

## AN UNCOMMON DANCER

### INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF LOLA MONTEZ

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#### Lola Montez (1821-1861)

Controversial, assertive, self-assured, progressive — such attributes in a Victorian woman were bound to raise antagonism in some quarters, especially when the person in question was a "mere" professional dancer. Bigamy and alleged immorality only increased her notoriety and public censure. These contemporary newspaper articles feature a range of opinions —from approval and amusement to outright vilification.

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## **(1848) Bavaria**

*New York Semi-weekly tribune, 22 March 1848*

Serious riots have occurred at Munich, arising out of the animosity borne to the Countess de Landsfeld (Lola Montez) by the students and the people.

It appears that in all the German Universities the students are wont to form into associations under distinctive names and wearing distinctive costume. Five such associations had long existed at the Munich University.

A sixth was formed, under the domination of Alemanen, in the very drawing-rooms of Lola Montez, who took it under her special protection. Its members, to the number of fifteen or twenty, wore caps of a deep red, decked with a band of various colors. They soon fell under the censure of the other students; who would have no intercourse with them, and declared them unworthy of obtaining satisfaction for any insult whatever. In the course of the first week of February, this ill-feeling rose to an open feud, and the Alemanen were pursued and hooted about the streets by large crowds of the other clubs of students.

On the 9th, at about noon, the same cries and hooting were revived with more violence against the Alemanen; who sought refuge at a tavern where they usually dine and hold their meetings. At the moment they were entering the tavern, one of the Alemanen, Count de Hirschberg, no doubt irritated by the cries of the crowd thronging the bazaar, suddenly drew a dagger from beneath his garments and rushed with fury on the persons around him. A gendarme fortunately seized his arm at the moment he was about to strike a young man, and he was ultimately disarmed. The gendarme durst not arrest him, owing to his being a member of the Alemanen; and he was enabled quietly to enter the tavern.

There his comrades, who awaited him, addressed a letter to Lola Montez to claim her protection. Lola immediately left her residence and ran to the scene of the uproar. Being recognized, threatened, and pursued by the shouts and insults of the multitude, she endeavored to procure refuge in the houses in her passage; but all doors, even that of the Austrian Legation, were closed on her. Then was the King, who had been warned of what was passing amid a fête he was giving at his palace, seen to descend to the streets, and, amid the disturbance and cries of the multitude, offer his arm to Lola, with a view of protecting her.

Thus did they enter together the Theatine Church, in front of the palace, when the unhappy woman threw herself at the foot of the altar, and exclaimed, "God protect my best friend, my only friend!" Immediately after she left the church with a pistol in her hand. Outside the irritation went on increasing, and the cries of "*Pereat!*—Down with the spies!" were raised. The moment she was recognized, the crowd rushed on her; a man of the people, after wresting the pistol from her, seized her by the throat, threw her down against a wall, and delivered her over to the insults of the populace.

She was at length rescued by the gendarmes, conducted to the infantry post of the palace, next to the apartments of the royal residence. The people assembled in the Obelisk Place, broke up the wooden enclosures of the houses there for arms, in order to resist the gendarmerie. The guards charged a crowd of students, wounded two of them and killed a man. The King went so far as to close the University for a year, and order every student, not a townsman, to quit in forty-eight hours; but the Municipality afterward obtained a revocation of this order.

Intelligence of the 11th states that the King had induced Lola Montez to leave Munich by a "golden bridge." The people had made an attack on, and sacked, her house, on the heels of her retreat. He had dismissed Prince de Wallerstein, President of the Council of

Ministers, who had advised him to send off the Spanish dancer; and named in his place M. de Maurer, the Councilor of who signed the degree conferring on Lola Montes the title of Countess Landsfeld.

Letters of the 12th supply a truly theatrical sequel. Lola Montez reappeared today in our city, dressed in male attire. She proceeded yesterday only to Strahenberg, three leagues from Munich, and made today a last attempt to penetrate into the royal palace. Some 10 or 12 students of the Alemanen Association, her body guard, escorted her. The moment the return of the royal mistress became known the people assembled, and strict inquiry was made to discover her hiding-place. Fortunately for her, Prince Wallerstein, who still retains his seat in the Ministry, caused her to be arrested by gendarmes, placed in a post-chaise, and sent off to Switzerland.

