

THE SWORD SONG OF THEODORE KOERNER.

"I hail the sword as a sacred weapon."

—T. F. Meagher.

On the last night of Theodore Koerner's fated young life, when the engagement on the morrow seemed imminent, as the French army, under Davoust, were hovering near, the excitement of his feelings denied him either sleep or rest. His soul, like a burning altar-brand sheathed in the frailest clay, could not choose but reveal itself in flame; and as he paced up and down in the early dawn he wrote on a leaf, torn from his pocket book, that wild, wonderful song destined to be famous from the tragic circumstances of the composition, in which the fire of his nature has become, as it were, fixed and enduring for all ages, as the fiery spark 'prisoned within the opal gem. Some idea of the fierce power of this bridal hymn of battle may be had from the following translation:—

Sword in my right hand gleaming,
Where Freedom's flag is streaming,
I grasp thee in pride,
My love, my bride—

Hurrah!

Fierce in thy glorious beauty,
I'll guard thee with lover's duty,
Unsheathed in the fight
For God and the right—

Hurrah!

Where the blood-red rain is falling
I'll answer my lover's calling;
For the sword by thy side
Is a patriot's bride—

Hurrah!

And so thou art crowned victorious
With the palm or the laurel glorious!
Let the battle's breath
Bring life-long death—

Hurrah!

Ha! sword in thy scabbard clashing
Dost thirst for the wild war flashing
Round the flag of the free
When thou'rt wed with me—

Hurrah!

Our vows be the swift balls bounding,
Our hymns be the trumpet's sounding;
Let the earth flush red
For our bridal bed—

Hurrah!

Where Freedom's flag is leading,
Where tyrant foes lie bleeding,
I pant and pine
For the crimson wine—

Hurrah!

The sheath may no longer cover
My lips from the lips of my lover;
As the lightning bright
I leap to the fight—

Hurrah!

Then forward! all dangers braving,
As a flame in my right hand waving!
Whether crowned or dead
Ere the day has fled—

Hurrah!

Forward where glory is calling!
Forward where tyrants are falling!
Where the red ranks ride
I shall bear my bride—

Hurrah!

As a lover her bright form pressing,
To my heart in a mad caressing
With a wild delight,
As a bridegroom might—

Hurrah!

Thunder to thunder meeting
Be the chant of our bridal greeting;
At the altar stand
Freedom's sacred band—

Hurrah!

Come on, the coward would falter
By such a bride at the altar!
Be her kiss rose-red
On the dying or dead—

Hurrah!

Now the bridal morn is breaking,
The trumpet's peal the awaking;
With my iron bride
Fate and Death are defied!

Hurrah for the bride!

Hurrah!

As Theodore read aloud this song to his comrades he struck his sword against the scabbard at the end of each verse. At the same instant every sword was unsheathed, and the clash and clang of the sabres of Lutzow's Wild Huntsmen responded in magnificent music to the poet's "Hurrah!" Ere the mighty echo had died away the French were seen approaching through the gray mist in overwhelming numbers; but the Black Band of Vengeance never retreated before a foe, and in vain Lutzow sounded the "rap-pel." Theodore, foremost and bravest, the boldest of the bold, dashed forward amidst a shower of bullets, performing prodigies of valor as he cut his way through the enemy's ranks with his sword—his iron bride. At length his horse was shot under him, and he fell. In an instant he was surrounded, for the young poet of freedom was the most dangerous enemy which tyranny had evoked in Germany. For him whose genius had inspired a nation to vengeance and victory there was no quarter. A bullet passed through the young hero's body as he lay prostrate, shattering his spine; and Theodore Koerner lay dead with the music of his own wild death-song still vibrating on his lips.

A COLORED poet of Memphis has reduced the Fifteenth Amendment and the Enforcement Bill to rhyme, as follows:

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
A crime to cut a throat—
But a darned sight bigger to stop a nigger
From putting in his vote."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 20.

A GROUP of adventurous Italian young aristocratic valiants are contemplating a "pilgrimage" to Assab, and thence proceed to the gold-fields of Shoa.

A GENTLEMAN dined wisely and well at a restaurant the other evening and then took two pills—leaden ones—through the head. Besides a hundred-franc note to pay for his bill was a bit of paper, on which he had written the following words: "Oysters are excellent for the stomach, and good wine makes the blood rich; but politics disgust me, and I really can't stand the political situation any longer."

THE Paris papers, inspired by the fact that in the new comedy at the Vaudeville, *Les Affolés*, one of the principal characters, is a young American lady who has married a French marquis, and who is an ultra-*Parisienne* in every respect, have been calculating the great advantages that the American young ladies obtain by marrying Frenchmen of title. The papers might have said something *au contraire*.

THE foreign workmen employed in Paris have of late been falling to blows with their French companions, who treat them with great suspicion and dislike. Last Monday night, in the Rue de Flandres, a terrific battle between some twenty workmen of different nationalities took place, to the great alarm of the neighborhood. Numerous wounds were inflicted, and the scene was one of the greatest disorder when the police made their appearance.

