

THE PEOPLES JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MORALITY LITERATURE, AND NEWS.

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AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE.

Ye are coming, brilliant autumn hues,
Ye are coming bright and gay;
Ye are coming with the frosty night,
And with the fleeting day.

Ye are coming by the hillside,
And in the quiet glen;
And in the forest fair and wide,
And round the homes of men.

With various tints the foliage fair,
Of amber, brown, and gold;
And fiery red, and purple dark,
And orange we behold.

Most beautiful is the robe we wear,
Beauteous, but all, how brief;
Its golden letters plainly say,
"Soon falls the fading leaf."

And summer's flowery day has fled,
Sweet summer, full of song;
Its fragrant air and verdant lawns,
Now to the past belong.

The leaf rejoices in its death,
And wears a garnet gay;
Why then should man shrink at the tomb?
Is he less wise than they?

They, through the light some summer day,
Have well performed their part;
Have sheltered man and beast
And gladdened every heart.

Now that their hour of death has come,
The shine in rainbow light;
Amid the tall dark evergreens,
They gleam, a splendid sight.

So when the pure and virtuous soul
Is summoned earth to fly,
Serene and radiant is the light
Which fills that heavenward eye.

For earthly duties well performed,
And earthly trials borne,
And earthly joys received,
At death why should we mourn?

Fair blooms the rose in mother earth,
But fierer far in heaven;
Pleasant the sun's reviving ray,
But to the good is given.

A city fair which hath no need
Of sun, or moon, or sea;
Light by the blessed Lamb of God,
In beauty more than fair.

GALILEO.

That the eminent astronomer, Galileo, was constrained by the Roman Inquisition of his day to recant and abjure the doctrine, now abundantly demonstrated and universally received, that the Sun is the center of our planetary system, and the Earth one among the orbs periodically revolving around the center, has been widely credited, but not fully admitted. We have repeatedly met assertions that what the Inquisition condemned was not the abstract doctrine of Copernicus and Galileo, but the presumptuous attempts of the latter to base it upon and establish it by texts of Scripture. In Walker's Hibernian Magazine we find a translation of the sentence actually passed on Galileo by the Inquisitors, together with his allegation therein exacted. The Magazine affirms that the sentence had never before appeared in English save in a provincial newspaper a few years before, and that the authenticity and accuracy of the following translation may be relied on:

Sentence passed upon Galileo by the Court of Inquisition.

Whereas, you, Galileo, son of the late Vincent Galileo, of Florence, being seventy years of age, had a charge brought against you in the year 1615, in this holy office, that you held as true an erroneous opinion held by many, namely: That the sun is the center of the world, and immovable, and that the earth moves even with a diurnal motion; also that you had certain scholars into whom you instilled the same doctrine; also, that you maintained a correspondence on this point with certain mathematicians in Germany; also, that you published certain epistles, treating of the solar spots, in which you explained the same doctrine as true, because you answered to the objections which, from time to time, were brought against you, taken from the holy scriptures, by glossing over the said scripture according to your own sense; and that afterward, when a copy of a writing, in the form of an epistle, written by you to certain late scholar of yours, was presented to you, (it following the hypotheses of Copernicus,) you stood up for, and defended, certain propositions in it, which are

against the true sense and authority of the holy scripture.

This holy tribunal, desiring, therefore, to provide against the inconveniences and mischiefs which have issued hence, and increased, to the danger of our holy faith; agreeable to the mandate of Lord N—, and the very eminent doctors, cardinals of this supreme and universal inquisition, two propositions respecting the immobility of the sun and the motion of the earth, were adopted and pronounced, as under:

That the sun is in the center of the world, and immovable in respect to local motion, is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, formally heretical, seeing it is expressly contrary to holy scriptures.

The earth is not the center of the world, nor immovable, but moves even with a diurnal motion, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and, considered theologically, is at least an error in faith.

