

# THE PEOPLES JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MODERN LITERATURE, AND NEWS.  
VOL. IX. COUDERSPORT POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1857. NO. 36.

## Business Cards.

**F. W. KNOX,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter county.

**ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,**  
Attorney & Counselor at Law,  
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.

**ISAAC BENSON**  
Attorney at Law,  
Coudersport, Pa.  
Office corner of West and Third streets.

**L. P. WILLISTON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Wellboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties.

**A. P. CONE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Wellborough, Tioga county, Pa., will regularly attend the courts of Potter county.  
Jan 3, 1857.

**JOHN S. MANN,**  
Attorney & Counselor at Law,  
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean counties. All business entrusted in his care, will receive prompt attention.

**COUDERSPORT HOTEL,**  
**Daniel F. Glassmire**  
Proprietor  
Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.

**R. W. BENTON,**  
Surgeon and Conceptor,  
Elymond P. O. (Allegheny Tp.) Potter Co. Pa. will attend to all business in that line with care and dispatch.  
[1857-ly.]

**W. K. KING,**  
Surgeon, Draftsman, and Conceptor,  
Smithport, Keok Co., Pa.  
Will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon reasonable terms. References given if required.  
P. S. Maps of any part of the County made to order.  
7-33

**E. R. HARRINGTON,** having engaged a Window in Schomaker & Jackson's Store, will carry on the WATCH AND JEWELRY BUSINESS there. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style, and on the shortest notice. All work warranted.  
Coudersport, Oct. 29, 1856.—9-24.

**BENJAMIN RENNELS,**  
BLACKSMITH.  
All work in his line, done to order and with dispatch. On West street, below Third Coudersport, Pa.

**SMITH & JONES.**  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Stationery, Drugs & Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy articles, &c. Main Street, Coudersport Pa.

**JONES, MANN & JONES**  
General Grocery and Provision Dealers—Also in Dry Goods, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, and whatever men want to buy. Main Street, Coudersport Pa.

**O. T. FULLISON, M. D.,**  
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Coudersport and vicinity that he will be found regularly at his office, over the Drug Store of Smith & Jones, ready to attend to all calls in his profession.  
Nov. 23—ly

**D. E. OLMSTED**  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Groceries, Crockery, &c. Coudersport, Pa.

**J. W. SMITH,**  
Dealer in Stoves, and manufacturer of Tin Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

**M. W. MANN,**  
Dealer in Books & Stationery, Music, and Magazines. Main-st., opposite N. W. corner of the public square, Coudersport, Pa.

**DAVID B. BROWN,**  
Furnitureman and Dealer in Ploughs. Upper end of Main street, Coudersport Pa.

**A. B. GOODSELL,**  
CUNSMITH, Coudersport, Pa. Fire Arms manufactured and repaired at his shop, on 3rd street.  
March 3, 1849.

**J. W. HARDING,**  
Fashionable Tailor. All work entrusted to his care will be done with neatness, comfort and durability. Shop over Lewis' Mann's store.

**ALLEGANY HOUSE,**  
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor,  
On the Wellsville road, seven miles North of Coudersport, Pa.

## THE PEOPLES JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.  
Terms—in Advance  
One copy per annum \$1.25  
Three copies per annum \$3.50  
Six copies per annum \$6.00  
One year \$10.00  
Every subsequent insertion, 50 cts.  
1 square 10 lines 1 or 3 sections \$1.50  
Each subsequent insertion less than 13 lines 25 cts.  
1 Square, 3 months, 3.50  
6 months, 5.00  
9 months, 6.00  
1 year, 6.00  
Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 insertions, 3.00  
Every subsequent insertion, 50 cts.  
1 column, six months, 20.00  
12.00  
One-half column per year— 12.00  
One column 24.00  
Administrators' or Executors' Notices, 2.00  
Auditors' notices each, 1.50  
Sheriff's Sales, per tract, 1.50  
Change notices, 1.00  
Professional, or Business Cards, not exceeding six lines, per year, not exceeding 2 squares, with occasional notices, (in all cases confined to their business,) 10.00  
When the paper is sent to the advertiser, especially for reason of his advertisement being in it, the same will be charged at the rate of \$1 per annum.  
All letters on business, to secure attention, should be addressed (post paid) to the undersigned.  
T. S. CHASE, Publisher.

