Such is Life.

A POEM IN FOUR PARTS.

BY M. R. B.

PART THIRD.—THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

I.

The day was o'er, the evening shadows fell
In ample folds upon the hill and plain;
With darkness, silence settled on the dell,
And hushed in sleep the warbling, merry strain.
Not so could thrill the cheery voice of morn;
For art supplied the torch of vanished day,
And cheered the merry circle by its lurid play.

II.

I sat apart, within a brilliant hall;
A hundred lamps dispelled their gladsome light,
Which fell profuse on many figures fair,
And others, too, less stately, yet more bright.
While there I sat, Julio came in sight,
And at his side young Claudio, with the glow
Of truth and innocence upon his faultless brow.

III.

A tempest ran through all that joyous throng;
And many an eye betrayed an uncomely tear,
Then checked its course as gently as it fell,
And others, too, too stately, yet too bright.
While there I sat, Julio came in sight,
And at his side young Claudio, with the glow
Of truth and innocence upon his faultless brow.

IV.

As he and I slept strange visions filled his mind:
He'd stood upon a lofty hill whose form
Was like the spire, whose choral arms, entwined
Round fair Bermuda's Isles, bided off the storm.
He seen the dear magnificence, whose regal pride
Compeled its slaves to lavish on the dome
A hundred lamps dispensed their gladsome light.

V.

For the bird's matin hymn he listened long.
Then, seated by the crystal water's side.
Save now and then an ill o'er-mastered yawn
He bounded on, as gayly as a fawn;
As through his veins the subtle poison sped
He sought relief, and deemed him not deceived
That warning cry still in his ears did ring:

VI.

Ah, woman! weak, yet in thy weakness strong!
Their staring eyes, as by dark frenzy sped,
A yawning gulf, like to the crater dread
A shade of gloom now clouded his fair brow;
A shade more anxious marked each wasting cheek,
As Claudio gazed, he heard a gentle voice
Appeared to bid the trembling heart rejoice;
As he slept strange visions filled his mind:

VII.

Ere day unloosed his light-dispensing eye;
But Claudio, as in his woof, arose
As the arrow's lusty flight, and sweetly tried
And straightway to the grove-crowned hill did go,
Determined that the pleasures of the night
Should not deprive him of the joy of morrow's first light.

VIII.

He bounded on, as gayly as a bow;
No trace of loss repose could be detected,
Save now and then an ill o'er-mastered yawn
That, moaning nature's wail, as he rose.
Then, seated by the crystal water's side,
For the bird's matin hymn he listened long,
And they parted then, and each sought repose

IX.

The multitude, before, with reckless tread,
Shrieking, blaspheming, laughing in despair,
Rush blindly to the dismal gulf—and disappear.

X.

Then may an eye turn to in anxious fear,
And many a step sought to retrace its way,
But, hindered by the onward rushing cheer,
Was borne all hopelessly on, in blind dismay.
Save now and then a shade more anxious marked each wasting cheek.
A hand, stretched forth in gentle, pitying love,
Drew the despairing one to the next plain above.

XI.

Then gayety soon spread its sunny wing.
As Claudio gazed, he heard a gentle voice
Appeared to bid the trembling heart rejoice;
As Claudio gazed, he heard a gentle voice
Appeared to bid the trembling heart rejoice;
His eye was dim—his cheek was thin and pale—
His step was languid—Ah! he was a mortal slave.

Yet virtue was not dead. One early morn
Poor Claudio came and sat beneath a tree.
His heart was sad—his countenance forlorn.
The night had passed in revel wild and free—
The luminous cup, indulged beyond degree,
Dimmed reason's lights—upsturb'd discretion's place,
And morning found sad Claudio weeping his disgrace.

Praying for death to carry him from earth away.
"I must rush madly on!—the gulf must be my goal."
"Alas! it is too late," the youth replied;
"Nay, interrupt me not—I've weighed this Wis'dom!"
"My counsels fails—though angels point the way."
"Claudio," in accents sweet the maid began,
That will restore the manly vigor of thy soul!
"Never!" she said; "thou'rt noble still and brave!
'Twas his bright smile filled every heart with cheer;
But O, that smile, to me how dearly dear!
That first bright morn upon the hill, lit Claudio's face.

