

BAYARD TAYLOR.

We copy from the Legislature Record, the following remarks of Senator EVERHART of Chester on the life and death of Bayard Taylor:

Mr. President, in presenting this resolution it may not be improper for me to add that Mr. Taylor was one of my constituents. I knew him very well and for many years. He was born in Kennett Square, Chester county, about a half a century ago, near one of the most important battle fields of the Revolutionary war.

There beautifully flows the Brandywine, On and forever from dawn to decline— Under the bridges and arches of trees, Gilding the landscape and cooling the breeze, Parting their pastures and swelling their stores, Flowering, perfuming the simous shores, Glazing the squirrel, dispersing above, Sweetening the tanager's carol of love, With dreamers in quest of the Muse's shrine, In the haunted dells of the Brandywine.

There, in a pleasant district, in the midst of cultivated people, his blameless and ambitious boyhood forest the meritorious man. With a high purpose, correct principles and exceptional gifts, he passed through all the tests and lures and straits of life untainted and unharmed. His industry seemed like an impulsive instinct or an obligation of conscience. It was not spasmodic or erratic or aimless or misdirected, but discriminating and constant. It was more serviceable than friends or funds, and insured them both. It made him prompt to seize occasions and meet emergencies. It exceeded his necessities and increased with his success. It made his volumes valuable and out-number his matured years. He traveled and girdled the globe with his journeys. He viewed nearly "all places that the eye of heaven visits"—regions grim with perpetual rock, or ice, or sea, or sand, or attractive with arable areas, or wilderness of floral bloom, or forest shade. Nature in all her contrasts of motion, forms and colors, growths and waste. And her phenomena from the arctic twilight to the torrid noon—through all the seasons and through all the zones.

But he was no less a devotee of books—those stores of quaint and current learning—those sweet friends of scholars, those arsenals of genius, those silent oracles of thought which mould the character of persons, States and eras. He was fond of art—the delicious trophies of the chisel and the pencil which multiply and perpetuate the changing phase of beauty—and decorates the porches and temples, the Valhallas and Vaticans, with the immortal counterfeits of nature.

He cultivated language, which opened new sources of intelligence and new fields for energy. His efficient rendering of Faust shows his thoroughness in German, while his facility in divers tongues amazed those who heard him in their native speech, as in some sort they were amazed who heard the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. But his labors are manifested in his productions; they allure the imagination after his wandering steps as if fragrant, like those of Venus, who left behind her a trail of flowers. Over that middle, tideless sea, bordered with continents and gemmed with islands, amidst once worshipped elements and glorious cities and storied coasts—by altars of love and fountains of song, and monuments of genius, and cradles of religion from Jupiter to Jesus. Over the solemn wastes of glowing sand, where Hagar's seed still camp beneath their camel skins and wave the hostile hand, and where the Howadis on their pilgrimage carol, as they plod their dreary way, the holy verses of the Koran or the Kaaba. Along the alluvial shores where the Lotus blooms and the Apis reigned—where every temple was like a city, and every city like an empire—and whose wondrous ruins still seem to echo the vaunt of Osmandias, "I am king of kings, and who would exceed my fame, let him surpass my works." Over the strange and fable-riden region of the farthest East, with its white elephants and pagodas and its pomp of silken fleece and jewel craft. Amidst the swarming multitudes and unvarying customs of the flowery realm of old Cathay. Through those curious Mediaeval towns, with their grand Cathedral towers, where the old Masters carved and painted, and the great Composers swelled the litany with their incomparable music. Over the vine clad slopes of Grenada, rife with the reminiscences and relics of Moorish chivalry and taste. Along the glittering gulches of the Pacific Sierras. Among the snow-clad hills of the Polar North, where they sang of Thor and Odin, and where the Vikings unfurled their icy sails for voyages of booty and adventure.

