



ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.



cinder heap, she wrote a novel with no better desk than a bellows. Her companions for several months in this hermitage were a squalid servant girl, a cat, dog, magpie and monkey. When she finished her novel she sold it for five pounds and moved into London again.

There she gleaned a scanty subsistence from the theatres, prolonging her life till the 6th of April, 1760.

Does the history of folly hold the chronicle of a madder queen than this?

## CHAPTER IX.

## A SIBEN OF OLD NEW YORK.

New York is a city that grows old fast. New things to-day seem old to-morrow. The restless, impetuous, go-ahead spirit that permeates all of the people who inhabit the metropolis crowds out all reverence for things and traditions of the past. This spot or that building may have been the scene of some event that had a powerful influence at the time of its occurrence in moulding the destiny of the people for weal or woe. Progress demands that they be blotted out by improvement. Without a thought of regret the demand is complied with.

There is but little sentiment in a New Yorker's nature when business is concerned. He knows no law but that of progress. He feels no sentiment but that of enterprise.

Hence we see changes going on every day and so gradually but surely does their realization dawn upon us that they excite no wonder.

It does not need an "old inhabitant" to tell you of the time when Canal street was the boundary line between the green fields of the country and the city proper. Men comparatively young remember the time and manifest no surprise at the transformation which has taken place.

Before the country above Canal street was settled in its present condition Lispenard, Franklin and Leonard streets were considered up-town. In these streets stood, so considered at the time, magnificent residences, occupied by the wealthy and cultured people of the city. Gradually they removed a little farther up and their homes became the abiding place of the *élite* demi-monde and the resort of the gay and frolicsome from all parts of the country. Some fine old mansion would be turned into a gin mill, another into a hotel, another into a brothel.

The hallowed quietude of domesticity soon gave way to the turmoil of debauchery. Satan

began to recognize the neighborhood as his New York stamping ground.

Among the gayest of the gay at that time was a scarlet beauty named Kate Hastings. Her domicile was located in — street. Some romantic debauchee, with the licentiousness of feudal times in his mind, named her house "Castle Hasting" and by that designation it became famous all over the Union. Its charming mistress entertained all who came in regal style. Under her roof occurred events which form a part of New York's history. Political plans were formed that had a mighty influence on the destiny of the United States.

It was no uncommon sight to see her entertaining in one evening distinguished statesmen, famous generals and celebrated authors and she did it with so much grace and such queenly hospitality that the sin of being her guest never troubled the morals of her company in the least.

One of the most famous of the visitors to the "Castle Hasting" was Aaron Burr. His last visit was made a few months before his death. This notorious rouse was charmed with the wit and beauty of the wicked Kate and declared that her equal was not to be found. Such an opinion from so competent a critic of female loveliness was no slight compliment.

At this time she was still in her teens. As she grew older she lost none of her art to charm. The Castle's fame as a resort of pleasure increased with age, and the orgies which took place there from time to time were declared exact counterparts of the festivals of heathen mythology with all the wickedness reproduced and improved upon.

Kate presided over this saturnalia of sinful pleasure with a gusto which must have delighted the soul of her master beyond measure.

In later years, when Kate became more practical, the Castle was the resort of the sporting element of New York and the presence of this class often led to uproars, in which revolvers, bowies and fists played a reckless part.

Many of these ructions were the result of disputes as to the merits of the then champion pugilists of New York. During an evening some aspiring gladiator, accompanied by his henchmen, would drop in. Shortly after an opponent, similarly guarded, would follow. The fighting blood of both parties, warmed up to belligerency by Kate's wine, was bound to assert itself. Compliments of a very derogatory character were sent flying back and forth at each other. Then came a challenge and immediately after the fun began. The gorgeous furniture which adorned Kate's domicile, the sensitive nerves of her lovely crop of females, the peace of the neighborhood—nothing, in fact, was taken into consideration by the blood-thirsty combatants. They had their fun out, and when the question of muscular superiority was decided the victors and vanquished sat down amid the ruin they had wrought and drank bumpers to each others' health and powers until nature succumbed to the drowsy influence of wine and they fell under and about the table, too drunk for fight or utterance.

Other rows at the Castle quite as turbulent and destructive grew out of the sectional feeling at that time between the North and South. Some vallant Southerner, firm in the belief that "one Southerner could lick three Yankees," would announce his readiness and anxiety to prove that this assertion was not an empty boast but a glorious reality. He generally found some equally vallant Yankee who believed right the reverse and who was just as anxious to prove his belief. When both sections were represented by several warriors the issue was all the more interesting. Fists generally played the prologue in settling the question, but invariably revolvers closed the scene.

Notwithstanding these various little "on-pleasantries" Kate managed to bring order out of chaos and keep up the reputation of her Castle as "one of the quietest places in Gotham for an evening's enjoyment." When a fight was ended she poured oil on the troubled waters by feminine diplomacy, which would

make the fame of a European statesman eternal as a peace-maker. Those who came to fight remained to fraternize in the wildest revelry, and long before they separated they had more than paid for all the damage they had done to the Castle.

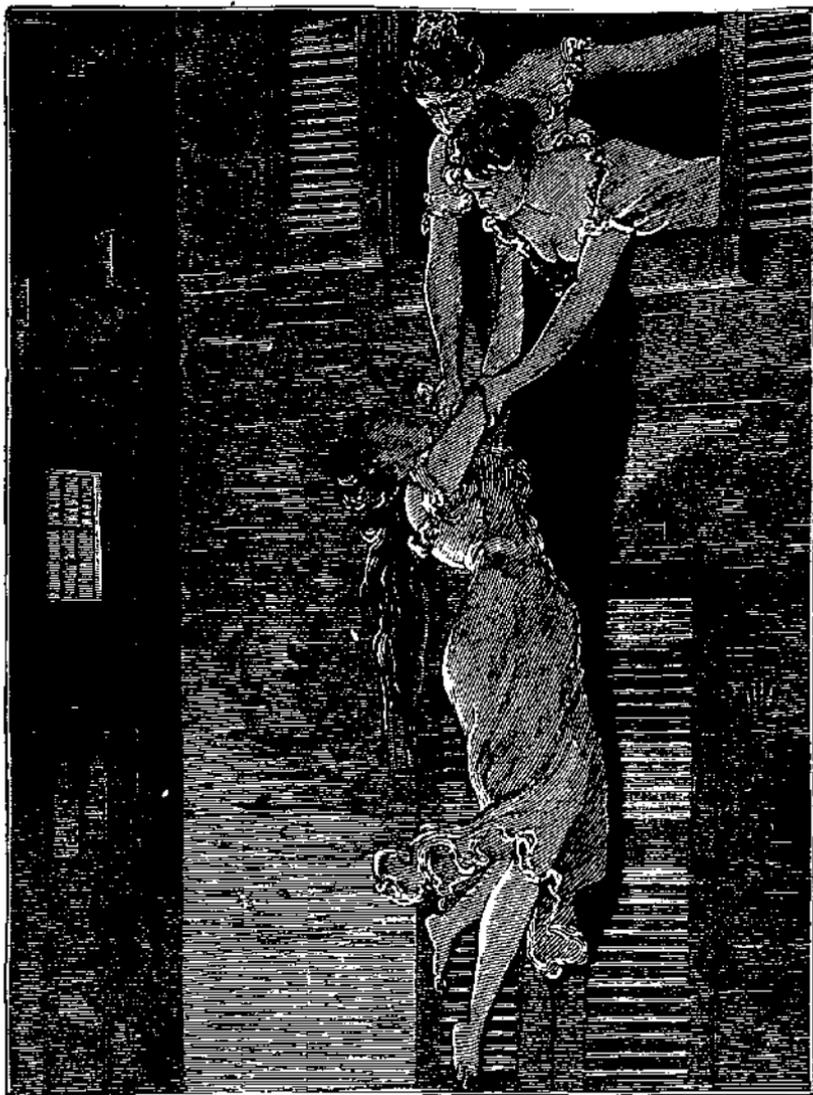
For a great many years Kate flourished in the accumulation of wealth. Meanwhile her wondrous beauty had begun to vanish under the touch of time and dissipation. Among her other vices she had acquired a passion for gambling, a pastime, by the way, much more fashionable and common then than now. Her parlors were turned into gambling rooms, and night after night fortunes were lost and won therein.

Among the votaries of chance who were her patrons none were more reckless than Kate. She played with a rashness that seemed born of desperation, and luck generally favored her. Her success with cards became proverbial and it frightened many superstitious gamblers so badly that they avoided her as they would a witch.

One night a wealthy New Orleans merchant engaged her at a game, at which it was agreed that the stakes should not be less than \$5,000 a side. Play began about ten o'clock and lasted until the sun began to throw his rays across Castle Hastings. Then the merchant arose from the table and went out into the streets a poor man. The evening papers chronicled his death by suicide and but few knew the motive for the deed.

Two or three years after this event Kate met her match in another resident of the Crescent City. One by one she saw every dollar she possessed vanish, until she could not meet the call of her opponent. In a fit of desperation she wagered the Castle against its value—and lost. The law of retribution found an executor in the man from New Orleans. His townsman's sad death found an avenger in him. Kate was sent out into the world a pauper. The friends of the days of her prosperity deserted her one by one. She drank wine, then whisky, then whatever she could get that was intoxicating, and finally died, as pitiful a wreck of humanity as was ever hustled into Potter's Field.

And this is the fate that awaits many a Queen of Polly who to-day thinks that life was given for pleasure only.



ON THE BRINK OF DEATH.  
(FROM THE "POLICE GAZETTE ANNUAL.")



## CHAPTER X.

## A QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

It is the privilege of genius to need no sponsors and no ancestors. As an artist, Sarah Bernhardt was born the day when her histrionic talent first displayed itself. The public, however, will not be satisfied with such an immaterial genealogy as that.

I shall speak of Sarah Bernhardt; artists of her rank have a right to be spared the "Madame" or "Mademoiselle" that is reserved for those whose names do not "fit living o'er the lips of men." As for the sources from which my facts have been obtained, I may say, once for all, Sarah Bernhardt has been her own biographer.