She reached Augsburg in the afternoon. Three students accompanied her in the carriage with the two police-officers. On leaving Munich, she said, 'The King will abdicate and follow me into exile.' I think she is mistaken; for, however enamored he may be of her, his Majesty is still more attached to his crown. In order to remove all doubts as to her departure, the Government communicated an official notice of it to the Municipality; and that body placarded it at the corners of the principal streets. She was known to have reached Augsburg."

In the height of the riot, the King was "accidentally" struck by stones, thrice; but was not much hurt. On the 42th [?], he went about the city, both in a coach and on foot, visiting the scenes of the disturbance; and was received with the customary marks of respect. He looked pale and dejected.

## (1852) The Great Lioness

*Eastern State Journal, White Plains NY, 30 January 1852*

[From the Washington Telegraph, Jan. 23.]

“My profession exposed me to the approaches of the licentious.” Thus writes Lola Montes. “I cannot help it if bad men approach me, if bad men scheme to become acquainted with me, if bad men talk to me, if bad men seek to make me despise myself.” Alas! to occupy such a position is bad enough for any woman; but to one who has the intelligence and ability to discern and feel the degradation, it must be poignant in the extreme.

But is this Lola Montes a real existence—a human being—a poor, friendless, beautiful, wayward woman! We have heard of her by every ocean steamer for some years past, and she has been no unimportant personage in the estimation of European journalists. Everything relating to her, or even to the companion of her walks, her big brown dog, has been thought worthy a notice in some English or French newspaper. She must, therefore, have an existence. She cannot be altogether an imaginary creation. But is not much that is said of her purely imaginative—her fortunes, her persecutions, her triumphs, and her intrigues?

Lola has traveled away across the ocean to visit our shores, and in the same ship that bore a Kossuth to us—two personages who had seen strange vicissitudes in life, and yet who experienced but little sympathy for each other when thus brought together. But this is not surprising, when we reflect that they were here to be competitors for popular favor. We did not, however, think of them in this light. The statesman and the *danseuse*, we should have thought, could have no jealousies. But to this we erred. The *danseuse* was a politician also, and, according to her own narrative, had enacted no unimportant part in the diplomacy of Europe. Her enemies have said she was the mistress of a King, while she

maintains that she was his Prime Minister. This part of her recital is interesting. She says:

“In my professional career as a *danseuse*, having been in Russia, and being on my way to Vienna, I stopped at Munich. Soon after, I received from an aide of the good old King Louis, an invitation to a royal audience on the next day. After hesitating some time, I yielded to the solicitation of my friends, accepted the invitation and had an interview with the King at noonday. The King treated me with kindness. In a familiar conversation with him about French politics, I gave my opinions pretty freely; and especially in relation to some French editors whom I was acquainted with. Having always been, as I am yet, in the habit of making full notes of public events, men, and movements, I was enabled to be accurate. The King manifested great surprise at some of the information I gave him, and seemed so deeply interested as to ask me to stop in Munich as his guest for a few days. I at first declined, and finally observed, “Will it not give cause for scandal against your Majesty?” The King replied, “No; I have no fear of that.” I consented to stay a few days, and renewed my conversations with the King several times on visits to him at his instance. These visits were unceremonious. I talked to the King as I always do to everyone—truthfully, frankly, and without concealment. I told him of errors and abuses in his Government—I told him of the perfidy of his ministers. Honest and unsuspecting, he did not believe it; but I proved it to him. He expressed his gratitude to me. His Queen was my friend. I exposed to him especially the art, duplicity, and villainy of his Prime Minister, Baron d’Abel, a Jesuit, who had wormed himself into his confidence. What had I to gain by all this but the establishment of right, and the protection of an honest man from rogues?”

This is surely the most remarkable *danseuse* who has ever visited our boards! one who can hold familiar conversations with a King about French politics, who habitually makes full notes of public events, and who, soon after taking up her abode in a kingdom, can tell the King of “errors and abuses in his Government!”