PART FORTH.—THE RESCUE.

But as he prayed, in loneliness and grief,
A tearful eye was watching his despair;
A gentle voice spoke words of kind relief
That cast the youth, dejected and disheartened, on his side
As by his side Ambra, calmer fair,
Appeared, as a bright angel on from high,
Come down to lift his soul from hopeless misery.

"Claudio," in accents sweet the maid began,
"Our courage fails—though angels point the way.
'Twas Iftippiness, not gayety, whose ray
'Sent forth a hope that lives in men's toil;
Give me a voice to tell the glad tidings to all!
'Tis but a passing gloom—a transient pain
That flies at virtue's reinstated reign;—
They walked together from the shady grove.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

As Adolphus was carried madly on, an unresisting because powerless victim, bound fast, like another Mazeppa, on the back of his brown filly, peaceful and vivid were the features that flitted through his seething brain. His widowed mother's sighs, and the searing words of his seething brain, in others' breasts, shall perish in the strife—

For "Such is Life!"—All ages echo: "Such is Earth!"

The Gilded Barn.

A Phantasy.

My Hints Thoroughly Hye.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

As Adolphus was carried madly on, an unresisting because powerless victim, bound fast, like another Mazeppa, on the back of his brown filly, peaceful and vivid were the features that flitted through his seething brain. His widowed mother's sighs, and the searing words of his seething brain, in others' breasts, shall perish in the strife—

For "Such is Life!"—All ages echo: "Such is Earth!"

They entered the den and a black cow spread up the recking hominj' and molasses, with the buck-wheat cakes and fried fish that were, with the addition of hot coffee, to constitute their supper.

Adolphus ate heartily feeling to be his duty to keep up his strength and good spirits under these adverse circumstances, and the robbers complimented him on his "pluck." The next morning they started for Texas, and there disposed of the large drove of horses they had recently collected in the more civilized States.

Adolphus could hardly help leaving a sigh when he saw his brown filly auctioned off to the highest bidder. He took a good look at that highest bidder, however, reflecting that a man has a right to his own property wherever he finds it.

The following morning, the loose-thieves, who had already started on their homeward route, were rather surprised at missing Adolphus. They had considerably relaxed their vigilance in regard of late, for they did not perceive any remarkable anxiety to escape on his part, and besides, if he did escape, he could not do them much harm down in Texas, you know.

At the same time the late purchaser of the brown filly missed her. She was gone. He raised a hue and cry. The vigilance committee scoured the community in every direction after the horse-thief, but he was nowhere to be found.

The fact was, that Adolphus had learned so many tricks from the genuine horse-thieves that he knew enough to steel his own mare.

What these tricks were we shall not pretend to say; I am not horse-thief enough to know them.

Some week after this, a youth with golden hair, mounted on a splendid brown filly might have been seen galloping over the summit of Pike's Peak.

He (for it was unquestionably Adolphus) had lost his way home.

However, as he was galloping about in the neighborhood of Pike's Peak, he found a nugget of gold surpassing in magnitude any discovery that had ever been made the like.

"Ah!" quoth Adolphus, "it is lucky I lost my way home after all."

He then fell in with a party of civil engineers who had lost a pocket compass, by which they readily found his way home.

He thought they were very civil engineers indeed, for they were to lose him their pocket compass. It is the last thing in the world that an engineer would be found to lend.

When he got home he felt first-rate. His mother was remarkably glad to see him, and the barn, which had been the theatre of the beginning of his misfortune, was gaily lighted by the last rays of the setting sun.

That is all the gilding it ever had.

What, dear reader, do you imagine that Adolphus went to work and gilded it with the big nugget? Why, what a fool you must be!

