

# Paris.

## A glance at the City on the Seine, by a tourist.

Paris is the Queen of Cities. Paris is the proud mistress of the French people. Paris is at once, the Capital, the Metropolis and the pride of France — the delight — the ever recurring theme of all who have dwelt under her lotus-like influences. Paris is France. Paris reflects all that is national, all that is patriotic, all that is essentially and peculiarly French. Paris controls France more than France controls Paris. Paris is the most attractively inviting City in the world — has the best general appearance — the cleanest streets — is the best policed, the best paved. In Paris one finds the greatest shops, the only Bon Marche — the one Worth — the unique Palais Royal, the superb Palais de Justice, the elegant Hotel d'Ville,

The most generally pleasing blocks of houses, the  
 best regulated Markets, the most famous res-  
 taurants, the most beautifully kept shades,  
 walks and drives of any City in the old or in  
 the New World. Paris is a world in itself - in its  
 histories, - in its Museums, in its populations, in  
 its new and in its bizarre Constructions, in the  
 endless varieties and perfections of its resources  
 and diversions. In Paris one sees things antique  
 and things modern side by side - The dim past  
 is brought up close to the actual present - The six  
 million skeletons, which line the sides of its Cata-  
 Combs, assist, in no small way, the three mil-  
 lion living beings in the streets above to entertain  
 the City's guests - Everything and everybody seem  
 to cooperate to make one's stay in Paris a visit  
 to be remembered. Paris is the Mecca of tourists.  
 The devotee of the voyage can not be blessed before  
 he or she has worshipped - has shopped at that  
 shrine at whose feet fashion, for a Century and  
 longer, has bowed in cherished adoration - has  
 dressed at that altar before which the peoples of  
 two hemispheres have prostrated themselves with a  
 faith that has never questioned although torture,

deformity and even death have at times been the penalty of their strict obedience. To have seen Paris is to have seen Europe; but to have seen Europe and to have missed Paris is to have made a journey which has had no significance. In Paris the tourist the longest loves to dwell and is delightfully entertained the most - from Paris one lingeringly leaves with the greatest regret - of Paris one longingly speaks the most - and to Paris one ever hopefully cherishes the wish to one day return. Paris comes the nearest to an ideal city of any that man has yet built. The proud Italians tell us to: "See Naples and die"; but the jolly Frenchmen say: "See Paris and live". And this is the greatest characteristic of Paris - it is a city where every one seems to live - to live for today. The visitor's first impression in Paris is that everything is made - is done - is said for to-day - every movable thing seems to move and every person seen is moving. Parisian life is a succession of enjoyments for to-day. In Paris everyone seems to have a mind "let us give ourselves over to pleasure to-day, for to-morrow we may die"; and more than in any

other City on Earth every one seems bent upon having "a good time" to-day. Every one seems to have on his and her best clothes to-day. Every day seems to be a gala day - pleasures in the air today - Citizens and visitors seem to be out for the occasion of to-day with his best girl, or with wife and children, and even the hackman, seems to sing, as he drives one over the wide, smooth, clean, asphalt paved Boulevards: "Let us eat and be merry - see the sights, the people, the plays to-day, for after this the deluge may come".

Paris! beautiful Paris!! jolly Paris!!! dear, sweet, entertaining Paris - how many and how pleasant the thoughts - what diversions - what institutions - what memories cluster in the mind after one has been privileged to enjoy the opportunities at their best. Pere - la Chaise! Where is there another such City of studiously cared for tombs for those who have passed to the great beyond. In St. Genevieve - in the Pantheon of Paris lie the Literati of France - sleep their last rest, Rollin, Voltaire, Fenelon, Rousseau, Mirabeau,