But what had the real ministers to say to all this? We shall see.

“I entertained liberal views, and was the advocate of liberal measures then, as I am now; but I am no socialist, nor political revolutionist without cause. The Prime Minister, d’Abel, was determined to drive me away; and he plotted against me, raised all kinds of scandal about me; sent to France, England, the East Indies, and Spain, to get false testimony against me. He represented to the people that I influenced the King to do all kinds of wickedness, and he attributed his own oppressive acts to the King and myself. In all these villainous schemes he failed, till he called in the aid of the Austrian Prime Minister, Prince Metternich. Then they tried to conciliate and soothe me, and bribe me to their purposes. I was offered four millions of francs, and the title of Princess, if I would consent to aid them to control the King to advance their plans. This I indignantly refused, and immediately exposed their offer to the King. He was astonished, and exclaimed, “It cannot be so.” I was determined to prove it. I agreed upon an interview with Metternich’s and D’Abel’s agent, Baron Militzhin, in a room, the King being concealed so that he could hear all that passed. He heard the whole. He was convinced of the treachery of those around him, and he dismissed his Ministry forthwith. The successor of D’Abel was a liberal and a Protestant. My course strengthened the King’s confidence in me, and augmented the hostility of the Jesuits to both. They sought my life by poison; they sought to assail my reputation by misrepresenting my position with the King, and they traduced me to the people as influencing the King to their injury.”

This was rather a formidable party to stand arrayed against a poor dancing girl, politician as she was, and we need not wonder that Lola sustained injury in such a contest. But she has something important to say about Switzerland. Let us hear it:

“The Jesuits in Munich are a powerful party. Though they failed in the attempt on my life, they did succeed in their slanders against

me. An occurrence took place just at that time which aided them. The radicals in Switzerland had just driven the Jesuits out of the Swiss Confederation. Louis Phillippe professed non-intervention as his policy; but at the very time, Guizot wrote to Metternich proposing the subjugation and division of Switzerland, and an alliance between France and Austria for that purpose. King Louis of Bavaria was solicited to become a party to this alliance. He told me of it. I spoke my mind fully to the good old King as to these intrigues. I told him it was unjust and infamous.

\*. \*. \*. \*. \*

A revolution was fomented by the Jesuits, and the good old King was dethroned and exiled.

\*. \*. \*. \*

This venerable man was slandered with respect with me. I am a poor weak little woman. I love him as I would love a father. It is not a love that any woman need be ashamed of. I am proud of it. He was my friend, and while I live I shall be his friend.

\*. \*. \*. \*

“I have been deprived, by Jesuit and Austrian power, of my little property, the fruits of hard and laborious study, and incessant exertion, the toil of years, and the gifts of my benefactor. I am a poor *danseuse*, dancing for a subsistence. I have been prodigal to a fault. I have learned it was a fault.

\*. \*. \*. \*. \*

I hope that my simple story, told in my poor way, will be believed by the American gentlemen and ladies. It is true, as I live. I am not the wicked person you have been told. I have never harmed any one knowingly. I am not the enemy of a single human being living. I am a humble, unobtrusive, and defenseless *danseuse*, in a foreign land, with no relation, and no long-trying, unselfish friend, to appeal to, and can only ask a liberal and generous public to credit my simple tale. Can I expect this in vain from the high-souled, free, liberal, and honorable Americans? I do hope, I do trust, they will not chill the heart of a stranger, who wishes kindness to all, by harsh and cruel censure, upon idle reports and rumors. Can I ask of my own sex to speak a gentle word for me, and be refused? I know I have erred in

life, often and again—who has not? I have been vain, frivolous, ambitious, proud; but never vicious, never cruel, never unkind.

\*. \*. \*

I know but few gentlemen or ladies in America. I obtrude myself on no one. Some I have been forced to know that I wish I had not known; but I have met some warm-hearted and kind people, whom I shall remember with gratitude while I live.

\*. \*. \*

I beseech a generous public to sustain me in my efforts to better my fortunes in an honorable profession. I appeal to a liberal press, and to the intelligent gentlemen who control it, to aid me in my exertions to regain the means of an honorable livelihood.”

