

GREENWOOD'S FAMOUS GRAVES

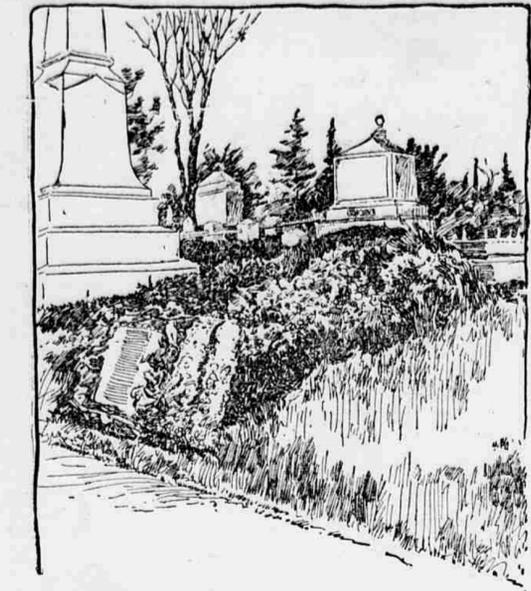
A Stroll Through the Roads of New York's Celebrated Cemetery.

RESTING PLACES OF NOTED PEOPLE

Billy Florence's Well-Kep Grave—Where Henry Ward Beecher, "Sunset" Cox and John Roach Sleep—Henry George's Monument.

With all the imposing resting places for the dead that have grown up about New York within the past twenty-five years, it is with Greenwood cemetery that the mortuary feature of the great city is always associated.

In years gone by, say forty, when in the little town of what was then the west, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, the man who had "been to New York" was a person of mark in the community.



HENRY GEORGE'S RESTING PLACE.

When he returned: "Did you visit Greenwood cemetery? Not that there was the remotest doubt about it. It was only a conventional form of general inquiry.

Visiting Greenwood cemetery was a part of going to New York. It was a duty which every substantial American citizen who went to the metropolis owed to himself and his family.

Those days have gone by now. Baroom and his glittering glories only palely illumine dim corners in the memory of a generation all but passed away.

Times have changed and manners have changed. The itinerary of pleasure travel does not take in cemeteries quite so rigorously as it did in days gone by.

But the country visitors are still faithful to Greenwood. They take the carriages at the gate as their fathers did before them. They might be the same carriage and the same drivers, but there is in the air a different generation of illustrious dead has taken up its abode in Greenwood since the citizen of forty years ago made his decorous tour of the beautiful necropolis.

Through winding drives and the haunts before the tombs are not quite the same. Another generation of illustrious dead has taken up its abode in Greenwood since the citizen of forty years ago made his decorous tour of the beautiful necropolis.

The driver is alert to these changes. He knows the latest popular fancies in mortuary ramblings. There are fads in graveyard visiting as in other things.

And where does he take you first? It used to be straight to Charlotte Lande's tomb. Now he turns to the left, after you pass through the stately entrance, and through a winding drive and up a gentle ascent, reaches a plot where curving border comes down to the very edge of the driveway.

It is Florence's grave, with a number of his family, the Conlins, gathered about him. There are many living relatives as well, and it is they, with the many who ask to see the actor's tomb, who keep the grave always laden and fragrant with the flowers.

Quite close to the grave of Henry Ward Beecher. Like the grave of Sunset Cox, the grave of Henry Ward Beecher has a sharp pitch down the hillside on which it is made, a slope of landscape which stretches away to the south might be poured upon it—a wide radiance of thickly scattered groves and blue distance such as Beecher, in his keen love of all that was beautiful of earth, would have delighted to behold.

name which, perhaps, is now and then remembered in these days when the navy is so prominent. For it was the navy, the navy, that virtually killed poor old John Roach. And the boat that put the last drop of bitterness in the old man's cup and sent him down to the grave quite heartbroken was that same Dolphin, now so conspicuous as a dispatch bearer in the war.

Graves of Notables.

He sleeps there in Greenwood now, but a little way from Florence's grave. The visitors are all guided to the spot because on the top of the shaft which rises from the center of the lot there is a noted sculptured figure; "Memory" it is called, and its face is illumined with a radiance at once so bright and so touching that it haunts you for many a day after you have looked upon it.

Winding still away to the left, you stop, and must get out of the carriage and climb a sharp ascent to reach the grave under a broad spreading tree near the top of the hill, which the driver points out to you. There is a bright border of pansies all about its edge, and it is almost as heavily furnished with fresh flowers as is the grave of Florence.