But, whereas, we thought fit in the interim to proceed gently with you; it was agreed upon in the holy congregation held before D. N., on the 25th of February, 1616, that the most eminent lord cardinal Bellarmine should enjoin you entirely to recede from the aforesaid false doctrine, and should not teach it to others, nor defend it, nor dispute concerning it; to which command if you would not submit, you should be cast into prison; and, in order to put into execution the same decree, on the following day you were gently admonished in the palace before aforesaid most eminent lord cardinal Bellarmine, and afterward by the same lord cardinal, and by the commissary of the holy office, a notary and witness being present, entirely to desist from the said erroneous opinion; and that thereafter it should not be permitted for you to defend it, or teach it, in any manner, either by speaking or writing; and whereas you promised obedience, you were at that time dismissed.

And to the end that such a pernicious doctrine might be entirely extirpated away, and spread no farther, to the serious detriment of the Catholic verity, a decree was issued by the holy congregation *Indicis*, prohibiting the printing of books which treat of such sort of doctrine, which was therein pronounced false, and altogether contrary to holy divine scripture. But the same book has since appeared at Florence, published in the year last past, the inscription of which shows you were its author, as the title was, "A Dialogue of Galileo Galilei," concerning the two systems of the world, the Ptolemaic and the Copernican, as the holy congregation, recognizing the motion of the sun—the immobility of the sun—prevailed daily more and more; the aforesaid book was diligently examined, when we openly discovered the transgression of the aforesaid opinion already condemned and in your presence declared to be erroneous; because, in the said book, by various circumlocutions, you undecided, and at the least probable, which must necessarily be a grievous error, since an opinion can by no means be probable which hath already been declared and adjudged contrary to divine scripture.

Having invoked the most holy name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of his most holy mother, the ever blessed Virgin Mary, we, by this our definite sentence, by the advice and judgment of our most reverend masters of holy theology, and the doctors of both laws, our counsellors respecting the cause controverted before us, between the magnificent Charles Sincerus, doctor of both laws, fiscal procurator of this holy office, on the one part, and you, Galileo Galilei, defendant, questioned, examined, and having confessed, as above, on the second part we say, judge, and declare, by the present processional writing, you, the above said Galileo, on account of those things which have been adduced in written process, and which you have confessed as above, that you have rendered yourself liable to the suspicion of heresy by this office, that is, you believed and maintained a false doctrine, and contrary to the holy and divine scripture, namely, that the sun is the center of the orb of the earth, and that it does not move from the east to the west, and that the earth moves and is not the center of the world; and that this position may be held and defended as a probable opinion, after it had been declared and defined to be contrary to holy scripture; and consequently, that you have incurred all the censures and penalties of the holy canons, and other constitutions general and particular, enacted and promulgated against such delinquents, from which it is our pleasure

to absolve you, on condition that first, with sincere heart and faith unfeigned, you abjure, execrate, and detest the above errors and heresies, and every other error and heresy contrary to the Catholic Apostolic Church, in our presence, in that formula which is hereby exhibited to you.

But that your grievous and pernicious error and transgression may not remain altogether unpunished, and that you may hereafter be more cautious, serving as an example to others, that they may abstain from like offenses, we decree that the book of the Dialogue of Galileo be prohibited by public edict, and we condemn yourself to the prison of this holy office, to a time to be limited by our discretion; and we enjoin, under the title of salutary penance, that, during three years to come, you recite, once a week, the seven penitential psalms, reserving to ourselves the power of moderating, changing, or taking away entirely, or in part, the aforesaid penalties and punishments.

And so we say, pronounce, and by our sentence declare, enact, condemn, and reserve, by this and every other better mode of formula by which of right we can and ought.

So we, the underwritten Cardinals, pronounce:

F. CARDINAL DE ASCULO,

and others.

VIRGINIA RUINS.

