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"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHTS."—Thomas Jefferson.

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LOLA MONTEZ.
SKETCHED IN SMILES AND SHADOWS

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I spent the winter of 1862 in Washington. It was rather a dull season politically. The atmosphere about the Capitol was sullen and portentous. Disagreeable wrangles, that led to nothing but intense ill-feeling, were the order of each day. After unsatisfactory mornings, spent watching Congressional proceedings, which were neither amusing nor edifying, we turned with more than usual zest to musical and dramatic entertainments. Among the latter, perhaps, might be included the somewhat profuse and deluding honors

bestowed upon her. She had been impeached, said that her persecution results from her having advocated reforms political and religious, which roused against her the Jesuits, that immortal and ubiquitous society, which has borne so much killing, and so thrives on proscription. The priests, she said, set on the students an ungrateful set of German boors, who quarreled with her dogs and did not take horse whipping weekly. Certain it is that she was compelled to leave Munich without much time for packing; but perhaps she went not altogether unwillingly; the dull life of a small German capital must have bored her immensely, and she was evidently not meant for "an old man's darling."

If I remember rightly, the next world heard of her was a piece of piquant scandal. She had somewhere caught in her tools—those subtle toils, seemingly light and silver as gossamer, yet in reality as strong as steel, and as tenacious as grapping irons—a wealthy and well-born young Englishman, and married him. He was under age and of weak intellect, and as it was presumed that he had given himself in marriage under the spell of the evil eye (a pair of them,) if not under actual bodily fear, his friends resolved to rescue him and separate the ill-matched couple. Then followed that famous pursuit over the continent, from city to city, Lola Montez always keeping a little alive, having in close custody her terrified and submissive victim. A pretty chase she led them, but they overtook her, at last—her husband went over to the enemy, who bore him off in triumph. Then there was a trial. The law vindicated injured male innocence, wealth and respectability, and divorced the poor young gentleman—the mere wreck of himself, his friends said, but it is to be hoped he was brought round again, on toast and wine-whey, and ripened at last into an average Briton of the "swell" type, which Leech so delighted to picture.

Everybody knew that she was by no means a nice and proper young person, yet everybody was anxious to see that dancing enchantress, who owned herself to being "wild and wayward—though never wicked"—that subduer of elderly kings and tamer of young husbands—and everybody went once at least, and was subject for one perilous evening to the spell of her dark, splendid entangling eyes and Corean fascinations. She appeared merely as a dancer, and she was hardly that. Daring and dazzling, she was wanting in grace and artistic finish. She showed a sort of petulant disdain of the ordinary arts of the *danses*, relying wholly, it seemed, on the piquant beauty of her face and the splendor of her costumes. Her form was light and lithe, but too thin at that time for perfect symmetry. Beautiful she was with those wonderful eyes, blazing forth now and then from under long, heavy drooping lashes—and her dark, soft, abundant hair, gathered back from her low forehead in lovely, shining ripples, and lit by some gorgeous tropical flower. Yet to me there was something sad in her passionate, defiant, utterly unpeachable face. Alas, it would have seemed sad beyond tears, could I have foreseen the pitiful, dreary ending of that erring and wasted life, of that mad, baffled chase after pleasure; the sudden awful blight of paralysis—the painful death so weirdly prolonged—the funeral of the forgotten courtesan—the humble grave of the Magdalen.

Very little is really known of Lola Montez, though several sketches of her life have been written—one purporting to be from her own pen. One of our party at the theatre that night was an English gentleman, who had seen her several years before, at her first appearance in London. She was then, he said, exquisitely beautiful, yet was bussed, not for her bad dancing, though that may have deserved it, but because of her being recognized, by some officers in the pit, as an English or an Irish woman, and the runaway wife of a captain in the army. She had, it seems, left her husband in India, with the understanding that she was going to England on a visit, but she went no farther than Spain, where she took some lessons in Spanish and ballet dancing. After gaining some little reputation on the Continent, she was daring enough to appear under her pretty Spanish *sobretu* on the boards of Drury Lane. Her English career was very short. She was next heard of as playing a more important, if not a more honorable role, as the chief favorite, friend and adviser of King Ludwig, of Bavaria—as the power behind that respectable, but not very imperial throne, which stands in a gorgious, gilded hall in the new palace at Munich. Ludwig was a gentleman of much energy and enterprise, and of artistic tastes. He had built a fine palace and noble museums of art. He had been the generous patron of sculptors and painters, and had greatly beautified the capital city. His loyal subjects had been willing to indulge him in his pretty edifices, but they did object to the scandal and cost involved in his infatuation for the young Spanish *danses* who had turned his royal head with her heels, and fired it steadily with her eyes. It was an attachment highly paternal and platonic doubtless, but necessitating in the magnificent royal mind, a handsome establishment, horses, phantoms, dogs, diamonds, and finally the title and estates of a Countess.