On the contrary, Adolphus and his mother lived happily on the proceeds of that nugget to the end of their days, and Mrs. Scripture frequently dropped in to see them.
efforts to expose the virulence and knavery of bed-bugs. I expect a conformance of these favors, and also take this opportunity of recommending my work on bugsima to the popular mass in the manners of a free and enlightened age. I do not agree with those who would flatter. Nor am I agreed in con-

tradictions. I see by the press that Terre Haute is a good place for a Methodist camp-meeting, because—behold the reason—a farmer there has several hundred chickens on his farm. In my opinion, the suggestion for camp. The suggestion for camp. The suggestion for camp is not, "Are there any chickens in this here place?" but: "Are there any bugs within hearing distance of this beauty? If there be, don't go there. Bugs will smell at you from a distance, and you have no notion of their presence, until they visit you. They have no regard for delcery or decency. They will take your bed, and board on you. You may swear at them; call them all the nicknames in the calendar; kick them out of the house, if you like, or give them any other unfriendly hint, but they'll come back as familiarly as if you had sent them a formal invitation to spend the night with you. Do not place any confidence in their importunity, for, as sure as the opportunity occurs, they will besiege you. Therefore let no indiscretion—not even chickens or trap you into a neighborhood inhabited by bed-bugs. Let the press take warning from these revelations.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

John Smith told me the following story of an encounter with bed-bugs: On the 15th of June, in the afternoon, I went, by invitation, to spend the night with a friend in the country. We sat up late. After that I went to bed in a room which had not been inhabited by anything but a ghost for the last six months. The lady had deserted that room, because in an hour after any of them got into bed, the bed-tick and blankets began to move in some unaccountable way. They concluded all this must be the effect of a ghost in search of a local habitation, so they seized the premises to him or her for an indefinite period. When I was inside the door, my friend said, in a deprecating tone: "John, are you afraid of ghosts? I'm rather intimate with them," I said, "but why do you ask the question at this solemn hour?" "Because," he said in a whisper, "there is a dozen or so of them in this room!" "Are they up to the tricks of blowing out the lights?" says I. "They're not up to that yet," he said, "they'll move only the bed, and pinch your sides." "They're welcome to all the fun they want, in that way," says I. "Are there any bugs in the room?" says I. "No, not one." Are you sure? I say: "Give me a light, and a good hickory stick;" says I, "and then let five dozen of ghosts come on!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMENDATIONS OF THE PRESS AND OF DISTIN-

GUISHED MEN, ON "BUGISM.

[From the Notre Dame Scholastic.]

"As yet we have only seen some chapters in man-

ners of the story, but the whole is so well written, that we pass no criticism on its merits, but we stick to our ideas about its author."

[From the South Bend Union.]

"We are informed that Dr. Jones regards 'Bug-

ism' as his best work. All right." [From the South Bend Righter.]

"Dr. Jones claims to be the author of 'Bugism.'

Very well." [From the Chicago Times.]

"'Bugism' is another story." [From the New York Tribune.]

"We regard 'Bugism' as a scientific antidote for the destruction of bugs. As much this great work of Dr. Jones ought to be in the hands of every la-

telligent farmer."

[From the Banner of Light.]

"'Bugism' is the no plus ultra in the world of Spiritism. This work has, in our opinion, demol-

ished the scientific attacks of Barnum on mediums, and only today can we be permitted to suppose that Darwiniism in the scientific world, for, Dr. Jones shows conclusively that there is a far greater and more universal connection between bugs and hu-

manity, than there is between the latter and mon-

keys. There is not a man, woman, or child in virtu-

ation, provided they or either of them ever slept in a bed, who cannot furnish the testimony of ex-

perience to corroborate the scientific theory of the truly learned Dr. Jones. We trust that no intel-

ligent spirit will be without a copy of this great work."

[From the Hon. C. Summer.]

"I regard 'Bugism' as the ruin of San Domingo. It is the boon friend of the black man. Long may he cherish it."

[From the Hon. B. Butler.]

"I pronounce 'Bugism' to be a K-K-Klax con-

spiracy." [From the President.]"My dear Doctor, a thousand thanks for your great book. 'Bugism' has taught me how to clean out the swarms of bugs at all sizes and colors which have been infernal: g the Executive Mansion since I have had the misfortune to get into it. The Clare is literally crowded with these vermin, day and night, and very much needs to be taken apart; well shaken and thoroughly dusted. Indeed it must be all renovated by giving it new stuff, new covering, new wood and new paint. Its pres-

ence is positively intolerable. "Your slandered, but ever affectionate old friend.