A GRAND new palace of justice was opened with great ceremony in Brussels recently. It is a grand building—too large, say critics, for the country. Its cost, fifteen million of francs, is said to be a third of the annual income of Belgium. Deputations of barristers from nearly all the European countries were present, and were welcomed by the King, who afterwards received them in the royal palace. They manage these things abroad in quite a different style to the English.

THE Parisians have not been contented listeners to the accounts of the success of the London Fisheries Exhibition, and have accordingly determined to have a fisheries exhibition also, not an exact plagiarism, but a colorable imitation. It is to be called the International Marine Exhibition, and will be held in the Palais de l'Industrie, Marseilles, from November 15th to April 30th. Everything will be exhibited (that can be got) relating to navigation, naval architecture, engines and armament; also harbors, light-houses, maritime establishments, life-saving appliances, with the produce of salt or fresh waters. All particulars can be obtained from M. Lorgeas, Palais de l'Industrie, Rue Noailles, Marseilles.

LIKE almost all ladies occupying a prominent position on the stage, Mlle. Van Zandt has been of late subjected to the pursuit of an admirer, who alarmed the young American *prima donna* considerably some nights ago by stepping up to her carriage as she was coming home from the Opéra Comique with her mother. This individual had been waiting in the street, and his appearance was so singular that Mlle. Van Zandt screamed for help when he approached her; but he merely handed her a letter and disappeared. The contents of this letter were incoherent and threatening, the writer menacing to disfigure Mlle. Van Zandt with vitriol if she did not reply. It is thought that the author of this singular missive is a lunatic, and Mlle. Van Zandt has very properly placed herself under the protection of the police.

A MAN of genius and of an inventive turn of mind, struck by the fact that the generality of railway passengers desire to be alone, or as much alone as possible, has discovered and "patented" a method by which they may attain the desired end. He advertises that, after "mature study and long efforts"—whatever they may be—he has succeeded in manufacturing a "travelling necessity," which he feels convinced will meet with public appreciation. The "travelling necessity" is nothing more nor less than an artificial infant, which squalls so much like the genuine article that it would deceive the ears of a mother of twenty. This infant utters cries so thoroughly natural, and consequently so thoroughly irritating, that it would deter the most loving and placid individual from entering the carriage. Infant number two, emits "lamentable, intolerable, but intermitting cries."

VARIETIES.

A FRIEND of the actor John McCullough, in London, has sent him a rare old engraving of "The Death of Virginia." It is by Bartolozzi, the father of Vestris' and is from the collection of Skeene, keeper of prints and engravings in the British Museum. It represents the well-known forum scene.

LORD COLERIDGE says that every educated speaker of English uses at least three different languages. When he talks he uses colloquial English, when he writes he uses literary English,

and when he reads his Bible he uses an antiquated form of English, which, from its relations to modern culture, may almost be called sacred English.

AN instance of Sara Bernhardt's untiring energy and capacity for hard work is given in the following little incident: Four years ago, just when she went to London for the first time, she decided to learn English. The lady who was to give her the lessons asked at what hour she should call. "At one o'clock in the morning, after the theatre. It is the only time I have at my disposal," replied Sara.

THE opening of the archives of the Vatican to the search of historical commentators has brought many Rome-ward. Among others three of England's best pioneers are now on their way there. It is an evidence of the Pope's true intention in the cause of trustworthy history, that he has given orders that the best opportunities and hospitality shall be given these savants during their sojourn in Rome.

AN autograph letter of Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. Francis George Heath is prefixed to a new edition of his handbook to Burnham Beeches, in which the author of "Lothair," having mentioned that he passed part of his youth in the shade of Burnham Beeches, added: "I am not surprised that the ancients worshipped trees. Lakes and mountains, however glorious, in time weary. Sylvan scenery never palls."

THE historical harp, once owned by Queen Marie Antoinette, has, after many vicissitudes, become the property of the art dealer Gottschalk, in Germany. Fleury, the queen's valet, carried it off as a souvenir, but being reduced to great poverty, he sold it to a lady of Brunswick, after which it passed through various hands. The harp is richly inlaid with ivory, and still bears the name of the maker, Cousineau père et fils, Paris.

AT a recent "public" meeting (it is true there was a subscription announced on behalf of missionaries) there was only the chairman and a representative of the Press in the spacious hall, not a single person being present in the shape of an audience. Waiting a short time, and seeing no one came, he said to the reporter, "Do you come to report what you see, or what you hear?" The reporter replied what he heard, whereupon the chairman took the chair; he gave his address and put a motion to the meeting which was carried unanimously, and the meeting closed with prayer. Next day the report appeared in the paper, and the society by this report greatly profited, although there was no audience.

MR. IRVING, who arrived Sunday on the *Bri-tannic*, is of quite noticeable appearance. Nearly six feet tall, spare, angular, almost awkward in movement, with strong, athletic frame, a long face, clean shaven, with aquiline nose, dark brown eyes and long gray hair. His face is capable of the most wonderful changes of expression, as it would need be to enable the actor to achieve success in such a wide range of characters as Mr. Irving personates. He is polished in manners, bright and alert in conversation. Miss Terry, his companion, is tall and slender, with fair, delicate complexion, light yellow hair and dark blue eyes of great expression and power. Her face is thin, with very prominent chin, but remarkably intelligent, and in conversation she is fascinating.