Laplace, Cuvier; in St. Denis are embalmed the Royal and titled dignitaries of the Nation - are Stone Coffined; and at St. Eustache are the remains of the great Colbert - Jean Baptiste Colbert, - the man who, more than all the potentates of France Combined, gave the Nation a foundation, 200 years ago, upon which to build and to become prosperous; for he it was who, as Minister of Louis XIV, protected and gave Counties to encourage, diversify and perfect the home industries of France - and Louis XIV became "Louis the Magnificent" and France and Paris began that Career of prosperity which remains great even in spite of the Misgovernments which have more or less reigned since Colbert passed away. Notre Dame gives us the finest and most inspiring studies in ancient Gothic; Madeleine is a sample of the best pattern in Grecian Temple; while St Sulpice, in the heart of the "Latin quarter", is noted for its even music. But the panorama is immense - is kaleidoscopic - is wonderfully engaging. The Hotel de Ville is the most pretentious of Civic

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Buildings; the arch<sup>6</sup> commemorative of Bonapartes victories is the most massive and artistic type of its kind; the Tour de St. Jacques may suggest the leaning tower of Pisa and the greater Campanile at Venice, as the Column of Vendome outlines that of Trajan at Rome; and the Obelisk, in the Place de la Concorde, shows us a Monolith from Egypts own great and pre-tentious historic Suezor. What other Opera House can compare with that of the Grand Opera of Paris - where is there another Music Hall spacious enough to seat 15,000 persons as comfortably as the Trocadero - where in one series of connected galleries, may be seen a collection of paintings and sculptures of the past, equal to that in the Louvre - where so much rare, quaint and beautiful tapestry, pottery, glassware, jewelry and tric-a-brac of the Mediaeval and Renaissance as in the Musee de Clugny; where is there another Champ de Mars and Jardin des Plantes, where may one have so vast and interesting a view, near a great City, as from the famous terrace of St. Germain - where may one wander for hours through such carefully made grounds and

see such artistically trimmed trees and such elaborate fountains as at Versailles and St. Cloud; and after all, may not one, under the gilded dome of the beautiful Church of the Hotel des Invalides, stand beside the sarcophagus of Napoleon Bonaparte, and there know and feel that in that stone coffin lies the relics - rests all that is left of that man who is connected with and who is a part of more eventful history than any other person that ever lived?

The River Seine divides the City of Paris into two equal parts. Upon the Ile de Cite', where Notre Dame reigns supreme, the population of Paris started way back in the dark ages when records were scratched upon bricks and when priests were the only historians. What massive structures and how many, perhaps some twenty, are its bridges mostly of stone and as solid and lasting as their rock abutments upon either shore. What a view one may have from Pont Neuf at the lower point of la Cite'. Notre Dame, at one's back grandly, majestically, the most commanding feature in the scene - "an Epic cut in stone"; the

Palais de Justice is to the left, the Louvre and Tuileries to our right. How high and strong and regular are the giant stone walls which line both shores; how pretty and shaded are the quays which separate the stone parapets on the river front from the buildings which run parallel with the same; how many and fuzzy and odd in shape are the little ~~boats~~ <sup>steamers</sup> which pass up and down the stream; what curious and large floating laundries hug the shores; how quick and strong and full flows the current. What histories that river could unfold - what love and despair, what comedy and tragedy could those waters tell - how many and sad and joyous are the secrets which it keeps and hastens to bury forever with its waters in the depths of Ocean a hundred and more miles out over the horizon towards which the eye looks.

At "North Cape", in far off Norway, the tourist goes to see the Mid-night Sun. That is well. That is a great privilege. But to experience a mid-night life at its fullest and best one must go to Paris in the summer tide - when the trees



are in leaf and the flowers fill the areas everywhere, and there mingle with the elite of the pleasure seeking and sight seeing populace after the Opera and the other places of Amusement have let out. Paris vies with Berlin in having the best regulated Theatres in the world - The most Commodious and the most handsome; because the Municipal Governments of these two Cities direct and subsidize and encourage them in many ways. The Authorities of Paris recognize that the people must be entertained, and it has a system and a fund to engage the best talent and the Master Managers so that the plays can be carried on thoroughly and orderly, and all the time.