Lola affords us at least one rare and refreshing instance of a European whose tones in asking the boon of public favor are humble and beseeching, rather than imperious and commanding. Her profession exposes her to the “approaches of the licentious;” yet she humbly beseeches a generous public to sustain her in her efforts to better her fortunes—to aid her in her exertions to regain the means of an honorable livelihood. We do not approve of a profession that exposes a woman to the temptations she describes; yet she makes an appeal we cannot resist. We may not aid her in the walks of her profession—we do not direct the steps of the young to the theatre as a place of improvement—yet, when a friendless woman humbly asks to be permitted to procure the means of an honorable livelihood, we are disarmed; and whatever sentiments of opposition we may entertain to the occupation of a public *danseuse*, they are arrayed in opposition to Lola Montes no more than to the most favored of her profession. We would gladly see her talents and fascinations exercised in a more devoted and useful sphere in life, but whether her own choice or the conventional decree of the world has assigned her the position she occupies, we would wish for nothing but her happiness and welfare in it. The pen is mightier than the heels or the sword, and so she has found it. Neither her dancing nor her beauty could have produced

the effect her letter has accomplished. It has rendered her triumph complete.

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## (1852) Lola Montez

*The Plaindealer. (Roslyn, N.Y.), April 16, 1852*

This notorious individual has written a very caustic letter to Epes Sargent, the Editor of the *Boston Transcript*, to whom she administers a severe castigation—*a la* Lady Bulwer—in return for his strictures upon her recent visit to the Public Schools of his city. One would imagine from the style and tone of this production that the writer was a paragon of female excellence—that never a whisper sullied her fair fame—and that her traducer was an utterly depraved, and God-forsaken being. Alas for appearances! She commences by stating that reports were spread to her detriment by “Jesuitic lectures”—these “Jesuitic enemies,” seem to be peculiar favorites with Madam, for they are referred to some half a dozen times in the course of her letter. She then administers a rap to the knuckles of the Bostonians by reminding them that they should be the last ones to object to the visit of a *Danseuse* to their public institutions,” for that their Bunker Hill Monument was crowned with the labors of Fanny Ellsler. She then declares her detestation of *humbug* ending with a sly rap (No. 2.) at Barnum, woolly horses and white negroes. Rap No. 3. is at Jenny Lind, and the absurdity of paying such fabulous prices for tickets at her concerts. But Mr. Sargent himself comes in for the main series of rappings, and the way he does get it, is a caution to all Editors who mind the public interests in preference to their own, and she concludes with the following paragraph.

“Above all, if you would have the character of an honest man, never give circulation to aspersions of the character of a lady of which you know nothing, which are false in themselves, and, which, for my own part, I DEFY ANY MAN LIVING TO PROVE.”

It was exceedingly judicious in Madam Lola to defy any *living man*, well knowing the great improbability of any *dead man* paying much attention to her, although if “dead men did tell tales,”—probably

his majesty, the late King of Bavaria might rehearse one concerning his late Mistress.

But to conclude, we commend the following sensible article to our readers! it is from the pen of Mrs. Dennison, of the *Boston Olive Branch*. It was written just before the arrival of Lola in this country, and we can but say that we have been gratified to find that “the women of America,” as of one accord, have refused to “tolerate her,” or afford her the least countenance or support.

Mrs. Denison speaks out boldly and to point, and we honor her therefor. She says:

The journals are beginning to puff Lola Montes; in an off-hand way, it is true—but still it is puffing. One of them, after lauding her performances, says: “Lola is a brilliant creature, though her morals are somewhat European.” Now her morals are neither European nor American, nor Ethiopian, nor Asiatic; they have no nationality; they are essentially the morals of the pit, and from thence conferred on her in the first degree by the father of lies.

Truly, if there is a kingdom of darkness, Lola Montes is one of the queen representatives on earth. Such a woman should not be allowed to tone public opinion in matters of taste, if the shameless dancing of the ballet can be tortured into a display of taste.

