

# BALTIMORE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1860

BEAUMARCHAIS, the witty author of *The Marriage of Figaro*, who was sent by LOUIS XVI. to England to treat with the once famous Chevalier D'EON for the purchase of some important official papers which were in the hands of the latter, returned to France firmly fixed in the belief that D'EON was a woman in disguise. In London, where D'EON at that time resided, that mysterious personage, who then wore a dragoon's uniform, and "drank, smoked and swore like a German postillion," was a constant subject of discussion in fashionable coteries and with the wits of the clubs and the coffee-houses. Some stoutly contended that he belonged to the sex that shaves; others as warmly maintained that he—or rather she—was of the sex that wears frills and furbelows and—sometimes—paint and powder. Bets ran high upon the question, one of which, for seven hundred pounds sterling, led to a law suit. The plaintiff gained his cause by bringing forward witnesses who swore that the pretended Chevalier was no other than a woman. LOUIS XVI., whose secret agent D'EON had been, some years subsequently, peremptorily ordered the bold dragoon to exchange his military garb for the petticoat and *coiffe*, lest the revelation of his (her) sex at some future day should bring scandal upon the Courts of London and Paris. D'EON complied, and wore thenceforth to the day of his (her) death the female costume, though mixing with it something of the masculine dress. One might have supposed that the question of sex was definitively settled by this resumption of womanly attire. Strange, however, as it may appear, this D'EON, who, in early youth, had been introduced to the Empress ELIZABETH of Russia as an accomplished French woman, and was engaged by her in the capacity of reader; who, in his (her) subsequent career, had distinguished him (her) self as a doctor of civil and canon law, as a diplomatist, Captain of Dragoons, and as Secretary of Embassy, and Minister Plenipotentiary near the Court of St. JAMES; who, with many blushes and tears, confessed to BEAUMARCHAIS that he (she) was a woman, and in answer to whose passionate tirades, BEAUMARCHAIS, in writing of her (him) to LOUIS XVI., remarked that "she "was of that sex to which everything is forgiven "in France"—this military Amazon, whom M. DE FLASSAN, the grave historian of French Diplomacy, pronounced "a species of phenomenon," was, after death, declared, by "THOMAS COPELAND, Surgeon," to be no phenomenon at all, but clearly and incontestably—a man! A question similar in many respects to that which agitated the world of London three-quarters of a century ago has recently sprung up in New York; but which, in the latter instance, is simply worthy of notice from the fact of its being a re-production, in a different form, of the old story of the Chevalier D'Eon, and as illustrative of the shifts to which theatrical and other managers sometimes resort for the purpose of attracting popular attention. It is not a matter that can be treated gravely, for it refers to a dashing *equestrienne*, who has stimulated public curiosity by exhibiting "new and thrilling" feats of equitation, but more especially in consequence of the rumors that have been adroitly circulated with regard to her sex. So well has the trick taken—transparent as it is—that upon this point Broadway and the Bowery are alike at issue, and are alike undecided. Is Md'lle ZOYARA male or female? That is the momentous question upon which numerous disputes have arisen. Lorgnettes have been put in requisition to determine the problem, but like the riddle of the SPHYNX, no one has yet succeeded in solving it. Some there are who imagine that a closer inspection would enable them to spy "a great beard under the "muffler;" but whilst the partisans of the male theory are numerous, their opponents are equally firm in the conviction that the provokingly puzzling ZOYARA is legitimately entitled to display her equestrian skill in voluminous gauze and glittering spangles. It is said, however, that Md'lle ZOYARA is not, in point of fact, Md'lle ZOYARA at all, but, like the ANNE PAGE of Master SLENDER, nothing more than—"a great lubberly boy." For the truth of this statement we, of course, do not vouch. If it should be confirmed, like MORTON'S reported discovery of an Open Polar Sea, by subsequent explorations, we can only say that her powers of deception are not more wonderful than her powers of ubiquity; for while at this time she constitutes the leading attraction at Niblo's Garden, New York, she is nightly exhibiting her feats of horsemanship at the Front Street Theatre, in this city. A knowledge of this fact complicates the matter to an extraordinary degree; for if she possesses the gift of omnipresence, and can appear bodily in two places at one and the same time, who shall say that she cannot transform herself into woman or man at pleasure, or perform any other equally remarkable exploit, for the still further mystification of the play-going community?