How long ago it happened I do not know. Women, especially pretty women, are rarely exact about dates. But the story is none the less true. Two young girls, whose appearance and dress showed that they were not Parisians, had seated themselves on two chairs in the garden of the Palais Royal. One was about 15 years of age; the other a little younger. They looked at the company with an astonished and delighted air; they were lost in wonderment over the fountain and the alleys of trees and the impudence of the sparrows. The two girls had not been there long when a woman with a gayly ribboned cap and a leather reticule attached to her waist presented herself before them, and requested them to pay for their chairs. The privilege of sitting on the chairs cost one sou for each person. The girls had no money, and laughed in the woman's face. She insisted, the girls protested, and then the guardian of the garden, an old military pensioner, with a waxed moustache and a grizzly goatee, intervened. Finally a policeman appeared on the scene and took the young girls to the station house. There they explained themselves.

The fact was that they had just come from Amsterdam, were of Dutch birth and of a respectable family. All this was written down by the Commissioner, and might doubtless still be found among the old records at the Prefecture of Police. The two girls had simply run away from home with only money enough to pay their journey. In order to deceive the administration of the diligence, they had filled an old trunk with billets of wood, and as soon as they arrived with empty pockets at Paris they had deposited their trunk at the hotel and gone to sit in the garden of the Palais Royal. There must evidently have been some romance at the bottom of this escapade.

The younger of these two girls was on the point of becoming a mother, and two months after her arrival in Paris she gave birth to the firstborn of the eleven sisters and brothers of her who was to be Sarah Bernhardt. This precocious mother was born of a mother who had had no less than eighteen children. She belonged to a family of Jews in which the Bohemian instincts of the race were singularly developed. The members of it are scattered all over the earth, and wherever Sarah Bernhardt may go, whether in Europe or America, she need not seek long before finding uncles or cousins in profusion.

All the women of this family were remarkable for their beauty, and the mother of Sarah in particular was famous for the number of passions which she inspired. Some of these passions were strange and adventurous, a fact which may be borne in mind by those who wish to solve the mystery of the character of the singular and charming actress of to-day. Nothing is known about the father of Sarah, except that he was a very worthy man, a lawyer at Havre, who died young, and who insisted on having his daughter baptized. Now comes the great question: In what year was Sarah Bernhardt born? According to the register of the Conservatoire it was in the year 1844, on Oct. 22, and her real name is Bosine Bernhardt.

At an early age she was placed in the Convent of Grandchamp, at Versailles, and she remained there until she had completed her education. It would appear that Sarah, or rather Bosine, was not an ordinary child, and the nuns were struck by her strange airs. She was expelled from the convent four times for peccadilloes which its discipline made offences beyond expiation, and four times she was taken in again. Her tears, her prayers, her charms were already irresistible. Some years ago Sarah happened to find one of the reports which the Sister Superior of the convent had sent to her mother while she was at Grandchamp. The tenor of the document in ordinary language is that Sarah was not born for the ordinary conditions of life; that she was fated to become either one of the brightest lights of piety or one of the most terrible rocks of offence that religion has ever anathematized.

When she finally left the convent, her arms full of prize books and her head bowing down beneath the weight of paper crowns and tinsel wreaths, the family

legend says that, being asked what she intended to do in life, she said, in a tone of ardent faith: "I wish to become a nun." Then, seeing the astonishment that this avowal had created, she added: "Unless I become an actress."

It was then that it was decided that she should be sent to the Conservatoire, the national school of music, declamation and singing. The instruction at the Conservatoire is gratuitous, but every pupil is bound, when he has completed his studies, to hold himself at the disposal of the Minister of Fine Arts, and to contract, according to his orders, an engagement with one of the theatres that are subventioned by the State—the Opera, Opera Comique, Theatre Francais, or Odeon. The State theatres thus have the pick of the pupils of the Conservatoire. In order to enter the school, each candidate has to pass a preliminary examination. He chooses some pieces which he sings or recites before the jury. The mother of Sarah Bernhardt was unfamiliar with the customs of the Conservatoire. Her daughter could recite Fontaine's fable of the "Deux Pigeons," and she thought that was enough. The young girl—she was then barely 14 years of age—stepped forward before the terrible jury. But she had hardly said:

"*Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'amour tendre.*"

when Anber, who was then director, motioned to her to stop. Then, as Françoise Sarcey relates, he said: "Enough, enough, come here, *petite.*" The child approached with a bold and confident air. She was a pale, thin little creature; but her eyes had that limpid and profound green light that characterizes Northern women, and her physiognomy was sparkling with intelligence.

"Your name is Sarah?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You are a Jewess?"

"By birth, yes, Monsieur. But I have been baptized."

"She has been baptized," said Anber, turning to his colleagues. "It would have been a pity if such a pretty child had not been baptized. She has recited her fable of the 'Deux Pigeons' very nicely. We must admit her."

And so she was admitted to the Conservatoire in 1866; but as all the pupils at the school are day pupils, she continued to live at home with her mother, who, it must be remembered, had had twelve children, and in whose strange life poverty predominated. When Sarah was going to the Conservatoire, her mother used to give her only six sous a day to pay her omnibus. Sarah said nothing, but with a droll instinct of innate luxury she did not take the omni-

bus, but saved up the sous until she had enough to pay for a cab and then she rode up to the Conservatoire in state.

At the Conservatoire Sarah Bernhardt was a pupil of Provost, of Samson and of Beauvallet, all excellent professors of diction. In class, it appears, Sarah had the detestable habit of tearing flowers to pieces and chewing the leaves, a bad sign according to the authorities on such matters, and indicative of a nervous temperament impatient of restraint. After the usual course of study she obtained a second prize in tragedy in 1881, and a second prize for comedy in 1882, and she had, therefore, a right to a debut at the first of the State theatres, the Theatre Francaise.

She made her debut there in "Iphigénie en Aulide" in August, 1882, in conditions that were far from favorable. In those days no such care was spent over debuts as now, and after one or two hurried rehearsals in the *foyer*, or green-room, the newcomer had to appear before the footlights. Very little notice was taken of Sarah's first appearance on that stage, which was to be the scene of her greatest triumphs. No one except the venerable and excellent Mme. Joussain has preserved any very distinct recollection of the event. The debut was a failure. Mme. Joussain alone prophesied a brilliant future for her. Sarcey, most conscientious and most impartial of critics, was attracted by the strange orthography under which she had been pleased to disguise the commonplace name of Bernard. Sarcey, however, did not predict a brilliant future for the *débütante*: he contented himself with remarking some signs of talent.

Sarah did not stay long at the Theatre Francais. She must have been a perfect little demon, angry, impudent, fantastic, of an unbridled tongue and ready to make fun of everybody. Her friends say that the director of the Theatre Francais, M. Thierry, discouraged her and dissuaded her from continuing her debuts at a theatre where she had but little chance of ever distinguishing herself. But there is another story to the effect that the irritable young creature boxed the ears of a senior member of the company. If the ears had been those of a man the matter might have been arranged, but the ears belonged to a person of the sex that never pardons.

From the Theatre Francais she went to the Gymnase, but on the second or third night after her first appearance, she did not come to the theatre at all. Search was made everywhere in vain; the newspapers printed wonderful stories about fabulous engagements in America. Meanwhile, Sarah was eating oranges at Madrid. She had written a letter to M.



CORA PEARL

AS A BALLET GIRL (FROM PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY HERSELF).



Labiche, the author of the piece in which she had been engaged to play and ended it with these words: "Ayez pitie d'une pauvre petite toquée!" ("Have pity on a poor little crack-brained girl.")

This was Sarah's first fight. When she returned to Paris she had some difficulty in getting an engagement in any serious theatre. She had not yet shown any particular talent, and she was known only for her freaks and escapades. The gossip journals had related, with abundant details, how she had twice poisoned herself, and how, on each occasion, a savior had administered the necessary antidote. Doubtless there was little or no truth in all these *cancons*, but still they sufficed to bring discredit upon her name.

But, artist as she naturally was, Sarah Bernhardt could not live off the stage. She bored herself to death, and finally she saved herself by an escapade more singular than all the others. She engaged herself at the Port Saint-Martin Theatre, in 1866, under a false name, to play the part of the *Princess Desirée*, in the "Biche au Bois." Nobody recognized her but some of the critics praised her for the correct and melodious manner in which she spoke a long piece on the beauties of nature. In this piece she sang a duet with Mme. Ugalde, and took part in the choruses like a regular third-rate artiste.

It was obvious that Sarah could not remain long where she was. She longed for *le grand art*. She went to the Odeon, then managed by Chilly and Duquesnel. To the latter she said: "I have been shown the door everywhere, but try me. I assure you there is something there;" and she pointed, not to her brow, but to her breast. She was protected by the Academician, M. Camille Doncett, who had at once divined her genius, and finally M. Duquesnel engaged her. She made her debut there on Moliere's birthday, Jan. 14, 1867, as *Armande* in "Les Femmes Savantes." But her first real success was in the little role of *Joas* in Rathine's "Athalie." Her charming voice and perfect diction struck the audience with admiration. At the Odeon Sarah Bernhardt played a number of roles with varying success, but her first really great triumph was the role of *Zanetto*, in Coppee's "Passant," to which, as the author says, she lent "the prestige of her exquisite blonde beauty, and of her talent so full of elegance and of grace." (This was in January, 1869.) The success of *Zanetto* was immense, and Sarah was feted and lauded to the skies. No bonnet performance, no soiree was complete unless *Zanetto* came and recited her lovely Italian romance.

The Franco Prussian war came. Sarah Bernhardt had suddenly become the idol of the public. In Sep-

tember of that terrible year of 1870 she conceived the idea of establishing an ambulance for the wounded in the public foyers, or crush-room, of the Odeon Theatre. With that nervous impetuosity which has always distinguished her, she at once set to work, and in forty-two hours she had twenty-two beds ready for the wounded, and a kitchen and a drug-store in working order. All the expenses of this ambulance were borne by Sarah herself, and besides directing the infirmary she occupied herself with the administration of the ambulance, which, being a military one, was required to send in a report every morning to the central hospital of Val-de-Grace. Sarah used to watch anxiously over each of her wounded. One day a *mobilé* named Fortin, who had been married only a few months, and who had a little property in the environs of Paris, underwent a painful operation. In order to perform it the surgeon administered chloroform. When the poor fellow awoke he turned to Sarah, who had remained at his bedside, and said, with his voice full of emotion: "Never mind, M'am'selle Sarah, the Prussians, who are now perhaps burning my house out yonder, will never eat all the fish in the Seine, and I promise you that my first *matelot* shall be for you!"