Would that we had a pen of fire, and instead of paper the hearts of the people to write upon. We confess to ultraism upon this subject; for this miserable creature, this shameless street fighter will carry from our States, as other like vagabonds in character have done, thousands and thousands, when a poor wretch, with more real honesty and half her crimes to answer for, would be put in the penitentiary. If theatres are made shrines for such fallen divinities, then there is no longer any excuse for them; they are utterly corrupt; if women, our American sisters, fair temples upon whose beauty is written “purity.” “modesty.” are to sit before a creature

who daily brings odium upon her sex, and gaze upon a face which should be covered with a veil black as night, they have forfeited the holy name. What! will the touch of a destitute outcast pollute their garments? will a word, a glance of hers contaminate them? How much better, pray, is Lola Montes? Is she perishing with hunger, that we load her with gold; on the contrary, reveling in luxury. Not so of some poor wretches who would give life itself for a kind look: and you, dear madam, would see them die rather than look upon them. We write without fear of comment; no one will dare to defend the infamous woman whose name we loathe to utter.

It is the example of such as she that shadows the earth with embodied vice; it is the power of such, given in unlimited measure, by you who shrink from misery, that adds to its giant stature day by day.

We would ask for which of her deeds will Lola Montes receive the rapturous applause that will greet her when she first appears upon the boards before a Boston public? What great good has she done, that she should be thus encouraged? Where is the consistency of a people that would applaud Jenny Lind because she is such a bright, pure creature, so modest, so sensitive, so Christian, and bestow the same gifts, shower the same golden favors, crowd with the same eagerness around a pirouetting Lola Montes, whom all the world knows to be a shameless, unblushing, unsexed something—we cannot say woman?

A very useless plea is it that people are curious to hold her; make this excuse laudable—and thousands would flock from every quarter to see the creature, who would under no other circumstances approach her; we say make this excuse *laudable*, for curiosity is only noble when it creates a thirst for the wonders of science, for things that are intrinsically good, great or useful; but it is something mean, groveling, not to say criminal, when we would gratify it at all hazards, merely because it is natural, and so give encouragement to the basest wickedness.

Let Lola Montes be met by cold indifference; let her appear to empty seats, or before an audience of men only, and those of the nondescript sort: she would be abashed, checked by such withering rebuke; she would be constrained to say, "The women of America will not tolerate me: I must therefore be evil."—but crowd the house with beautiful, delicate, and—save the mark—Christian women, and she might as well be bad as good, as far as her popularity is concerned. She has been followed by fools and apes long enough in all conscience; and corrupt as she is, were she treated as she deserves when she lands upon our shores, were she to see the sneer of contempt upon every lip, the fire of scorn in every eye, she would shrink into her insignificant self, and learn a lesson that might result in her benefit, and teach her that there is power in virtue.

## (1853) Trial for Assault

*Ithaca Journal, NY, 18 May 1853*

### **Lola Montes in New Orleans— Her trial for Assault and battery— Scene behind the scenes.**

The second advent of Lola Montes in New Orleans promises to be immeasurably more brilliant and scandal-developing than the first, and, as such, is worthy of a passing note. When she primally made her appearance on the New Orleans stage, she was introduced as the 'Countess of Landsfeld,' a danseuse, whose native odors had been somewhat tainted by the corrupt breathings of a sickly royalty; but now that she had had her lungs expanded, time and again, by the free airs of our republican country, she is prepared to take a stronger hold on the public mind and to sketch out her biography on the pages of the present with a sterner pen.

Lola is great! The story of her life is as rich in incident as a compost heap is in fertilizing qualities, and both alike hold a fitting place in the economy of the world. She has danced before royalty, and more than that, she has played the tricks of a dramatic reality before the Gothamites; she has danced the "Spider Dance" on the stage of the Orleansois; she has left the impression of her up-raised toe on some of the stern realities of the Queen City of the West, and she has poured forth her wrath on the weights of the emporium of the Missouri; and now she comes back among us, invigorated by her many triumphs, determined to shake off the effeminate trammels of fashion and society, and do—to make use of one of her own free-and-easy phrases,—“just as she\_\_\_please”.

