

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

LONGING FOR REST.

Let me go to that land, 'neath the deep ether blue. Let me go to the home of the tried and the true. Let me go to my home, far above the bright snow. To that sweet land of rest, oh, there let me go. Let me go to that land, I ask not to stay. In this dark world of sin, for I wish to be free. Let me go to that land where no sorrow is known. Can I still the sweet rest, oh, there let me go. Let me go to that land where all is sweet peace. Where our joys are eternal and never shall cease. Where all are as pure as the white riven snow. To that sweet land of rest, oh, there let me go. Let me go, stay no more, for weary is my soul. Let me go, let me drink from the life giving bowl. Let me fly far away from this vain earthly show. To that sweet land of rest, oh, there let me go. Let me fly from this world of sorrow and care. Let me fly to my home, where I shall be free. No more in my arms, in this life, I will know. Will I still the sweet rest, oh, there let me go. Let me fly far away and my spirit shall soar. Far away through the realms of the bright ether. Far away through the deep ether blue, for I know. That there I'll meet those oh, there let me go. I'll not bid my bright pinions of faith and I'll fly. And I'll fly my glorious wings up through the sky. To the foot of the throne, and there I'll bow low. At the feet of my savior, oh, there let me go. Let me go for I am weary, let me haste to my rest. Let me fly far away to the home of the blest. Let me fly far away from this dark vale of woe. To rest with my savior, oh, there let me go. I am weary, oh, I am weary, let me haste away. To the realms of bright glory, of a bright and less day. Let me haste on my journey, 'neath the stars, dark show. To rest with my savior, through the bright overture.

HUMBOLDT.

A Testimonial to the Memory of Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt.

Country, I say to country, city to city, and society to society, let us celebrate the centennial birthday of Alexander Von Humboldt. This suggests that an humble individual may properly accept the tender of the columns of a public journal, and add his testimonial to these collective festivities. The question naturally arises: Why pay extraordinary homage to this man? He has a claim no province to his native State, has written no great State papers, framed no religious creed, nor has he prepared a code of laws. No great party or church has arisen from his doings, nor is there any probability that any will ever arise. Neither has he aided any great reformatory movements, nor has he not even subscribed to any political or religious journal. A devotee to science, but not a martyr, we inquire: What makes him great? He flattered no people, shared the prejudices of none, and can not, therefore, be called patriotic, and we demand to know: What makes him popular? These and like inquiries remain generally unanswered, and Humboldt becomes a mystery, while he is a verity. And a verity he must be to us, or our celebrations are mere man-worship, unworthy of all concerned. So the question still remains: Why celebrate especially this man's centennial birthday? And the true answer to it seems to be this, that when Humboldt is placed before our minds, there rises before our mental view, besides the man, a century, and we find that the century represents a cause, and that Humboldt is its completed exponent. But why is he this more than the other great men to whose memory we also had centennial celebrations? Are not Schiller, Goethe and Napoleon also representative men? They are, especially Goethe, but in a different sense. In Schiller, the Germans celebrated their own innermost idealities, and in Goethe the English joined, for beside-ideality he had a witness of intellect and practical wisdom, while in Napoleon the French adore simply their own selfish national pride. In Humboldt, local or national admiration does not suffice. The field of his fame widens over our globe, and the cause he represents has universality. Exact scientific knowledge, the only solvent of all human problems, now claims its first unblinded fast-day through her purest votary. That is the significance of this day and its festivities. And we, who propose to participate in this fast-day, what brings us to it? Is it mere enthusiasm for a great name? Or is it reverence for the great work he did? Do we, in fact, realize the distinction between the adulations paid to a hero under popular impulses, and the veneration yielded to a distinguished author, because we know his writings to be good? Are we conscious how much better a people must be to do the last, than to do the first? And those of us who do think Humboldt worthy of reverence, and ourselves in the proper frame of mind to render it, what better mode can we pursue than to recall to our minds the effect Humboldt has produced on us? Let us remember what dear errors he has taken away from us! What unwelcome news he has instilled into us! How diligently he has led us forth, and how haltingly have we followed his lead from the former narrow spheres of our minds into nature in all its total glory! Let us ask ourselves: Are we grateful to-day, after all the severe task our minds have undergone, for the high pinnacle to