All Paris seems to be at the plays every night and yet there is no crowding - for there are more places of amusement in proportion to the population than there is in any other City. The attention given to the Music and the play by a Parisian audience is very noticeable, and the

hush which reigns immediately on the beginning of the Orchestra, for shame be it said, is something to which American and English playgoers are strangers. Another feature peculiar to Theatres in Paris is that between the acts those who are in the pit, boxes and galleries may all mingle together in the great promenade Salon which is on the first or second floor overlooking the streets. It was this feature of these superiorly arranged institutions that may have suggested the idea to the philosopher who observed: "How much like life is a Theatre. While the drama, the farce and Comedy go on, we take upper or lower or midway seats or positions; but, when the play is over and the curtain drops, we all pass out at the common door upon the same level."

And now life at mid-night in Paris reigns in all its profusion and the Million Candle power of lights show everything as plainly as the noon-day sun. All the boulevards of the Capital and even visitors seem to be upon the greater Boulevards centering at the Madeleine or

on the Rue de Rivoli. Happy, talkative groups of men and women sit at small tables on the wide pavements sipping hot and cold drinks, taking sweets and light foods; and so cheery and bright and crowded is the scene that it is difficult to think that it is an hour when the streets of all other cities are in the possession of the night scavengers and the homeless. But Paris by electric and gas light must be seen. It cannot be imagined. It is not to be described - at least, not on this occasion. The experience should be felt - not <sup>taken</sup> from the pencil jottings of another. Paris alone of all cities makes every preparation to entertain her citizens and their guests at mid-night - and the two hours immediately following the closing of the places of amusement - from eleven till one in the morning - are charmingly interesting and only those persons who cater to the pleasures of others are occupied in other than recreations peculiar to the after Opera hours of Paris.

And now let us glance at another phase of Paris life. This we have selected from Harpers for October.

Paris at Daybreak.

A view of the Queen of Cities when she seems least like herself.

" You can not say you have seen the streets of Paris until you have walked them at sunrise. Everyone has seen them at night, but he must watch them change from night to day before he can claim to have seen them at their best. I walked under the arches of the Rue de Rivoli one morning when it was so dark that they looked like the cloisters of some great monastery, and it was impossible to believe that the empty length of Rue Cambon had but an hour before been blocked by the blazing front of the Olympia, and before that with rows of carriages in front of the two Columbiens. There were a few belated cabs hugging the sidewalk, with their drivers asleep on the boxes, and a couple of gendarmes slouching together across the Place de la Concorde made the only sound of life in the whole city. The Seine lay as motionless as water in a bath tub, and the towers of Notre Dame rising out of the mist at one end, and the

round bulk of the Trocadero bounding in at the other, seemed to limit the river to what one could see of its silent surface from the bridges of the deputies. The Eiffel Tower, the great skeleton of the departed Exposition, disappeared and reformed itself again as drifting clouds of mist swept through it and cut its ugly length into fragments hung in mid-air. As the light grew in strength the facades of the Government Buildings grew in outline, as though one were focusing them through an opera glass, and the pillars of the Madeleine took form and substance; then the whole great square showed itself, empty and deserted. The darkness had hidden nothing more terrible than the clean asphalt and the motionless statues of the Cities of France.

"A solitary fiacre passed me slowly with no one on the box, but with the coachman sitting back in the cab. He was returning to the stables, evidently, and had on his way given his seat to a girl from the street, whom he was now entertaining with genial courtesy. He had one leg