And then how easily he leads us, as it were, through the ivory gate of dreams, into the ideal land—into the world of airy form—through galleries of graces and vistas of delight, amidst vivid pictures and obvious passions, instructive fancies and attractive shows all harmonious as reality. What facility and eloquence, what tenderness and sweetness, what spirit and fitness, what splendor and wisdom in his verses! His Muse may not indeed, with exulting strength, soar upwards with the mightiest Bards, to the highest heaven of invention. But sweeping along with easy wing and inspiring breath, over various featured nature, she transcribes the voiceless landscape and the latent thought into imperishable song. How exquisite his lyrics of the fields. How enkindling his heroic strains! What melting pity in his tones of grief! What rhythmic grandeur rolls along his lines!

And then what vigor, clearness and simplicity in his prose. Nothing superfluous or incongruous or insipid—not weakened by cant, or blurred by vice, or wasted on subtleties, but rich in matter as the waters that abound in pearls. Thus his labors, by their scope and finish, by their diversity, tone and freshness, have won unusual favor. They have supplied the place of reckless publications and fostered a worthier taste. They have inspired sentiments of toleration, faith in energy, freedom in thought, hope in progress. They have been an unfailing source of edification and entertainment; they have soothed many weary hours, and idle lives, and restless spirits; they have given an example to the adventurous and a model to the studious; they have discussed

many topics—the associations of scenery, aesthetic charms and the moral of events, the mystery of the affections, the philosophy of motives, the fashions of race, the civilization of epochs, the apotheosis of virtues. His labors familiar to two continents and to many languages, tinged by his own personality are recommended by it.

He was a gentleman in heart and bearing—a genius with proverbial eccentricities or contrasts—learned without egotism—appreciative, catholic and generous in his views—close as a brother in his attachments—just as an arbiter in criticism—grateful, but not resentful—persistent against difficulties, but not obstinate in error—aspiring to distinction, but not vain of success—betraying no envy and exciting none. With teeming recollections and honest courtesies, trusting, reciprocal, congenial, his very presence was an inspiration. The friend of Freiligrath, Humboldt and Thackeray—whom Whittier loved so well—whom Longfellow compared to his own ideal prince—whom Powers spoke of as "almost an angel"—whom the nation honored with high responsibility and trust. But, alas! the ovations which greeted this distinction were but the heralds of his obsequies. His civic laurels have become his burial wreath—and admiration is emphasized with sorrow. Few dead have had such mourners. People and poets, philosophers and kings have contributed their tears. And yet no favored birth or fortune blessed his opportunities or aided his condition. Not his, the glamour of abounding wealth displayed in charities or taste. Not his, the eclat won by the soldier's peril in the stress of battle. Not his, the impulsive approbation of the crowd, moved by flattered vanity or pride.

None of these things formed his fame, or magnify his loss. They rest upon other causes. It is the absence of that unwearied spirit which sheds its intellectual stores profusely as the oriental Chief his diamonds. It is the silence of those golden strings, which, like David's, might calm the troubled passions with their melody. It is the unawakening trance of these precious properties which imbued his manhood with fascinations. It is his works and worth and fatal zeal which claim our gratitude and grief, and will embalm his memory in the human heart forever.

A WIFE WHO IS SELDOM AT HOME.

By Max Adler.

When the peddler rang Mr. Bird's door bell, the other day, Mr. Bird himself opened the door. Mr. Bird had the baby upon his arm, and there were four children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the peddler.

"Certainly she isn't" replied Mr. Bird. "She is out;—perennially and eternally out."

"Go down to the Woman Suffrage Club rooms, and if she is not there, go to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and if she isn't there, visit the hall of the association for alleviating the miseries of the Senegambians, and if she has finished up there, look at the church aid society or at the 9th Ward Soup House, or at the home of the one-legged, or at the hospital for the asthmatic, or at the St. Polycarp Orphan Asylum, or at some of these places. If you get on her trail, you'll see more papers, and strong-minded women, and under-clothing for the heathen, than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cold handle flat iron, just out. Do you think she would buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals in Senegambia are yearning for cold handle flat irons. She would buy diamond breast-pins for those niggers if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intended to offer a new kind of immovable hair pin, which—"

"All right. You just go down to the home for the one-legged, and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hair pins, and she'll order them by the ton."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to have 'em; just now anyhow."

