

The Potter Journal

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

VOLUME XVIII.—NUMBER 23.

GOUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY OCTOBER 30, 1866.

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY
H. W. McALABNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county—(bearing no other except that of principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomsing our Country.)

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil types:

- 1 square, 1 insertion, 20 cents
- 1 square, 2 or 3 insertions, 35 cents
- Each subsequent insertion less than 13 lines, 10 cents
- 1 square, 1 year, 10 dollars
- By Quota Cards, 10 cents
- Administrators of Estates, 50 cents
- Special and Editorial Notices per line, 5 cents

All transient advertisements must be paid in advance and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons
EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. & M. State St. Meetings on the 2d Sunday of each month. Held in the 2d story of the Olmsted Block. D. C. LARABEE, Secy. WM. SHEAR, W. M.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D.,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Goudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-40

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Goudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and Cameron counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

OLMSTED and LARABEE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Goudersport, Penna. Will attend to all business entrusted to them with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend the several courts in the adjoining counties. Office in the second story of the Olmsted Block.

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Goudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Friends of adjoining counties. Office on Second street near the Aqueduct bridge.

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Goudersport, Pa., will attend the courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

MILLER & McALABNEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Harrisburg, Penna.—Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Penalties, Bounties, Arrears of Pay, &c. &c. &c. McALABNEY & W. MILLER.

M. W. McALABNEY,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.—Lend Bought and Sold, Taxes paid and Titles Investigated. Insures property against fire in the companies in this country, and Foreign Agents. Agents in the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. Business transacted promptly. 17-29

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.,
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29

C. H. SIMMONS,
MERCHANT—WELLSVILLE, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy and Staple Goods, Clothing, Ladies Dress Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c. Retailers supplied on liberal terms.

CHARLES S. JONES,
MERCHANT—Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. Main Street, Goudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLIMSTED,
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Groceries, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, Provisions, &c. Main Street, Goudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, Provisions, &c. Main Street, Goudersport, Pa.

H. J. OLIMSTED,
HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stores, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Main street, Goudersport, Penna. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor. Corner of Main and Second streets, Goudersport, Potter Co. Pa. A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.
H. W. McALABNEY, Proprietor. Has a new assortment of JOB PRINTING, and is prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE,
Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania. Having taken this excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and to call on him—Feb. 12, 66.

MARBLE WORK
Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by
C. B. BREATH, Residence: Eastolia, 1 1/2 miles south of Goudersport, Pa., on the Sinnemahoning Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 16-7

DAN BAKER,
PENSION, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY. Pensioners procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refer to Hon. Isaac Beeson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq. DAN BAKER, Claim Agent, Goudersport, Pa.

\$1.50 Per Year! We want agents everywhere to sell our improved Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above safety or large commissions paid. The only machines sold in the United States for less than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., & Wheeler. All other cheap machines are infringements and the seller or user are liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Circulars sent free. Address: J. H. Shaw & Clark, Bldg. No. 11, Main St., Chicago, Ill. Dec. 29, 1865. Jewry.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
WHEATON'S OINTMENT,
Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!
Also cures SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending 50 cents to WHEATON & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington street, Boston: it will be forwarded by mail, freight postage to any part of the United States. June 1, 1866. No notice why! 17.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
After the harvest, the golden sheaves.
After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.
After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.
After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river, rest.

A. T. Stewart and William B. Astor.
The Boston Journal's New York correspondent says of A. T. Stewart: "He seldom looks at a subscription paper. With him begging is at a distance. He has little sympathy with vagrancy. Men and women who seek his presence seldom gain much by an interview if money is the object. Indeed it is very difficult to gain access to him any way. He is intensely devoted to his business, and works more hours probably than any merchant in New York. He controls his own affairs with despotic sway. His partners have no control over the business, but are interested merely in the profits. He buys and sells as he pleases without consulting any one. But, on great occasions, the donations of Mr. Stewart are princely. He proposes now to devote millions to build houses for the poor. If the city refuses to give the site he will still carry out his plan."