We before stated that she and her agent, Mr. Henning were arrested for entering the green room of the dramatic temple on Gravier street, yclept Placide's Varieties, and for there disturbing the peace, and making a personal attack on the prompter, Mr.

Rowe. The case came up yesterday for examination before Recorder Winter, and the crowd that collected in the Court room to see the beautiful tigress, and to hear her plead her case was absolutely suffocating. When the case was first called, Mr. Henning informed the Recorder that the Countess was too unwell to leave her bed. Thereupon officers were dispatched to see if the sickness was not feigned, and ascertaining that it was not very serious, they returned with their noble prisoner who, on the way made herself bewitchingly attractive by smoking two perfumed Habanas. When she arrived, Lola desired a postponement on account of the absence of witnesses, but the Recorder told her that it could not be, as they had failed to have the witnesses in question subpoenaed.

Lola—Am I to suffer when ignorant of my rights and the laws of the country?

Recorder—Your agent knew the laws, and it was his place to protect your interests.

Lola—Mr. Henning is my agent—not my protector. I would have you know, sir, that I am my own protector. [Applause from all parts of the Court room.]

It being determined to proceed with the examination, Mr. Rowe was called. He testified as follows:

On the night of the 8th instant, when performing my duties as prompter in the Varieties, and preparing to ring up the curtain for a dance by Mlle. Lucy Barre, this lady, Lola Montes, (pointing to her) pressed up on the prompt side, thereby violating the rules of the house and interfering with me. I told her she could not stop there, when she indignantly drew back, asked me what I meant, d——d my soul, struck at me and kicked me. She then called her agent, Mr. Henning, and told him that I had insulted her, [whereat] he jumped at me, seized me by the throat, and with his knuckles against my

neck, almost choked me. He behaved very violently, and for some time there was a great confusion and noise in the green room.

Mr. Henning—Did I strike, push or choke you, or do anything more than a gentleman should do when called to the assistance of a lady?

Witness—You did not strike me, but you seized me by the cravat, and for a time took the breath from me.

Mr. H.—Did Lola hurt you by the kick she gave?

Witness—The kick was not severe, but I could feel it very sensible.

Recorder, to Lola—Madame, do you wish to ask the witness any questions?

Lola, when she saw that she was addressed, stepped up to the rail and went into a long history of how, after much solicitation, she had consented to play an engagement on so insignificant a stage as the Varieties—how, on the second night of her engagement, the prosecuting witness had said something to her very foolish, dishonorable and indelicate, for which she had threatened to cause the breaking of his head, and how he had begged that she would not mention the occurrence, which request she in the plenitude of her kindness, granted. She further told how she had encouraged that poor little danseuse Lucy Barre, and that the prosecutor disliked her for it; how she had gone to the side wing to applaud her; and how the prosecutor went up and kicked her on the leg. She added, 'I was surprised, and said, it's I, Sir, Lola Montes, Countess of Landsfeld; and I called him a Jesuit for the spite which he exhibited.

Recorder—Do you wish to ask him any questions?

Lola—I, I, Sir; not indeed! I'll ask him no questions.

Mr. T. Placide, sworn—Mr. Rowe is in my employment as prompter of the varieties; he has a particular place assigned, where none but the members of the company have a right to go; I know nothing of the assault and battery charged; when I went into the green room on the night of its occurrence, I found Lola Montes there and told her she must leave, as I had been informed that she had been creating a disturbance; she told me she wouldn't go; I said I would call an officer; she then swore that she would not go, and called me a d——d liar and a d——d thief. [Lola here, in an undertone, observed, "and so you are."] Witness continued: No one but a member of the company had a right to enter the theatre through the rear door; and I discharged the doorkeeper who let Lola Montes in on the night in question; Mr. Rowe has been in my employ about four years, and is a very good, estimable man.

At this stage of the proceedings, Lola complained that she could not hear the witness, and got him to repeat his testimony.

Witness—Well I'm used to speaking to large assemblages, and I'll try and make you hear this time. He then commenced: When I entered the green room, I found Lola repeating to herself—"Lola Montes! Lola Montes! to be turned out of a theatre by a common actor!"