which he has led us, and from which we look, yet dizzy, over the vast expanse of knowledge which lies before our mind's eye? Or, are we like travelers, who, after being guided over hard roads to enchanting views, are still so lost in their new surroundings as to forget to thank their faithful guide? If we appreciate him correctly, then we know that no popular apotheosis is to be expected to-day anywhere. Humboldt's teachings and methods do not attract the masses. His works can not be read in an hour or a day. "Kosmos" was the work of a long life, and it takes a life steadily to master and comprehend it. Its action on errors is not sharp enough to please general readers. They are not singled out by name, and they are abolished as noiselessly as warm melts ice. So, too, in establishing the truth, there is no zealous advocacy of them. We have adopted them, and can give our reasons for them. Truth was developed in us as vegetation is in sunlight. It grew in us, not because we liked it, but because we could not help it. Humboldt states the laws of nature as facts, and adds no argument. How strange! Is Humboldt cold? Not at all! He leads men to Nature, their mother, and makes them feel ashamed that they had been strangers to her, and when they get warm in her bosom, their guide hands them logical reasons as their handmaid in the pursuit of further knowledge. Humboldt claims to be no more than the most dutiful child of Nature, and he delineates it for us in "Kosmos," and if its facts and laws leave us cold, it is our coldness which is at fault, and not his. So, too, it is with our complaint about the incompleteness of his writing. The *Ich* points out to us its vast and unexplored field, that more or less imperfect thoughts will inevitably arise even in the mightiest intellect; how much more, then, in the minds of such as we, mere amateurs. Humboldt failed in giving us "Kosmos," "Kosmos," how natural then that we, his long-informed readers, should fail to comprehend the latter. Most men remain unsatisfied with "Kosmos," because it does not treat of religion and politics. The old arbitrary God is not there, but Nature, with her unalterable laws, and her rewards for specific obedience and punishments for violations thereof, stands there plain enough. We seek in vain our usual religious and political crutches in Humboldt's writings. He evidently had no need of them—but we? There is the rub. Our conduct has hitherto been measured by measurements, which, if accurate, were of use to us by long habit, now we appear to ourselves to have lost all measure, and like unskilled mechanics, who adhere to defective instruments because the new are unfamiliar to them, we cling to old systems, shaky as they may be, rather than work by precise knowledge. We do not find in "Kosmos" our religion nor our politics, nor our social systems, but those of nature. And some would abandon the book as without religious and political principles, if Humboldt serene integrity would not reassure us, as if saying, "Be not afraid; it is I." While I was in this frame of mind, business called me to Berlin in 1856. I concluded to seek an interview with Humboldt, hoping that, perhaps, he would either relieve me of my embarrassments by some further elucidation which might be in the then unpublished volume of "Kosmos." On my way there some friends, who were then, like myself, *uninformed* supporters of Fremont, suggested that I should present to Humboldt the advance sheets of "Bigelow's Life of Fremont," with the dedication to Humboldt. In addition I was to be the bearer of letters of introduction, and armed with these, I should try to procure from him a letter to the Germans of the United States, urging them to vote for Fremont. In one sense the proposition suited me, in others it did not, for the political part of my mission was not very palatable to me, because, to my mind, Humboldt stood prominently as the master of exact knowledge. At Stuttgart I obtained introductory letters from literary acquaintances of Humboldt, and sooth after I arrived in Berlin I transmitted them, and also the papers I had brought from America to Humboldt, through the banking-house to which I had been recommended. An interview was granted to me within a day or two subsequently. The friends that had assisted me in the matter advised me now specifically, that I must be punctual in arriving at the hour appointed, must remain but thirty minutes, and must avoid all disagreeable subjects. I was told to approach Humboldt rapidly, so as not to subject him to rising from his chair. If at ease, I went to the interview, and my embarrassment was not diminished by the hurried instructions which Sartorius, his attendant, gave me, before ushering me in his presence. Humboldt's unceremonious manner at once relieved me. He half arose from his chair, as I hurried toward him to take his offered hand. He promptly opened the conversation by saying: "I am glad to meet a gentleman who knows Fremont personally. We take great interest in him as scientists, and like him all the better for being an anti-slavery man." The meeting took place in his library, all the surrounding objects assured me that I would not be subjected to much ceremony. We spoke in German. A conversation followed on Fremont and his character, during which it was requisite to me to learn that Humboldt overestimated Fremont's scientific attainments. I turned the colloquy on Bigelow's Life of Fremont, and pointed out its dedication to him, which evidently pleased him. He expressed annoyance at the publication in the United States, of a former letter of his about slavery in Cuba, and I then suggested to him to write a letter explanatory of his views, and to embrace the opportunity to urge the election of Fremont. This he promptly declined, saying rather pointedly: "I never write explanatory or political letters. I should not have written the letter to Cuba, for the subject was foreign to my then scientific journey. As I should regard it as improper in Fremont to write a letter on our politics, I can not write the letter you suggest."