P. U. S."

Brief Sayings. NUMBER THREE.

The most successful commanders of ancient or modern times, are general Gossip and general Slander. They control large armies, fight more battles, and slaughter more people than all other generals combined.

The hour of the day must be of Celtic origin, for every one of them has an "O" before its name. I could make a better yoke than this, if I'd try. I suggest this ancestral coat of arms, for that magnificent Mr. Darwin: a monkey rampant, with a skull-cap made of "cells," a bob-

tail jacket made of "gemmules," and the motto: "I carry a tail uniform, that would scare the frightful porcupine." Bless thee! Darwin, bless thee! thou art translated! In what ill-starred fight hast thou lost thy tail? If thy patient's name was monkey, du tell me how thou hast got thine? Once upon a time, they fired a monkey as was a monkey. This monkey he was scientific, and in tumbling from the branch of a tree, he gravitated round till he fell upon the ground. He always fell down, but he never fell up, for he knew gravitation. This monkey he was not mathematical so he encheviellenned ammonia among his legs, lest it should be put away by the laws of geographical distribution. This monkey did die, or he did not die, which is all the same you know. When he did die, or did not die, he left a name, a scientific name, at which the world grew pale, to adore his moral and point his tail. I am informed that the city of Berdertook flight and ran away at the sight and sound of the first train that passed by there on the Nile and South Bend railroad, a few days ago. Until this this got into his head, it was you. Darwin: a monkey run away with two horses, and smashed itself to pieces near a bridge.

Darwin and His Monkey.

A facetious view of the novel theory in Dar-

win's "Descent of Man," is given in the London Times' criticism of this work—thus:

We are reminded, by such speculations, of the former story which Corporal Trim endorsed so inoffensively to recite to Uncle Toby. "There was a certain king of Boluena," said Trim; "but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your honor." Uncle Toby was more ac-

counting to us than we are, as the following scientific point of view. But we recommend the generous permission he accorded to the corporal as a most appropriate motto for speculations of this kind. "Learn out the date entirely, Trim," said Uncle Toby. In almost similar language: "There was a certain monkey," says Mr. Darwin, of that he is quite sure, and he frequently reiterates the assurance. There was a certain monkey, but in what part of country, excepted in America, that was not able to inform my readers." Probably, however, if hard pressed, he would again imitate Trim, and tell us it was about the time when geological giants left off breeding." Starting from the unsubstantial presumption just indicated, Mr. Darwin proceeds to speculate on the manner of man's development, without being able to advance the slightest evidence that facts correspond with his hypothesis. The history, however ingenious, is purely im-

aginary from beginning to end. Mr. Darwin does not seem able even to make up his own mind respecting the scenes in which his romance should be lain. On the one hand, some hairy animals serve to have a tendency to diminish the number of our progenitors. If we consider what occurred on the other hand monkeys live in hot climates and prefer retaining their hair. When pressed with the argument that the supposed progenitors of man being probably very helpless and defenceless, would have been exposed to great risks, Mr. Darwin suggests that they "would have been" protected from any special risk "if they had inhabited some large continent or large island." On the other hand "the period of our progenitors" must have been in the Catacomb stock of monkeys "clearly shows that they inhabited the old world; but not Australia, nor any oceanic island, as we may infer from the laws of geographical distribution." And again we read, in considering another difficulty, that man does not appear to have aboriginally inhabited any oceanic island. We are as much puzzled about the original domain of this primaeval monkey as Trim was about the maritime advantages of Boluena.

Charity.

My Charity writes to you, dear Charity, and with charity offers a little charity. It is part of a charity which my charity received from another charity. I trust your Charity's Will will put up with this Charity, as my Charity has no other Charity to offer to your good Charity. In return for your Charity I beg your charity; Charity will offer your Charity's charitable prayers for your food.

