

Recollections Of Other Days

by Edward Dusseault

The Bohemian's Story Of "La Silhouette."

WHILE in London in 1862 I frequently met a Frenchman, who, although age had whitened his head, retained much of the energy of his youth, and walked with a sprightly, erect gait and as elastic a step as that of vigorous middle age. He was, by turns, a musician, a teacher of his native language, a lecturer, and a *maître d'armes*. With no regular business, he, nevertheless, managed to pay his way and dress well. He had been in nearly every place of note in Europe, he knew every quarter of Paris; and he delighted to talk of his rambles in the *quartier Latin*, and to recall many of the characters he had known and studied while strolling, as he often had, about the outskirts of the French capital. He was, in every sense, one of that class of persons, whom we now call Bohemians, with quick perceptions and a ready wit. He was a great lover of painting; and, whenever I chanced to be in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square, I had only to step into the building of the National Gallery to see my whilom acquaintance, Jean Thérézol, who was almost certain to be there gazing at the landscapes of Turner, the Rembrandts, the Rubens, and the Vandycks of the collection. He admired Turner's landscapes. He always spoke of them with unqualified praise; and would, sometimes, good naturedly say, "*Ces sacrés Anglais ont, après tout, quelque mérite,*" thus acknowledging, which a Frenchman seldom does, that there was some good out of France. We frequently met at a coffeehouse in Leicester Square, where he often amused the company, which, by the by, was composed of good listeners, in the small parlor, that we occupied and called ours, by narrating his experiences in the *la métropole du monde*, as he called Paris. In less than a month after these meetings, I visited the places he had mentioned and described in his narratives, and found that, so far as these localities, their surroundings, and the scenes to be looked upon there, were concerned, he had been truthful.

One evening, while we were seated in "our parlor," Thérézol was unusually talkative; and, as he chatted, he glanced carelessly up and down the columns of a French newspaper. At length he exclaimed,—

"*Quelle coincidence!*"

And forthwith read aloud an account of the arrest and conviction of a young girl for having participated in a murder; and, when he had finished its perusal, he looked up and said, —

"This reminds me of *La Silhouette*."

"*La Silhouette!* what do you mean by that?" said one of the company, an Englishman, who, although he was a fair French scholar, did not recollect the real meaning of the word.

"*Silhouette,*" responded Thérézol, "means a portrait drawn after the shadow of a face; and when I have described the being to whom that *sobriquet* had been given, you will see that it had not been misapplied."

“Thanks,—I remember the word; and I am anxious to learn how such a name can be appropriately applied to any living creature.”

Thérezol laid the paper down, filled and lighted one of the long pipes that were on the table, leaned back in his chair, and, after a few preliminary puffs, commenced his narrative of

LA SILHOUETTE.

It was in the year—well, never mind the exact date, which I don't remember. It was some time while I was a student at *St. Sulpice*. I had a somewhat humble apartment, in one of the outskirts of the city near the line of the fortifications, for the simple reason that I could not afford to lodge in a more sumptuous abode, nearer the fashionable quarter of the metropolis. It was only a few paces from *la Place Maupert*; and, whenever I could take a little time from my studies, I used to stroll about to, as you would say here, see the sights, and to visit, for myself, the schools, whence most of our French criminals graduate. These establishments, consisting of *cafés-concerts*, low *cabarets*, and gambling hells, where *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, are the favorite games, abound in the environs of the old gates and in the belt of the fortifications. There is, in one of these old suburban *Communes*, which the suppression of *l'enceinte d'octroi* has made a *quartier* of Paris, a street, about two hundred metres long, where there is scarcely a house that, during the night, is not a more or less frequented rendezvous. In all the rest of the *quartier*, there is silence, solitude, and misery; but here and there are crowds, noise and prodigality. As one enters this street, he finds houses of debauch, midway to the other end a theatre, further on a public dance hall; and nearly every door opens into establishments where drink is sold, from the lowest *cabarets* to well-lighted *cafés* of an elegance that is not tasteful. They are all frequented by customers more or less unlike in aspect, but similar in morals.