Lola—Didn't you make a great deal of money out of Lola Montes, Mr. Placide?

Witness—You made four dollars to everyone I made. You go on the star system, and get the lion's share.

Lola—Didn't you come behind the scenes in your shirt-tail, in a very immodest manner? and you know, Mr. Placide, that you're far from being a handsome man! [The latter clause was spoken in parenthesis, and the answer to the question was lost in the excitement and applause which followed it.]

Lola—Didn't I offer to dance for that poor little Lucy Barre, and you would not permit of so generous an act?

Witness—I thought you'd be no benefit to the house!

Lola—You know very well that I always draw good houses, and in proof, I appeal to the brilliant audience now present. (This *ad captanandum* was a signal for loud and long-continued applause, which the officers found great difficulty in quieting.)

Lola—Don't you owe me a few dollars Mr. Placide, for treating the French artists to liqueurs, who were playing for the benefit on that night?

Witness—I had nothing to do with the house on that night; the benefit was for the "Dramatic Fund Association." Instead of being a witness I begin to think I'm on trial here.

Recorder—(To Lola)—Your questions are quite irrelevant. Call another witness, Mr. Officer.

J. W. Crocker, sworn: I saw Lola strike at and kick at Mr. Rowe, but don't know whether her hand or foot touched him.

F. Church, assistant prompter, sworn: I saw Lola kick at Mr. Rowe, because he told her that she could not stand in his place. She then called for her agent, who grasped Mr. Rowe by the collar.

Lola: Did you see Mr. Rowe kick me?

Witness: No, I saw nothing of the sort, tho' I saw all that was done.

Lola (spitefully and through her teeth)—You did not, you-u-u.

Lola here undertook to tell a long story about the violence of Mr. Rowe's temper and his Jesuitical tendencies on the stage. but the

recorder stopped her by declaring that Mr. R was a well-known and highly respectable citizen.

Lola: He may be a citizen, and he looks like a man—I suppose he is one, but 'I'm not sure!' He called me a woman, and I didn't object to it. [This was said in so comical a manner as to occasion loud roars of laughter.]

C. Mason sworn: My place is near the prompter's stand. I heard Mr. Rowe say to Lola, this is no place for you, madam. Afterwards, I heard her call for Mr. Henning, and when he came she called to him, "If you're a man you'll whip him." Henning then seized Mr. R. by the collar. Mr. R. made no resistance, and spoke no angry words. Lola was in Mr. Rowe's way. I saw her there during part of the Concert. Did not see Mr. Rowe kick or strike Lola.

Mr. Rowe recalled.

Lola—Was I not permitted to go on the prompter's stand previously on the same evening?

Witness—I saw you standing on the O. P. side.

Lola—Didn't you kick me?

Witness—I solemnly declare that I did not kick or strike you, or even lay my hand on you.

Lola (in an undertone)—I could be content to be kicked by a horse, but by an—, pshaw!

Officer Rand sworn: I know nothing of the occurrence, only after it was over. Lola wanted me to arrest Mr. Rowe and Mr. Rowe wanted me to arrest Lola and her agent.

Sir Wm. Don, sworn: I never heard of an artist being refused permission to enter the green room, if they had been previously playing at a theatre. I have never been refused admission. I saw Lola on the prompter's stand many times during her engagement, and been there myself, though Mr. Placide does not allow it.

Lola—Haven't you heard Mr. Rowe use improper language to me?

Witness—I've heard him call you Lola, and heard you say he insulted you, and I advised you to make it up.

Mr. Rowe—Sir Wm. Don, I charge you, on your oath, to speak the truth.

Lola—And I charge you, on your oath, to speak the truth!

Witness—I never saw him do anything improper. You said he had insulted you.

Lola—Well, there is but two or three ways in which a woman can get insulted. Your honor (addressing the Recorder) knows the most probable one! [Laughter.]

P. Pecquet, of counsel, here moved the case be continued till a further day, to admit of the summoning of Mr. Bass and others.