Nomot.
The love of God above all things is the first principle of all religion and the basis of all morality. The love of our neighbor as ourselves, although included in the former and immediately deducible from it, was, as the Divine Author of Christianity, so important an element in that more full and explicit doctrine of religious truth and morality which he delivered to the world, that he insisted upon it repeatedly and, as far as is possible, side by side with the great first principle itself. But he insists that this mutual love amongst men is the distinctive characteristic by which the true Christian is to be known: "By this shall men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another." Now, if it be true that, whatever tends to weaken or diminish in us that supreme love of God, is opposed to the very essence of religion, it is less true that, whatever tends to weaken or diminish in us the true love of our neighbor, is opposed to the essence of Christianity, and as Christianity is for us all religion, that which is opposed to it is, for us, opposed to religion; and the agent by whose selfish interests were served, and upon whose selfish interests was founded, if capable of a motive, must be classed with those of whom it is said: "Woe to him by whom scandal cometh; it would be better for such a one that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he should be cast into the depths of the sea." But who does not see that the tale-bearer is such an agent of evil? He who does not see that the busybody steps in, and not only keeps alive the features of the transaction, but increases the interest arising from such a cause. But Busby also becomes a little thoughtful. It is easy for him to see how Smith has managed the matter; off goes Busybody with the spawn of him, he and Smith, or what Jones said, yet it sounded to me like: 'Every man has to look out for himself first.'

Here Smith, hoping to get some information that will help him to settle the question in his own mind, observes: "But very likely Jones did not know that my interests were involved. I can scarcely bring myself to believe that he would knowingly injure me." And Jones, with a look of surprise, says: "Yes, Smith, I always feared that Jones could, 'let him try to fool me with his excuses.'" So Smith asks Busybody: "But the fact is, I have had my suspicions about Jones for a long time, and now I find that I was not altogether mistaken." Busybody also becomes a little thoughtful. It is quite evident to his mind that Smith suspects Jones of doing him wrong with his eyes open; he no longer thinks Jones worthy of confidence, as a friend, and probably has formed the opinion of having any previous knowledge of the fact that Smith was going to be a loser in the case. Of course, he (Busybody) can't help what Smith did, and Busybody only said just what he thought and gave nothing as certain that he was not sure of; he was not sure that old Simon had told Jones, and he said so, yet if old Simon had not told him, he might have done so, and that is pretty much the case. Busybody says that Smith could be so towards Jones, because Jones is a good sort of a fellow after all, and, on the whole, he thinks Jones ought to know how Smith does feel—perhaps the best of friends, but I must follow what I have said as plain as words could, 'let him try to fool me with his excuses.'"
above all, to be accused by that friend himself, who, he now discovers, was secretly working to mistake by himself. At least that is my view of the case, but you know your own business best."

"Ways.' So if you would avoid a downright quarrel, you knew beforehand that you were going to injure him; that you knew beforehand that his story is either utterly false, or so highly colored to be equivalent to a falsehood. And should the story be such as to make any impression upon the listener, notwithstanding our resolution to disregard it, the sooner we go to the one of whom the story is told, and have an understanding with him, the better; for as I have said, in the great majority of cases, it will be found that there was no ground for the story at all, or that it was so slight as to be unworthy of the least attention.

If men would pursue this course they would be spared much unhappiness, and the world many melancholy scenes of social bitterness and wrangling, while the longings of their selfish propensities would be unprofitable, might be led to occupy themselves in something more useful to themselves, and less hurtful to others, and God would be less offended than he is now, by the wholesale disturbance of charity amongst men.

The work on the new church is progressing vigorously.

What has become of the Orchestra? We hear no more about their delightful soirées.

The new railroad from South Bend to Niles is finally completed and trains run regularly.

We noticed, last Sunday, in the parlor of St. Mary's Academy, a beautiful piece of wax work, made by Sister Emily. It is very fine, and elicited our unqualified admiration.

We regret that the officious tale-bearer received his due, he would get a sound flogging every time he exercised his bell-vented powers. Yet this remedy cannot be applied, as it would be contrary to the dictates of charity. The best and surest remedy in all such cases is to pay no attention to the tale-bearer's story; for in a hundred cases in a hundred his story is either utterly false, or so highly colored as to be equivalent to a falsehood. And should the story be such as to make any impression upon the listener, notwithstanding our resolution to disregard it, the sooner we go to the one of whom the story is told, and have an understanding with him, the better; for as I have said, in the great majority of cases, it will be found that there was no ground for the story at all, or that it was so slight as to be unworthy of the least attention.