This street begins at a *boulevard*, that is little frequented, and ends at a dismal-looking cemetery, which suggests to one's mind the end to which they, who frequent its doors, are hastening,—death. One should not venture into the deserted regions of this quarter without assuring himself that he is not followed by three or four individuals in blouses, who, in spite of their careless gait and apparent *flânevie*, would become at the proper moment formidable adversaries. This is, in fact, the *quartier par excellence* of those nocturnal attacks which furnish so much matter for the Parisian journals. It is from this street, that those little bands of *scélérats* emanate to follow the traveler, as he leaves the railway station, with his bundle in his hand, or to dog the footsteps of the belated *bourgeois*, as he wends his way to the modest apartment that he occupies in this uninviting quarter. But in the street itself the crowd is dense enough to enable one to pass without risk, and to enter without being noticed its numerous *guinguettes*, which are ranged along its whole length. During the time that I have passed in most of them, that which struck me the most forcibly, was the prodigious amount of money—earned, none knew how—that in a single night must pass from the pockets of the drinkers to those of the proprietors of these places, where the wise precaution of receiving pay before serving is taken. They were all crowded; and the most miserable in appearance were the ones that emptied the most slowly.

In a *café-concert*, the hall of which could hold fifteen hundred persons, I could not, in spite of the heat, that was almost intolerable, find a place without climbing up into the *sommets les plus élevés du paradis*. The audience, composed of men in blouses, and women in caps,—a few with

children on their knees,—laughed boisterously and applauded enthusiastically a little piece, which was, I must say, neither much more vulgar nor much more improper than those which the best society witnesses every day in more elegant theatres.

A few nights afterward, curiosity led me to return; and my attention was attracted to a group of individuals of both sexes, who were most boisterous in their applause, and on whose countenances vice had been indelibly stamped. I never saw worse specimens of humanity anywhere, not even in Cayenne. But the one who struck me the most was a young woman, whose face, of a death-like paleness, had a yellowish tinge, that rendered it most ghastly, and, when in repose, resembled that of a corpse. I approached the group to get a better view of her, and found that her features were exceedingly regular and well-chiseled. If she had not that death-like paleness, which deprived her face of all expression,—good or bad,—she would have been beautiful. But hers was a meaningless face; her eyes stared vacantly, and no spark of intelligence was discernible on her otherwise handsome visage. She resembled more a lifeless statue than an animated being. She was nothing more than a shadow. Hence her *sobriquet*, “*La Silhouette*.” Two of the men of the group seemed more intimate with her than the rest; and I judged, by their appearance, that, if they had not already been to the galleys, they were most assuredly on their way thither.

“*Dis donc, La Silhouette*,” said one of them, “you’ll not fail to be there tomorrow?”

“*La Silhouette* never misses such chances of filling her pockets,” she replied.

And as she spoke, her hitherto meaningless countenance lightened up, and her eyes, which were jet black, sparkled. But it was a fiendish animation that enlivened her, and a devilish fire that flashed from her now expressive eyes.

The first speaker lowered his tone as he asked, —

“*A quelle heure?*”

“One hour after midnight.”

“Where?”

“Here, at the door. *Tais toi, maintenant.*”

The male speaker held his tongue, as he was bidden; and *La Silhouette’s* visage resumed its vacant, meaningless aspect, which it retained until, in the course of the little melodrama that was being enacted on the stage, the villain of the piece, with a tremendous blow, knocked down an officer, who had attempted to arrest him.

“*Bravo! Bravo! voilà l’homme pour moi!*” shouted *La Silhouette*.

And she rose to her feet, clapping her little, well-shaped hands with all her might. She was again all animation, her eyes again sparkled; and, as she laughed,—a she-devil’s laugh, that had *je ne*

sais quoi about it, which was almost attractive,—she gave the fellow, with whom she made the assignation for the next night, a smart slap, that I would not have liked to receive, and almost shouted, —

“If you could only do as much as that, *Le Grogneur*, *je ter especterais*, *je t’aimerais*, *moi*.”

I left the *café concert* that night with curious thoughts of *La Silhouette*; and I felt certain that she was to meet *Le Grogneur* for no good purpose. I reached my lodgings, and went immediately to bed. But I did not sleep soundly. I dreamed all night of *La Silhouette* and *Le Grogneur*, and, when I arose the next morning, I had but a very confused recollection of my dreams. Besides *La Silhouette* and *Le Grogneur* I had seen others in my sleep, but whom or how they appeared, I could not remember. I tried in vain all day to clear the confused vision in my mind of the preceding night’s apparitions, which, while I had slept without resting, impressed themselves on my brain.