He saw my mortification, and added more kindly: "I do not blame you, sir. The heated political contest in the United States blunts there the finer senses of propriety in public conduct." I told him, laughingly, that my exculpation at the expense of American political manners, did not diminish the reproach, which I, however, accepted as well deserved. He replied: "You take my words too seriously." I then said: "Your indulgence emboldens me to step from an impropriety to what, I fear, will be regarded by you as an indiscretion!" He asked, raising himself from the forward bent position, in which he had so far spoken to me: "Yes! I fear an indiscretion; for I am about to say to an author, that his book does not fulfill all I had expected from it." "Do you allude to Kosmos?" And when I assented, he added, laughing freely: "Then you are not alone I apprehend that you, and others, have not sufficiently reflected, however, that an author may excite conceptions in his readers which he never thought of himself." "That is very likely to be the case with poets like Homer and Schiller, to whom words come on the wings of genius, but not with the author of 'Kosmos,' who is as precise in the employment of words as in the definition of his subjects." He asked: "Does your inquiry relate to some science?" Not to religion and political economy. "That is, indeed, an indiscretion," he said, "for these subjects are forbidden ground with me." I pointed out to him several passages in "Kosmos," which related as I thought to these subjects, and then said: "In these you distinctly, and do not solve, as you do all scientific subjects, the religious and political thoughts of readers like myself." "You overstate my performance in 'Kosmos.' I do not solve all scientific problems, on the contrary, I admit that I can not. I have not aspired to more than solving problems for my readers, so far as knowledge was accessible to me. If I disturb any person's views, it is not I who do it, but the knowledge which it was my duty to present. Of religion and political economy, or public and private ethics, as I prefer to call them, I have said as little as possible, and the passages you read are more incidental remarks." I told him he must excuse me if I pressed upon him the more pointed inquiry, whether he held that ethics arose and developed an organic mankind in the same way as scientific conclusions. He promptly replied: "Correct ethics originate become established truths—by the same mental process as the conclusions in the exact sciences. Man must ever seek truth. He begins with mere rational conceptions, and these he tests and rectifies until he has them strictly correct. Many ethical rules are like much in science, firmly established truths, and have been so thousands of years ago. Many, however, remain subject to modifications, and this includes many dogmas, for they must be removed if totally false, or if half true they must be rectified until they are true." "Dare I, I now asked, venture another question on this subject?" He did not forbid it, and I inquired: "Is there not much in our present religious and political ideas that must undergo modifications and entire abrogations?" He laughed and said: "Your questions are rather pointed, yet I do not hesitate to answer you in the affirmative. Indeed, I have said as much in many parts of 'Kosmos.' As knowledge increases, it unsettles all that is not settled on a definite basis, and this begets conflicts and the great necessity of order enforces eventually a new and more perfect ethical adjustment. That is the case now." I made some remark which I failed to note and can not now recall to memory, upon which Humboldt said: "No one person can draw up or collate a full system of ethics. This whole subject must be left to its free development in detached yet co-operative disciplines, viz., the jurists, the political economists and the moralists, and debating the theologians, too. Let all spread knowledge and leave liberty of development to all, and the rest will follow of itself." I expressed my unfeigned gratification at these words, and he continued: "Free intercourse and intercourse, as it is now rapidly developing, aided by scientific inquiries, and ethnographical studies, will lead to investigations in the sciences, mathematics, ethics, laws and social rules, and call forth comparisons which must weaken and finally uproot many national and religious prejudices and errors. That was my brother's great hope. It is mine." I pointed to a paragraph in "Kosmos," vol. 1, pages 35 and 36, German edition, which, as I said, contained an entire political economy, and he remarked, quite pleased, with emphasis: "Yes, give liberty to the two great processes in our midst—to wit, the constant augmentation of the producing capacity of mankind through science and mechanics, and the more general distribution of the enjoyment it renders probable—and all our social problems will solve themselves. Liberty! mark me, not undue stimulation, nor arbitrary forcing." The thirty minutes allotted to me had now more than elapsed, and I rose to depart. He expressed himself again very friendly toward Fremont and his biographer, Mr. Bigelow, and on my offering excuses for my many queries, he said: "If our conversation has added to your understanding of 'Kosmos,' I, at least an glad that it has occurred." I assured him that I should now read his great work with increased satisfaction, and took my leave. After I got to my hotel I noted down, briefly, what transpired between us. I showed it to one of the gentlemen that had assisted me in obtaining the interview. He begged me not to publish them in Humboldt's lifetime, as that would be very disagreeable to him, and had it not been for the centennial celebration, they would perhaps never have seen the light of day. The interview has value in my eyes as a personal remembrance of Hum-