If men would pursue this course they would be spared much unhappiness, and the world many melancholy scenes of social bitterness and wrangling, while the longings of their selfish propensities would be unprofitable, might be led to occupy themselves in something more useful to themselves, and less hurtful to others, and God would be less offended than he is now, by the wholesale disturbance of charity amongst men.

The work on the new church is progressing vigorously.

What has become of the Orchestra? We hear no more about their delightful soirées.

The new railroad from South Bend to Niles is finally completed and trains run regularly.

We noticed, last Sunday, in the parlor of St. Mary's Academy, a beautiful piece of wax work, made by Sister Emily. It is very fine, and elicited our unqualified admiration.

We regret that the officious tale-bearer received his due, he would get a sound flogging every time he exercised his bell-vented powers. Yet this remedy cannot be applied, as it would be contrary to the dictates of charity. The best and surest remedy in all such cases is to pay no attention to the tale-bearer's story; for in a hundred cases in a hundred his story is either utterly false, or so highly colored as to be equivalent to a falsehood. And should the story be such as to make any impression upon the listener, notwithstanding our resolution to disregard it, the sooner we go to the one of whom the story is told, and have an understanding with him, the better; for as I have said, in the great majority of cases, it will be found that there was no ground for the story at all, or that it was so slight as to be unworthy of the least attention.

If men would pursue this course they would be spared much unhappiness, and the world many melancholy scenes of social bitterness and wrangling, while the longings of their selfish propensities would be unprofitable, might be led to occupy themselves in something more useful to themselves, and less hurtful to others, and God would be less offended than he is now, by the wholesale disturbance of charity amongst men.

The work on the new church is progressing vigorously.

What has become of the Orchestra? We hear no more about their delightful soirées.

The new railroad from South Bend to Niles is finally completed and trains run regularly.

We noticed, last Sunday, in the parlor of St. Mary's Academy, a beautiful piece of wax work, made by Sister Emily. It is very fine, and elicited our unqualified admiration.

We regret that the officious tale-bearer received his due, he would get a sound flogging every time he exercised his bell-vented powers. Yet this remedy cannot be applied, as it would be contrary to the dictates of charity. The best and surest remedy in all such cases is to pay no attention to the tale-bearer's story; for in a hundred cases in a hundred his story is either utterly false, or so highly colored as to be equivalent to a falsehood. And should the story be such as to make any impression upon the listener, notwithstanding our resolution to disregard it, the sooner we go to the one of whom the story is told, and have an understanding with him, the better; for as I have said, in the great majority of cases, it will be found that there was no ground for the story at all, or that it was so slight as to be unworthy of the least attention.

If men would pursue this course they would be spared much unhappiness, and the world many melancholy scenes of social bitterness and wrangling, while the longings of their selfish propensities would be unprofitable, might be led to occupy themselves in something more useful to themselves, and less hurtful to others, and God would be less offended than he is now, by the wholesale disturbance of charity amongst men.
Its chief corruptions are to be found in the want of Irish music, excepting in the low songs of the times the original strain can no longer be traced loaded down with the sweet music of their country with foreign styes have not injured Irish music. But street singer, none of these mimicries can be found. And will charm, all the nations of the earth. J. Irish spirit and nationality which has charmed, yet there runs through the whole that rich vein of spirit of the theme is fully sustained in the imaginative and descriptive grandeur of the language which paints the picture. It was first published in the "Dublin University Magazine," several years ago; but the author has never been publicly known.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knew his sepulture unto this day." — Jact., xxiv. 6.

By Neb's lonely mountain, On this side Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Moab, There lies a lonely grave; And no man dug that sepulchre, And no man saw it ever; For the angel of God upturned the sod And hid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral That ever passed on earth But no man heard the trumping Or saw the train go forth. Noisily as the lightning Comes down from the skies alone. And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek Grows into the great sun.—

Noisily as the spring-time Her crown of verdure waves, And all the trees on all the hills Open their thousand leaves,— So, without sound of music Or voice of them that weep, Silently down from the mountains crow The great procession swept.