Sarah Bernhardt was charming as an *ambulanciere*. She wore a blue dress, bordered with swan's down, and over it a large white apron, covering her breast and coming down to her feet.

After the war, when the theatres reopened, Victor Hugo's "Ray Blas" was revived at the Odeon, and the role of the weary and melancholy Queen was given to Sarah Bernhardt. After the very first act Victor Hugo proclaimed her to be the very ideal *Dona Maria*. She had a delicate and sweet charm that even Rachel lacked. In his feuilleton on the event Sarcey says: "Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has received from nature the gift of depressed and plaintive dignity. All her movements are at once noble and harmonious; whether she rises or sits down, whether she walks or makes a half turn round, the long folds of her dress with its silver threads fall around her with poetic grace. Her voice is languishing and tender, her diction of a rhythm so just, and of a clearness so perfect, that you never lose a syllable even when the words are only breathed over her lips like a carress. And how she follows the undulations of the period that rolls along and never breaks, ever keeping the flexible lines of its harmony! And with what fine and penetrating intonations she marks certain words!" The critic has here given us the secret of Sarah's universal fascination; it is her plastic grace. In "Hernani" her success reached its apogee; and yet the role of *Dona Sol*, which she

played, was as far as the number of verses were concerned almost a minor role. She had, indeed, very little to say, but she had to remain on the stage while the other actors were speaking. Her role was a silent one to a great extent; but what a charm there was in the way she sat, in the way she let her hand fall! She knows those movements of the arms, those inclinations of the head, those quiverings of the shoulders, those postures of the foot and leg, which turn the first ordinary bit of stuff that comes into a fold of marble in an Eginetan bas-relief.

The brilliancy of Sarah's success in "Ruy Blas" at the Odeon attracted the attention of M. Perrin, who had begun his campaign for the renovation of the hitherto indolent Comedie Francaise. But she did not come to the Comedie Francaise at "one fell swoop," as most of her biographers pretend. It was indeed some time before M. Perrin engaged her, for at that time Sarah had a few fanatical admirers and a great many enemies. The fact is that up to then she had not shown an amount of talent which justified the fuss made about her, and many people were irritated at hearing so much about Sarah Bernhardt. In the press there was a storm of epigrams, and her engagement at the Theatre Francaise remained doubtful. Sarah had already set a large proportion of decent and quiet citizens against her by the eccentricities of her life, which to ordinary people seemed calculated, whereas in reality they were only the explosions of her Bohemian genius. Her lodging was burned down, and the report at once became current that she had set fire to it in order to get talked about. It was about this time, too, that she conceived the idea of having a black ebony coffin in her bedroom, padded with white satin, and even of sleeping in it. You may imagine the thousand and one exaggerations of the idlers of the boulevard. In short, it was thought that the whimsical Sarah was not worthy to become a member of a society of such staid and sober traditions as the Theatre Francaise, a veritable temple of art, in which the actors give themselves the airs of priests and Levites. Alphonse Daudet, the novelist, never wearies of scoffing at the airs of the actors of the Comedie Francaise, "*ils ne jouent pas*," he says; "*ils officient*." ("They do not act; they officiate.") Sarah was not fitted for the Comedie Francaise. She was engaged, however. Then another difficulty arose. She had forgotten that she was bound for another year at the Odeon. The manager of that theatre did not wish to lose her, and claimed a forfeit. The legend says that Sarah, in a high state of superb wrath, stamped on the floor of her salon, and forthwith there sprang up the required number of thousand franc notes, which the manager of the Odeon placed

in his pocket-book with a sigh of regret. Her debut at the Theatre Francaise, in Dumas' "Mlle. de Belle-Isle," was not successful. Then the war broke out around her once more with fresh vigor. In entering the Comedie Francaise Sarah had trodden on the toes of many people. When she first came there she had been ready with her hand; now she was ready with her tongue. That frail and nervous creature, who has taken for her motto "*Quand memo*," tramples with joy and rage on all social conventions, and when once she has fairly started in a fit of anger or a bout of scolding, she is, ungallant as the statement may seem, a perfect demon. She goes ahead as regardless of the blows that she gives as of the blows that she receives. Well, after "Mlle. de Belle-Isle," Sarah tried roles in the ancient and modern repertory, and each role was the occasion of an epic battle in the newspapers. She succeeded fairly in "Phedre," and especially in Voltaire's "Zaire," which was one of her triumphs; but her first really undisputed success was in the role of *Berthe de Savigny*, in Octave Feuillet's "Le Sphinx." After this creation she became the idol of the picked public as well as of the general public. The picked public consists of the "good company," aristocrats and high-born folk, who have a box at the Francaise on Tuesdays regularly all through the season. It is the same public that you find on subscription nights at the opera. Hitherto the *habitués des marais* as they are called, had been rather hostile to, or at least unsympathetic toward, Sarah. Having won them over, her triumph was complete. Henceforward she held the public and the connoisseurs under her spell.

I need not dwell upon her other creations—*Berthe*, in "La Fille de Boland," the wonderful creation of the blind old woman in "Roma Vaincue," *Cherubin* in the "Mariage de Figaro," and *Mrs. Clarkson* in "L'Étrangère." On November 21, 1877, Victor Hugo's famous piece, "Hernani," was revived at the Comedie Francaise, and Sarah Bernhardt's interpretation of *Dona Sol* spread her fame all over Europe; it had already reached America. In *Dona Sol*, and subsequently in *Marie de Neubourg*, the queen in "Ruy Blas," Sarah Bernhardt realized Victor Hugo's ideal; she was a marvel of grace, of tenderness, of living poetry; her voice was music itself. Henceforward no one disputed her glory. Renown proclaimed her to be the greatest actress of the day, and people came from the ends of the earth to see her.

In March, 1878, Sarah Bernhardt was sick for a few days, and her role of *Dona Sol* was played, satisfactorily enough, it is true, by Mlle. Dudley. The



M'LE HOUGET,

THE CONFIDANTE OF CORA PEARL.



receipts fell. Mlle. Dudley played the role again two days afterward. The house was more than half empty. There was great emotion among the members of the Comedie Francaise, to whom this difference brought the revelation of a fact hitherto unobserved. The Comedie, and the public with it, had up to that day imagined that the real force of the Theatre Francaise—in a word, its only prestige—lay above all in its *ensemble*, in the homogeneity of its company, and not in the isolated demonstration of a personality, however brilliant it might be. At the Francaise no name is ever put *en vedette*. The play bill is a little bit of a brown sheet, about folio size on which the name of the play is printed in letters about two inches high, and the names of the actors according to seniority or membership in capitals about a quarter of an inch high. No actor's name has ever been printed in larger type than that since the Francaise began. The performance was given by the "comedians in ordinary of the King," or by the "national comedians" or the "comedians of the republic." In short, no actor of the company, not even Talma, had ever been acknowledged by any outward sign to be superior to his fellows. Was then this antique solidarity—so eloquent a testimony of legendary prosperity—was it at last broken? A few days after ward Sarah Bernhardt, having recovered from her indisposition, resumed her role, and the receipts at once rose. No more conclusive proof could be needed of the great actress' hold upon the people. Nevertheless the other members of the Comedie began to feel jealous.

The story of the visit of the Comedie Francaise to London, of Sarah's prodigious artistic and social success there, of her quarrels with M. Perrin, of her resignation as a societaire of the house of Moliere, of her second season in London, of her visit to Brussels, and of her brilliant triumph in Copenhagen, does not need retelling. Before she left the Danish capital, the King with his own hands decorated her with a gold medal of merit—a distinction never before granted to an actress. On her return to France, Sarah made a brilliant tour in the French provinces, and gave performances in the principal towns. Her starring enterprise was entirely successful. Never, perhaps, has an actress excited such universal curiosity, and never has talent and a strange personality met with more brilliant and flattering reception.

One day as Sarah was complaining to the Prince of Wales about the severe comments of the press and the wild and malicious gossip that was current about her, the Prince consoled her by saying: "*Ma chere*

*amie*, you are not nearly so badly spoken of as my mother." As I have already said, Sarah Bernhardt is a Bohemian to her very finger tips. She is nervous, eccentric, thoughtless, hot-tempered. She is made up of extremes. Her nature is one that makes her as many enemies as it does friends. One might fill a volume with the jokes and anecdotes that have been told about her and her habits. I will content myself with giving some idea of her normal way of living.

Sarah's great predecessor, Rachael, built herself an infinitesimally small hotel in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins. But what was Rachael's hotel by the side of Sarah Bernhardt's? It is a charming three story villa of red brick, with stone facings, built in a semi-Renaissance style, and half hidden by ivy. It is situated at the corner of the Avenue Villiers and the Rue Fortuny, on the Monceau plain which of late years has become the favorite dwelling-place of wealth and talent. Sarah's neighbors are the painters, Meissonier, Detaille and Duez, who have each built queer palaces in which they produce their marvellous pictures.

On entering through the iron gate you find yourself in a little garden. To the left is a fish pond and a little pavilion, the *atelier de sculpture*; to the right is a larger pavilion, comprising the painting studio and dwelling house. You approach the house by a flight of steps on which half a dozen dogs, deerhounds, poodles and terriers of various sizes are always reposing. Above the door is a cartoon with the motto of the irresistible hostess: "*Quand meme*." On the door sill is engraved the old Latin welcome, *Salve*. Before penetrating into the *atelier-salon* the visitor is shown into the little boudoir, the walls of which are adorned with sketches by Gustave Dore, water colors by Garvani, and a large portrait of Sarah by her friend Louise Abbema. The *atelier-salon* is a vast and lofty room, the size of which is apparently diminished by the quantity and diversity of objects which it contains. You could put all Rachael's hotel inside Sarah's studio! It is the talk of Paris, and only last autumn an exact copy of it was put upon the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre to represent the *atelier* of Felicia Rhugs in Alphonso Daudot's play of "*Le Nahah*." It is full of objects of art of all kinds and of all epochs. There is painting and sculpture, enamels and cameos, panoplies and fans, tapestries and old stuffs, curiosities of all histories, even of natural history. There is a portrait of Rachel and a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt. Here lies Rachael for the portrait represents her in her last moments. Long live Sarah Bernhardt! for

she is painted in all her luxuriance as if by the hands of love. Was it not painted as a labor of love? We see in the corner the signature of Georges Clairin. Here and there are *statues*, cabinets, bronzes, a piano, old china, plants, flowers, a "throne" for models, easels, canvases, tripods supporting the living bronzes and terra cotta. On the left a staircase leads to the private apartments and to Sarah's bed chamber, in which there stands a nicely polished skeleton admiring itself in a looking glass. The skeleton has a face that looks remarkably like that of Houdon's statue of Voltaire at the Comedie Francaise. In the bedroom, too, is the ebony coffin padded with blue satin, as if even in death Sarah meant to be coquettish and poetic *quand meme*.