When night returned, I was impressed by curiosity to decide to be at the *café-concert* at twelve o’clock. I desired to witness the fulfillment of the assignation made by *La Silhouette* and *Le Grogneur*. I was there at eleven. I saw the same group, and found a seat immediately behind them near enough to catch a word now and then—occasionally a whole sentence—of their conversation. *Le Grogneur* was seated beside *La Silhouette*, and they conversed in a low tone without paying any attention to the stage. *La Silhouette* appeared as she had the night before; *Le Grogneur* showed signs of being slightly under the influence of wine, and occasionally spoke loud, but was immediately checked by *La Silhouette*.

“*Tais toi, fou!* You’ll make us miss our game, if you talk so loud. You would never have been to the *baigne* if you had never allowed your tongue to run away with you.”

“*Tu as raison, Silhouette.* You are always right,” replied he, and lowered his voice at once.

This little woman evidently had much influence over this brute.

“We cannot be too careful,” she added; “I see several near us whom I have never seen before. There may be a detective among them.”

“What!” exclaimed *Le Grogneur*, in a startled but low tone. “I’ll go out. You are never mistaken; and I don’t want to run the risk of being recognized tonight.”

“Yes, go; but don’t forget,—one hour after midnight,—here,—at the door,—and bring *Le Grippeur* with you.”

At midnight the audience gradually diminished, and *La Silhouette* left. I followed, but lost sight of her in the crowd. I paused for a moment at the door, and finally crossed over to a *salon de jeu*, which I entered. “*Pour connaître le mal, il faut l’étudier*” has been my maxim from youth; and I have always sought to learn, from personal observation and thus know for myself, all that I can of the dark side of humanity.

One of the first persons I saw, as I entered, was *La Silhouette*, who was conversing earnestly with one of the *garçons*, her face animated, her eyes sparkling, as I had seen them twice the night before; and, that she might not perceive that I was watching her, I approached a group of individuals, who were looking on, while others were losing and winning at *rouge et noir*. I soon perceived that they who staked large sums almost invariably lost, and that they who risked small amounts won. The good fortune of the latter encouraged them to play more deeply; and they also were, in turn, "cleaned out."

While I looked on with the rest, I felt a light tap on my shoulder, and was startled by a person who whispered in my ear, —

"*Au nom du Roi!*"

And then he immediately added, —

"*Suivez moi, monsieur*"

I followed in a bewildered state a man of medium height, in a blouse, who appeared like a mechanic. He was in haste; and as we passed into the street, he quietly said, —

"Walk quickly."

And started at a pace that I could scarcely keep up with.

I had followed but an instant, when the thought came to my mind, that, perhaps, I was allowing myself to be led into a trap. I stopped at once. The man in the blouse turned abruptly, and asked what I meant.

"To assure myself, that you are really an officer of the king, and not a scamp."

We were near a well-lighted window, which he approached. I drew nearer; and he quickly satisfied me, that he was an officer in the secret service.

"I am satisfied," I said; "but I cannot imagine what you can want of me."

"You'll soon know. Let us go in here," he continued, looking at his watch, by which it was twenty minutes past twelve. "We have not sufficient time to go where I intended. But this place will do."

We entered and sat at a small table, facing each other. The detective called for a bottle of wine, and assumed so well the tone, language, and manner of the *quartier*, that it would have been impossible to divine his real character.

We tasted our wine, which was much better than I thought could be obtained anywhere on the street; and the detective, as he raised his glass, looked at me and said, —

“*A la vôtre, Monsieur Thézol!*”

I bowed as I drank, and found it difficult to conceal my surprise. This man, a stranger, whom I did not remember to have ever seen before, knew my name, and, perhaps, as much of my private affairs as I did myself.

He resumed, —

“You must not be surprised to learn that I know you. It is my business to know everyone in this vicinity. You’d hardly think that I have agents here in this *café*. Well, there are three here, who are at this moment intermingling with the rest of the *habitués*, and speaking *Argot* with thieves, counterfeiters, and other criminals. They will report themselves at my office at five o’clock, and give me a written account of their night’s doings, which will be the history, for that time, of every rogue who has crossed that threshold, and also of such honest persons, as, it is thought, are likely to be useful to the service. You were at the *café-concert* last night, you were there the night before, and you returned again tonight. You cannot have gone for nothing. Something unusual must be contemplated by some one to induce a student of *St. Sulpice* to go for three consecutive nights to such a place, to sit each time near the same group, and to watch so closely *La Silhouette*.”