Perchance the bold old eagle On gray Belepoo's height, Out of this world's turmoil, Looked on the wood of sorrows. Perchance the lion stalking Wild on his chasing path, For beast and bird have seen and heard That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth, His comrades in the war With o'erturned shoe and muffled staff Follow the funeral car. They show the banners taken, They tell his battles won, And after him lead the warlike steed, While peals the minute gun.

Amid the nobles of the land Men lay the sage to rest, And give the bard an honored place

With costly marble dressed; In the great minster transept, Where lights like glories fall, And the choir songs and the organ rings, Along the embellished wall.

This was the bravest warrior That ever buckled sword; This the most gifted poet That ever breathed a word; And never earth's poor saviour Traced with his golden pen, On the deathstane proof truths half so sage As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, The hillside for his part; To be in state while angels wait With stars for taper nails; The dark rock priest, like tossing yesses, Over his hier to wave; And God's own land, in that lonely land, To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave, without a name, Whence his soul's delight Shall break again—most wondrous thought— Before the judgment day, And stand with glory waved around, On the hills he never trod. And speak of strikethat won our life With the Inerace Son of God. O lonely tomb in Moab's land, O dark Belepool's hill. Speak to those curious hearts of ours, And teach them to be still. God hath his mysteries of grace— Ways that we cannot know. He hides them deep, like the sweet sleep Of life he loved so well.——-Isaiah Braam.

France will have to pay 5,000,000,000 francs to Germany as a war indemnity. This, in five-franc pieces, would weigh 63,000,000,000 pounds, avoiding To transport all this gold by rail, supposing each car to carry 11,000 pounds, strain of 3,000 cars would be required. When spread out on the ground, one touching the other, these five-franc gold pieces would reach almost around the globe. If five-franc pieces enough to make this amount were placed one above the other, they would make a column of gold 1,070 miles in height. If this column, having in Paris, should topple over in the direction of Berlin, Berlin would be only one third of the whole distance reached by the coin at the top of the column. A quick cashier, able to count 10,000 five-franc pieces in an hour, supposing that he commenced at the age of 30, would be nearly 78 years of age before he finished counting it, in case he should count eight hours daily for 360 days every year.

France can only discharge this enormous debt by levying the most onerous taxation and at the same time abolishing the greater portion of its standing army, thus destroying its military prestige, and keeping it under the heel of the conqueror for the next century. The debt of France before the war was enormous, and it is now increasing fearfully every day by the civil wars. Unhappy France! Will she be forced to recall Louis Napoleon in order to restrain the mad butchery of one another by her coarse popularies?

Highly Poetical.—An exchange publishes two lines of the great epic upon Gen. Jackson, written by an Eastern bard:

"When you see their eyes glisten, then my men, fire"—
Were the last dying words of A. Jackson, Esquire.

Trumbull is not going to do any thing more in connection with his. He recently declined the difference between his head and a longhead, and said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.
Base-Ball.

STAR OF THE EAST VS. STAR OF THE WEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The first of the series of match games of base-ball for the championship now pending between the Star of the West and Star of the East Base-Ball Clubs, came off on Wednesday, the 10th inst. The game was the most exciting one we have ever seen at Notre Dame, and, though not closely contested, was a splendid one, and brought out all the best qualities of the two clubs. The game was one of the most interesting matches ever played here, and was watched with great interest by a large concourse of spectators. The play was excellent, the fielding was good, and the base-running was free and unhampered. The game was a close one, and was won by the Star of the East by a score of 12 to 11.

FIRST INNING.

STAR OF THE EAST.—Dechant bats a grounder to second and takes first. Gambee bats a foul fly between third and home and goes to first, sending Dechant to second. Ashton bats to third, is put out, but an error is charged. Gambee steals second and third and Murmanne bats to "short," taking first and sending Gambee home. Murmanne steals second. Staley bats to "short" but is put out, leaving two on base. Walsh bats to third and third on Gault's wild throw to first, sending Murmanne home. Farrell sends Walsh home and takes third on a fine ground-out between first and second. Sweeney bats to second and takes first and retires, leaving Farrell on third. Side out with three runs scored.

SECOND INNING.