"Samuel Sullivan Cox" is the name you read upon the plain tombstone, "Tonerville,



HENRY WARD BEECHER'S GRAVE.

O. Sept. 30, 1824; New York City, Sept. 10, 1883.

So it is "Sunset" Cox's grave, the man whom Senator Carlisle, in a recent remembrance mood, said was the wildest man in congress in his time. And he is still fresh in somebody's memory, for the flowers, the driver says, are always renewed.

Very suggestive of the hill on which towers Garfield's tomb in Lakeview cemetery, Cleveland, is the hill whereon Henry George sleeps—the same green stretch of wooded fields, the same blue boundary of water horizon.

And physically not unlike in type were the two men, Garfield and George. Great, dome-like foreheads, Auburn tint of beard and

hair, thickest and deep-chested, with the vigor born of hard manual labor in youth and early manhood. Both were orators, and both dreamers in a way; only in Garfield's mental composition there was more of color and music and poetry than in that of George. From Ocean Hill you wind down until you are in Cypress avenue, and here, in front of lot No. 24,183 the driver stops. The lot is notable, not for any one who sleeps there, but for one who still walks the earth under the shadow of a great crime, and of a tragedy which made the nation mourn. There is a marble monument in the center of the lot, and on it you read the name of "Ward." On the little post by the edge of the driveway you read "Ferdinand Ward." It is a grim relic of the Grant and Ward riot in stolen money, this imposing mortuary abode. There is but one grave monument in it, that of the heart-broken wife whose weary feet followed the wretched little wanderer up to the very walls of the prison, and then found their rest to Greenwood, where they knew peace and rest at last.

Beneficial Effects of Coffee. A woman writer who gave up coffee recently found that she was unable to continue her writing with any success until she had resorted again to the stimulating beverage. Without it her mind was foggy and heavy. The subject of prescribing coffee as a medicine in certain states of great debility, and adds: "Tea and coffee seem to be much alike in many respects, but the latter is greatly preferable as to its sustaining power. It would be a great advantage to our working classes and a great help toward the further development of social sobriety if coffee were to come into greatly increased use, and if the ability to make it was better to be acquired. As an example of the difference of effect of tea and coffee upon the nerves, the writer notes what she believes many sportsmen will confirm, that it is far better to drink coffee than tea when shooting. Tea, if strong or in any quantity, especially if the individual be not in very robust health, will induce a sort of nervousness which is very prejudicial to steady shooting. Under its influence one is apt to shoot too quickly, whereas coffee steadies the hand and gives quiet nerves."

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the great preacher. Hundreds of visitors from afar come to see the grave, and visit both it and the lot wherein it lies have somehow an unkempt, disheveled look. It reminds you in some ways of the grave of Washington Irving in the Steep Hollow cemetery at Tarrytown. Not that there is the slightest likeness of detail—only one of those general suggestive resemblances so hard to define.

And sleeping by Beecher's side is the faithful wife, who clung to him so loyally in all those awful days of his ordeal, and, as you read the inscriptions on the plain, thick granite headstones, you notice this, that Henry Ward Beecher died March 8, 1887, and that Eunice White Beecher died March 8, 1887—just ten years to a day between the death of one and the death of the other.

And not a dozen steps away, to the east, and still on the sharp slope of the hillside, you come to another coincidence of date. "Belinda E. Tracy," you read on one tombstone. "Died at Washington, D. C., February 8, 1890." And on another, close beside it, and exactly like it, you read: "Mary F. Tracy. Died at Washington, D. C., February 8, 1890."

Mother and daughter, wife and daughter of Benjamin F. Tracy, who was secretary of the navy when that fatal piano lamp caught fire and spread the havoc which resulted in those two graves there side by side. One of the awful tragedies of official Washington were those burning to death of this mother and daughter.

Where Beecher Sleeps. Towering up above you in the summit of this Ocean Hill, where Beecher sleeps; you have always before you the great square tower in the building of which John W. Mackay has tried to give expression to the sorrow which fell upon him like a blow from a clear sky when his young son of whom he was so fond was thrown from his horse and killed while hunting in France only a few years ago. It always will be one of the sights of Greenwood, and the drivers have already got its salient features and the fact that it cost \$300,000 incorporated in their perambulatory lecture.