Col. Field, for the prosecution, objected to a continuance, gallantly observing that he would admit all that the defense was to prove by the absent witness, as he did not wish to be hard on a lone woman.

Lola—I'll accept of nothing on that score, Mr. Counsel. I consider that I am a host by myself. [Applause]

Madam———sworn—Witness testified in French, that when Lola went home on the night of the difficulty, she complained that she had been kicked, and she showed her leg, which had a red spot on

it about the size of a Mexican dollar. This spot was perceptible the next morning. The spot was not above, it was below the knee, on the calf.

Lola here triumphantly remarked that she had proved that she had a spot on her leg, the result of violence, not so dark it is true as the stains on some folks' characters, but still such as entitled her to justice and a full and free discharge.

The Recorder thought differently, and committed both her and her agent for trial before the First District Court.

Thereupon, the assembled crowd of lookers-on dispersed, and Lola with her friends drove home in a carriage and four.

## (1854) Column for the Curious

*Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, NY, 23-Jan-1854*

Lola Montes again. A correspondent of the *Mobile Advertiser*, writing from Grass Valley, Cal., says:

Our town has for some months, obtained some notoriety from the residence among us of a real live Countess. You may not be aware, perhaps, that the renowned Lola Montes, Heald, Hull, &c., Countess of Landsfeld, after exhibiting her agility in the spider dance upon the California boards for some months, and getting married, finally settled down in the quiet village of Grass Valley, turned her new husband adrift, applied for a divorce and declares our town the prettiest place she has ever seen in the wide world and that she is determined on making it her permanent home. I regard this as only one of the wild freaks of Lola, and doubt if she can be contented to remain till spring. She has bought a cottage and made numerous additions and attractions, and metamorphosed it into a French chateau, built a green house, purchased a choice assortment of plants and flowers, keeps her saddle horses and dogs and, among various other pets, has a live grizzly bear chained in her yard, and amuses various Indian boys and loafers by annoying him and exciting his utmost fury, and then by coaxing and petting him—as only a woman can do—will feed him with sugar from her hand. The friends of the Countess may be glad to know of her welfare. She is seducingly social, and as easily irritated as ever.

## (1855) The Theatre

*Geelong Advertiser and Intelligencer (Victoria, Aus.), 28 September 1855*

Donna Lola Montes last evening achieved a complete triumph. As a "comediienne" she is artless, and carries with her the "esprit" and completeness of impersonation which confers so much grace on the French stage, on which her style is modelled. Genius only could have borne her through with a Geelong audience, prejudiced by severe strictures and sinister rumors; but, from the "debut" in the first piece to the "pose" of "LA TARANTULA," she won the audience, and curtsied on a triumph. As an actress, Madame Montes is unlike any that we have seen on the colonial stage. She is particular, minute in detail, careful in dialogue; and whilst giving way to "abandon," in no one instance, by gesture, or otherwise, gave the most remote approximation to offence to delicacy, even were that quality refined to the sublimated pitch of interdicting the statuette of the Greek Slave. Her pathos in "Maidens Beware" drew many a tear, whilst her "sangfroid" where she assumes the "National Guard" in which the least vulgarity would have offended, drew loud applause, and the curtain fell in the first piece amidst loud calls for the heroine, and at the conclusion of Morning Calls the same honors were accorded, and the "finale" only remained. The curtain rose, and Madame Lola in Andalusian costume, appeared to dance - what? "THE SPIDER DANCE." And what abomination is the Spider Dance! Tell it not in Gath. We blushed not at the dance, or the "Danseuse," but at the "Tarantula" known to every frequenter of the opera as the accepted "NATIONAL DANCE OF SPAIN," and portrayed in picture and print as commonly as the "Cachucha." Shades of Cerito, Grahn, Ellsler, Taglioni, be propitiated! If not the dance, then the dancer is objectionable? The style offends not a whit, and Madame Montes, at each pose, challenged judgment. Applause rained on her, and when the curtain fell on a favorable verdict, in response to a universal call for an encore, the celebrated Montes appeared, apologized for not acquiescing to the popular will, and withdrew, after a clever compliment to the Geelong public.

