

Remarkable Career of Woman in Trousers

good points, for I saw a great deal of her in Jamaica.

"I believe her manner and speech were assumed to repel inquisitive associates. It must have been a life of great misery to have been obliged to be continually acting a part so repellant to her better feelings."

Colonel R. Wilson (formerly adjutant Third West India regiment) wrote: "You know almost all about Miss Barry or nearly so. I recollect that she, like most women, loved attending weddings, christenings, etc.; also, when I was fort adjutant in Jamaica I used frequently to meet her at dinner at General Ashmore's and we were all much amused at the outrageous stories she used to tell making herself out quite a lady-killer; also at balls, or parties of any kind, she was certain to tack herself on to the finest and best looking woman in the room. You may remember she dyed her hair red, but had not a hair on her face, and never had. You can make all you like out of what I have now told you."

In a final communication to the *Lancet*, when I was enabled to make a startling disclosure, which had never before been revealed in print, I wrote as follows:

"In my former letters to you on this interesting subject, I refrained from telling a story, which puts the question of James Barry's sex beyond all doubt, being under the impression as I was that the narrator would himself communicate it to the *Lancet*.

"He has not, it appears, chosen to do so; but as he laid no restraint on me, I shall now place his account before your readers.

"I met this colonel commanding a northern sub-district at mess shortly after the publication of 'A Modern Sphinx' in 1881 and taking me aside he gave me the following startling information, which so far as I can remember them, I will tell in his own words:

"I was quartered as a subaltern in Trinidad while Dr. Barry was serving there in the capacity of principal medical officer. One day a friend of mine an assistant surgeon asked me to walk with him into Port-au-Prince. The P. M. O. said he, 'is down with fever at the house of a lady friend, but has given strict injunctions to us not to visit him. Nevertheless, I feel bound to call and see how he is. Will you come with me?' On arrival my friends entered Barry's bedroom while I remained on the veranda. In a few minutes he called me, excitedly into the room, exclaiming, 'See, Barry is a woman.' At that moment the P. M. O. awoke to consciousness, and gazed at us bewilderingly. But she quickly recovered presence of mind and asked us in low tones to swear solemnly not to disclose her secret so long as she lived. As a matter of fact, added the colonel, 'I have never till now mentioned the subject.'

"I have been given to understand a photograph mentioned in one of

LONDON, Oct. 8.—The recent prevalence of women posing as men has caused the *Daily Mail* to make an investigation of the subject. It says:

In spite of the common opinion that a woman cannot for long pass as a man without arousing suspicion, two striking instances have recently come to light where for a number of years the imposition has never been even suspected.

Marie Le Roy passed for twenty-five years as "Harry Lloyd" at Enfield and her sex was only discovered on her death a few weeks ago, and Mrs. Elenna Smith has engaged for the last five years in business in New York as "Mr. A. L. Martinez" and her sex was not even suspected till she confessed it with some scathing criticism of the American as he appears to his fellow men.

One of the most interesting of these impersonations is that of Dr. James Barry, M. D. inspector general of hospitals, concerning whom Lieutenant Colonel E. Rogers sends us the following account taken from the introduction to his book, "A Modern Sphinx":

It may sound like a paradox but we very much doubt if ever there was a "woman with a past" of so pronounced a type as that of the late Dr. James Barry, M. D. inspector general of hospitals, who, having personated a man during her adult years died at the ripe age of 71 years in Down street, Piccadilly, London, on July 15, 1865 and was then and there found to be of the female sex.

Reference to "Earl's Army List," January 1, 1865, will show that James Barry, M. D. entered her majesty's service as "hospital assistant" July 5 1813, and as she was promoted to be assistant surgeon, December 7, 1813 the possibility but not the probability is that she served in the medical department of our army at Waterloo. At all events she was in the Crimea, yet no record of the lady's war service is placed to her credit.

It is a curious but undeniable fact that Dr. Barry was the veritable Down of our army.

She could almost, if not altogether choose her own foreign stations. She could be, and was, as insubordinate as she liked without remonstrance. In a word, she was treated by the authorities as if she were as she was—a woman.

Need we wonder then, that her promotion was rapid, and that she even managed to jump up two steps at a time in her ambitious climb to the top of the tree. Thus, she never was a surgeon (this sounds derogatory); but she became a surgeon-major. November 22, 1827. She never was assistant inspector, nor brevet deputy inspector general, which were grades in the medical officer's promotion in those days; but she became deputy inspector general, May 18, 1851, and inspector general December 7, 1858. Dr. Barry died July 15, 1865, and her grave in Kensal Green, bearing the very simple inscription, Dr. James Barry, inspector general of Army Hospitals; died July 15, 1865; aged 71 years; may still be found at Kensal Green Cemetery. (Grave 19,391.)