thrown over the other, and one arm passed  
 back along the top of the seat, and with the  
 other he waved to the great buildings as they  
 sprang up into life as the day grew. The girl  
 beside him was smiling at his pleasantries,  
 while the rising sun told how tired and pale  
 she was, and mocked at the paint around her  
 sleepy eyes. The horse stumbled at every sixth  
 step and then woke again, while the whip rocked  
 and rolled fantastically in its socket like a  
 drunken man. From up the avenue of the Champs  
 Elysees came the first of the heavy market wag-  
 ons, with the driver asleep on the bench and his  
 lantern burning dimly in the early light. Back  
 of him lay the deserted stretch of the avenue,  
 strange and unfamiliar in its emptiness—save  
 for the great arch that rose against the dawn,  
 and seemed, from its elevation on the very tops  
 of the horizon, to serve as a gateway into the skies  
 beyond. The air in the Champs Elysees was heavy  
 with a perfume of flowers and of green plants,  
 and the leaves dripped damp and cool with the  
 dew. Hundreds of birds sang and chattered as  
 though they knew the solitude was theirs but for

only one more brief hour, and that then they  
 must give way to the little children, and  
 later to crowds of idle men and women. It  
 seemed impossible that but a few hours before  
 Duclerc had filled these silent, cool woods  
 with her voice - Duclerc with her shoulder-  
 straps slipping to her elbows, and her white  
 powdered arms tossing in the colored lights of  
 the serpentine dance. The long, gaudy litho-  
 graphs on the bill-boards and the arches of  
 colored lamps stood out of the silence and fresh  
 beauty of the hour like the relics of some feast  
 which should have been cleared away before  
 the dawn, and the theatres themselves looked  
 like temples to a heathen idol in some primal  
 woods. And as I passed out from under the  
 cool trees to the silent avenues I felt as though  
 I had caught Paris napping, and when she was  
 off her guard, and good and fresh and sweet,  
 and had discovered a hidden trait in her  
 many-sided character, a moment of which  
 she would be ashamed an hour or two later,  
 as Cynics are ashamed of their secret acts of charity.

Paris has a more genial climate than Philadelphia although it lies full nine degrees further North, and sometimes its extreme temperature goes as high as 101 degrees in the shade and at other times it is sufficiently low to freeze the River Seine. Snow falls for a few days in mid-winter; hail is experienced at times, and the rain fall is something like what we have in New York. The atmosphere is clear for the most part of the year, and the houses being built of a whitish freestone the City, in its new sections, has a cheery and light appearance in general, while the blue sky is to be seen without the interference of smoke or fog for probably four-fifths of the days in the year. In contrasting the Metropolis on the Thames with that on the Seine, one is as night - The other is as day.

It is to Napoleon III to whom the world is indebted for the orders which in a great measure rebuilt Paris - which tore down the old houses and widened the thoroughfares in the Center



of Paris - which built new houses in the places of the old ones - which made the greater boulevards stretching 3 miles from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and many others - which erected the Grand Opera House - which perfected the drainage and embellished and ornamented Paris in such ways and in so many places as to make Paris conspicuously attractive in these our days; and the leading and directing genius overall these vast improvements was Baron Haussmann.

Paris! Gay Paris!! Charming Paris!!! far be it from our purpose to look into thy houses, to-day from their lonesome and windowless rooms, cellars and garrets, thy twenty-seven thousand and odd wretches who exist for the most part upon the refuse from the too scantily supplied tables of those who are little able to do for themselves. We will leave thy poor ones, thy street beggars and thy neglected waifs - les Misérables. - to thy great and good Hugo. In only exceptional cases is the tourist a philosopher

and we must not dare to stop to look at the desperate struggles, the base betrayals, the plots and the counter plots for mean advantages and for unearned wealth. Thy Zola, in "L'Argent," has given<sup>a</sup> a lurid and weird glimpse into some of these, and if we dare to mention the fact, in "Nana" may be seen much that can be said of thy demi-monde, of thy Bal Masque - and of the terrible results, degradations, despairs and crimes which always must follow in a City where there are very rich and independent classes and miserably poor and dependent masses; for 1800 years of Christianity have not perceptibly changed man from doing what his pagan ancestors did when they had the opportunity to seize and the power to hold what did not belong to them, and to enslave and to misuse those who were in any way beholden to them. And what has escaped Thy Hugo and Thy Zola in their studies upon humanity, may be found in the writings of Thy Balzac, whom Taine describes "with Shakespeare and St. Simon, the greatest store-