“Then you expect to learn from me something concerning that being, and have, accordingly, exercised the right, which the law gives you, to impress me into your service.”

“Precisely. Do you understand *Argot*?”

“Only a little, a word here and there.”

“Perhaps it won’t matter. *La Silhouette* and *Le Grogneur* seldom speak it. But time passes. Tell me quickly what, if anything, you overheard of their conversation.”

“Very little,” I replied, “and nothing of any importance beyond that part which related to an appointment for this night.”

“Where were they to meet, and when?”

“At the door of the *café-concert*, at one this morning.”

“It’s now within twenty-five minutes of that time. I shall need you, and am extremely sorry to be compelled to give you the trouble of accompanying me to the rendezvous. Let’s go at once.”

I was obliged to obey. There are times, when, under certain circumstances, a *commissaire de police* has, for the time being, absolute power. This was one of those moments; and I was obliged to follow, like a good citizen, the detective out into the street, when, as soon as we were out, he said, —

“We will go first to the *salon* opposite the rendezvous. *La Silhouette* is, no doubt, still there; and you will have the goodness to keep your eye on *that garcon* with whom we left her talking.”

We crossed the street, and he paused in the middle to give me, unobserved, a pistol and a small but heavy *gourdin*. The next instant we were in the *salon de jeu*; and, as we entered, I whispered,

—
“There will be three at the rendezvous. *La Silhouette* called the other *Le Grippeur*.”

“I’m glad to learn it in time. I know *Le Grippeur*, and can manage him. You will have to secure *Le Grogneur*. He’ll give you very little trouble. *Cest un vrai poltron*. There is one of my agents here who will take care of the woman. But let me, once for all, warn you against using that pistol, unless it should become absolutely necessary for you to do so to save either your own life or that of the persons who will be there to assist us.”

We entered the gaming place. *La Silhouette* was still there, but the *garcon* was not in sight. I was surprised to see the *habitués*, who greeted him in a familiar manner and called him “*Jaques*.” *La Silhouette* did not pay him as much attention as the others, over whom he seemed to have considerable influence. She evidently disliked him; and he knew it. I passed a few moments pretending to be looking on, while others were playing, but really endeavoring to get a glimpse of the *garcon*, whom I was to watch. In the meantime a woman entered, who, if she had been neatly dressed, would have been very attractive. She was unquestionably pretty, and, if her appearance did not deceive, intelligent. *La Silhouette* appeared glad to see her; for she hastened to embrace her, exclaiming, —

“*D’où viens-tu donc, Cocotte? I never expected to see you again.*”

“*Mais, mon Dieu! I’ve never been away. I’m here every day. It is you who have been keeping out of sight, not I. Why have I not seen you for so long?*”

The two women continued their conversation in an undertone. The detective came to me, and exclaimed, as if surprised, —

“*Quoi! est-ce toi, Baptiste?*”

We shook hands and remained together. He continued: —

“We have ten more minutes. *La Cocotte* is one of mine. She excites no suspicion, and is the only person whom *La Silhouette* will trust. I have no doubt that she will be asked to be at the rendezvous. I don’t care about that *garcon* now. The arrest of *La Silhouette* will prevent me from detecting him at present; but I am sure of my game.”

I then commenced to have some conception of the magnitude of the machinery of our police service, which is, in some manner, represented in all classes, through which it extends its numerous ramifications in all directions, and employs individuals of either sex. We finally passed out. We crossed the street to the *café-concert*, where it was comparatively dark. The next

building sat back a few feet from the street, with which its front made an acute angle, so as to bring one corner, the farther one, nearly out on a line with the building at the rendezvous. Near this corner there was a long stone, which had, no doubt, been intended to be used as a curb-stone, capable of serving as a seat for three or four persons. It was shadowed by the *café-concert*; and I did not perceive it before we were within four feet of it.

“Sit on that stone,” said the detective, “and wave this white handkerchief.”

I did so; he went to the rendezvous, looked toward me and immediately returned.

“We can sit here,” he continued, “unseen by anyone, and see all that passes there. This,” he whispered, “is the worst part of our business. Intelligence is required in searching for and working from a clue; but at this stage of a case we have to stoop to be spies, and exercise what, after all, cannot be considered as anything better than low cunning.”

