

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Grace Greenwood Visits it and Tells What She Saw There, and Something of Its History.

We clip the following from a Cologne letter of Grace Greenwood to the New York Times: I also made a solitary pilgrimage to the tomb of Charlemagne, leaving the train at Aix-la-Chapelle, on our way from Brussels to Cologne. It was the first German town I had been in for many years. I knew no German, and had little French at my command; it seemed an adventurous thing to do, but "accustomed as I was, I plunged in." As the Don, or Munster, seemed near, I thought I had better wait it than try my lonely luck with a German cab-driver, but soon got involved in a labyrinth of narrow streets, overhung with quaint, sombre old houses, curious mis-shapen edifices, which seemed to come upon me round every corner, out of the middle ages, and I was obliged to call in the aid of a church and a statue—a priest and a policeman—before I could find the entrance of the old, old chapel designed and erected by Charlemagne for his own grand burial place nearly a thousand years ago. Around the chapel later additions have been built, and there is a lofty modern choir, made almost entirely of beautiful stained glass, but these things had little interest for me. I only felt that that monarch of monarchs had stood where I was standing, planning royally for his own sepulchre. I only saw on the marble slab at my feet the brief great inscription, "Caro Magno," I knew he was not resting beneath that slab—that it only marked the spot where once stood his tomb, which "dread abroad" was broken into by Otto III., and the great emperor was found, not reposing in a coffin, but in a throne-like chair of white marble, arrayed in royal robes, crowned, sceptered, and with his familiar pilgrim's pouch at his side. On his knees rested a copy of the gospel's, and at hand, as though ready to defend it, was his favorite sword, Rapace.

There is something awfully grand in such an entombment. He had sat there in silence and in night for nearly two hundred years, waiting for the resurrection, which came all too soon. The fragrance of rose gums and spices used in his partial embalmment must have faded in the mold, and colors of rich silk and the sheen of gold died out in the darkness, but it seems to me that the sleeping light of those crown jewels must have dreamed of the sun and the east soft tremulous gleams down on the open pages of the word. He should have been left there in state, while at least his grand chapel should endure, but the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre, not by angels, but by hungry relic-hunters and saint-mongers, and they laid desecrating and dissecting hands upon him—parted not only his raiment, but his skeleton—took him to pieces bone by bone, and have distributed him about nunsters and monasteries. A dead emperor of that quality was too much for a chapel of this size to have all to itself. It preserves, however, his skull, the darkened shell of an extinct star of sovereignty—a gigantic *lethe*—the real chair in which he sat, and which was afterward used at the coronation of emperors, and the parian sarcophagus in which rested his tired feet all through that two hundred years' sitting. This church is marvelously rich in plate, jewels, chalice, shrines and reliquaries of rare and exquisite workmanship, and in relics, the bare list of which appals one as an exhibition of human credulity, superstition and imposition. What an idea of Christ they have who actually believe he can be pleased at seeing his people redeemed from olden idolatry, prostrating themselves before the rod which once smote him, the cord that bound him, the nail that pierced him, and even the blackened and shriveled arm of poor old Simon—that arm which bore the smiling infant Jesus in the temple.

A very interesting building is the Rathhaus, which dates back to 1353, and was then built on the site of the old palace in which Charlemagne was born. In the Kaiser Saal, a sombre, low-arched hall, the coronation of the emperors used to take place. No less than thirty-seven, they told me, had there received the crown, seated on the mortuary chair of Charlemagne, and swearing upon the sacred relics, a curious and ghastly collection—Christ's leatheren girdle, the sponge once wet with vinegar for his dying lips, some blood and bones of St. Stephen, some manna from the wilderness, that arm of old Simon, and a bit of Aaron's rod. There is a grand new staircase to this hall, and the old one has fallen into decay and desuetude. The stone steps of this seemed to me worn out by the tramping of many emperors and their mailed retainers. In spite of some bright modern frescoes, giving the glorious incidents in Charlemagne's life, the air of this old saloon was melancholy and oppressive to me, filled with shifting phantasies of history more gloomy than grand—of those medieval monarchs, coming and going, with a mighty clang of steel and surging of banners, and stormy bursts of music, and taking holy names and awful oaths upon their lips, now and then one resolved on the reign of justice, burning to do them great, good work for God and the people, but for the most part robbers, usurpers, bigots or imbeciles. When Albert of Hapsburg took the oath on those holy relics, Simon's arm should have seized Aaron's rod and smitten him there in the purple.