"Because I have a gum top for feeding bottles; this is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. Bird, "I'll tell you what I'll do. You get those paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup-house with spoons, but they must have it from a bottle with a rubber-nozzle and Mrs. Bird will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have a chance to sleep. You just try it. Buy up the paupers; bribe 'em!"

"How'll I know her if I see her?"

"Why, she's a large woman with a bent nose, and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as soon as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe to the Senegambia fund, and to the asthmatic asylum, before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't you mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote 'em herself."

"Shall I tell her you told me to call on her?"

"It don't make any difference, but mention incidentally that since she left home, the baby has had four fits, Johnny has fallen off the pear tree and cracked his skull, Mary and Jim both have something like croup, and Tommy has been bitten by Jones' dog. It won't excite her; she won't care a cent. But I'd like her to have the latest news. Tell her if she can manage to drop in here a minute between now and the Fourth of July, she might maybe wash the baby and give the other children a chance to see how

she looks. But she needn't come if it will interfere with the happiness of the one-legged mendicants, or make her asthmatic patients miserable. Mind and mention it to her now, will you?"

"I will."

"All right then. I'll go in and put some fresh sticking plaster on Johnny's skull."

And with the baby singing a vociferous solo, and the other children clinging to his legs, Mr. Bird retreated and shut the door. The peddler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.

HOW FAR?

He was a seedy, threadbare looking individual, and occupied a whole seat in the ladies' car. The conductor inquired for tickets; the threadbare man shook his head sadly.

"Well, money, then. Be quick. Come man, brace up."

"No money," still sadly.

"Get off at the next station."

"Yes, sir, of course."

The station was reached, the man got off, but got on again as soon as the train began to move, and resumed his old position.

Again the conductor approached.

"What! you here? I thought I told you to get off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, did you?"

"Yes, sir, of course."

"But you got on again."

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Well, my friend, next time I want you to get off, and stay off. Do you understand that?"

Obtaining no answer, the irate conductor passed on. As the train stopped at the next town, the conductor looked in the car—the seat was empty. Satisfied, the conductor passed through the cars as soon as they were out of the city. There sat the threadbare personage in the seat very much interested in the scenery.

The conductor gave him a vicious dig in the ribs.

"Didn't I tell you to get off, and stay off?"

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Well, you didn't do it?"

"Yes, sir, of course—"

"What?"

"Not—"

"Well, now, my friend," went on the conductor, "do you know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to make an example of 'beats.' The brakeman and I will kick you from one end of the station to the other when we stop."

"Yes, sir, of course," answered the seedy man, meekly.

True to his word, the irate conductor and brakeman laid in wait for our meek but penniless friend, and when the train stopped in Worcester, they seized him by the collar and kicked him from one end of the depot to the other.

"There!" said the conductor, "I guess we are rid of him."

The train steamed out of Worcester. The man of tickets went through the routine, and when he came to the ladies' car he saw the much abused but patient individual in the same seat, gazing southward.

He approached him.

"Well, my man, I see you did not get enough?"

"Oh, yes, sir, of course."

The astonished conductor thrust his hands into his pockets, and drew out:

"Well, now, where in Heaven's name are you going?"

"Well, conductor, I am going to Boston, if my pluck and my pants hold out."

"You can ride," said the conductor, as he passed on, and the last words he heard were a triumphant:

"Yes, sir, of course."

A WONDERFUL LAMP-CHIMNEY.

From Oil City Derrick.