As for its inhabitants, Sarah's house is like Noah's ark; it is the rendezvous of all the animals of creation, not excepting monkeys and not excepting those great-great-grandsons of monkeys, featherless hipeds and bearers of monster bouquets, who are known by the name of *quonneux*, dandies, or *petits-maitres*.

The woman who is the object of all this curiosity and all this admiration is a frail-looking and delicate creature, with brilliant eyes and teeth and beautiful wavy golden-blonde hair. Her nose is slightly aquiline, and her face thin and almost bony. Her whole physiognomy has a strange fascination. She is tall and thin, very thin, and from coquetry or eccentricity she has always dressed so as to exaggerate this exiguity of her person, which has been an inexhaustible source of jokes. During the Exhibition of 1873, when she used to go up in the captive balloon about twice a day, it was said that she entered it by means of a spiral staircase inside the rope. In a unique book which she wrote apropos of her balloon adventures, "*Dans les Mirages*," she herself relates how in a rainstorm that surprised them she did not get wet; her slenderness enabled her to pass between the falling drops. In dress, both at home and on the stage, Sarah is always original, always clad in black or white, she seems to wear perpetual mourning. Her note paper is edged with a slate-colored mourning band. There is perhaps a great grief at the bottom of her existence of incessant movement. I can, I think, hardly be accused of indiscretion if I lift the corner of the veil, and whisper the name of the great painter, Henri Regnault, who died like a hero in 1871, fighting against the Prussians. This cult of a genius that resembled in some points her own explains many of the strange symbols of death that surround her in her daily life.

I have spoken above of Sarah Bernhardt's art studies. She has, indeed, all the aspirations of an artistic

emperament, and she has several times in her life waked up thinking that she had missed her vocation. One day after she had been playing the role of a troubadour in Coppee's "*Passant*," she determined to become a real troubadour, and so the *frotton* of the guitar resounded in her rooms from morning until night. Then she thought that she ought to become a sculptor. She ordered a white flannel masculine costume, took a few lessons of Mathie Meunier, and began to model busts and statues. The secret of Sarah's success is her sincerity and conviction. Gossips said that her sculpture was done by her friends, as they afterward said that her painting was done by Georges Clairin—a brother-in-law and in arms of Henri Regnault—and Gustave Dore. But no; she handled the clay roughly with her own hands. She is so much in earnest about it that when she has once donned her masculine costume and set foot inside her *atelier*, she becomes to all intents and purposes Monsieur Sarah Bernhardt. In the Salon of 1876 she exhibited a remarkable group, "*After the Storm*," and since then she has exhibited busts of H. de Lapommeraye, the dramatic critic, of Emile de Girardin, of Albert Wolff, of Louise Abbema, of Sergeant Koff, and others, which show a very remarkable amount of talent. She has also carved a large allegorical statue of Music for the new opera house at Monaco.

Appetite, it is said, comes in eating. No sooner had Sarah begun to model in clay than she conceived a desire to paint. Her master in painting was Alfred Stevens. She exhibited and sold several of her paintings while in London, and at the Salon this year she exhibited a strange allegory of "*A Young Girl and Death*," which, if not a very remarkable painting or a very gay subject, had at least the merit of being as original as the woman who painted it.

The activity and energy of Sarah Bernhardt is phenomenal. To look at her you would think that she had not the strength of a fly. From time to time she suffers hemorrhage from the throat. But she never gives up. She rises early and goes to bed late. If an idea comes to her at night she will get up and go to work. She is all nerves; a nature of indomitable courage, and a "good fellow" to boot, if I may be allowed the expression. All her admirers, and she has had many, including the immortal Victor Hugo, find a good word to say for her. She has inspired great passions, and felt them herself.

In spite of her feverish activity and her multifarious occupations, Sarah finds time to receive friends



BETRAYED AND CAST OUT.



by the dozen, to hold a little court, to patronize aspiring poets, to go to the races, to the exhibitions, to all the sights of the Parisian season, and, above all, to contract a heap of debts and sometimes to pay them. She is a Bohemian, if you like, but she is a

Bohemian princess. She knows how to be the queen of a *salon*; no one has finer and more aristocratic manners than she has, and no one better than she can show that impertinent haughtiness which was the characteristic of the duchesses of the *grand siècle*.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE FAVORITE OF A TYRANT.

No one who has been in St. Petersburg within the last five years can fail to have seen driving on the Neveski Prospect a beautiful pale woman, with large black eyes, dressed in sables which were worth a prince's ransom, and guarded by two magnificent dogs, who sat on either side of her like twin guardians, whom it would be dangerous to disturb. This was the Princess Dolgorouki, and these dogs the famous wolf-hounds from Siberia, trained to docile submission, which had been given to the Princess by her imperial lover, the Czar. Nothing more romantic than the love which this woman felt for the man Alexander II., ever appears in history. She first saw him at her school, the imperial school of which the Czar is the head, just out of St. Petersburg. He was not only her Emperor, her chief, but he was the most beautiful of men, and the young girl from that moment worshipped him. One of her schoolgirls overheard her saying in her prayers: "Forgive me, oh, Lord! if I love him first."

She had shown such extraordinary talents that at the last examination the Czar was asked to place on her head the chaplet of white roses, which belonged to the successful scholar. When she approached him, and devoutly kneeling, received from the imperial hand the crown of fragrant flowers, and with his honor, the smile, so beautiful and tender, for which Alexander II. was renowned, she fainted, and fell into the arms of a school friend. The event deeply touched the heart of the Czar, who admired her from that moment. This fresh, tender worship had an inexpressible charm for the powerful sovereign.

When she entered society, it was as the guest of her sister-in-law, already the favorite of the Czar. She saw, poor girl, that to be the favorite of the Czar was to command the respect of one's dearest and nearest relatives, to be worshipped by the priesthood, to be almost canonized by the people. The Czar was so much above ordinary mortals! Her rank and beauty called her to court, and she became lady in waiting to the Empress, and as such in that corrupt court was renowned for her modesty, purity and circumspect conduct. It soon became apparent that the Czar had eyes only for her, and before the Prin-

cess was so we read of that second court, at the Winter Palace, that third-story cabinet, where the statesmen and men of letters gathered about the table of the most clever and most devoted friend of the Emperor, the young and beautiful Dolgorouki. It is a singular commentary upon the morals of Russia that the Princess Dolgorouki kept her place at the court of the Empress, and was lady in waiting to her to the end of her life, not only in name, but in reality. It has been whispered that the Empress was not altogether displeased at the *liaison*. Poor woman, she may have thought it might have been worse. Be that as it may, we can not gauge the morals or the sensibility of royal personages. The fact remains that the Emperor dearly loved and greatly respected the Princess Dolgorouki.

As for the Princess' love for Alexander, it was poetical. Finding out by her woman's wit many a plot against him, she saved his life a hundred times. Many a Russian believes that she outwitted the Grand Duke Constantine, always his brother's enemy, in his plots against him. The Emperor, like all haunted men and threatened men, had a passion for walking alone, frequenting for this purpose a narrow street behind the Winter Palace. Often this devoted woman followed him in men's clothes, and twice warded off an assassin's dagger. Had he taken her advice, he would be alive now, for she was warned by one of her sleepless emissaries of his danger, and hung about his neck to prevent his going out on that fatal Sunday, but he would go.

General and Mrs. Grant visited the Emperor and his morganatic wife at Livadia, and the strange comment of our great soldier upon this strangely happy pair was that they were "just like Americans." A certain homely simplicity was dear to these titled people who had been swamped in etiquette and luxury all their days, and the Czar and his wife and two beautiful children received the ex-President at their Summer Palace with great simplicity and cordiality.

To live with this woman alone away from Russia was always the dream of the Emperor. Many a time he proposed to her to resign his power into the hands of his son, to thwart the assassins, and end his life in peace. But the Princess was what the Empress

had never been, an enthusiastic Russian. The good of Russia was her passion. To her advice thousands of good works can be traced in those provinces where the still imperial severity of the Government presses hard on the liberated serf. It was this grandeur of character, this philanthropy, which endeared the Czar to the Princess, and which was so strong a bond, and so lasting a one, in chaining him to her. For the man who had the courage to free thirty millions of serfs must have been a philanthropist rather than anything else. Yet, as all know, who have seen the evils resulting from the experience of freeing slaves, and can well appreciate the change from serfdom to freedom, this gift brought a long chain of evils to Russia. Nothing is so difficult of attainment as the power to bear sudden freedom. Prosperity intoxicates; the man who goes into self-ownership from slavery is not fitted to work for himself immediately. We who have seen the free negroes lounging about Washington, and finally starving—we who have seen the negro as a legislator, know what it is. Fortunately for us the negro was not bloodthirsty; the Cossack was. So when Alexander had taken off the chains he unloosed a tiger whose teeth were later to fasten in his own flesh. It is the consummate flower of tyranny that the good and beneficent son of tyrants expiates their past crimes.

In this dilemma and deluge of trial the Princess Dolgorouki, a born Russian, and a born clever politician, as many a woman of her race has been before her, was of infinite service to the Czar. Some day will be given to the world her advice to the Czar in regard to his treatment of that great national party which comprises the best of Russian middle-class society. It was she who mitigated the horrors of Siberia. It was to themorganatic wife of the Czar that the political prisoner looked for clemency and possible pardon.

Her accomplishments are said to be very great; not only mistress of languages—that is universal in Russia—but mistress of historical and political learning of all kinds. The Princess Dolgorouki spent her time in study and in cultivating music, for which she had great talent. Her intelligence and refinement led her to the study of Italian history and language, and her friendship for certain distinguished Italians have been the solace of her troubled career.