## POETRY

For the Journal.  
Mr. Editor: The following piece of Poetry is to good to be lost as it abounds in Truth and Wisdom which articles are scarce commodities, and should be read to receive the special benefit of the followers of "Benevolence, Benevolence and Faith, Kansas." Pleasant Valley, Jan. 9, 1857. J. L. W.

**A PARODY.**  
Att.—"Heavenly Union."  
Come saints and sinners hear me tell  
How pious Priests whip Jack and Nell,  
And women buy, and children sell,  
And preach all sinners down to hell.  
—And sing of Heavenly Union.

They'll heat and tea down like goats,  
Gorge down black sheep and sinner at notes,  
Array their back in fine black coats,  
Then seize their negroes by their throats,  
—And choke for Heavenly Union.

They'll "church" you if you sit a dram,  
And damn you if you sell a lamb,  
Ye rob old Tommy, Dick, and Sam,  
Of human rights, of bread and ham;  
—Kidnap, &c. the very union.

They'll loudly talk of Christ's reward,  
And bind his image with a cord,  
And scold, and draw the fish, and lead,  
And sell their brethren to the Lord,  
—To hush-bounded heaven's union.

They'll read and sing a sacred song,  
And make a cryer both loud and so,  
Ye rob old Tommy, Dick, and Sam,  
Of human rights, of bread and ham;  
—Kidnap, &c. the very union.

We wonder how such sins exist,  
Or praise the Lord on the wings,  
Who war, and scold, and whip and fling,  
And to their slaves and masters bring  
—In guilty conscience Union.

They'll raise tobacco, corn, and rye,  
And drive, and thieve, and cheat, and lie,  
A day's treasures in the sky,  
By making whip a dew skin fly,  
—In hopes of his very union.

They'll heat old Sammy on the stick,  
And preach and roar like Bismarck's bull,  
Or braying Ass of mischief full,  
Then seize old Jacob by the wool,  
—And pad for Heaven's union.

A zoning, raising sick, man-thief  
Who lived on union, beef and beef,  
Ye never would afford relief  
To needy slaves' and grief,  
—Was by with heavenly union.

## BAYARD TAYLOR

IN  
Northern Europe.

Visit of Bayard Taylor to Humboldt. City of Berlin, Col. Fremont.—The Oxford Magazine—Washington Irving, &c. &c.  
BERLIN, November 25, 1856.

I came to Berlin, not to visit its museums and galleries, its magnificent street of shops, its opera and theatres, nor to mingle in the gay life of its streets and saloons, but for the sake of seeing and speaking with the world's greatest living man—Alexander von Humboldt.

At present, with his great age and his universal renown, regarded as a throned monarch in the world of science, his friends have been obliged, perforce, to protect him from the exhaustive homage of his thousands of subjects, and, for his own sake, to make difficult the ways of access to him. The friend and familiar companion of the King, he may be said, equally, to hold his own court, with the privilege, however, of at any time breaking through the formalities which only self-defence has rendered necessary. Some of my work, I knew, had found their way into his hands. I was at the beginning of a journey which would probably lead me through regions which his feet had traversed, and his genius illustrated, and it was not merely a natural curiosity which attracted me toward him. I followed the advice of some German friends, and made use of no mediatory influence, but simply dispatched a note to him, stating my name and object, and asking for an interview.

Three days afterward I received, through the city post, a reply in his own hand, stating that, although he was suffering from a cold which had followed his removal from Potsdam to the capital, he would willingly receive me, and appointed one o'clock to-day for the visit. I was punctual to the minute, and reached his residence in the Oranienburger strasse, at six o'clock. While in Berlin, he lives with his servant, Seifert, whose name only I find on the door. It was a plain two-story man, with a dark, plain front, and unimpaired, from most of the houses in German cities, by two or three families. The bell which over Seifert's name came from the second story, I pulled; the heavy porte cochere opened, and an attendant in a black coat with I reached a second hall, over a white marble floor, Alexander von Humboldt.