boldt, but more especially because it gave new directions to my mind, and let me understand better the Man and the Book of our age. The gradual perfection of accurate, definite knowledge was the life long object of Humboldt, and the depository and the proof of his marvelous success in this behalf is "Kosmos." Its peculiar significance is, that it has made accessible to us knowledge which would, without this book, have remained concealed among a very select circle of literary men. The publication of that knowledge has acted like the invention of the art of printing. A new era of enlightenment has sprung from it, and every day adds to its momentum. It says to man: "Nature is not an impenetrable mystery. Seek, and you shall find! Knock, and it will be opened unto you!" We can say, then, in conclusion, that the century just passed, full as it is of striking events and great men, has its greatest significance in the knowledge of the natural laws which it has brought to definite conclusions. That knowledge was the lever of all the great social and political changes. Mankind has far too much attention to actors on the political stage. The people should know by this time that the ambitious men of the world are not guided by knowledge, but by the love of power. A look over the history of the past hundred years will present the fact that, while every science has progressed, and mechanics have been vastly improved and have increased human happiness by enlarging their sphere, that at the same time mankind has gained from public authority only so far as its powers have been limited and circumscribed. What a fact! The people made happier by less government and more knowledge. That is the grand total of the century in which the brothers Humboldt acted so important a part. A young prince, who met Humboldt one day in the antechamber of his mother, asked him: "Who are you?" "Humboldt." "What are you?" "Chamberlain to the King." "No more?" closed the prince abruptly. And it is not at all unlikely that our statement of Humboldt's title to immortality may meet in some minds also with a "No more?" The young prince considered nobody of any consequence unless he held some high rank, and there may be persons in the United States who can not see why we should honor a man who would, had he lived among us, never have desired to be President of the United States. We have no standard of greatness for such a man. Kings were proud to call him a friend, Princess and princesses, as well as statesmen and diplomats, sought his acquaintance, the people of Berlin revered him, but dear to his heart were only the devotees of exact knowledge, such as Varnhagen, Platenberg, Arago, Herschel, Bessel, Bonpland, and others I might name. To them he addressed his familiar thoughts, and to them he wrote his troubles, for he was not with out them. Long was his life, much longer than he expected. He writes once in an epistle from a family funeral, which he attended: "I shall yet live to bury my whole family." Humboldt had enemies. Shall they have a place in this day's festivities? They are known, but Humboldt never named them. The hardest he spoke of them, was when he called them, "darklings" *doublet manner*. It was a very marked expression in Humboldt's mouth, for he was then opposite a friend of light. His last words were greeting to the sun and its rays, and his natural powers, a most fitting final farewell from the author of "Kosmos." Humboldt loved light, let us keep bright his memory. His enemies loved darkness, let us consign them to mental oblivion. BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. The family of Humboldt came from Pomerania, now a part of Prussia, but formerly a province of Sweden. His father was much trusted by Frederick the Great, and was a Major in the Prussian army. His mother was a niece of the Princess of Blucher. The family property was Tegele. On Humboldt was born in Berlin, September 14, 1769. He studied at Gottingen, Frankfurt on the Oder; visited the commercial colleges of Buesh, Hamburg, and traveled with the great naturalist, Foster, in England, in 1790. He next attended the mineralogical school at Freiberg, which decided the main course of his life, which was ever afterward devoted to the natural sciences. He traveled in Italy and Switzerland in 1795. In 1797 he saw Paris for the first time, with his brother. In 1799 he began his great journey to America, passed over 4,000 miles, explored much of South America, was in Mexico and Cuba, and visited also the United States in 1801, where he saw Jefferson and Madison, and ever after esteemed them; 1806 saw his great geographical work on his American journeys, which at once had the broad basis of his fame. Honors were showered upon him. Academies made him one of their members, and Universities vied with each other to confer degrees upon him. His next great journey (in 1829) was through Russia (Central Asia); he traveled 10,000 miles. Ehrenberg was his companion, and the two added immense scientific treasures to geographical, mineralogical and ethnographical knowledge. The crowning work of Humboldt's life, "Kosmos," was begun as early as 1830, but it was mainly written out in its present form, up to Volume IV, between 1842 and 1845. That volume was not completed before 1850. The fifth volume came out after his death. Humboldt was often employed in diplomatic (officially) missions, and retained the nominal position of Chamberlain to the King, for a long time, and until his death. His dearest friend was Arago, with whom alone he permitted a familiar "thou." Varnhagen was, in Berlin, his most trusted companion; with him he deposited