Well, those loving subjects grew more and more averse to seeing their august sovereign bowing his amonted head to kiss the hand of a dancing adventuress. They denied his divine right to make a fool of himself in his old age. They ridiculed, they reviled, they raved. They finally made the crown too hot for that monarch's head, and it was laid down in sorrow than in anger—and Maximilian took it up, and wore it royally enough, I believe.

Many a person thinks he is honest because he has never cheated. Instead of that, he is only honest because he has never been tempted. What the world calls "innate goodness" is very often a full stomach, and what it terms vice is quite as frequently an empty bread basket.

Dr. Marsh says the best antidote for dissipation is marriage. Men resort to gin and sugar, not because they are depraved but because they are lonely. Out of every dozen men you see hanging about our porter houses ten, he observes, are without a female comforter. Here's a hint worth dwelling on: avoid gin and beer.

Lola Montez, or Madame the Countess of Landsfeldt, whose unveracity has never

gleamed in her eyes to the end.

After this, out of sight out of mind she passed wholly, till I heard of her sudden illness—that cruel stroke that left her helpless and so pitiable, blighted and aged before time—a fate most terrible for an organization like hers, all nerves and fire and action. Then followed the long dim twilight of that life of fitful and lurid brilliance, misty and chill, and ushering in a night that seemed quite dreary and starless. But the poor soul thought she saw amid the mists of the gloom the steady shining of the Star of Stars, gracious and pitiful—the Star that shone over the Manger of Bethlehem and came out above the Cross of Calvary; and on this side she fixed, to the last, those great dark eyes through which had blazed every wild human passion and sinful debauchement, but which had sometimes softened, with human pity and overflowed with penitent tears. So who would dare deny to them the right to look toward those divine beckoning rays of peace and pardoning grace?

I have heard from a lady who knew the kind Samaritans who nursed poor Lola Montez in her last sickness, that her grateful gentleness and humility were very pathetic. That fierce, rebellious nature seemed utterly tamed. She crept to the foot of the Cross and crouched there weeping, till she seemed to hear the gracious words—"Thy sins are forgiven thee."

In the summer of 1863 I visited Munich. While driving about that fine capital, which, from its aspect of newness, seems more like an American than a European city, the beautiful residence allotted by the late King to Madame Lola Montez was pointed out to us by our *valet de paix*.

"Was she very unpopular in Munich?" I asked.

"Yes, madame, with our most respectable citizens, and latterly with the students—but she was good to the poor—they missed her."

In the Art Gallery of the new palace, King Ludwig, who was a great connoisseur of beauty, had set apart a hall for the portraits of living European beauties, and at the head of all these we found a portrait of Lola Montez decidedly the loveliest picture there. Even the reigning Queen, a young and pretty woman, was given a less honorable position in the gallery. We were told that the old King exacted of his successor a promise that this picture should remain in its place, at least while he lived.

In the rose-embroidered studio of Kaulbach we found another portrait of—as the painter named her—"the Countess of Landerfeld." It was a full length, in an antique Spanish dress, a superb and stately picture, after the style of Vandyke.

One bright afternoon in this winter of 1867, I was wandering through Greenwood Cemetery, and suddenly came upon a humble grave, in a small three cornered lot, quite unadorned, and only marked by a plain white stone, bearing simply this inscription:

"Mrs. Eliza Gilbert. Died February 17th, 1866—aged 42."

It was the grave of Lola Montez!

I could scarcely realize that after such a free, wild swing at life, from continent to continent, she had been limited to such a narrow domain. How that little triangular hedge seemed to imprison that wilful untamable creature, that rebel against society, that Zingara of the world! How heavily the earth seemed to rest on that strange, wild heart, passionate as fire, inconsistent as water. How still she lay, who had seemed like some gleaming tropical bird, gay and fierce and restless.

Kind people provided this place of repose for her poor, weary, faded body, but it is hardly likely that they often visit the spot. There are here no floral tokens of lovely remembrance. Doubtless, many an unmarked grave in the Potter's Field, on the hillside, is more frequently visited. But as I stood over that mound, I felt only womanly pity and regret, and gladly would I have laid thereon an offering of flowers, to fade on the brown turf as her beauty had faded from the world; not sumptuous roses, typical of her in her lovely prime, when the great German painted her—no littiles, which might seem to reproach her memory—but a bunch of purple Heart's Ease, breathing reconciliation and peace.

Philadelphia Home Weekly.

The richest man of the world, it is said, will probably be young Lord Belgrave, the grand-son of the Marquis of Westminster, if he lives to inherit the property of the latter. The present income of the estate is estimated at \$5,000 a day; but ten years hence, by the expiration of numerous long leases at nominal rents it will probably be \$100,000. Earl Groevers is the father of Lord Belgrave and the son of the Marquis of Westminster. Lord Belgrave is now thirteen years of age.