The same writer says of Mr. Astor: "Unlike Mr. Stewart, William B. Astor is always accessible. His rooms are on Prince street, a door or two from Broadway. They are the same that were occupied by his father. He has a front and back office, where the business of his great estate is carried on. The door is wide open between the two offices. A person asking for Mr. Astor is directed at once to the rear room. At a common desk, crowded with papers, sits a German looking man, about seventy, heavy moulded, tall and stout. His eyes, which are small with an expression bordering on stupidity, are fastened on the visitor, and Mr. Astor waits his utterance. He wastes no words. His answers are yes or no, with an air that admits of no debate. All the day long, from ten to five, Mr. Astor sits in his office and sees all comers. He is master of his business. He knows the rent of every house, the duration of every lease, the times and terms of payment, with every foot of land. At five o'clock he rises, and with a slow and sluggish gait he turns into Broadway and walks to Lafayette place, where he resides for dinner."

He has two sons, John Jacob and William B., Jr. These young men are in business with their father. No bankers in New York attend more closely to their calling. They are modest, retiring, and without affectation. John Jacob is tall, large and heavily built, with sandy hair and complexion resembling his father. He went to the field in 1861, and did good service for the national cause. William B., Jr. is tall and slim, with black hair, of a gentle build, and is said to resemble his mother.

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for her sake. She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neckerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing. She makes people sit up by night, when they ought to be in bed; and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless. She makes people visit when they had rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasures and interrupts our business. She compels people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property or that of another, whether agreeable to the word of God or the dictates of pride. She ruins health, and produces sickness; destroys life, and occasions premature death. She makes tools of parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, a despoiler of morality, and an enemy of religion; and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters and servants, black and white, have voluntarily become her obedient subjects and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be most obsequious.

Gen. Couch has been installed in the Boston Collectorship.

"DOWN HILL."

Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend I heard the name of John Anderson called.

"There is a hard case," remarked my friend.

I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and plead guilty to the crime of theft. He was a tall man, but bent and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, sparse, and filthy; his face all bloated and bloodshot; his hair matted with dirt; and his bowed form quivering with debility. Certainly I never saw a more pitiable object. Surely that man was not born a villain; I moved my place to obtain a fairer view of his face. He saw my movement and turned his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then, covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated, starting forward. "Will—"

I had half spoken his name when he quickly raised his head and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I then told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I could not remain and see that man tried. Tears came to my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I had gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son! That was not his name; but you shall know him by no other. I will now call him by the name that stands upon the records of the court.

John Anderson was my school-mate; and it was not many years ago—not over twenty, that we left our academy together, he to return to the home of wealthy parents; I to sit down in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office for a few years, and then wander across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John a married man. His father was dead and had left his only son a princely fortune.

"Ah, C—," he said to me, as he met me at the railway station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark—a robin—a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang sweetly."

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. Aye—she so loved John that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky fellow to find such a wife. And what a lucky woman to find such a husband; for John Anderson was as handsome as she. Tall, straight, manly, high-browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as any artist could paint. And he was good, too; and kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them—a fine old lady as ever breathed, and making herself constant joy and pride in doating upon her "Darling Boy," as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me because I loved her darling.

I did not see John again for four years. I reached his house in the evening. He was not in, but his wife and mother-headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once that they were my friend's children. Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were abed and asleep, and then I could see that Ellen became troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to the sunshine of smiles could not wear a cloud concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed, and his eyes looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a happy laugh—called me "Old Fellow," "Old Dog,"—said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said—

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling never can be a bad man."

"God grant it!" I thought to myself; and I knew the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so even then had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.

"Oh," said he, with a laugh, "that was nothing. Only a little wine-party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."

At first I thought I would say no more; but was it not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew it himself. His appetites and pleasures bounded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas! too kind—too generous!

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening, you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?" He stopped me with—

"Don't be a fool! Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going down hill," I told him.

"Did she say so?" he asked with a flushed face.

"No—I read it in her looks."

"Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.

"I surely thought so when you came home," I replied.

"Never can I forget the look he gave me then—so full of reproof, of surprise, and of pain."