We had hardly been here a minute when we discovered two women emerging from the *salon de jeu*. One proceeded down the street toward the cemetery, and the other, who proved to be *La Cocotte*, came directly to us and sat down on the stone between the detective and myself. She glanced furtively from me to the officer, and, addressing the latter, said, —

“*Est-ce qu’on peut parler sans gene? Is this gentleman one of ours?*”

“Yes; you may speak freely. This is *Monsieur Thézol*, a student of *St. Sulpice*, who has been studying human nature here, where its worst side may be so well learned. My duty has compelled me to impress him in our service for this occasion. Who came out with you from the *salon*, just now?”

“*La Silhouette*. She has confided the whole business to me. I am to be at the rendezvous and to share the proceeds. She has now gone to *Le Grogneur*. The *garçon* is the decoy duck who is to inveigle the game to the trap.”

“Good,” said the officer, gleefully rubbing his hands, “I shall get them all at last.”

“They would be here now,” continued *Cocotte*, “but, at the last moment, the *garçon* sent a message, that he would not have the *commis* near the *cul de sac* before two. *La Silhouette* has consequently postponed the hour of meeting till half-past one.”

“What did you learn about the nature of the game they are after?” asked the officer.

“The clerk was to remain alone at his bureau till late, and, upon leaving, was to abstract certain valuables from the safe, of which he has false keys, to deliver them, for concealment, to the *garçon* who is to share equally with him, for his services. The *garçon*, not knowing where to conceal them, has confided in *La Silhouette* and offered her one half of his share if she will receive and keep safely the proceeds of the theft. *La Silhouette* readily agreed and forthwith formed a plan, with *Le Grogneur*, to secure the whole by attacking, and, if necessary, killing, the clerk, while in the act of handing over to the *garçon*.”

“That’s a little game which we will interrupt. You’ll now take your place at the rendezvous. You can sit on the door-steps, while waiting.”

“*Tres bien*; but be careful at the *cul de sac*. *La Silhouette* will not hesitate, when desperate, to plunge her knife into whoever may happen to be within her reach.”

And, so saying, she stealthily gained the entrance of the *café-concert* and seated herself on the stone steps.

“That little woman,” said the detective, as she moved away from us, “is the best female agent in the service. She will assuredly gain distinction. *Elle est brave comme une lionne* and extremely intelligent. She will jump at a conclusion—the right one always—while others are racking their brain to reason from a clue to a logical and probable result.”

I fully believed him; Cocotte had impressed me most favorably. She was pretty and certainly intelligent. I soon concluded that she could have held her own in good society, which increased my perplexity when I endeavored to account for her singular taste, that led her to be a female detective of crime. Constantly associating with criminals and worthless women, she had remained, the detective said, unblamable.

“But,” he had added, “she is a little she-devil when she assists at an arrest, as you will soon see.”

She was small, but plump and evidently strong. While conversing with us she was in all respects womanly; and I could scarcely believe that it was possible for her to so unsex herself as to aid in arresting criminals.

The appearance of *La Silhouette* interrupted my reflections. She was apparently in deep thought, and paced back and forth several times before seeing Cocotte, who rose and joined her just as she had reached a position directly in front of us and was about to turn to walk the other way.

“Ha! you are here, Cocotte. *Le Grogneur* and *Le Grippeur* will soon be with us. It’s all right; but *Le Grippeur* has no confidence in you. He says, ‘Cocotte pretends to be one of ours, but none of us knows anything that she has done to entitle her to our confidence. Who knows that she is not an agent of the secret service, a spy?’ ”

“*Le Grippeur* is a fool, which I shall prove to his satisfaction this very morning,” said Cocotte.

“Well, this business is mine, not his; and I have confidence in you to such an extent, that I have agreed to plunge this knife into your breast at the first sign of treachery.”

“Very well,” replied Cocotte carelessly; but she put her hand to her waist to assure herself, doubtless, that her own weapon was conveniently placed.

Just then *Le Grogneur* and *Le Grippeur* appeared on the scene; and the four walked leisurely away. We followed after and presently turned into a cross street and from that into another, parallel to the one of the rendezvous, down which we ran finally turned into another cross street;

and, reaching the one we had started from, we turned toward the cemetery. A few steps brought us to the *cul de sac* in which we passed and concealed ourselves in a dark doorway. I was about to seat myself on the steps when the detective touched me lightly and silently directed my attention to two men standing in such a position as to be visible from our dark corner. One was the *garçon*, and we had no doubt that the other was the clerk. I suggested that both be arrested at once: but my companion did not approve of such a course.