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A STRANGE CAT.

Pat Malopey, better known by the name of Father Pat, on returning from work one evening, was met at the gate by Biddy, his better half, in a high state of excitement.

"Pat," says she, "there's a strange cat in the cabin."

"Cast her out, thin; don't be botherin' me about the baste."

"Faix an' I've been strivin' to do that for the master of tin minits past, but she is beyond my reach, behind the big red chest in the corner. Will ye be after helpin' me dhrive her out, Pat?"

"To be sure I will; bad luck to the constable she has for me house. Show her to me, Biddy, till I teach her the respect that's due to a man in his own house—to be takin' possession without so much as by yer leave—the thafe o' the world!"

Now, I'd had a special antipathy to cats, and never let pass an opportunity to kill one. This he resolved to do in the present case, and instantly formed a plan for the purpose. Perceiving but one way of egress for the animal, he says to Biddy:

"Hav ye zev a male bag in the house me darlin'?"

"Divil a one is there, Pat. Yez took it to the mill wid ye, to bring home chips, this mornin'."

"Faix an' did, and there fit is yet, thin."

"And have ye nothin' at all at all in the house that will tip up like a bag, Biddy?"

"Trotch an' I have, Pat—there's me Sunday petticoat—ye can draw the strings close at the top an' sure it will be better for not lettin' the cat lavin' ye."

"Biddy, darlin', ye're a jewel; just be after bringin' it to me at waist."

Biddy brought the garment, and sure enough it made a good substitute for a bag. Pat declared at a glance that it was "ilegant."

So, holding it close against the edge of the chest, he took a look behind and saw a pair of eyes glaring at him.

"Aw is it there ye are, ye devil? Be ye o' that, now, bad luck to ye, ye thavin' vagabone. Bedad an' ye won't leave at all with perfle axin'—yoursel' will bate the pigs intirely. Biddy, hav ye any hot water?"

"Sure I've the full of a tay kettle—all a bilin', Pat."

"Be after castin' the matter of a quart thin behind the chest, and we'll see how the baste minds the like o' that."

"Howld close, thin, here goes the steamin' hot water." So saying dash went the water and out came the animal into Pat's trap.

"Arrah, be the howly poker, I have him now, Biddy," says Pat. "Is it nine lives ye have, ye baste? Well, now, be axin' me pardon for all the thavin' ye've bin doin' in my house or its nine lives will not save ye. Biddy, saze howld o' the poker, and whilst I shoulder the bag, just whack daylight out o' the baythia divil."

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Manners easily and rapidly mature into morals. As childhood advances to manhood, the transition from bad manners to bad morals is almost imperceptible. Vulgar and obscene forms of speech keep vulgar and obscene objects before the mind, think not that the Printer is altogether a machine—think not he is indifferent to the gem of which he is but the setter; the subtle ray may penetrate the recesses of his brain; of the flowers he gathers, some may leave their fragrance upon his toll-work fingers. But when you seek a friend, companion, adviser, when you would elevate one who for sympathy may represent either or both, when you want Judges, Legislators, Governors and Presidents—O, ye people, advertise: "WANTED—A PRINTER."

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"Wanted—a Printer," says a contemporary. "Wanted—a mechanical curiosity, with a brain and fingers—thing that will set many types a day—a machine that will think and act, but still a machine—a being who understands the most systematic and monotonous drudgery, yet one the ingenuity of man has never supplanted mechanically—that's a Printer."

A Printer—yet for all his sometimes dissipated and reckless habits—a worker, at all times and hours, day and night: sitting up in a close and unwholesome office, when gay crowds are hurrying to the theatres—later still, when the street revelers are gone, and the city sleeps—in the fresh air of morning—in the broad and gushing sunlight—some "printing machine" is at his ease with his eternal, unvarying click!

Click! click! the polished types fall into the stick—the mute integers of expression are marshaled into line, and march on as immortal print. Click! and the latest intelligence becomes old—the tho't a principle—the idea a living sentiment.

Click! click! from the grave to gay, item after item—robbery, a murder, a bit of scandal, a graceful and glowing thought—are in turn closed by the mute and impressive fingers of the machine and set adrift in the sea of thought. He must not think of the future, nor recall the past—must not think of home, of kindred, of wife or of babe—his work lies before him, and thought is claimed to his copy.

You know him by his works, who read the papers and are quick at typographical errors—whose eye may rest on these mute evidences of ceaseless toil; correspondents, editors and authors, who scorn the simple medium of your fame, think not that the Printer is altogether a machine—think not he is indifferent to the gem of which he is but the setter; the subtle ray may penetrate the recesses of his brain; of the flowers he gathers, some may leave their fragrance upon his toll-work fingers.

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MANNERS AND MORALS.

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