The *Richmond Enquirer* praises very much, in a leading article, a collection of the ruins of Jamestown, made by a Virginian artist. The painter has performed the pious work of an Old Mortality, and the editor is grateful therefor, and lyrical, at the same time, in his sentimentalism over the past. We have no doubt a good work has been begun by the artist; but he should not stop with Jamestown. The ruins of that place but typify the ruins of Virginia at large, and all her ruins are equally deserving artistic record. For example: Norfolk is commercially a ruin; and Mount Vernon domestically another ruin; and Richmond, if not a ruin, might as well be one as he sustained by the trade in human flesh. The fields of Virginia, too, are ruined; pride and folly, and tobacco-raising, chewing, and spitting, have contributed to wear them out and drive the civility to new lands. The people, too, are intellectually ruined. There are eighty thousand white human ruins who can neither read nor write; and there are some hundreds of thousands of illegitimate mulatto ruins, without the position of manhood or womanhood, liable to be sold by their white parents or brothers and sisters at any moment, to make up for real estate ruins. Ruin nestles in the Dismal Swamp and in the Alleghenies; in the village, and on the old estate. All is ruin. Even the old pride of a Washington, praying that the Legislature might abolish Slavery, is succeeded by the ruin of justice and the defense of what the good and great men of Virginia—the Lees, the Jeffersons, the Henrys—mourned. Ruin, moral and material, of ethics, of fields, cities, and towns. Even Virginia, "impersonation of the high-born aristocrat," as she is, cannot keep Mr. Sully to continue his mementoes of her ruin. The editor regrets "to know that he speaks of leaving Virginia, having received advantageous offers in another part of the Union." This, however, is not like Old Mortality. He stuck to his ruins, and did not rat it.

Alas! that there should be ruins in Virginia—her earliest settlements leading the way to the oblivion awaiting her older ones, and that human shambles should only postpone the day of her desolation. Unless she adopts a new policy and seeks profit in some more wholesome business than slave-breeding, she will, we fear, be given totally over to bats and owls. But we do not fear that consummation for her; she will yet seek safety in freedom, popular education, and honest industry. The way to this result may be long and difficult, but Virginia has once come near it, and although abounding in ruins she is not altogether dead. The world will once witness her resuscitation.—*Tribune*.

"In travelling in New Hampshire from Franconia to the Connecticut river," said a gentleman, "I noted the birds' nests upon the trees that stood on the road-sides, and felt delighted with the evidence which they gave of the good qualities of the mothers and children who live there. I noticed the nest of one bird within three feet of the front floor of a dwelling. How confiding was that dear little bird—well did it know that the good mother of that household had trained up her children in the way they should go.

FANNY FERN.

We should be glad to give the true name of this authoress. But she prefers still to maintain her incognito, and a proper deference for the obligations of courtesy (which are as binding in literary as in social life) forbids our doing what would otherwise be an equal gratification to our readers and ourselves. With regard to the personal history of FANNY FERN we feel a similar constraint. We shall, therefore, only touch, and that lightly, upon such points as, under the circumstances, may be referred to without the slightest violation of propriety.

Not many years since, Fanny Fern was living—no matter where—in affluence. No home need be more lovely, no family more happy, than was hers. Ample wealth, devoted love, cultivated intellect, refined taste, and a fervid religious spirit combined to make that home whatever could be desired on earth, and excited the respect and admiration of all admitted to the happy circle. But suddenly a bolt fell. Death came. The husband and father was smitten down. The widowed mother and the half-orphan children were left to fight the battle of life alone. Adversity succeeded adversity. Poverty followed in the dim trail, and illness and want had the afflicted family at their mercy. The mother struggled on as best she could; but we all know how hard it is for a lady to find employment which will enable her to obtain a livelihood even for herself, much less for a family of children. The female teacher generally receives only a meager salary; the copyist pursues an uncertain calling; the seamstress can at best earn but a miserable pittance. And so, at last, after bitter years, the widowed mother, from sheer desperation, took to her pen, and another and a bright star was added to our literary galaxy.