For to be loved by the Czar was a terrible distinction; of course his children hated her, and the brothers and nephews—excepting the Grand Duke Nicholas, who was the truest friend of the murdered Czar—all, all plotted to ruin her, and to undo what

she did. That she had, in breaking a great moral law, no right or title to the respect of the world, perhaps affords one reason for respecting her the more, that she strove otherwise to do well for humanity, and for great ideas; we must praise her that she did not use her great power to induce the Czar to enrich her or her relatives, that she did not advise acts of cruelty, or the punishment of those who were her enemies.

"The whole life of the Princess," said one who knew her well, "was devoted to the good of Russia, the happiness of the Czar, and although they did not know it, to the permanent welfare of the royal family."

She had, like a faithless, uncultivated woman, but one who held her own ignoble position towards a monarch, Nell Gwynn, a good heart; and if Chelsea Hospital still points to Mrs. Eleanor as its founder, hundreds of such institutions will claim for their benefactress a prayer of mercy in the name of that Princess who was her husband from Russia two hours after the death of her husband; a prayer for the Princess Dolgorouki.

The marriage of the Czar to the Princess, four months after the death of the Empress, shocked all the world; it looked like a brute indifference to public decency. No one asked or cared whether the Czarina had made her husband happy or not. She was a good and religious woman, and he owed her the respect of a year's mourning. But on the other hand, the rules of the Greek Church permit marriage in four months after the death of the husband or wife, and the Czar had fearful forebodings as to his own tenure of existence. He desired to reward the woman who had been so faithful to him and to Russia, he desired to be reconciled to God and the Church. He, no doubt, felt a pang of conscience as he remembered the pure brow on whose white dome he had first placed the schoolgirl wreath. We do not expect Jupiter to have much pity for Semele, but his imperial heart may have been conscious of a twinge. It was too much to ask of a Russian woman that she should have been strong enough to resist his love when her father, confessor, her mother, her priest, her father, her brother, would have knelt to her to beg of her to receive it.

Then her own heart, desperately wicked, no doubt, the heart of a loving woman, young, beautiful, gifted and elevated, had betrayed her. She has received her punishment, no doubt, sin-scathed as it always does. We may agree with old Calvin that sinners deserve roasting, and we must go further and observe that both saints and sinners get it, whether they de-



POLLY WALTON,  
THE VICTIM OF A FALSE STEP.



serve it or not—we do not find the saints any happier than the sinners for that matter—but with all her sin, we must pity this woman; we must see her in all the enforced humiliation of a state ball, where half the company looked at her with averted eyes, while the other half followed the loving eyes of the Czar, who always ordered her to dance in the set next to the royal cotillon, and who distinguished her on these occasions by speaking to her twice; while at her feet sat the royal Chamberlain, obedient to her slightest wish. We must see her in that summer palace, with finally the husband of her heart wholly at her feet with her two beautiful children playing about her. We must follow that lofty intellect and that courageous devotion to the Czar through the enormous labor that she imposed upon herself in his service. All his private correspondence, all her own, much of it done by Italians who knew no Russian, much of it with the head of a Nihilist organization who little suspected who was his correspondent—but who betrayed to her even the fatal plot by which the Emperor lost his life, or so far warned her that she was wretched.

It was in vain that she hung about Alexander's neck on that fatal Sunday morning, and begged of him not to go out. The hour of destiny had arrived and the Czar was obstinate. She had saved his life who knows how many times by her sleepless vigilance and she could save it no longer.

The woman who loved him best was warned, and sat trembling until the dreadful news was brought to her. His dying eyes were once more permitted to

see her, as he was brought, mangled and bleeding, to the Winter Palace. She stood at his bedside until the new Czar arrived; he, with one strong pitiless hand, pushed her into an adjoining room. The first act of his reign was to banish her from Russia.

We know not what kind friend took the insensible woman in charge, but we do know that in fifty-eight hours she was in Vienna. We do know that of all the millions who saw the dead Emperor lying in state, the woman whom he loved the best, his wife, whoever her faults may have been, was the only one not permitted to kiss his dead hand.

In this piece of cruelty the Emperor Alexander III. will probably be praised by severe moralists, but there will be here and there a tender heart, hating the sin but not the sinner, who will think differently.

At any rate, looking, as we must, upon all the defections from moral law, with the eyes of the sinner himself, we may well believe that the Princess Dolgorouki considers her love for the Czar the virtue of her life. She may have been very much mistaken—we are all apt to make mistakes—but she was true to her lights, as a Russian and a loving woman. She has expiated her virtue or her crime, as the case may be, with the most horrible sufferings that the human heart can know. She has lost that smile that so dazzled her in her school days, she has lost the father of her beautiful children, she has lost her place in the world, she is an exile and a broken-hearted wife, so we can afford, poor woman, to pity her.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CAPTURING A PRINCE'S HEART.

The French capital is, as everybody knows, the birth-place and chosen home of opera bouffe, which expresses certain phases of life in that city; its mockery, its gaiety, its sarcasm, its wild recklessness, its license, as no other kind of performance does or can. The witty and wicked, the indecorous and defiant spirit of unconventional women and rapid men, who consider Paris the Paradise in which their natures can revel unrestrained, find a delight in the music of Offenbach and Lecocq. It harmonizes with the sinful part of man's nature, soothe the bruised spots and exhilarates the parts which have not yet been numbed into insensibility by debauchery.

It is natural to expect that the interpreter of opera bouffe should be in sympathy and spirit with the feelings which this class of music portray. Further-

more, they must have experience to portray the various phases of life which enter into composition of opera bouffe. Since its introduction to the world it has been very fortunate in having women thoroughly imbued with its spirit, to stand sponsors for it. One of the first of these was Hortense Schneider. She began life as a flower girl, and managed to pick up an experience which served her excellent well in her subsequent career as a bouffist. She gained her fame in this line in 1867, the year of the Exhibition, when thousands flocked to see her "Grand Duchess." During that time she had princes and dukes at her feet, and was as reckless a heart-breaker as ever lived in Paris, which is saying a good deal. She was born at Bordeaux, her parents were laborers of German descent, and very early

evinced a predilection for the stage. She was very precocious, and is reported to have begun having lovers when barely thirteen. Her occupation brought her into contact with men and women who were in a position to advance her in life. They were pleased with the beauty and vivacity of the little flower-girl, and soon gave her an opportunity to go on the stage. She made her debut at a local theatre and won applause. An old professor of music was so delighted with the talent she evinced that he took her in charge and gave her lessons free of cost. She proved an apt pupil, and after some years of provincial engagements arrived in Paris. She strove to get into the Varieties, but was unsuccessful. The company of the Bouffes Parisiens was then making up; she was given a place there and she was cordially liked, not to say loved, by her audiences. She had great vivacity, humor, abandon and what the French call beauty of the devil, meaning the sort that plays havoc with men's senses and purses.

She gained so many laurels that after one or two seasons the Varieties were glad to secure her at a very much larger salary than she would have been satisfied with when she first made her fruitless application.

Not long after she shone at the Palais Royal, each new part she assumed augmenting her reputation. She went back to the Varieties in a year or so, and created a furore as the heroine of "La Belle Helene," to which she was signally fitted. She looked the very embodiment of uxorial disloyalty, and the man who would trust her out of his sight if he was fond of her would have been a muff. All Paris roared at her "Helene" and despised "Mendes" nearly as much as the deceived husband is despised in real life. While in the hey day of this popularity Schneider had more than her share of affairs of the heart. Her favor was particularly sought after by some of the wealthiest noblemen of Paris, and wherever she bestowed it it cost the recipient dear. The first unfortunate was the Duke of Caserouze Grammont. The term unfortunate is used advisedly, for every male admirer of gay Hortense suffered greatly in finance through her acquaintance, and had the added pain of being cast off when his exchequer was depleted.

By one of those happy strokes of good luck which seem almost providential, the Duke died before he could spend all his money on Hortense and then he made to realize how sharper than a serpent's tooth is a lovely and frail woman's ingratitude. His admiration of her continued up to the day of his death, and he signalized it by leaving her a legacy of 50,000 francs.

Most people would spend a few days in wearing black and simulating sorrow over the demise of a friend as generous as that. Hortense was not made of such hypocritical stuff. She soothed herself by looking after somebody just as liberal as the Duke.

The story goes that her search was not a long nor a fruitless one. She captured the Prince of Wales, then a young man, who was sowing a crop of wild oats which would have been, if divided up, sufficient for five or six ordinary young men.

"Hif there's anything 'is 'Ighness dotes on and admires hits a beautiful woman," say his countrymen, and his career in his youthful days certainly proves that his future subjects know what they're talking about.

Wales met Schneider at a wine supper, was introduced to her and became infatuated at once with her wit and beauty. He went to the theatre and saw her play the "Grand Duchesse." That pleased him more than ever. He cultivated her acquaintance, and at the end of six months was out (or rather the British Government was) £10,000.

She was luxurious in her tastes and prodigal of her money. It came easy, and she let it go with a liberality that fairly astonished all with whom she dealt. She used to be a rival of the Empress Eugenie in costumes, spending in one year for gorgeous raiment not less than \$100,000. She owned deplorable diamonds, rubies, emeralds, horses, carriages, town and country houses and equipments fit for a princess.

Her entertainments were not one whit less magnificent than those held at the Tuileries. She believed in excelling everything about her, and generally managed to accomplish that end.

In many ways she was very eccentric. Liberal one day towards objects of charity, the next as parsimonious as a miser. She took pride in doing just contrary to what the people expected of her, fancying that by so doing she showed her independence of public opinion, and that such a course made her the equal of an autocratic queen.

Everything must have its day. Schneider had hers. She began to lose favor with the public as a bouffist. Rivals came forward who possessed a younger and fresher beauty. Paris is easily weaned, it loves novelty, because it is novelty; disposes of one sensation and demands another. Schneider had to give way before these characteristics of her countrymen, when she found that her magic wand had lost its power to charm she left Paris and went to England. From there to Brazil and thence back home into retirement. She speculated recklessly in stocks



PRINCESS DOLGOUROUKI.

(MORGANATIC WIFE OF THE LATE ALEXANDER III, OF RUSSIA.)



of the Bourse, and stopped just in time to save a competence.

A cable dispatch a few months ago in one of the journals of this city informed the public that the once wealthy and beautiful opera bouffe queen had been obliged to auction off her furniture and a number of jewels, which she had kept as souvenirs of her prosperous days, to keep the wolf from her door. At fifty years of age she has nothing left but remorse. Who knows what the end of her wild career may be?