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unrest is destructive to the peace and comfort which should attend thoughts of pipe-smoking. Our pipe should be our refuge and solace, rather than our care and torment. You will seldom find a smoker of age and experience indulging his habit through a costly and fragile medium; possibly, if he be rich, he will have you to his cabinet and parade before you a choice specimen of "real Vienna," but you will notice that the clay is still virgin, and having carefully locked it back in the cabinet, your experienced friend picks up some battered, disreputable looking old corn-cob or other, which he loads and fires with a sigh of relief and satisfaction; and when he is through smoking he throws the corn-cob carelessly on the table, nor cares he should it fall thence to the floor; bless you! the corn-cob can stand it. Be not deceived by this seeming neglect, however; trust me, your wise friend loves corn-cob from his heart, and would feel its loss there, while the "choice Vienna's" evanishment would chiefly narrow his pocket.—*Julian Hawthorne in the Galaxy.*

Satisfied it Wouldn't.—The other evening when Harper's train was approaching Lockland it parted in the middle, and the bell-rope snapped off like a thread, the end of it striking an old lady from Jasper on her bonnet and setting her nerves to play. "What on earth's the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the train's broke in two!" replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat. "Egad! I should say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-rope. "Did they 'pose such a nasty trilling little string like that would hold the train together?"

MARKET REPORTS.

Table with columns for Market Reports, including items like Flour, Corn, Lard, Bacon, etc., and prices for various locations like Memphis, Louisville, and New Orleans.

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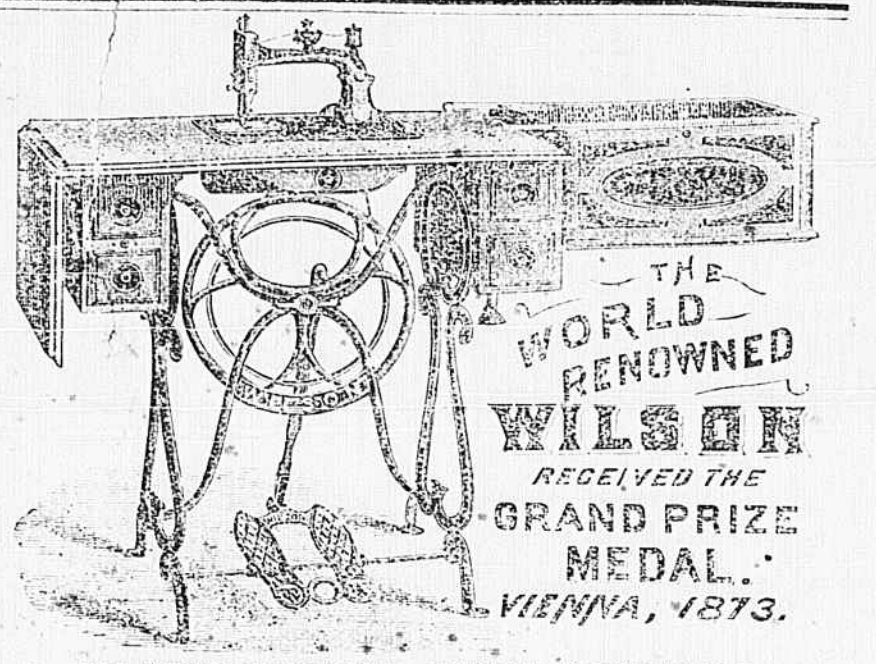
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