When Grandfather Lickshingle heard it read from a newspaper that Mrs. Peter Ripley, of Sherman, N. Y., had a lamp-chimney which they have used constantly for thirteen years, he rapped savagely on the floor with his cane, and said:

"Now what the dickens is the use of puttin' such stuff as that in the newspaper? If they want some information about lamp-chimneys, let them come to me and get it. When me and your grandmother broke up house-keepin' we had a lamp-chimney that was a lamp-chimney. But you can tell your aunt's folks that it wasn't made in these shoddy times. I paid three cents in gold for it the day after we were married. That was away back somewhere in 1700. We used it night and day for seventy-nine years and eight—"

"Why, grandpa, you didn't have to use it in the daytime, did you?"

"Didn't have to—no! But we did. Used it at night on the lamp, and in the daytime we used it to drive nails with."

Sometimes the children cracked hickory-nuts with it, and the Street Commissioner borrowed it several times to pound rocks on the street. One day he thought sure he had lost it. His workmen had left it on the track, and the street-cars ran over it seventeen times before it was found."

"This lamp-chimney has been in a railroad collision, twenty-two lamps had exploded under it in its time, a mule kicked it through the side of a stable, and it came out of it all without as much as a crack. But it's

broke now," said grandfather, with a heavy sigh.

"Then you were foolish enough to allow the hired girl to attempt to clean it, were you?" asked mother.

"No, but we might as well. When we quit keepin' house I gave it to a friend who lived in Ross county, Ohio. He was hard of hearin', an' wanted it for an ear-trumpet. One day William Allen tried to tell my friend that a greenback currency was the only thing that would save this country, and busted the chimney into a million pieces;" and grandfather hammered the floor with his cane, and said it was a sad, sad day for this country when Old Bill Allen was born.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

MRS. OWENSLAGLE, OF OREGON, COMES TO LIFE IN HER COFFIN JUST BEFORE BURIAL.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Particulars of a very singular occurrence have just come to light. It appears that a Mrs. Owenslagle, who lives about five or six miles southwest of this city, was taken suddenly and violently ill several days, and in a short time died to all appearance. The remains gave every indication that the vital spark had forever flown. The friends and relatives were convinced that the lady was dead, and preparations were accordingly made for the interment of the remains Saturday, the body was dressed for burial and placed in a coffin. The friends began to collect at the residence of the bereaved family. Suddenly a slight moan was heard to issue from the coffin in which the body had recently been placed. This very unexpected noise greatly startled the assembled neighbors and the people were about to rush from the room, when the husband of the supposed deceased lady approached the coffin and was astonished to find the body moist and warm. A closer examination disclosed the fact that the woman was breathing. Restoratives were applied and the supposed dead came back to life and soon was able to sit up and converse. It is needless to add that the father and other members of the family were overjoyed to have the wife and mother restored to them. Singular as this circumstance may seem, we are assured that it is true in every particular.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Shortly before his departure for India the lamented Heber preached a sermon which contained this beautiful sentiment:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens to its home—till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants—until our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

"GOD KNOWS WHICH WAS RIGHT."

From the Pittsburg Critic.

In one of our border states a father raised a monument to his two sons who were killed in the late rebellion, fighting on opposite sides. The monument is of plain white marble, and on one of the sides is the name of a son killed in the Union army, on another side is the name of a son killed in the Confederate army, on the third side is the inscription, "God knows which was right." From all we can learn the story is true. We have here an example of even an earthly father throwing all animosity to one side. He raises a monument to his own sons, honoring one no more than the other, showing the same fatherly feeling for both, loving one as well as the other, neither harboring ill-feeling against the son who lost his life in the Union army, and vice versa, for the son who lost his life in the Secession army. Is not this a picture of charity and love which true Christians should admire. It commends itself to our better instincts. Why therefore should not our congress at Washington throw aside all animosities caused by the late war, and be like the father who gave his two sons, one to the North and the other to the South, and say, as he did, "as each fought for a principle and the war is passed, we are no longer to be judges of which was right." How soon then would we have happiness in this bright and beautiful land of ours, knowing no South, no North, no East, no West, nothing but one country and one common humanity.

We haven't any more fun to offer folks—its Lent.