“I wish to secure all of them, and insure their conviction by surprising them in an overt act.”

Presently *La Silhouette* and *Cocotte* appeared and walked directly to the *garçon* and clerk. The latter expressed his surprise at seeing two instead of one; but his fears were allayed, and *Cocotte* impressed him so much in her favor as to make him attempt to play the gallant. He even tried to steal a kiss, when *Le Grogneur* and *Le Grippeur* suddenly sprang upon him and the *garçon*.

The clerk with a *gourdin* floured *Le Grogneur*; and the *garçon* had nearly mastered *Le Grippeur* when *La Silhouette*'s knife entered his side. *Cocotte* sprang upon her. The latter, screaming, —

“*C'est donc vrai; tu nous trahis!*” raised her knife to stab her, but was prevented and secured by the detective. *La Grippeur* sprang upon me, and received a good blow from my *gourdin*, which stunned him. He and *Le Grogneur* were quickly handcuffed by *Cocotte* before they had regained their senses. The clerk stood at bay, and, although such a scene must have been new to him, appeared self-possessed. The detective addressed him, —

“*Au nom du Roi; rendez vous!*”

“Not for ten thousand kings!” he shouted desperately. “Touch me at your peril!”

“As you please,” quietly replied the officer.

He advanced; the clerk's *gourdin* descended on his head, felling him to the ground, and the next moment, our adversary's movements were so rapid, grazing my ear and struck heavily on my shoulder. We grasped each other round the body, and each endeavored to deal a telling blow upon his antagonist.

He broke away from me, sprang back about a metre, and raised his *gourdin* to brain me. I instinctively sought my pistol, drew it and aimed at his head.

“Hold! don't fire!” cried the detective as he recovered, grasped the clerk, adroitly flung him on the pavement, and threw himself upon him.

I heard two sharp “clicks,” and knew that the prisoner was secured. The detective secured the legs of the prisoners, as well as their hands, and sent *Cocotte* for assistance, while we waited in the *cul de sac*. *Cocotte* returned with four *agents de police*, who carried a litter on which the wounded *garçon* was put. The legs of the others were then released, and they were made to walk. We all went to the station in this order: two *agents de police*, the prisoners, the other two *agents*, with the detective, *Cocotte* and myself following in the rear. We had refreshments at the station,

and adjusted our disordered clothing. The detective's head had to be bandaged. Neither *Cocotte* nor I had been seriously hurt. We had beds furnished us and were soon soundly sleeping.

The prisoners, excepting the *garçon*, were arraigned the next morning in the *Tribunal de Premiere Instance*. A surgeon testified that the *garçon* could not be brought into court, as his wound was an extremely dangerous one. The clerk was the first to be examined, and on the table there were negotiable securities and bank-notes amounting to sixteen thousand francs, which had been found on his person. *Le Grogneur* and *Le Grippeur* were both recognized as former inmates of the *bagne*; officers of the secret service testified that *La Silhouette* was suspected of many other crimes, and of having been concerned in the murder of three persons; and the *procurer* asked for the case to be sent to the next session of the *Cour d'Assises*. The *president* so ruled, and I was served with a subpoena therefor.

Before the opening of the *assises* the *garçon* died. The clerk was sentenced to Cayenne for ten years, *Le Grogneur* and *Le Grippeur* went back to the *bagne* for life, and *La Silhouette* received the same sentence *en reclusion*.

That of the clerk can also be considered as such; for all prisoners, who are sentenced to Cayenne for eight or more years, cannot, at the expiration of their sentences, although they are released from custody, leave the colony, but must remain there as colonists, where they are called, derisively, *colons volontaires*. This was the last of *La Silhouette*, continued Thérézol, and the detective was killed last winter near that same *cul du sac*. I saw *Cocotte* not long since. It was on the *boulevard des Italian* is an elegant coupe drawn by excellent horses and attended by liveried servants.

She is still an extremely handsome woman and the best female detective in the service. She no longer operates, in the zone of the fortifications, in low *cabarets*; but her undeniable ability is exercised in detecting political offenders. She has an ample income from the government. She moves in the best society; and among those with whom she mingles, none suspects that she is the one, who directs, under the minister, a large and important branch of the secret service, and in whose presence all should be extremely careful of what they say if they are not above suspicion.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine, June 1880