much of his correspondence, since published by Varnhagen's niece. The then King of Prussia often called for his counsels, but seldom followed them. Humboldt held him to be a good man, but indecisive in action. Of his intercourse with Princes, *et id genus omni*, Humboldt says himself: "I was always severe to Princes and rigid to those in power." Humboldt denied ever having been a Republican or a royalist. Indeed, he cared nothing for forms of government. In the Revolution of 1818, the Democrats stood guard over his dwelling, though his best protection was a placard affixed to his house: "Here lives Humboldt." His latter years he spent in the sweet retirement of his home in Berlin. The Court at Potsdam became more and more estranged from him. Cotta, in Stuttgart, was his publisher, and to him we are indebted for the very fine execution of his works in print. Humboldt was often afflicted by the efforts of simptoms to convert him to religion. They could not understand his religiosity, and to him their dogmatism was also foreign. He died May 6, 1859, nearly ninety years old, serene and contemplating the play of an evening sunset and its rays, his last words being remarks upon light and its power. He saw more of our globe than any other human being, understood more sciences than any cotemporary, had read more than any mortal, has added more knowledge to the old stock than any other scientist, and has brought home more information to more men than any author. University was his sphere, in it, he won immortality. (Written for the Commercial by Charles Reinhold and Revised for the Commoner.) (For the Watchman.) I WOULD NOT FORGET THEE. I would not forget thee, though time has now numbered Long weary years since it doomed us to part. It cannot destroy the thoughts that have shimmered— Nor efface the loyal image I wear in my heart. I could not forget thee, but ever remember— The love that beamed forth from thy beaming blue eyes. Though blood is my heart as chills thy own heart— Fond memory blesses with hope thy supplies. I would not forget thee—the words you have spoken— Still linger with fondness around my sad heart. The vows of the past may linger unbroken— Though sound and true, hath doomed us to part. I would not forget thee—forget thee no more— As long as this heart shall be permitted to glow. Time and its tribulations may cease us to sever— They cannot erase the sweet Long Ago!