THERE is phenomenal activity at the Post Office in getting ready for the sixpenny telegram. The arrangements in town are to include the establishment of something like 150 additional instruments, and the laying of an immense quantity of new lines of wire. It has been decided, however, to have recourse, to a great extent, to the pneumatic dispatch system. The engine power provided for the system some years back was considerably greater than was then at all necessary, so that there is abundance of reserve to fall back upon. In other large towns besides London the pneumatic method will be extended as widely as possible. There is yet some doubt as the number of words that will be permitted for sixpence, but the dimensions of the cheap telegram will almost certainly be smaller than those of the shilling form at present in use.

A NOVEL institution has been introduced in Holland by a special society formed for the establishment of hotels for ladies. By means of these institutions ladies visiting that country may find a comfortable "home" for the period of their sojourn in a "*Huis voor Vrouwen*," (house for women). These establishments offer rooms for all classes—the poor, the middle-class traveller and the grand lady can be accommodated, each according to her means. The apartments for the latter are, though not luxuriously furnished, comfortably and conveniently arranged, and even the smallest room, which is let at a very low rate, is distinguished by model cleanliness. The society has no aim besides that of providing a home for girls and women travelling in Holland; commercial advantages are not taken into consideration, and no profits are derived from the enterprise.

IN Professor Carl Doepler's (sen.) atelier in Berlin two large canvasses are fast approaching completion. They are the first of a series of five or six vast decorative completions, intended to symbolize the five Continents, the chief figure in each being a characteristic and ideal female one, around which the respective attributes are artistically grouped. "Europe" is nearly finished and "America" rapidly progres-

sing. The last-named is said to be the most effective of the two. The figure personifying the new world is in a sitting posture, holding the trident in one hand and resting the other on the banner of the stars and stripes; the Capitol, the sea in the distance covered with sailing vessels and steamers, the outlines, beauty, and expression of the chief figure, also the rich colouring of fruits, &c., are said to form a most striking and grandiose *ensemble*. It is to be hoped, say the critics, that the artist may be encouraged to complete the series.

THE President has acceded to the request of General W. T. Sherman to be relieved from the command of the army on November 1, 1883, preparatory to his retirement from active service, which would occur next February, when General Sherman attained his sixty-fourth year, the law retiring them at that age on a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year. He and his family will take up their future residence in St. Louis. The gruff old soldier will be missed in Washington. He is a well-known figure on the streets of the capital. An overcoat never covers his shoulders. In the severest winter weather he only wears a little cane. He is also popular in Washington. No public man, it is said, has attended more dinners and receptions there within the past ten years. He has the social eccentricity of appearing at houses where he has not been invited, but he is nevertheless always welcome. His own home is constantly open, and his own hospitality is warm and generous. Tecumseh, the general's younger son, is at school, and Thomas, the elder, is in the Catholic priesthood.

A GRAND chivalric fête was recently given at the little Gothic château of Orève. At dinner a bevy of lovely women entered the room arrayed in the rich ancestral costumes of the house—the men wearing hunting costumes of the time of Louis XIII. During the course of the repast a beautiful little page, clad in the heraldic green and white livery of the château, entered the room bearing upon a gold dish a pheasant resplendently adorned with jewels, and a rose in its beak. The glasses having been filled with champagne the gentlemen stood up, and having first drunk to the beauties present, swore, with their right hands pointing to the pheasant, to accomplish any deeds of prowess which the ladies might desire. The Duchess Berthe replied for all as follows:—"Before ourselves there is one lady whom you must all serve—that lady is La France, and we command you to devote all your powers to raise her banner above those of her rivals." Amid loud applause the rose was plucked from the pheasant and presented to the duchess. This is Merry Duchess fashion.

THE great opera duel between the Abbey and Mapleson troupes began in New York recently. The former opened with Nilsson at the new Metropolitan Opera-House, and the latter with Gerster at the Academy. The former is a great building, with many features new in this country. It has a larger audience-room than any other opera-house in the world, exceeding the San Carlos of Naples, and the La Scala at Milan. It covers a little over a city block and a quarter, filling the plot of ground bordered by Seventh Avenue, Broadway, and Thirty-Ninth and Fortieth Streets. About one-quarter of this great space is audience room and one-quarter is stage. About six hundred persons have chairs in the parquette, seven hundred and fifty in the balcony, and nine hundred and thirty in the gallery. The rest of the thirty-five hundred sittings of the houses are in the boxes. There are no stage boxes, and it is only a few feet from the drop-curtain to the auditorium. The parquette seats nearly six hundred people, in wide, comfortable, roomy seats, for which six dollars are charged. Near the stage are three boxes on each side, looking almost like square pigeon-holes. Above this is a tier called the parterre, composed exclusively of boxes, each with chairs for six persons, with a cloak-room in the rear. The boxes of the parterre and the first tier are all filled by subscribers, the millionaires of New York, who can afford twelve hundred dollars a season for a box. The building stock of the Opera-House is \$1,400,000, in twenty thousand shares.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs., to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81.

R. FITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!