A stout, square-faced man of about fifty, who I at once recognized as Seifert, opened the door for me. "Are you Herr Taylor?" he asked, and I led on my reply: "His Excellency is ready to receive you." He ushered me into a room filled with stuffed birds and other objects of natural history, then into a large library, which a parterly contained the gifts of authors, artists, and men of science. I walked between two long tables heaped with sumptuous folios, to the further door, which opened into the study. Those who have seen the admirable lithograph of Hildebrandt's picture, know precisely how the room looks. There was the plain table, the writing desk covered with papers and manuscripts, the little green sofa, and the same maps and pictures on the drab-colored walls. The picture had been so long hanging in my own room at home, that I at once recognized each particular object.

Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality, which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should converse in English or German. "In your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English." He insisted on my taking one end of the green sofa, observing that he rarely sat upon it himself, then drew up a

plush chair to me, and seated himself beside it, asking me to speak a little louder than usual, as his hearing was not so acute as formerly.

"As I looked at the majestic old man, the line of Pennycuik, describing Wellington came into my mind: 'O, good gray head, which all men know.' The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of a head and general humanity. He sits very low with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and over, and in his hand, like a pipe ear of corn, but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In these eyes you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which make the snows of eighty-seven winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and you feel that he will trust you, if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth and chin have the heavy Tartar character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

I was most surprised at the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age; but I could not perceive that his memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and in fact, seems to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, but frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and then pointing to a picture or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

He began by referring to my winter journey into Lapland. "Why do you choose the winter?" he asked. "Your experience will be very interesting, is it true, but will you not suffer from the severe cold?" "I am not so much as you think," I answered. "I have tried all climates except the Arctic, without the least injury. The last two years of my travels were spent in tropical countries, and now I wish to have the strongest possible contrast." "That is quite natural," he remarked, "and I can understand how your object to travel must lead you to seek such contrasts; but you must possess a remarkably healthy organization." "You doubtless know from your own experience," I said, "that nothing preserves a man's vitality like travel." "Very true," he answered, "if it does not kill at the outset." For my part, I keep my health everywhere, like yours. I did five years in South America and the West Indies, I passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever unharmed.

I spoke of my projected visit to Russia, and of my desire to traverse the Russian-Tartar provinces of Central Asia. The Kirghiz steppes, he said, were very magnificent, fifty miles gave you the picture of a thousand; but the people were exceedingly interesting. If I desired to go there, I would have no difficulty in passing through them to the Chinese frontier; but the southern provinces of Siberia, he thought, would best repay me. The scenery, among the Altai Mountains, was very grand. From his window in one of the Siberian towns, he had counted eleven peaks covered with eternal snow. The Kirghizes, he added, were among the few races whose habits had remained unchanged for thousands of years, and they had the remarkable peculiarity of combining a nomadic life with a domestic life. They were partly Buddhist and partly Mussulman, and their monkish sect followed the different clans in their wanderings, carrying on their devotions

in the encampments, inside of a sacred circle marked out by spears. He had seen their ceremonies, and was struck with their resemblance to those of the Catholic church.

Humboldt's recollections of the Altai Mountains naturally led him to speak of the Andes. "You have travelled in Mexico," said he; "do you not agree with me in the opinion that the finest mountains in the world are those single cones of perpetual snow rising out of the splendid vegetation of the tropics? The Himalayas, all our mountains, scarcely make an equal comparison; they lie farther to the north, south of the zone of tropical growth, and their sides are dreary and sterile in comparison." You remember Orizaba," continued he; "there is an engraving from a rough sketch of mine. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his "Minor Writings," turned over the leaves, and recalled, at each page, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked, as he closed the book, "that Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world." Among the objects in his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand with a big blue fly (the unconscious provision for his dinner) perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very listless and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes, and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time." He can turn one eye toward heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clergy-men who have the same power."