"C—, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me again like that. I going down! You know me better. That can never be. I know my own wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Alas! that mother had been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the "wild oats" which her son was sowing would surely grow up and ripen, only to furnish seed for re-sowing! But she loved him—loved him almost too well—or, I should say—too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him; and then we conversed upon other subjects. I could spend but one day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and sometimes oftener; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant church yard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said, and as he spoke, I noticed a slight drooping of the head, as though it cut him to the soul.

"What—John Anderson's wife?"

"No," he replied. "It is his mother;" and as he said this he turned away; but a gentleman who stood near, and had overheard the conversation, at once took up the theme.

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Did you ever know John Anderson?"

"He was my school-mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I told him. He led me one side, and spoke as follows:

"Poor John! He was the pride of this town six years ago. This man opened his hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at most of them—the gayest of the gay, and the most generous of the party. In fact, he paid for nearly every one of them."

"Then he began to go down hill!"

"And he has been going ever since. At times true friends have prevailed upon him to stop; but his steps were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came, more dark and drear than before. He said he would never get drunk again; yet he would take a glass of wine with a friend! That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth fifty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral expenses! The poor mother bore up as long as she could. She saw her son—her "Darling Boy," she always called him—brought home drunk many times, and she even bore blows from him! But she's at rest now! Her "DARLING" wore her life away, and brought her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave! Oh! I hope this may reform him!"

"But his wife?" I asked.

"Her heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only a shadow of the wife that blessed his home six years ago. My informant was deeply affected, and so was I, and I asked him no more.

During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after tea. I found him and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with love and hope. But oh! she was changed—sadly, painfully so. They were glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C—, don't say a word of the past," John urged, taking my hand a second time. "I know you spoke the truth to me five years ago. I was going down hill! But I've gone as far as I can. I stop here at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife. I have sworn, and my oath shall be kept. Ellen and I are going to be happy now."

The poor fellow burst into tears here. His wife followed suit; and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sight! The once noble, true man so fallen—become a mere broken glass, the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore!—a poor sup-

pliant at the feet of Hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife! And how I had honored and loved that man—and how I loved him still!—Oh! I hoped, aye, more than hoped—I believed—he would be saved. And as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true, and so hopeful still, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before that God would hold him up—lead him to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys now—and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away John took me by the hand, and the last words he said, were—

"Trust me. Believe me now. I will be a man henceforth while life lasts!"

A little over two years more had passed, when I read in a newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they had lived as soon as possible, for I might help some one! A fearful presentiment had possessed my mind.

I stopped at the stately house where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it. "Where is John Anderson?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. He's been gone these three months! His wife died in the mad house last week!"

"And the children?"

"O—they both died before she did!"

I staggered back, and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct led me to the churchyard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, the wife, and two children—slept in them!

"And what has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping places—

"THE DEMON OF THE WINE TABLE!"

But this was not all the work. No, no. The next I saw—O, God!—was far more terrible! I saw the court-room. But that was not the last—not the last!

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the huge lock—the ponderous door swung with a sharp creak upon its hinges—and I saw a dead body suspended by the neck from a grating of the window. I looked at the horrible face—I could see nothing of John Anderson there—but the face I had seen in the court room was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that was all that was left on earth of him whom I had loved so well.

And this was the last of the demon's work, the last act in the drama! Ah! from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down—down—down until the foot of the hill had been finally reached.

And when I turned away from that cell and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel-balls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life story of which I had been a witness, into the ears of all living men!

CURED ON HOMOPATHIC PRINCIPLES.
—The Grant county (Illinois) Herald relates that a man named Lyon was bitten three times on the foot by a rattlesnake while binding grain, and fell to the ground. He was carried to the house, drank a pint of alcohol and camphor, then a quart of whisky, and then a quart of pure alcohol, feeling no symptoms of intoxication. The next morning he felt some numbness and pain in the limb, and drank another pint of alcohol, then swallowed a quarter of a pound of fine cut chewing tobacco, boiled in sweet milk; These doses, which it would be supposed would kill anybody, had no injurious effects, and the fourth day after the bites he felt well enough, only a little soreness from the knee down.

Tell that to the marines!