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- house of documents on human nature we possess." And it may here be instructive to note that Balzac has summed up the whole Cause of man's degradation in these few words: "Money - the Modern God the only one in whom faith is preserved. Who sways the law, politics and morals. Where is the man without a desire, and what social desire can be gratified without money?" We are of course appalled when we think that one-sixth of the 3,000,000 Citizens of Paris are bachelors; for it is the home life that gives stability to a Community, and statistics such as these suggest a terrible condition of affairs; and it may be that rather than continue to ask "Is Marriage a Failure," Mrs Ward might possibly try to solve why it is that 500,000 men in Paris do not marry? And then there are the 50,000 absyntheers which fill the Saloons of Paris - what a problem they present for the Reformer; and if it is desired, one may learn what any one of them may be capable of doing by going to that little English woman with the sweet Franco-Italian name - to Marie Corelli - and in "Wormwood" - in that most remarkable

and dramatic story of wrong-doing when a person is the victim of abynthe - One may learn, from the confessions of Gaston Beauvais, of Poor Pauline, of the priest Silvia Guidel, of that sweet, talented girl Louise St. Cyr - an association of rare characters wonderfully woven into a graphically descriptive story of Paris.

But, after all what has the tourist to do with such subjects as these. - One goes to Paris to see its pleasures, to meet only those persons who are happy and gay, to visit its shops, to wander through its best thoroughfares, to drive where it is most agreeable, to sit in the open air Cafe-Concerts of the Champs Elysees, to watch the fish in the aquarium at the Tro-Cadero, to feed the pigeons and sparrows in the Garden of the ~~Academy~~ Tuileries, to go to ~~the~~ le Vaudeville, L'Opera Comique, to attend the Orchestra Concerts at the Conservatoire and the Chateau d'Eau - to see everybody and everything at their best; and in this spirit and under the influences of pleasant and novel surprises

at every turn and at all hours, the tourist  
 moves about, stands or sits, under an intoxication  
 as sweet and as unbroken as if dreaming where the  
 lotus flowers fill the air with rare perfume and  
 where the senses are gently soothed with Eolian  
 sounds. Under such circumstances the Seine is  
 not asked to give up its dead - the gasty Morgue  
 need not be visited; better by far that one should  
 go to the Matinee at the Chatelet and witness  
 that marvelous spectacular transformation  
 "Cinderella" - to see "L'Afficaine" at the  
 Grand Opera House, where large boats float  
 on running water - across the stage; and after  
 all, to see the inimitable "Sara" - the mod-  
 ern Rachel - the idealized actress of the Paris-  
 ian play-going public - "Sara" whom, it is said,  
 has been loved in more ways and has been oftener  
 killed in consequence than any other woman  
 that has ever lived - and after Mark Antony  
 has met his death and Cleopatra has stood  
 before us for the last time in all her gorgeou-  
 ness and power dazzling splendor - after the  
 play is over and the curtain has dropped let us  
 go out onto the Boulevards, and there, in the blaze  
 and the dazzle of the lights - amidst the fashionably

dressed people of all nationalities — and where those  
 who are the gayest and the happiest walk and  
 chatter together, we will take our final look at  
 Paris — at the magnificent avenues, the tall,  
 pretty, cheerful houses, the family groups and  
 lovers at quiet little tables on the sidewalk  
 in the open air, the many vehicles of all  
 styles driving rapidly in <sup>every</sup> ~~all~~ directions,  
 jolly bon Compagnons leisurely strolling home-  
 ward, the Gendarmes keeping order everywhere  
 and the clear blue sky over all — and thus,  
 when Paris is laughing and drinking and gos-  
 sipping and loving at mid-night — when Com-  
 mercial business is the most hushed and  
 every one who is any one is bent upon enjoy-  
 ment, let us say adieu! Beau Paris, Belle ville,  
 adieu!! Joli Paris — mi Cher Paris, au re-  
 voir!!!

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