THE VALIANT HOAR.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

Whenever a Republican of the visiting statesman type feels the need of venting his noble rage upon somebody who cannot strike back and of giving his patriotism an airing, he rises majestically and makes an assault upon Jefferson Davis. When the bill was up in the senate on the morning of March 3d to pension the veterans of the Mexican war, Mr. Hoar, formerly of the Electoral commission, arose and moved that Jefferson Davis be excluded from the benefits of the bill "because he had made himself odious." This, Mr. Hoar doubtless thought, a fine and heroic stand to take. To make Mr. Davis the "arch-traitor" has a certain advantage—it gives the "Stalwart Republicans" something tangible to throw their spite at. Why he should be hated more than General Lee or Stonewall Jackson or General Joseph E. Johnston has never appeared. He was not the author of Secession. He was only the fly on the wheel of a great movement. It carried him as it did others. The causes which led to the war of Secession were rooted in the events of fifty years before. Nay, when the New England ships first began to bring slaves from Africa to the Colony of Virginia the seeds of the war were planted. To make Jefferson Davis the cause of the war is about as rational as to make Washington the cause of the revolution. Single men count for little in great eras like these. Jefferson Davis acted his part according to his ideas of duty just as Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson did. Mistakes he may have made in policy, as they did in the field of war, but he never stained his hands with useless blood and never dirtied them with any participation in frauds. He did what he could to ameliorate the horrors of the war and since its close has accepted imprisonment, detraction, calumny, with unshaken fortitude. Sometimes, stung by unmerited reproach and slander, he has broken silence and every word that he has uttered has been distorted and misinterpreted by his enemies for political effect. For this reason we have ourselves severely criticised his utterances, knowing that they would thus be used by an unscrupulous adversary. A magnanimous foe would be content to let him live out the remnant of his days in peace. The hand of God has been heavy enough upon him. Death has invaded his family and taken its most cherished members; his fortune has been impaired; his health is infirm. Is not this enough? Yet when the United States is considering the payment of pensions to the veterans of the Mexican war—in which Jefferson Davis rendered knightly service—Electoral Commission Hoar, stained through and through with the infamies and perjuries of the great fraud, arises to say that Jefferson Davis has made himself odious and should be excluded from the benefit of the act. The fraudulent administration that he helped to count in has given offices to General Longstreet and Mosby. It has given a cabinet office to Key. There was no principle at stake with Hoar. He merely wished to make a cheap sensation by striking a broken old man whose chief offense is the patient dignity with which he has borne the hootings and slanders of his enemies and who, despite all that may be said of him, is as much entitled to gratitude for his services on the fields of Mexico as though he had never represented the people of the South in their war for independence.

A SAD CASE.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

About two weeks ago, as the overland train was passing Cheyenne, the attention of the passengers was attracted to the lamentations of a poor Irish immigrant, whose berth had been robbed during the night, and every penny of his scanty savings stolen, and whose family, would, therefore, arrive beggars in a strange land. The charitable passengers at once began a subscription which finally amounted to something over \$250. When the money had been handed to the sufferer, a pious, plausible looking man, dressed in black and adorned with a white cravat, drew him aside at one of the stopping places, and said:

"My poor man, I am truly sorry for you. Your sad fate touches me deeply. I am myself well provided with this world's goods, however, and so will give you \$250 more. Here is a \$500 gold note. Give me the \$250 you have and keep the rest. May heaven bless you."

The poor Irishman did as requested, with many blessings on the generous stranger, who insisted that his gift should not be made known. When the passengers reached this side of the bay the pious looking philanthropist was nowhere to be found, he having evidently gotten off at Oakland for reasons of his own.

The next morning the immigrant repaired to a bank to get his note changed. The teller picked up the bill and began narrowly examining it.

"There—there is nothing wrong with the bill, is there?" gasped the poor fellow.

[Now, the clever reader has seen all along what was going to happen. He has read lots of just such incidents as this. It's the old—old story. Well—we'll see about that.]