STAR OF THE EAST.—Melcher leads off with a long fly to left, taking second, gets home on a passed ball, Shields fouls out to McGuire. Dechant to first on fly to centre. Gambee bats a fly to W. Dum and goes out on first. Side out—six runs. Staley, Murphy and Ashton on bases.

THIRD INNING.


FOURTH INNING.

STAR OF THE EAST.—Farrell out on a foul tip to McGuire, Sweeney out on a fly to right, Murmanne on a fly to Gault, and Ashton, S. Dum and W. Dum on balls. McGlye to first on fly to centre. Gambee bats to first, McOsker and Dum to second and first respectively. W. Dum to first on a fly to W. Dum and goes out on first. Side out—five runs.

FIFTH INNING.

STAR OF THE EAST.—Sweeney bats to second, and goes to first on a fly to Reilly and gets out on second. Reilly out on a fly to McGuire, McOsker and Dum to second and first respectively. W. Dum out on a fly to Sweeney, and Ashton follows with a clean hit to right, McOsker on McGuire's bad stop. W. Dum out on a fly to Walsh, Ashton out on a foul, S. Dum on a fly to Murmanne—side out—three runs.

SIXTH INNING.


SEVENTH INNING.

STAR OF THE EAST.—W. Dum to first on a fly to McGuire, McOsker to first on a fly to Gault, and Ashton to first on errors, and S. Dum on balls. "Jimmy" McOsker fouls out to McGuire—Sweeney to first on errors, and S. Dum on balls. "Jimmy" McOsker takes first on "flies" and Gault on a ground-er, W. Dum takes a long fly to centre and goes out on errors. Murmanne bats to first and takes first on errors, and S. Dum on balls. Ashton and Gambee to first on errors, and S. Dum on balls. W. Dum takes a long fly to left, Reilly, McOsker and Gault and Torres to first on errors, and S. Dum on balls. Homan fouls out—side out—eight runs.

EIGHTH INNING.


NINTH INNING.


Score.—Star of the East—33. Star of the West—32.
Then, my dear young friends, I trust you will accord the greatest pleasure and satisfaction on the days I think kindly of St Mary's College at Galveston, and never shall forget the kindness exhibited on both sides into a grave of oblivion.

Nature of man to err by times in communication is done towards its advancement.

In conclusion, my very frequent, too, very often pay us a visit, particularly yonder, make good use of your time, continue to act and every student therein. In short, make good use of your time, continue to act and every student therein. In conclusion, my very frequent, too, very often pay us a visit, particularly.yonder, make good use of your time, continue to act and every student therein. In conclusion, my very frequent, too, very often pay us a visit, particularly.

A young gentleman who has just married a little beauty says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious material that Nature couldn't afford it.

An eminent American once spoke of this, his own country, as that "in which there was less misery and less happiness than in any other part of the world."

The wheelbarrow, for simplicity of construction, strength, courage, and general moral excellence, is the superior of the velocipede, and ought to be encouraged.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man, I will obliged many that are not-so—Scotch.

A happy life is made up of happy thoughts, and man should be a very miser in hoarding conscience.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

THAIKS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leaves South Bend 4:15 a.m., and 6:30 p.m.

Arrives at Buffalo 4:15 a.m.

12:25 p.m.

Day Freight.

10:55 a.m.

Way Freight.

8:00 p.m.

GORT WEST.

Leaves South Bend 2:15 p.m.

Arrives at Chicago 7:20 p.m.

7:20 a.m.

10:30 a.m.

5:30 a.m.

Day Freight.

3:15 p.m.

Way Freight.

11:20 a.m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

Call for details, see the Company's passenger and train tables at the depot and all other places.

AGE TICKETS are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes later than South Bend time.

OAR fares are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes later than South Bend time.

CROSSING.

GEO. NOROS—Express passenger, 4:20 a.m. and 7:20 p.m.

GEO. NOROS—Express passenger, 4:20 a.m. and 7:20 p.m.

GEO. NOROS—Express passenger, 4:20 a.m. and 7:20 p.m.

GEO. NOROS—Express passenger, 4:20 a.m. and 7:20 p.m.

GEO. NOROS—Express passenger, 4:20 a.m. and 7:20 p.m.