In the following year an inspired article in "All the Year Round," entitled "A Mystery Still," because the temporary talk of the town, for in it was disclosed the strange eventful history of the Sphinx-like individual. "Not only was Dr. Barry discovered to be a woman," remarks the writer, "but it was made evident that in early life she had been a mother." An inquest was held (in consequence of her refusal to be medically attended in her last illness, and next day it was officially reported to the war office that the deceased inspector general of hospitals was in truth a woman.

Attention was called to this queer nay, unparalleled case, by a correspondent in the *Lancet*, in consequence of a question asked by Dr. George Bright, M. D. United States navy, in the following terms: "There is a tradition, to which I have seen an occasional reference, that there was in the British army a medical officer who attained high rank and who was found to be, post mortem of the female sex. The name ascribed to this person in the references which have fallen under my eye is sometimes James Barry, sometimes Macleod. Will you please inform me whether this story rests upon any creditable foundation or is the mere fragment of an idle brain."

The replies to this query were numerous and interesting. Suffice it, however, to quote a few extracts from a letter I wrote when a captain of the Third West India regiment.

"In 1857 I travelled with this remarkable character on board the inter-colonial steamer plying between St. Thomas and Barbados, when I occupied the same cabin, I in the top and she in the lower berth, of course without any suspicion of her sex on my part.

"I well remember how, in harsh and peevish voice, she ordered me out of the cabin—blow high, blow low—while she dressed in the morning. Now then, youngster, clear out of my cabin while I dress," she would say.

"A goat was on board to provide her with milk. She was a strict vegetarian, and she was accompanied by a negro servant and a little dog named Psyche. The doctor was going at the time to visit her old friend, and enemy General Sir Josias Cleote (commanding troops) with whom, when aide-de-camp to the governor of the Cape, she had fought a duel and was wounded in the leg. The late Colonel Sydwell Clerke, who was on the staff of General Basil Brooke at Barbados, told me before his death that he, too, was challenged by Dr. Barry for some fancied insult, but that General Brooke pook-pooked the idea, and made them shake hands.

In person James Barry was short in stature, angular in figure, with a long Ciceronian nose, prominent cheek bones and a rather lugubrious expression of countenance.

"Details of her life were, as I have stated, given, shortly after her death, in the May number of 'All the Year Round' (1865), entitled 'A Mystery Still,' and from these particulars, as well as from such information as I subsequently gleaned, I formulated the (so-called) heroine of my novel, in three volumes, 'A Modern Sphinx,' Imperious in manner and officially dictatorial in social circles Dr. Barry was admired and respected; she was moreover, sympathetic, and skillful in her profession—yet what a life of repressed emotions must hers have been?"

In a subsequent letter to me (published in the *Lancet*) General W. Chamberlayne said: "I knew Dr. Barry in Jamaica. I think the account published in 'All the Year Round' was pretty nearly correct, as far as I remember."

"One peculiarity was a strictly vegetable diet, no meat, or even wine or other liquor; and she always evinced a dislike of medical men. She had a great fondness for animals, keeping several cats and dogs very happily; she was rather bombastic in speech and repellant in manner; but kind and anxious to do good to those who were never likely to become intrusive or familiar or troublesome to her.

"When I think of the anxiety, care, and trouble she must have experienced for years to keep up the assumed character; probably first undertaken for the love of some man, and subsequently, retained, perhaps for the sake of his character as well as her own, it seems surprising how she could have possessed so many

That was Before They were

Sung by JEFFERSON DE ANGELO

"The Beauty Spot"

Lyric by RAYMOND A. BROWNE

Musical score for "The Beauty Spot" by Raymond A. Browne. The score is in 2/4 time, key of G major, and marked *Moderato*. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. To - geth - er
2. He held her

moon; Two lov - ers wan - der by a rip -
sighed: "Ah, would that I might hold this hand

lips re - peat love's old fam - il - iar tune, Their hearts with love's sw
two weeks aft - er she be - came his bride, That word "for - ev - er"

vows her eyes "are like twin stars a - bove." Her teeth are "rows of
rhap - sod - ized about her "locks of gold." "Such tress - es ne'er be

pp agitato e accelerando poco a poco. mf p

COPYRIGHT, MCMIX, BY MAURICE SHAPIRO, MUSIC PUBLISHER, BROADWAY
WHO WILL PUBLISH YOUR SONG, IF YOU HAVE WRITTEN ONE, A
CATALOGUE OF HITS FREE FOR THE ASK
Used by permission, MURRAY MUSIC CO., NEW