Appropos of the auction a foreign correspondent writes as follows:

The Schneider sale of jewelry, which took place last week in Paris, has attracted unusual attention because of the whimsical career of its owner. Schneider, who is not now, and from her appearances, never was a beauty, brought all Paris to her feet in 1865 by a trick of her own in portraying the lascivious humors of Offenbach's seductive heroines. She invented a libidinous lurch of the leg which convulsed Paris, which stimulated the world to such an extent that the little, third-rate summer theatre in the Elysian fields where "La Belle Helene" first warbled her ineffable double-entendres became too small. She may be said absolutely to have kicked her way into re-

nown—she kicked opera bouffe with her; she kicked millions of francs into the coffers of her manager; she kicked in the faces of a parquet of kings and mighty personages in 1867, when all the world came to Paris to the Exhibition. Napoleon III. was kicked into as violent a fit of love as was possible to his rather placid temperament. Rich bankers, too, were kicked into such fervid devotion that Schneider, who began poor and frowsy, took on the airs and state of a princess. Her fat breast and arms and Juno-like neck were plastered with diamonds. She might have put for a study of the jolly giants in all the toggerly of a queen. No one ever pretended to call her well favored. It was the kick that did it. Words can give you an idea of the unctuous, inviting, indescribable fervor of this short, easy lift of the right leg, which came in to accentuate certain broad suggestions of the text; often as she did it the house roared—declared it "Dachic." In every part she was in flesh a mountain and in mirth a fountain, but it was the kick that carried the day. Her fortunes declined with the empire. Bismarck's criticisms on the sensuality of the French for a time had their effect and it was voted that the Sardanapalian ogries of the empire should be foregone while young France was pulling itself together for the "revanche."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MALDEN YELVERTON'S WIFE.

Many years ago, or to be more precise, in 1860, occurred one of the most memorable and important trials that ever occupied the attention of the Dublin courts.

The plaintiff was a beautiful and highly accomplished lady; the defendant was an officer of the English army and the son of an Irish peer, who was himself a British officer.

The celebrated suit in question was brought by a gentleman against Major Yelverton for a sum of money due for the board of his wife, Mrs. Teresa Yelverton. The major had made the arrangement with this gentleman to entertain his wife, and was sued for failing to meet his obligations. Meantime he had deserted his wife and married again. He denied that he had ever married her, and claimed that she had lived with him as his mistress. That he went through the forms of the ceremonies to "ease her conscience," and that he had no thought of making her his wife. It was thought that his family caused him to take the step he did, and that his marriage to Mrs. Forbes (who did not know of this

portion of his history until sometime after the wedding), was the result of their efforts as well. She had a large fortune and Major Yelverton had nothing but his pay.

Miss Teresa Longworth, the lady he thus stigmatized, had been twice married to him, once by the Scotch and again by the Irish law. Their marriage was kept secret because of the fear lest his family learn of it and disinherit him. He was the heir apparent to the Avonmore peerage and an officer in the artillery, and Miss Longworth was not a member of the nobility. He was simply Captain Yelverton when she met him, but in a few years he became major, and previous to his death he assumed the title of Lord Avonmore.

Mrs. Yelverton was of high position; she was the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Longworth of Smedley House, Lancashire. Her mother died when she was very young, and she was sent to Paris to be educated. Her ancestors were of the Roman Catholic faith and she was educated in a convent.

The acquaintance between the two commenced in

1852, on the English Channel. Miss Longworth had been visiting an elder sister, who was married to a chief justice of France, and was introduced to Captain Yelverton by some friends who saw her aboard the steamer. When she arrived at her journey's end another sister, who was to meet her, missed the train, and Captain Yelverton offered his services to get a cab and take her to the residence of her sister in London. In a few days he called at the house and saw her.

The acquaintance was kept up through correspondence, both having evidently been greatly attracted to each other. Miss Longworth spent two years in Italy, and when her education was completed she returned to France. That was in the year 1855, a year memorable in France, when young ladies of rank went as sisters of mercy to the Crimea, to nurse the sick of the allied armies. Miss Longworth went with a party of ladies on this errand, and was at Malta for six months or more.

In all this time she had not met Captain Yelverton, who was stationed at Malta, but was in England at that time. When he returned to his regiment he offered his hand to her.

For a time there was a happy companionship between them, for they were engaged to be married, and the beautiful girl was ardently and deeply attached to the young officer. The latter proposed a secret marriage on the ground that his father would oppose his marriage, and he was dependent upon him. Miss Longworth was not to be led into this arrangement, and broke the engagement.

She went to the Crimea with an officer's family, and again met Major Yelverton, whom she had not seen for some months. He again proposed a secret marriage and was refused.

Miss Longworth returned to her sister in Wales. She was extremely beautiful at this time. Her English complexion and glorious wealth of bright brown hair; her large blue eyes and exquisite figure were in the perfection of their charms, and she was known or her beauty where she was unknown personally. Major Yelverton, desperately enamored of her and unhappy in his exile, obtained a leave of absence and followed her. She was at Edinburgh during the winter season and he was at her side constantly. He persisted in his appeal to her to be married secretly. She refused again and again. One day he induced her to let him read the Church of England marriage service to her, and when he had completed it told her that in Scotland this constituted a marriage.

She returned to her sister in Wales, and was claimed there by him as his wife and induced to go

to Ireland after he had returned there, to be married by a Catholic priest. Up to this time and subsequent to the marriage, which was performed by the parish priest of Rostrevor, with the consent of the bishop, she believed him to be a Roman Catholic. Miss Longworth made her first mistake in agreeing to keep the matter private. They traveled through Ireland together and went to Scotland, and at the trial the various travelers' books in public places were offered as evidence to prove that he wrote her name everywhere as Mrs. Yelverton. Their passports were taken out in his name, and they introduced each other to their friends as husband or wife, as the case might be.

The letters written by Major Yelverton to her when absent from her were read at the trial, and at the time created a great deal of sympathy for her. The warm-hearted Irish people looked upon her as the most abused of her sex. Through the long days of the trial the court-room was constantly crowded and a great array of witnesses came from far and near to testify for and against the defendant. When all the testimony was in and the arguments had been finished the jury was absent only an hour, when their verdict was reached.

On its delivery, which was in favor of Mrs. Yelverton, the excitement was of the wildest description. According to a Dublin editor, "millions were filled with gladness, pride and exultation when they learned the result." Outside the courts thousands of people had congregated, and as soon as the news was announced the horses were instantly taken from the coach which was waiting for Mrs. Yelverton to convey her to her hotel, and down the quays, lined with people, was drawn in triumphal procession. All the efforts of the police were unavailing, and the excited people about her carried the little lady up the stairs of the hotel and on to the balcony, where she could be seen by all. She was crying and had to be supported, but soon realizing the generous kindness of the people, she advanced to the railing and in an eloquently pathetic manner thanked them for their kindness. She assured them that through all her life she should love the people of Dublin, and no doubt she kept her word. When she spoke of the time of triumph afterward it was with great emotion, and to a nature like hers the attention of the people were not likely to be effaced from her memory.

Major Yelverton had married the Hon. Mrs. Forbes previous to this time, and he appealed the case. It was reviewed in an English court and the verdict of the Irish court was set aside.



CRIME HAUNTED.



Broken hearted and ruined in health, Mrs. Yelverton left England forever and came to America. From first to last she never spoke an unkind word of the man who ruined her life, and during the trial she once protested that he was not what the lawyers were making him out; that he had never spoken unkindly to her or used harsh measures with her.

She was twenty-eight years old at this time and her countenance was a highly intelligent one. She was evidently bright and animated by nature, but she never lost the look of deep sadness that settled upon her face after the trial. It was the end of her life to her, and though she lived many years after, she was not the same person.

After she left England, in 1865, she came to New York, and was for some time in this city. She made the acquaintance of many persons, and was much admired for her loveliness of person and of manner and her great accomplishments, for she was really an accomplished woman. Her conversational powers were fine, and her culture was broad. She had been carefully and thoroughly trained at school, and her association with cultivated people and her varied advantages had enabled her to become what not all women who are credited with being accomplished are—thorough. Her fine mind was a pleasure to all who met her, and her lovely face endeared her to those who knew her after she had passed through the sorrow of her life, and was saddened and subdued by it to a painful degree.

A lady who entertained her the Winter she was in New York, in describing her to friends, spoke of her thus enthusiastically:

"She was invited to spend an evening with us, in company with Dr. —, to whom she had brought letters of introduction, and consented to do so, though we had not called. We were to have company, and wanted our friends to meet her, and at the same time to show her attention. She came, and I was the first to greet her. I was never so surprised as when the doctor said that the little creature at his side was Mrs. Yelverton. Had he introduced me to a girl of twelve as she, I should not have been more astonished. The little creature was muffled in a fur cloak and had a white scarf about her head, and looked as small as a child. I noticed when I took her hand the smallness of it, and when she had laid aside her wraps and sat at the fire, her upturned feet were as dainty as a doll's. She did not look at all like the person I had imagined, and I told her so. Her face was crimson in a moment, and she said quietly, 'I would appear more like myself, if I had some other name.' She seemed painfully aware of the fact

that she was associated with the trial in the minds of everyone in the rooms, and that she was being judged by what the papers had said about her and not by what she really was. As for myself I tried in every way to make her feel at home and happy, and she seemed and was grateful. She was interested in the children present, and asked many questions concerning them, remarking at the same time that she did not know much of children or their ways. When several persons had entertained the company with music she was asked to play, and, to my surprise, consented. As I accompanied her to the piano, she said, 'I do not like to play for company, but my fingers have been aching to get at this instrument; it is a fine one.' Then she played, and I could but half enjoy her beautiful performance, because I felt sorry for some of my guests who had been playing. Compared to her they were amateurs of the most infantile kind. She played Schubert and Brahms music, the former grandly, and at some one's request several of Gounod's popular compositions. She talked of the master composers after she had concluded, and I had never heard any one up to that time play so well. Since then I have heard all the great performers, and I suppose I shall prove myself her mad admirer by saying that she played with greater intelligence, in my humble opinion, than Eschhoff. Perhaps with not the same finish, but certainly with like skill and more kinship with the soul of the composer. Dainty as were her hands, they were wonderfully strong, and strength seemed to be a characteristic of her body as well as of her mind. After she had played one selection—I forget now what it was—she sat quite still for a time, looking dreamily into the fire, and said: 'I played that badly; I shall not play Liszt again; Mozart suits me far better than Liszt now.' She was peculiar in her moods, and showed in that evening's conversation that she had barely escaped the trial she had gone through with her life and strength of mind unimpaired. I took such a fancy to her that I urged her to remain in New York, but she said she longed to get to the West. She wanted to be in the wilderness, and where she would not hear the sound of a cultivated voice or see the faces of friends for a long time. She was morbid, and it was useless to reason with her. As I looked at her fragile form clad in a short, dark blue velvet dress, and noted the exquisite taste and refinement she exhibited in her manner and appearance, I could but grieve that she was determined upon her course. She had some money, and was not likely to be in need of means, but several of her new found friends tried to prevail upon her

to remain in New York and teach music. Her voice was a rich contralto, so the doctor said, but I did not hear her sing. It was a musical one in conversation and was evidently highly cultivated. She went to Missouri and bought a stock farm, had as companions a number of dogs, and for several years lived absolutely alone in her house. The only people she saw were those she employed, and they little understood why so beautiful and so young a lady should live the life she did. She has never returned to New York."