"Nothing in the world is the matter

with it," said the teller, quietly; and he handed the man fifty tens. That ended it.

BUSINESS PROMISES.

A CHEERING PROSPECT OF REVIVING TRADE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

From the New York Times.

From the interior of our own State the reports are cheerful. The important crops of Central New York are in a promising condition. The jobbers in the large distributing cities, whose trade is of a magnitude not generally appreciated, say that not only is the extent of their transactions increasing, but that the retailers show a more hopeful spirit and that collections are more readily and promptly made. Manufacturers are of like temper. Iron mills that have been idle or running on half time are resuming, and have orders far ahead. Boot and shoe shops are preparing for an increased demand of from twenty to thirty per cent. Building is being pushed on to an extent quite unknown. In Ohio the acreage devoted to wheat is estimated to have increased some eighteen per cent., though the fruit crop is unpromising. The trade with the South and the interior trade of the cities in the State is larger by from ten to twenty-five per cent. than last year. The pork packers, for the first time in four years, are reaping a profit from their ventures. The iron manufacturers are running on full time, with orders in advance of their capacity. In Indiana, the rolling mills, lumber dealers and machinery makers are actively occupied, while the jobbing trade is fair and collections good. The only drawback is in the danger of disturbing legislation by the demagogic Legislature which was the product of the "National" craze. From Chicago the most encouraging signs arise from an active emigration to the West, the decided extension of cultivated lands and the demand for machinery, building materials and supplies. Jobbers estimate the volume of trade in the ordinary lines at from twenty to forty per cent. larger than last year, while there is a very decided improvement in payments.

In Michigan the lumber interest is prosperous and active, the general manufacturers the same, the iron interest very much depressed, jobbing fair and collections generally much improved. Wisconsin reports are particularly emphatic as to nearly every line of business. Minnesota accounts are equally so, especially with reference to the milling interest. Louisville and the South generally have felt the losses resulting from the epidemic less than was expected, and there are many indications that the approaching season will be more prosperous than any of the last six years.

Several general facts stand out from the mass of details which are given by our correspondents, and which we have briefly summarized. One is that credit throughout the country is relatively in a sound condition. Goods are sold on somewhat shorter time, more care is exercised both in making debts and giving credit, payments are more prompt, failures are becoming far less frequent. In connection with this fact may be noted an almost entire absence of speculative spirit. Jobbers are selling more of staple and serviceable goods and less of luxuries, are selling in smaller lots, but more frequently, and purchasers show a decided tendency to take the advantage to be had from buying cheap for cash. Another important feature in the situation is that when business men, when questioned in regard to their prospects, have nothing to say in regard to the government finances or the currency, except to express a uniform hope that Congress will not do anything to interfere with the present policy.

A DIPHTHERITIC WORM.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN A LITTLE GIRL'S THROAT.

From the Elmira Advertiser, March 12.

The five year old daughter of Mrs. Jennie Marsh, of Waverly, who is visiting friends in Elmira, was taken with diphtheria shortly after her arrival here last week, and is yet prostrate, but doing well. Yesterday morning the mother, in looking in the child's throat, saw a *micrococcus* moving. She took it and another out. They are easily seen with the naked eye, though a glass helps one to the "true inwardness" of the critters. The largest one is fully one-quarter of an inch long, covered with hair, with a head something like a caterpillar, tapering body and long hairy tail. Its body is formed in rings. Its color is about that of one of those dark yellow "thousand legged" worms found under old boards and stones. The smaller one is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, being whitish in color, and requiring the glass to bring out its "beauty" of conformation. It is not a pleasant thought to imagine such things in your throat, but they get there, and from there into the blood, heart and other organs, producing paralysis and sudden death when least expected. They are vegetable parasites and exist in large colonies in the diphtheritic membrane. Dr. J. M. Flood is considerably interested in the mammoth bacteria that have come under his observation, which greatly exceed in size anything he ever saw.

A pound party—A meeting of the prize ring.