But it will always be to a grave a few rods away that the visitors for years to come will turn with not only more interest, but something of a sense of personal sorrow and bereavement. It is Henry George's grave, and there was something in his tragic death, while fighting for political honor and purity, so consistent with his own honest earnestness of character, that his grave has become even now a sort of sacred spot which hundreds go to look upon.

It is quite on the crest of the hill, with before it, the same noble stretch of wooded fields seen from Beecher's grave, and reaching far away until the blue rim of the sea itself defines the far horizon beyond Conny Island. Before the summer is over a noble monument will mark the spot. The workmen were digging down deep into the ground for its foundation when it was there, so deep that the rusty riveted iron box in which the casket of the dead orator rests peered out of the crumbling sand at the workmen's feet—all that is left of Henry George. I could not but think of a scene once in Cooper union, when just the physical presence on the platform of the city that is in that hideous box there had set thousands of men delirious with enthusiasm, shouting, cheering, throwing hats, canes, umbrellas, everything in their hands into the air, until above their heads was a tossing sea of such litter as might have been left on the surface of the water had a summer excursion steamer suddenly gone to the bottom.

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WICKEDEST IN THE WORLD

Artena, in the Volcanic Mountains, Ranks Thus Among Cities.

4,000 INHABITANTS CLASSED AS CRIMINALS

An Investigation of an Italian Nursery of Assassins—Characteristics of a Letter Carrier Who Had a Rival.

Armed with a commission from the Italian government, and other renowned students of criminology have turned their attention to the little city of Artena, in the Volcanic mountains, some forty miles, as the crow flies, from Rome. Lombroso will write a book on Artena.

This town of 4,000 inhabitants lives in history as the southern hatching-oven of Italy's bad boys. As long as four and a half centuries ago Corrado Celso said of its citizens: "No possible punishments can deter them from heaping up crime upon crime, for their perversity of mind is more fertile in inventing new offenses than the imagination of judges is in new punishments." And at the period mentioned new-fangled ideas for executing and torturing criminals were almost as plentiful as such relating to bicycles are today.

Either for patriotic or geographical reasons, or both, Artena has never figured in the criminology literature of the present period, which has branched other places in Italy of no less delinquency, but now an overhauling of records, ancient and contemporary, by the well known authorities on medical jurisprudence is promised and we will soon know all about this romantic spot, where assassins grow wild, where fair-browed mothers educate their children in the noble art of cutting throats and where revenge is the prayer on the lips of young and old.

Meanwhile your correspondent has done a little investigating on his own hook. To begin with he ascertained that while the crime of murders—and this does not include homicides or mere manslaughter—in the schools of Italy is on a ratio of thirty to every other, while in the United States it is only nearly 2 per cent of the men, women and children buried in the mountain cemeteries of Artena year by year die by violence. And let the reader remember here that the Italian national murder crop is the largest in the civilized world, being four and a half times larger, for instance, than that of Great Britain, which is not reckoned among the greatest nations.

Not on the Maps. When I asked at the railway station here for a ticket to Artena I was told that no such place was on the route, and the map corroborated that statement. However, I insisted that this town had been a reality some 1,500 years ago, in the days of the Roman republic, and the Alban mountains, for five or six centuries or even more. Then a council of officials was called and one of them, who had formerly been in the service of the papal government, remembered that Artena was a new name for the old robber stronghold of Montefortino, which in the days of the ancient Volscians, who gave the Roman republic so much trouble, is still flourishing.

"Artena," he continued, "has no railway station, for we could probably not find a station master who would trust himself in the mountainous region. The nearest station is at Volturnone on the Rome-Naples line via Delicri."

I found the town, which I reached on a muleback, one of the most picturesquely situated in the kingdom. Artena crowns the summit of a mountain 1,200 feet high. Half way up, on a rocky castle, built like a fortress of the middle ages, are towers and a moat galore. It belongs to the Borghese, but no member of that princely family has set foot in it ever since shirts of chain mail and steel bonnets went out of fashion. In fact, they ceased taking personal interest in their property since their neighbors above acquired their first blunderbuss.

The town consists of a single street crawling up the mountains in zig-zag fashion. The houses are low and narrow in depth; behind the small back yards the rocks descend steeply, as if hewn off by a mighty scythe. The water, which comes from a cistern on the hillside, is carried to the houses by a system of pipes. The town is a single street, and the houses are low and narrow in depth; behind the small back yards the rocks descend steeply, as if hewn off by a mighty scythe. The water, which comes from a cistern on the hillside, is carried to the houses by a system of pipes.

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