FRANCE AND FREEDOM.

From Swinburne's Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic, printed in *Every Saturday* from author's advance sheets.

Who is this that rises red with wounds and wan with death?
All her breast and brow made beautiful with years,
Burning bare as naked daylight, undefended,
In her hands for spoils her spliptered prison cloud,
In her eyes the light and fire of long an exiled,
In her lips a song as of the morning star-?

O torn out of thy trance,
O dumbness, O my Face.
O unknown mother, O redeemed to reign,
O newly sweet and bitter
The bright brief tears that glitter
On thine unfolding eyelids, proof of their own pain;
The beautiful brief tears
That wash the stain of years
While as the name immortal of thy chosen and slain,
Is sweet as much as long,
Sounding with such strong,
Quiet and perfect without spot or stain,
Lifted in the light of man,
Before republican,
At least, a Republic, hailed in heaven and earth.

Out of the obscene eclipse
Bestial, with burning lips
To witness for us if we looked for thee in vain.

Thou that wast on their father's dead
As ardent God effused and shed,
Heaven to be hunted, hell to trample flesh,
Break for them now time's iron mesh;
Give them thyself for hand and heart,
Thy breath for life, thy love for bread,
Thy thought for spirit to refresh,
Thy bitterness to pierce and sting,
Thy overtaking face for a spring,
Be to them knowledge, strength, life, light,
Thou to whom the centuries cling
And in the wide warmth of thy wing
Sent down and sent up by night,
O thou the kingless people's king,
O thou the lips of silence sing
Called by the name of thanksgiving.

FREEDOM, and by the name of night
Justice, and by thy secret name
Love; the same need is in the same
Men, be the same God in their sight?
From this their hour of bloody tears
Their grains gone up into divine ears
Their bruised lips clothe thy name with praises,
The song of thee their crushed voice raises,
Their grief seeks joy for comfort to cling
With tired feet seeks her through time's mazes
Where each day's blood leaves pale the morrow,
And from their eyes in thine there gazes
A spirit other for their sorrow,
A soul triumphal, white and whole
And single, that salutes thy soul.

AMUSEMENTS

—Tony Pastor's Opera House, Chestnut street, opposite Sixth, continues to be crowded every night with people who come to see the good variety entertainment given by the Pastor troupe. Mr. Pastor himself is a great favorite with his patrons, and he deserves success for his enterprise and his good management. The programme for this week is very attractive, and includes the following: Mr. Pastor himself, in his inimitable Dutch character, in his song of "Ein Bier Lied," and in his song and dance with Miss Lizzie Lesley; Miss Lizzie Lesley, in her song and dance, "Ma Bonne Bouteille;" Mr. Frank Lesley, in his