

DIRECTORY OF LEADING WESTERN HOTELS.

Table with columns: HOTELS, PROPRIETORS, TOWNS. Lists various hotels and their owners across different western states.

A SILENT CITY OF THE DEAD.

Visit to the Famous Parisian Cemetery Pere la Chaise. Philadelphia Record. Whether traveling at home or abroad, I have observed that there seems to exist some controlling sentiment that intuitively leads the tourist when visiting large cities to sooner or later turn his steps toward the cemeteries, the silent cities of the dead, which more frequently contain, especially in foreign countries, a vaster concourse than the cities of the living. It is a sentiment akin, perhaps, to that which leads one to visit ancient churches, moss-grown and covered with ivy, or to explore the gloomy crypts and cloisters of spacious cathedrals, and partakes more of reverence than curiosity.

We then follow the Boulevard du Prince Eugene, and our proximity to the ancient cemetery is indicated by workshops of marble and stonecutters and funeral wreathmakers. Arrived at the gate we secure a guide, for it is impossible for a stranger unaided to tread this wilderness of tombs without losing his way. This famous burying ground contains over 25,000 tombs, besides innumerable graves, and it is estimated that over \$50,000,000 have been expended on the stone monuments that are still standing. The cemetery occupies nearly three hundred acres of land, and the older portion is crowded beyond description perfect labyrinth of tombs and vaults, standing as close together as the houses in a busy thoroughfare of the city. Some of these vaults are of wonderful depth, and the coffins containing the bodies are simply let down one upon the other and the opening merely closed with a stone slab. In this part of the cemetery a damp, mouldy disagreeable odor is always noticeable, and in hot weather the smell is so bad that visitors seldom enter.

It was in Pere la Chaise that they made their last desperate stand. It was from this commanding spot that their batteries did greatest destruction in the city. Shielding themselves behind the tombs they fought the Versailles troops with the desperation of despair. Shattered snats and slabs indicate the fierceness of the contest. But the soldiers overcame at last, and it is said that not a single Communist who was engaged in the fight in the cemetery escaped. Those who were not killed in the conflict were taken prisoners and immediately shot.

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The tourist's visit to Paris would not be complete without a stroll through the celebrated cemetery of Pere la Chaise, which, formerly an old Jesuit stronghold, was first laid out in 1804, and has become the largest burial ground of the gay French capital. As "all the paths of glory lead but to the grave," so all the streets of Paris lead to Pere la Chaise, which, located without the ancient boundaries of the city to the east, is a long distance from the central part of the city. One jumps into a "voiture," and if not familiar with the city topography trusts to the integrity of the "cocher" to at last reach the objective point. As you wish to be sure of your vehicle to return, you have probably engaged him by "the courses" (the established charge for which from any one point to another within the walls of Paris is only a franc and a half with a "pourboire" of a few sous), and being engaged by the hour the chances are that he will select the longest route he can devise. But you can become reconciled as pass object after object of historical interest on your way. Now we come into the Palace Vendome, a large open square, in the centre of which stands the magnificent column, surrounded by a bronze statue of the great Corsican captain. It was pulled down by the Communists after the Franco-German war, but was soon re-erected. One hundred and thirty feet in height and twelve in diameter is the Colonne Vendome. It is built of stone, and encompassed with bronze in bas-reliefs illustrative of Napoleon's military campaigns, which commence at the bottom and circle around the shaft to the top. The bronze was obtained from 1200 cannons captured by the "grand army" from the Russians and the Austrian in the victorious campaign of 1805.

We stop at the Place de Bastille, and, standing on the very site of that terrible French prison, which was destroyed in the revolution of 1789, view the Colonne de la Liberte, which towers one hundred and fifty feet, and is surmounted by a figure of Liberty with torch in one hand and a broken chain in the other, poised upon one foot as if about to take flight. Not a vestige of the once dreaded Bastille remains, and the stones of its cruel dungeons now form the beautiful Pont de la Concorde across the Seine. What horrid cruelties and turbulent scenes have been enacted on this historical spot! The wall that shields one side of the square from the moat that formerly surrounded the prison has been shattered by the missiles of combat, and it was here that some of the severest fighting occurred between the Communists and the troops. A little child of our party found a bullet embedded in the masonry. It was readily removed with a penknife and given her as a souvenir. What historical memories its discovery revived! But on this once turbulent spot all is quiet enough now.

That magnificent Grecian-looking temple that we passed in the Church of the Madeleine. It is a grand structure, with its beautiful Corinthian columns, fifty feet in height, its noble front and great bronze doors, reached by the broad flight of marble steps. The inside is one vast hall beautifully decorated and lighted from the top by domes. All along the sides are chapels, dedicated to the different saints and ornamented with elegant statues and paintings. Over \$3,000,000 has been expended in the construction and repair of this edifice. Worship is held several times a day in the Madeleine, and almost any hour may be heard the voice of the priest intoning or the soft strains of the organ. And yet only a few years ago this sanctuary of the Most High as a refuge of defence, and many of them were shot down by the troops at the very foot of the altar. In the distance, on the opposite side of the Seine, looms the great Cathedral of Paris—Notre Dame—that has suffered such rough usage at the hands of the fierce mobs of the different revolutions. But this magnificent Gothic structure is yet grand and out, with its two great square towers of over two hundred feet in height, and the huge rose windows between them, thirty-six feet in diameter, with their beautiful stained glass. The niches above the lofty entrance are filled with beautiful statues of saints, and on the edge of the ramparts are colossal figures carved in stone, but appearing very small from the pavement below. The vaulted arches in the interior, rising one above the other to a height of over a hundred feet, produce that grand and impressive appearance that attaches to all these superb creations of the old cathedral builders. Now we pass across a very busy and crowded part of Paris by the Rue d'Abouir and we come out on the boulevard at the Chateau d'Esau, with its tower-market and palatial barracks.