While in Missouri she wrote a novel entitled "Zanita; a Tale of the Yosemite." It was rather a pretty story, but one that attained to no fame. It is too heavily weighted with the impress of her own sorrows. One can find throughout it such expressions

as these: "O, that yearning look for the beloved form for which we hunger!" "How many starve to death when the last look has been taken." "There are long and terrible days before me before grief shall have exhausted nature."

Major Yelverton resigned from the army and may have lived a happy life in England; he certainly was entitled to the love of his family, for strangers, particularly those who saw the fair, sweet-faced woman he drove from her native land, hated and detested him for his desertion and persecution of her. And with that class that believed in her he blackened the black name of *roue*, and made so loathsome its foulness that the majority of men condemned him in life and in death.

Madame Yelverton died recently in New Zealand.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE AMERICAN BELLE WHO SOLD HERSELF FOR A TITLE.

American women have always had a very dangerous *penchant* for foreign matches. Just what this foolish fancy is apt to lead to in about nine cases out of ten has been sadly illustrated in the case of Mrs. Annie Wetmore, once a New York society leader and belle.

In July, 1880, several residents in Paris received the following funeral notice:

Vous êtes prie d'assister au service funebre de Ann Eliza Wetmore, nee Dougherty, decedee rue Chateaubriand, 12 le 21 Juillet, 1880, a l'age de 33 ans. qui se feront le Samedi 24 courant, a 10 heures 1/2 precises, en l'Eglise Americaine, rue Bayard, 17. On Recourra a l'Anglaise. L'inhumation aura lieu a St. Germain-en-Laye.

It was a summons to the funeral of a woman who, heart broken and unhappy, had taken her own life because her noble lover, the Marquis of Anglesey, had not only deserted her and left her almost penniless, but had married another woman.

The story of this sad romance is anything but in favor of Lord Henry Paget. Lord Paget's second wife was a Miss Boyd, whose people are Australians, but who now live in apartments in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. Some four years ago Lady Paget died at Boulogne. Among her acquaintances was Mrs. Wetmore, an American lady, from New York city. Shortly after her ladyship's death Lord Paget declared his love for the fair American, and so susceptible was the foolish creature to his noble influences that she forsook home and friends for him. They went to Paris together, and Lord Henry Paget installed Mrs. Wetmore in apartments adjoining his

own. They were seen together at all hours. Whatever he went she accompanied him. There was, apparently, nothing in this to shock the moral ideas of certain fashionable English-speaking people in this city, for Mrs. Wetmore and her noble paramour had many friends who continued to call upon them precisely as if they were ignorant of the illegal manner in which the couple were living. But within a year Lord Henry Paget's jealousy had compelled his mistress to give up her old acquaintances, and from that time up to the moment of her death, she is said to have been true and faithful to him in all things. Lord Henry, it is claimed, had promised her that if she would only obtain a divorce from her husband, he would forthwith make her his lawful wife. With a view to obtaining a legal separation, she communicated with Mr. Wetmore, and that gentleman, in due course, brought a suit against his wife for divorce on the ground of adultery and desertion. The court granted him a divorce, but permitted their only child, a son, to live with the mother.

About the same time that the news of her divorce reached her from America, her lover came into his title as Marquis of Anglesey by the death of his father. For a while the relations of the lovers were more affectionate than ever. They laid plans for the summer, and the new-fledged Marquis begged her to visit a fashionable dressmaker in the Rue de la Paix and lay in a stock of clothes for a season on the seashore. Among the ladies to whom the Marquis had presented her was Lady Albert Pelham Clinton. This



SARAH BERNHARDT.



was over three years ago, and the two have been intimate friends ever since. Lady Clinton, who is kinswoman to the Duke of Newcastle, is one of the belles of the English colony in Paris. Perhaps it would be more correct to say she was one of the belles, for latterly she has been living a very secluded life on account of a bereavement in the death of Sir Claude Scott, a kinsman, recently deceased. To the frequenters of last year's Salon, Lady Clinton will be recalled by a large portrait painted by Edward Harrison May, an American artist, representing her as "Marguerite." She and Mrs. Wetmore were together almost constantly, and Lady Clinton does not hesitate to speak in the highest terms of her dead friend, now buried beneath the green grass at Saint Germain. Mrs. Wetmore often read Lady Clinton extracts from the love letters she daily received from Lord Paget whenever he visited England; and in all of these missives there were vows of everlasting love, and in most of them promises to make her his wife whenever she should be freed from her American husband.

On the 20th of June, 1850, Lord Anglesey bade Mrs. Wetmore a tender goodbye, saying that he was going over to London and that he should be gone for several days.

They kissed each other and said good-bye, and he was off for England; not, however, until he had assured Mrs. Wetmore that he would be back on the following Saturday. Early in the month of June the Marquis met the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse, widow of the second son of Lord Kimberley and daughter of Mr. Preston King, of Georgia, sometime Postmaster-General at Washington, but now deceased. Mrs. Wodehouse, nee Minnie King, was introduced to Lord Anglesey by his Australian relatives, the Boyds, whose apartments in the Champs-Elysees were close by those occupied by the charming widow. After an acquaintance of three or four weeks the Marquis asked Mrs. Wodehouse to marry him, and she consented. When Lord Paget left Mrs. Wetmore that fateful morning in June he drove to the station, and thence crossed over to London. There he remained until Thursday morning, June 24, when he hurried back to Paris. On Saturday, June 27, the Marquis drove to the house of Mrs. Wodehouse, 33 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, and thence with the fair American widow to the British Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honore. The bride was attired in pearl-colored satin, profusely trimmed with white lace. A Leghorn bonnet, shaded with ostrich plumes, completed this wedding toilet. The Marquis of Anglesey was dressed in a Prince Albert black cloth coat, a crimson scarf, and duckskin trousers. In one of his coat pockets he

had stored away, not his coronet, but a letter, which, when the ceremony was finished, he hastened to send by commissionaire to its destination. Lord Lyons gave away the bride, and in front of the massive gateway leading to the Ambassadorial palace stalked half a dozen or so detectives, each having in his possession a photograph of a lady whom they were to prevent at all hazards from entering the place. That lady was Mrs. Wetmore, who, perfectly unconscious of what was going on at the Embassy, was at that very moment waiting the return of Paget from London. Then the commissionaire arrived with the letter just referred to. In it the Marquis bade her good-bye forever, and informed her that "before you have read these lines I shall be married to another." The words swam before her eyes, the floor sprang upward; cold drops of perspiration stood out in great beads on her face and forehead; the air grew dark, and with a sharp and sudden, but low, almost inaudible cry she fainted away. Hearing her fall from her chair, the maid ran into the room, and lifting her mistress from the floor, soon had her back to consciousness.

"For the love of God, come to me at once," she wrote to Lady Clinton.

For a few days Mrs. Wetmore suffered a great deal. She was, if not quite penniless, almost so, for the rich Marquis had left her only about 3,000 francs, and she owed much more than that sum to her landlord and to the shopkeepers. Then Lady Clinton, whom she had summoned to her side when the first blow fell, took Mrs. Wetmore to her own apartments in the Rue Chateaubriand. Mrs. Wetmore was naturally greatly depressed, more particularly when the Marquis refused peremptorily to ever see her again. She had some thought of suing him for breach of promise of marriage in the British courts, but concluded not to do so. She had a strong case, however, for out of 140 letters which the Marquis had written to her, five at least, it is claimed, contained absolute and separate promises of marriage.

Meanwhile the Marquis' business men in Paris indirectly offered her 25,000 francs for a complete settlement, she to return his letters. This money, if well invested, would have brought her in an annual income of about 1,000 francs, and she positively declined to settle for such a sum. On a former occasion the Marquis, when he was Lord Henry Paget, settled, as it is said, a somewhat similar case by allowing his discarded mistress, a woman by the name of Lloyd, £1,000 a year during her lifetime.

Utterly broken down by the distressing circumstances, Mrs. Wetmore took to hard drinking, and was utterly miserable when refused wines and

liquors. She resorted to all kinds of expedients to secure something to drink, and even went so far as to drink up all of Lady Clinton's cologne and other scents. Day and night she would cry aloud for something to drink; but the servants had their orders, and dare not disobey their instructions.

The day before her death, which occurred on Wednesday, July 21st, Mrs. Wetmore and Lady Clinton had a long interview, during which the latter entreated her friend to stop begging the maid for liquor as under no circumstances would any be furnished her. Mrs. Wetmore threw her arms around Lady Clinton and exclaimed, "Oh, you are such a dear darling. How can I ever repay you? How little you know the great blow I shall bring on you!" Lady Clinton now knows what was meant by those last few words, and is of opinion that at that very moment Mrs. Wetmore was meditating suicide.

