

## Poetry.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS

To my old schoolmates in West Nantmeal Township, Chester Co., Pa.

Long years have elapsed now, and changes have been,

Since my lovely and dear native land I have seen,

The place where a school-boy, young, sprightly and gay,

With kindred and comrades I've joined in the play;

Where each for his party so manfully strove,

At Wallace school-house in the shade of the grove;

There friendships were formed which have never grown cold,

Though widely we're parted and all growing old.

I think of my comrades who then were but small,

And oft times I wonder now where are they all?

All parted by prairie, by mountain and wave,

And some are laid low in the cold, silent grave.

I think of our door-yard, the willow and pine,

And the trees on the banks of the old Brandywine,

On which, though perhaps now defaced, might be found

Some marks of our names on the trees standing round.

I think of those places with feelings untold,

Rendered sacred and dear by my schoolmates of old;

I think of the hills of West Nantmeal, the ground

Over which I have hunted where the pheasants abound;

And where the young rabbits so cunningly play,

And skip through the lawn at the close of the day;

As winter draws on, in the fall of the year,—

The yell of the hound yet seems fresh in my ear

And well too I mind when my week's work was done,

As homeward returning at night-time alone,

When nature was hushed, all dark, lonely and still,

How sweet were the notes of the lone whip-poor-will?

In silence I ponder, and almost could mourn

O'er the scenes that are past never more to return,

Like shadows of night at the dawning of day,

Those pleasures and scenes have all fled away.

Oh, then, dearest friends, let our prospects allure,

In future, to pleasures more lasting and sure;

Let us look to the gospel of Jesus sublime

For pleasures and blessings that flee not with time.

Then farewell, dear comrades, I pray in my song

That the old gospel net may yet sweep you along;

In the Kingdom of Jesus may all have a share:

God bless you forever and aye, is my prayer.

G. S. L. City. SAM'L. MALIN.

## THE POVERTY OF STATESMEN.

Statesmen, who are worthy of the

appellation given them, generally fail

to secure fortunes. They devote them-

selves to pursuits, which, if honestly

adhered to, rarely yield rich rewards.

Jefferson died comparatively poor.

Indeed if Congress had not purchased

his library, and given for it five times

its value, he would, with difficulty,

have kept the wolf from his door.

Madison saved money, and was com-

paratively rich. To add to his fortune,

however, or rather to that of his widow,

Congress purchased his manuscript

papers, and paid thirty thousand dollars

for them.

James Monroe, the sixth President of

the United States, died in New York,

so poor that his remains found a resting

place through the charity of one of his

friends. They remain in a cemetery in

School street, but no monument marks

the spot where they repose.

John Quincy Adams left some hun-

Henry Clay left a very handsome es-

tate.—It probably exceeded one hun-

dred thousand dollars. He was a

prudent manager, and a scrupulously

honest man.

James K. Polk left about one hundred

and fifty thousand dollars—fifty thou-

sand of which he saved from his Presi-

dency of four years.

John Tyler left thirty thousand dol-

lars.—Before he reached the Presidency

he was a bankrupt. In office he hus-

banded his means, and then married a

rich wife.

Zachary Taylor left one hundred and

fifty thousand dollars.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and

keep his money in a very strong and

safe box. It will never be wasted in

speculation, or squandered in vice.

Ex-President Pierce saved some fifty

thousand dollars from his term of ser-

vise. The value of the estate left by

the late President Lincoln is estimated

at \$75,000.

## A NICE PLACE TO LIVE IN.

The Chicago Tribune, which has done

its best in times past to "write up" the

Garden City, now offers the public the

following delightful picture of the same

place in its present condition:

The municipal affairs of Chicago are

all "at loose ends," and nobody knows

what is the matter. But everybody

understands that we have the foulest

streets, the dirtiest river, the most in-

efficient police, the most nauseous water,

the most foggy Board of Public Works

and Board of Health in the world, un-

less we look for their equal in Turkey,

China or Dahomey. The sights and

smells that greet the noses wherever

within the municipal limits the way-

farer goes, would, but for the unrivalled

advantages of Chicago as a place of

trade, drive every man out of it; and

would also, but for the influences of the

lake and land breezes, that do for us

what the doctors cannot, kill half the

people before they could get out. Go

where one will, even on Michigan

avenue, West Washington street, or the

finest quarters of the North Side, and

what we say is proved. The streets and

alleys are places of deposit for all that is

foul and abominable. Old boots, shoes,

spoiled meats and fish, the garbage of

the kitchens, dead dogs, cats and rats

are, if not as common as paving-stones

elsewhere, a great deal more conspicu-

ous, and as for offensiveness the con-

glomeration is perhaps nowhere ex-

celled. If a cellar is cleaned of its de-

cayed cabbages and potatoes, if a nasty

mess is to be gotten rid of anywhere,

the streets or the alleys is the catch-all

which receives it. If the festering con-

remedy for this terrible disease, and to

have applied it with complete success

in many cases. In attending a female

patient in the last stage of canine rabies,

the doctor imprudently wiped his hands

with a handkerchief impregnated with

her saliva. There happened to be a

slight abrasion on the index finger of

the left hand, and, confident of his own

curative system, the doctor merely

washed the part with water. However,

he was fully aware of the imprudence

he had committed, and gives the follow-

ing account of the matter afterward:

Believing that the malady would not

declare itself until the fortieth day, hav-

ing numerous patients to visit, I put off

from day to day the application of my

remedy—that is to say vapor baths.

The ninth day, being in my cabinet, I

felt all at once a pain in the throat and

a still greater one in the eyes. My

body seemed so light that I felt as if I

could jump to a prodigious height, or

that if I threw myself out of a window

I could sustain myself in the air. My

hair was so sensitive that I appeared to

count each separately without looking

at it. Saliva kept continually forming

in the mouth. Any movement of air

inflicted great pain on me, and I was

obliged to avoid the sight of brilliant

objects; I had a continual desire to run

and bite, not human beings, but ani-

mals, and all that was near me. I

drank with difficulty, and I remarked

that the sight of water distressed me

more than the pain in the throat. I

believe that by shutting the eyes any

one suffering under hydrophobia can

always drink. The fits came on every

five minutes, and I then felt the pain

start from the index finger, and ran up

the nerves to the shoulder.

In this state, thinking that my course

was preservative and not curative, I

took a vapor bath, not with the inten-

tion of cure, but of suffocating myself.

When the bath was at a heat of 52 deg.

centigrade (92 deg. 3 min. 5 sec. Fahren-

heit), all the symptoms disappeared, as if

by magic, and since then I have never

felt anything more of them. I have at-

tended more than eighty persons bitten

by mad animals, and I have not lost a

single case. When a person has been

bitten by a mad dog, he must for seven

successive days take a vapor bath *a la*

*Russe*, as it is called, of 57 deg. to 63

deg. This is the preventive remedy.

When the disease is declared it only

result of their consultation was, that

having procured the necessary appar-

atus, including some steam engines, Gie-

bert returned to Uruguay, and entered

upon his preparations for the manufac-

ture of the essence of meat upon a large

scale. He encountered, of course, many

difficulties, consequent upon the novel-

ty of his undertaking, and the charac-

ter of the people among whom his la-

bors were carried on. But what obsta-

cle is there that patience and capital

will not overcome? Samples of the

new product have been received in En-

gland, and they prove the entire success

of the experiment. Thirty-two pounds

of meat are diminished to the bulk of

one pound, and half an ounce of the

substance thus prepared is equivalent

to one pound of beef. Its qualities are

in many respects superior to the origi-

nal material. It is perfectly pure, and

devoid of all extraneous matter; and it

possesses the power of resisting decom-

position. Specimens of it made several

months ago, and purposely exposed to

all varieties of atmosphere, hot and

cold, moist and dry, are as sweet and

palatable as when they were first man-

ufactured. Many cases, where its uti-

lity will be unquestioned, will at once

occur to the mind of the reader. Its

richness will commend its use to the

gourmand; its unadulterated character

fits it for the chamber of the invalid;

its lightness and compressed bulk

adapt it to the purposes of the traveller

and the army commissariat; and its ca-

pability of resisting decomposition

marks it as the proper aliment for warm

climates. But, above all, its cheapness

will make it a blessing to the poorer

masses of Europe. In England it can

be readily sold at four pence the half-

ounce, and, as a half-ounce represents

a pound of beef, the English will virtu-

ally obtain the best of meat at a price

very much below the present cost.

British capitalists have already entered

into arrangements for its importation

in large quantities, and it seems proba-

ble that Liebig and Giebert will soon

be counted among the great benefactors

of the human race.

## A BAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

There has just been published in New

Orleans a report of the commission ap-

pointed to investigate shows, houses of

ill-fame, and all places of public noto-

riety, where improper practices have

been carried on against the existing

laws and the moral peace of the citi-

zens, with an exposition of blackmail-

ing pimps, sweaters, loafers and genteel

vagrants—gamblers, by order of the

Chief of Police, John Burke, June,

1865. The *Picayune* gives a synopsis of

the report, from which some specimens

are given below:

The proprietors of snake and other

shows on the Levee are all dangerous

characters—petty thieves, not having

courage to steal, except when they can

do it under the connivance of the po-

lice. Certain policemen would get