The first tomb of note to which the guide generally conducts the visitor to Pere la Chaise is that of Abelard and Heloise, whose sad and romantic history has always struck a responsive chord in the hearts of sentimental lovers. It is a little, open Gothic chapel, in which is the sarcophagus of Abelard; upon it rests his effigy; and by its side that of Heloise. The monument is built from the ruins of Paraclete Abbey, of which Heloise was Abbess; but its sculptured figures and decorations are sadly marred by decay. The tomb is surrounded by an iron railing, on which were suspended wreaths of artificial flowers, evidence that there were sentimental visitors who still paid tribute to the shrine of disappointed love. The guide plucked a leaf from one of the wreaths, and, notwithstanding her earnest "non remerciez," deftly thrust it into the hand of one of the ladies of the party, assuring her that it would certainly bring bonheur. Her faith in the assurance of the guide was not strengthened when she subsequently overheard the rapacious fellow demanding of a gentleman of the party "un franc, cinquante centimes" for the "porte bonheur" he had thrust upon her.

As you thread the winding, cypress-shaded paths of this crowded city, of the dead you constantly encounter tombs bearing names familiar in history. You read the names of great military chieftains, well known names distinguished in science, literature, theology and the arts, all gathered to this vast sepulchre. Here rests David, the great painter; Laplace and Argo, the astronomer; Scribe, the dramatist; Lafitte, the banker—but in our hurried stroll we cannot note the many familiar names. Under that costly and elaborate mausoleum, with its white Doric columns, sleeps the Countess Desmoulles. On the door of a more modest sepulchre is inscribed the name of the dead President of the French Republic, Thiers, and in our walk we read on the same tomb the names of Beranger, the poet and Manell, the celebrated French orator.

In the Jewish division of the grounds which is separated from the rest by a wall, the visitor is pointed out the monument of Rachel, the actress, and near by, that bearing the name of Rothschild. Now we come upon the names of some of the great military chieftains of the First Empire, and read those of General Massina, Marshal Kollerman, Davoust, Lefebre, and scores of others familiar to the students of military history, all marked by imposing monuments, but we tarry as our guide halts before a little square plot of ground inclosed by a light iron railing, and speaks the name "Marshall Ney." Not even a plain slab of marble marks the last resting-place of that grand Marshal, called by his great chief "le plus brave des braves." A short distance from the south entrance to the gardens of the Palais du Luxembourg, the Paris residence of the first Napoleon, and in the great hall in which the sessions of the Senate are now held, is the spot where the brave Ney, the last man in the disastrous retreat from Moscow to leave Russian territory, was shot, according to decree, on the 7th of December, 1815. It is marked by a bronze statue of the great marshal, and the marble pedestal is covered with the names of a hundred battles in which this military hero distinguished himself.

As we wandered through the cemetery we were struck by the varied and sometimes quaint designs of some of the monuments, from the imposing pyramidal and elegant mausoleum, or elaborate group of statuary, to the simple marble headstone or one-framed crucifix that marks the grave of the poor parents' child. Garlands, wreaths and remembrances, besides bouquets and urns of natural flowers, were strewn in every direction upon the graves and tombs, and upon the little graves we frequently noticed the toys, dolls, wooden soldiers, etc., that the children played with while living. Some of the vaults have open fronts, guarded only by an iron lattice, through which the visitor may look into a little chapel, with its altar, lighted candles and cross, where the relatives of those resting beneath offer their prayers.

Passing through the cemetery to the western boundary we reach the spot where the condemned Communists were shot, hundreds at a time. They were placed beside a deep trench with their faces toward the high wall and shot to death with volleys of musketry. The bodies of those who did not fall into the trench were rudely thrown in, the heap of dead covered with shallow earth and the trench remaining open to receive the hundreds who would be executed on the morrow. Such wholesale human slaughter seems terrible, but great Heaven think of the crimes these incendiaries and murderers committed.

As we passed again through the old portion of the grounds, on our way out of the cemetery, we met a funeral cortege in one of the narrow drives. The carriages were entirely enveloped in black cloth, and the pall-bearers, undertaker and coachman wore the usual sombre insignia of mourning in France—long crape streamers upon their hats. We saw the open vault, narrow and dark and deep as a well. The day had changed from bright sunshine to one of lowering darkness. The air became humid, and the disagreeable odor of the musty graveyard and tombs that rose on either side towered in the gloom like lofty walls. We felt as though we were indeed in a vast charnel house and quickened our steps to reach the open air. As we came near the gate that opened on the street and turned an instant to glance at the path through which we had come a flash of lightning illuminated the cemetery for one electric instant. The effect was as indescribable as it was instantaneous. Almost simultaneously came one of those sharp terrible rattles that betoken the nearness of the falling bolt; a thunder storm had broken upon us, and with an involuntary shudder we turned from Pere la Chaise and sought shelter in the porter's lodge.

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