That night Mrs. Wetmore moaned and groaned more than ever, and all through the night kept crying out to the maid to fetch her some brandy. The next morning she appeared in a better state of mind, and Lady Clinton went out for a few minutes on matters of business. She was soon followed by her maid, who informed her that Mrs. Wetmore was dying. She hurried home, and on entering Mrs. Wetmore's room found her suffering terribly. She sent the maid in one direction, and the coachman in another, for a doctor; but before they had returned with a physician, Mr. Hunter, an elderly American gentleman, an old acquaintance and friend of Mrs. Wetmore's, came in and assisted Lady Clinton in trying to bring life back to the dying woman. Presently two physicians arrived, and they, too, did their best; but all was in vain. The poor creature died at 3 o'clock, in the most dreadful agony.

The police authorities, after the usual formalities,

gave the body over to Lady Clinton, who became responsible for the funeral arrangements. The following Saturday the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Morgan, at the American Chapel in the Rue Bayard, but not more than eight or ten persons being present. Then the body was taken to St. Germain, and there deposited in the Protestant burying ground; and thus ended the last sad rites over the remains of the unfortunate woman.

All of the expenses of the funeral had been cheerfully borne by Lady Clinton; but she received a note from Lord Anglesey's lawyer curtly informing her that his Lordship would be responsible for the same to the extent of £50 sterling. Lady Clinton at once replied that the amount expended had already exceeded that sum, and that she intended that her dead friend should have at least a burial befitting one who had so long been the intimate friend of a marquis.

Perhaps Lord Anglesey has his own excuses to give for leaving Mrs. Wetmore, but certainly his friends are ready to make them for him. One of his kinsmen, a young man who frequents the boulevards, has said, since Mrs. Wetmore's suicide, that the Marquis left her because of her exceedingly dissipated habits. It has been stated since her suicide that last spring, at the Artists' Ball, at the Grand Opera House, she became so intoxicated that she had to be taken out of the building, to the great annoyance of the Marquis. Another report is that at a private dinner given at the house of a French Count in the Boulevard Haussmann, she stepped up to the buffet and drank six or seven glasses of cognac without stopping.

The Marquis of Anglesey came into his present title some two years ago. One of his nephews is married to the daughter of the late Paron Stevens of New York.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CRIME HAUNTED.

Eighteen years ago, two girls, familiarly known as Amadine and Françoise, solicited passers-by on the outer boulevards of Paris, licensed to do so by the police of the section of Montmartre.

These two budding women, not more than seventeen years old each, pretty in the two types of blonde and brunette, were, nevertheless, harlots of the most debased class. The courtesans of the outer boulevards and to Paris what the painted effigies of Greene and Waterloo are to New York.

The girls were bosom friends, united by a common

tie of ignorance, of misery and shame. They lived in the same hovel, fed from the same dish when Fortune sent them anything to feed on, and starved in company. Thanks to their beauty, they contrived to keep body and soul together after a fashion, and a trifle better than their sisters in shame.

One night Amadine, the blonde, fell in with a young workingman who was celebrating his birthday with a drunk. He accompanied her to her den. There, with the assistance of Françoise, she stupefied him with drugged brandy, robbed him of the couple



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MRS. ANNIE WETMORE.



of hundred francs he had about him, and threw him into a sewer excavation.

A vigilant policeman noticed their movements, and they were arrested. They had been more than once in trouble on account of petty thefts, but this was their first offense of any magnitude. The law took into consideration the strong provocation of their misery, and was lenient. They were each condemned to St. Lazare for two years.

Among the prisoners there was an elderly English woman, whose peccadilloes are unknown. The erring daughter of Albion was a woman of good intelligence and of more than ordinary education. Amadine became her cell-mate.

Before the girl left the prison her companion had taught her to read and write and to speak English and German.

These lessons, imbibed eagerly to relieve the monotony of a dungeon, made a deep impression on the pupil's mind. Her heart, corrupted as it was, was not wicked. In her new knowledge she saw a glimpse of a better life, and was filled with horror at her past. She fled from it to London.

Before her prison earnings were exhausted, she obtained employment as a nurse in the family of a rich shipping merchant named Brockingham.

Within a year her employer's son fell madly in love with her. He proposed marriage; she accepted, and they were united. She retained her position in her husband's family until her pregnancy could no longer be concealed. Then young Brockingham revealed all, and threw himself upon his father's mercy. The latter did as such men commonly do. He cast the pair forth, penniless.

They were rich in love for one another, however. The young man set to work manfully to support both. After a time he obtained employment as an agent for a manufacturing firm at the Isle of Bourbon. His wife accompanied him to his post, and was at his bedside when he died, five years later, already a rich man.

Among the officials on the island was the Marquis de Varbaray, a young spendthrift, who had been sent away from Paris to recoup his damaged fortunes and mend his broken morals. The expatriated patrician had been a frequent visitor at the merchant's house, and had been deeply smitten by the charms of Mrs. Brockingham. When her husband died he offered to supply his place.

There was no vestige left in the elegant young widow of the one time stroller of the outer Boulevards. To the teachings of her prison companion her quick mind had added stores of other knowledge behind which her loathsome past disappeared as be-

hind a veil. She had, in short, advanced from a harlot to a fine lady.

The respectability of her late husband set aside any questions as to herself. So, when she became the marquise de Varbaray, society made no doubt of her worthiness of the title.

The Marquis returned to Paris with her, and for a time proved a most devoted husband. His old habits gradually grew back on him, however. The dissipation of the past began to draw him to the debaucheries of the present, until, in 1876, there was no wilder blade in the wild city than the now middle-aged Marquis de Varbaray.

However this may have troubled the neglected wife she did not openly exhibit her distress. It was only when she found that her husband's irregularities had engulfed his fortune and treached on hers and her children's that she began to act. His connection with a well known cocotte of the Quartier Breda was notorious. He promised but failed to keep his word. To her renewed importunities he responded with insults and finally with blows.

This roused the dormant tiger in her, the remnant of her old savage outcast life. All her education had not stamped out, and she determined to face her rival, to frighten her into submission.

The woman was easily found. Driving to her house one morning she discovered her in her husband's arms. Varbaray fled. His paramour faced the wife she had injured with a brazen front, and the latter felt her senses leaving her.

The woman for whose caresses her husband had abandoned her was her old comrade in misery, Françoise.

The ex-harlot of the outer boulevards did not at first recognize her ancient friend. She only saw in her a woman over whom she had triumphed, and whose respectability made that triumph all the more glorious. This woman owned her husband's name. His mistress owned his body and his soul. A scene whose violence can be better imagined than described followed. It ended by the marquise revealing herself and throwing herself completely on her rival's mercy.

It was the worst course she could have taken. It roused a bad woman's envy. Françoise only hated the old companion who had been so much more fortunate than herself.

"Your husband loves me," she said. "He is mine without hope of escape, unless I choose to let him go. Of course I only want his money. Pay me, then, ten thousand francs and you can have him--and much good may he do you."

The compromise was accepted, the money paid, and the marquis cast off in favor of a Hungarian with rubles and an appetite for brandy.

The poor marquise, however, had with her own hand suspended a sword over her head which was only preserved from falling by the hair of a courtesan's caprice. She bled her old friend mercilessly, until the latter's purse could no longer respond to the drain. Then came the threats, the menacing messages, the angry persecutions which the black-mailer makes a weapon of. Finally the long-expected and dreaded promise of exposure filled the victim's cup of misery.

One afternoon, a couple of months ago, the Marquise de Varbaray drove through the Bois de Boulogne. The appearance of her well known equipage was the signal for a general stare—a stare so intent and curious that it embarrassed her. Her face, flushing under the vulgar gaze, turned to some passing friends. They passed her, staring at her without acknowledging her presence.

Society had cut her, and she knew that the blow had fallen!

On her return home, she found a very extensive mail awaiting her. Its contents were, without exception, copies of scurrilous newspapers which a hundred officious acquaintances had sent her. Each one was marked at a certain place. She knew what the mark denoted without reading the passage it emphasized. Françoise had revealed the whole hideous story of their past life to the editor of the scandalous sheet, who was one of her haugers on. All Paris was rolling under its tongue the most juicy morsel of sensation it had enjoyed for years—that the lovely and fashionable Marquise de Varbaray was a woman of ill-fame—a graduate from the brothel.

To the victim it meant shame, social death, expulsion from all decent companionship. There was absolutely no salvation for her. Even her servants sneered and gaped at her as they moved about the room! The insolence of the pampered lackeys went so far that when the stunned woman gathered her reeling senses a little and rang for lights, no one answered her call.

In her mind a purpose was now forming darker than the twilight shadows amid which she sat alone. All hope was gone, and with it went all of the better impulses which her honest life had endowed her with. In her despair she became once more the bru-

tal street-walker of the suburbs, reckless as a bankrupt gambler, fierce as a hunted wolf.

Her husband had a fancy for collecting curious arms. From his museum she took a Moorish dagger—one of those fearful weapons long and slender as a gleam of lightning, with a point like a serpent's fang. At midnight a veiled shadow stole past the sleepy porter at the house of Françoise Lebrune, and was swallowed by the darkness of the hall. The proprietress of the place was absent, dallying over a late supper with some victim. The shadow waited for her in the gloom, where it crouched like a tigress.

At two o'clock in the morning the porter was roused by the arrival of his mistress. Her maid was in bed, and after gaining her room, Françoise dispatched him to wake her. A minute later, a woman entered the boudoir where the half drunken harlot was "Ho you are here," said Françoise, angry at having been compelled to wait.

"Yes, I am here," answered a voice that made her leap up with a shriek, just as the speaker swiftly closed and locked the door.

"I—I—thought it was my maid," gasped the frightened prostitute.

"It is your executioner," replied the voice.

And, casting off her cloak, the visitor leaped upon her, dagger in hand.

It was no longer the Marquise de Varbaray. It was the old Amadine, a fury, a wild beast. The miserable crotte could no more have struggled against her than she could have fought a Titan. Holding her by the throat the woman she had wronged and ruined massacred her with countless stabs. Her shrieks ran out like the screams of an eagle. The porter, the police, the servants, summoned by the dreadful outcries, thundered at the heavy door. Calm amid all the riot the murderess carried her purpose out.

The door finally burst from its fastenings. The people outside stumbled into a room dripping blood, among whose wrecked furniture lay two dead women.

One was mutilated almost beyond recognition. Her face was slashed to mince-meat. Her body was ripped to shreds. The other, still gripping her by the throat, had fallen beside her with a bloody dagger buried in her heart. With the point of the bloody dagger the poor ex-street walker had written a fit epilogue to the scandal which had destroyed her.

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