After showing me some of Hildebrandt's water-color drawings, he returned to his seat and began to converse about American affairs, with which he seemed to be entirely familiar. He spoke with great admiration of Col. Fremont, whose defeat he profoundly regretted. "But it is at least a most cheering sign," he said, "and an omen of good for your country, that more than half a million of men supported by their votes a man of Fremont's character and achievements." With regard to Buchanan, he said: "I had occasion to speak of his Ostend Manifesto not long since, in a letter which has been published, and I could not characterize its spirit by any milder term than savage." He also spoke of our authors, and inquired particularly after Washington Irving, whom he had once seen. I told him I had the fortune to know Mr. Irving, and had seen him not long before leaving New York. "He must be at least fifty years old," said Humboldt. "He is seventy," I answered, "but as young as ever." "Ah!" said he, "I have lived so long that I have almost lost the consciousness of time. I belong to the age of Jefferson and Gallatin, and I heard of Washington's death while traveling in South America."

I have repeated but the smallest portion of his conversation, which flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of the richest knowledge. On recalling it to my mind, after leaving, I was surprised to find how great a number of subjects he had touched upon, and how much he had said, or seemed to have said—for he has the rare faculty of placing a subject in the clearest and most vivid light by a few luminous words—concerning each. He thought, as he talked, without effort, I should compare his brain to the fountain of Vaucluse—a still, deep and tranquil pool, without a ripple on its surface, but creating a river by its overflow. He asked me many questions, but did not always wait for an answer, the question itself suggesting some reminiscence, or some thought, which he had evident pleasure in expressing. I sat or walked, following his movements an eager listener, and speaking

in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted to me had expired. Seifert at length re-appeared, and said to him in a manner of respect and familiarity, "It is time," and I took my leave.

"You have traveled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid." For I passed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Poter, the companion of Capt. Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the Marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Berzelius, Walter Scott—in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three-quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the career of Atures and the forefathers Cassiquiare, Chimborazo, the Amazon, and Popocatepetl, the Asiatic Alps of Siberia, the Tartar steppes and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befits a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so subtle an example of old age—crowned with imperishable success, full of the ripest wisdom, created and sweetened by the noblest attributes of the heart. A ruin, indeed! No! a human temple, perfect as the Parthenon.

As I was passing out through the cabinet of Natural History, Seifert's voice arrested me. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but do you know what this is?" pointing to the snuff of a Rocky-Mountain cat. "Of course I do," said I, "I have helped to eat many of them." He then pointed to the other specimens, and took me into the library to show me some drawings which he had made. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but do you know what this is?" pointing to the snuff of a Rocky-Mountain cat. "Of course I do," said I, "I have helped to eat many of them." He then pointed to the other specimens, and took me into the library to show me some drawings which he had made.

**UP TO STUFF.**—Among the items embraced in the Auditor General's Report, referred to elsewhere in our columns, we find the following, under the head "Expenses of Government." Win Dunlop, for the snuff and tobacco furnished the Senate Chamber during the session of 1854, \$13.46. We knew that the members of the Legislature were very liberal in voting books and documents to themselves; but their constituents, we presume, were not aware that they are taxed to provide snuff and tobacco. This is a small affair in itself considered, as to amount; but when our Legislature thus sponges off the State, it is no wonder that others in its employ, engage in more profitable stealings.—Exchange.

**A BET HONORABLE PAIR.**—During the late Presidential canvass, a young gentleman in this vicinity, of thirty years of age, proposed to a "for one" of his acquaintance, that they should bet on the result of the election. The terms of the bet were, she should take her choice of the candidates, and page her on the success of the other. She accepted the proposal and made choice of Fremont, a bet candidate. The fortune was paid, a few days ago, at the residence of the Rev. where she gave her hand for life, to him who had won it, and she, by compulsion, started on a tour to the States, doubting feeling that though one had to be bet, each had won the stake.—Harris (H's.) Advocate.