GOOD ADVICE.—Some one says "Girls, let us tell you a stubborn truth. No young woman ever looks so well to a sensible young man, as when dressed in a plain, neat, modest attire, without a single ornament about her person." She looks then as though she possessed worth in herself, and needed no artificial rigging to enhance her value. If a young woman would spend as much time in cultivating her mind, training her temper, and cherishing kindness, meekness, mercy, and other good qualities, as most of them do to dress and ornaments, to increase their personal charms, she would, at a glance, be known among a thousand—her character would be read in her countenance."

"A man when asked a few days ago, what induced him to make a lawyer of his son, replied:

"Oh, he was always a lying fellow, and I thought I'd humor him in his leading propensity."

"Sinful habits are the channels of sinful thoughts. If we would have the thoughts to cease to flow, we must close up the channels."

From the Franklin Repository: A DIRGE.

Alas! the darling, darling child,
Democracy is dead;
With treason too, rampant and wild.
And the poor Copperhead,
Though fed with "bread and butter" too,
Though much the doctor tried,
The little fellow sicker grew,
And Tuesday last he died,
His spirit left this tenement,
And sunk beneath to dwell;
There infancy shall fan the flames
Of TREASON'S lowest hell.
Alas! Alas! Alas! Alas!
His darling bastard's fate
And obloquy as deep and dark
His memory shall await

Chant, chant the dirge and toll the bell,
Form the procession great,
The steamer now is at the wharf,
We must no longer wait.
On board we'll lay the body down
Of this dear, darling boy,
On which our nearest brethren looked
Last week with smiles of joy.

We'll bear him up SALT RIVEN'S tide,
And there in chill despair
We'll lay him low beneath the sod
In that great grave yard there.
We'll carve upon the slab that marks
The silent Sleeper's bed
This Epitaph Significant
"My Policy" is dead.

Treverton, Pa., Oct. 13, 1866.

—At the North pole, every direction is South.

—Dickens has another novel on the stocks.

—There are one thousand telegraph offices in Europe.

—Upwards of two thousand different kinds of nails are made.

—The manufacture of pottery in England employs upwards of 100,000 persons.

—Alexander H. Stephens is in unusually good health, and intends devoting himself to the law.

—One million dollars have already been subscribed for the Centenary of American Methodism.

—A knife and fork which can be used by a one-handed man has been patented by a Buffaloman.

—One man pledges \$15,000 to pay the expenses of the famous Seventh Regiment to Paris next summer.

—A man in Alexandria, hid four thousand dollars when drunk and could not find it when sober.

—There are more hogs than humans in the United States. England has but one pig for every nine persons.

—A young German in St. Louis recently blew his brains out to get rid of a headache. A sovereign remedy that.

—Two young ladies, expelled from the Wesleyan Academy, at Weymouth, Mass., took laudanum and nearly died.

—A lady's blighted affections were healed in a New York Court by a judgment of \$500 against the "brute" she sued.

—A publishing house in Chicago has issued 1,500,000 almanacs for the coming year, at a cost of \$40,000.

—Santa Anna is a confirmed and reckless gambler. He will stake thousands upon the fighting qualities of an unknown rooster.

—The Richmond Whig advises the country gentlemen of Virginia to forsake politics for questions more nearly affecting their livelihood.

—The divisibility of copper is so great that a grain of it dissolved in alkali will give a sensible color to 500,000 times its weight in water.

—The heat which would raise 14 lbs. of water through any number of degrees of temperature would heat 9 pounds of iron to the same extent.

—The manufacture of the wire for the last Atlantic cable kept nearly 250 hands employed for eleven months; over 30,000 miles were supplied.

—Scotland, with one-half of the population of Ireland, consumes annually 2,364,000 gallons of whiskey, while Ireland drinks only 2,260,000 gallons.

—It is thought that Judge Paschal, an extreme Radical, will be elected to congress from the Fourth District of Texas, going to divisions in his adversary's ranks.

—A ball of iron weighing one thousand pounds at the level of the sea would be perceived to have lost two pounds of its weight if taken to the top of a mountain four miles high.

—The greatest elevation yet attained by man without leaving the surface in a balloon is 19,000 feet. M. Boussingault and C. L. Hall ascended Chimborazo to that height.