All Sorts of Paragraphs. —Forest will return to the stage soon. —The Paris papers, having nothing else to do, are discussing who Victor Hugo's grand-father was. —A COUPLE FOR YOUNG LADIES.—"The best of all ways to lengthen our days, is to go to bed early and never wake again." —A Chicago girl says that she don't get married, for the reason that she don't know whose husband she might marry. —Miss Harriet Grosvenor, a grand daughter of General Putnam, died last week at Hartford, Connecticut, aged seventy-seven. —A DREADEFUL ACCIDENT. An old lady the other day foolishly sat down on the spur of the moment. Her screams were frightful. —In an Illinois graveyard an image of a pet dog is set on a tombstone, with the words underneath: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." —Princeton, Indiana, recently had a mammoth mushroom grow in one night. It was 34 inches around and weighed nearly four pounds. —A child in Mason county, Kentucky, two years and a half old, without a tongue, and does not suffer much inconvenience from its lack. —The New York Gold Room is said to present a "sleepy appearance," many little business being done, and the dealers dozing in their chairs. —The New York Post says: "Al Chicago is a distinguished Chinaman now visiting this country, who has been a student every where since the cold weather came in." —A fashion authority states that the fashion for coats this fall will be a good deal like that of last fall, especially with those who have to wear that kind of coats. —The principal of the young ladies' seminary in Massachusetts says her grounds are "protected by powder and ball," and he notifies "young men" to take warning. —In a Georgia male case recently thirty-eight witnesses were called to prove ownership of whom twenty-one swore point blank on one side and fifteen on the other. —Here is a peculiarly feminine mark in a Paris *tailleur*. "I have seen men as necessary to make a fit of a man complete, the woman he loves and the woman who loves him." —It is estimated that there are over a hundred and fifty American students in the various German universities, and over a thousand male and female American pupils at first-class boarding schools. —Some of the most curious mental phenomena in the world are to be found in New England. A woman in New Hampshire stole a tombstone the other day and pawned it for whisky. —A lady teacher was endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the terrible effect of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, saying, "Seven years he dwelt like a cow," when a little boy asked: "Did he give milk?" —A New Bedford lady got a pair of white silk gloves at a store, to be kept by the store, and after they had given the hands of a corpse dressed for the grave, economically removed them and returned them to the storekeeper. —For unadulterated economy command us to the German. Give him a salary of forty cents a day in ten years he will own a brick block, a fat, plump child, and a row of houses, the one is long, and as good natural as the kitten. —The London *Evening Standard* says: "It is rumored that one of the conditions on which Mr. Morley is instructed to insist with regard to the settlement of the Alabama claims is that Washburne receive George Francis Train in England and keep him there." The condition is hard one. —A traveller stopped on his way to a torrent, asked a villager on the opposite bank to show him a ford. "Go to the right," said the villager, "and you will find it." The traveller accordingly took the right, and was drowned. The villager ran up, crying, "O, how unfortunate! I did not tell him to go to his right, but to mine." —One day a gentleman from a village girl bus at the ironing table, and she laid the towels on stockings. "Let me hand work for your little arms," she asked. A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly. —UNWILLING TO GO TO HEAVEN.—There was a clergyman who often became vexed at finding his little grand children in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by the mother's side and she was speaking to him of heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Don't want to go to heaven, my son?" "No, ma, I'm sure I don't." "Why not, my son?" "Why, grandpapa will be there, won't he?" "Yes, I hope he will?" "Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for?'" —LITERARY BLESSINGS.—"Betty," says a learned lady to her dumpy Abigail, "go for spirit for the lamps, and tell Mr. Mixum that the last he sent was so weak that it only served to make the darkness visible." "Yes, ma," replied Betty, and away she ran with the message, which she delivered as follows: "Missis says, the last sperrets you sent wa'n't good for nothin', and it only served to make the darkness more terrible, it was so weak it was."