Fanny Fern's first article was written and published in July, 1851. It was immediately copied far and wide. Each succeeding piece met with similar favor; until most of the newspapers of this country, and many British periodicals, were regularly enriched with her articles. But while she was thus furnishing amusement and instruction to the public, she was not receiving an adequate reward. Whenever a woman is obliged to go into the world and earn her own living, she has to undergo trials and difficulties of no just idea. A delicate, sensitive lady can not, for instance, call at newspaper offices to solicit employment, or offer an article for sale, without being exposed to annoyances which to her are very painful, but which a man might not observe. A refined lady can ill brook the inquiring gaze and impatient stare of hangers-on; nor can she bargain for a proper remuneration, nor call again, and again and again, if need be, in foul as well as fair weather. And then it is often assumed that a woman should be paid less for her labor than a man for his, though hers be equally valuable; and is only after she has acquired a commanding reputation that she can ordinarily obtain a just equivalent for her productions. And thus, for many months, the compensation which Fanny Fern received for her writings was not at all commensurate with their value. For articles which were worth fifty dollars, and which would have commanded that sum had she known better how to sell them, she often received but a tenth of that amount; and during this time her income was far from being sufficient to maintain herself and her children comfortably. But with unyielding perseverance, and her trust in God unshaken, she worked on until she triumphed over all obstacles, earned a name of which she may well be proud, secured an ample fortune, and won the increased respect and love of those who knew her best. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that she now commands the highest price paid to writers in this country.

In examining Fanny Fern's writings, even the earliest of them, one is struck with the evidence they exhibit that the writer understands her own powers perfectly; or rather, that she knows positively that she can do certain things better than they have ever been done before. Though this is unquestionably the case, she doubtless often achieves more brilliant triumphs than she anticipated; in other words, she is probably often surprised at the excellence of her own articles. She never makes a mistake, because she never attempts what she cannot successfully achieve. This fact has been manifested throughout her literary career. At first her articles

were mere paragraphs, and contained generally only one clearly pronounced and admirably developed idea. No words were wasted. The idea, or fact, or principle sought to be presented was distinctly stated and clearly worked up in every attractive and telling phrase possible (as Beethoven worked up the theme of a symphony); and then the article was brought to an immediate but artistic conclusion. With practice her confidence seemed to increase, and she struck out into bolder paths. Having tried and proved the strength of her pen, she took loftier flights and continued longer on the wing. Relieved of pecuniary embarrassments, and surrounded once more with the comforts of life, she wrote with greater freedom, and certainly gave to her articles a polish which some of her earlier pieces did not possess. Her latest productions are models of style and composition.

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

We find the following anecdotes of the Horse in Merry's Museum, edited by Mr. Goodrich. They seem strange, but are published as true, and we suppose they are true:

A gentleman, riding home through a wood on a dark night, struck his head against a branch of a tree, and fell stunned to the ground. The horse, finding his master unable to move, immediately returned to the house they had left. It was all closed up, and the family had gone to bed. The horse went directly up to the door, and knocked upon it with his fore foot, till some one rose and came out. He then turned suddenly about and walked away. Wondering what he could mean, the man followed, and the faithful, intelligent animal led him to the place where his master had fallen, and where he still laid insensible.

A little girl, playing on the bank of a canal, fell into the water. There was no person near to help her, and she was in the greatest danger of drowning. A little pony that had long been kept in the family, and was a great favorite with the child, was feeding in the field, near the place where she had fallen in. Hearing her scream, he ran to the bank, plunged in, took her carefully by her clothes in his mouth, carried her out, and laid her on the grass, where she soon recovered.

An old horse belonging to a carter had been particularly familiar with children, for his master had a large family. One day he was dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane; he stopped by a young child lying in the road, who would have been crushed under the wheels if the horse had gone on. The good-natured, sagacious old creature took him carefully up by his clothes, carried him a few yards to the side of the way, and placed him on a bank. He then moved slowly on, looking back as he went, as if to satisfy himself the little fellow was not hurt.

PRAYING MACHINES.

A recent traveller among the Himalayas gives the following account of the sacred implements used by the Thibetan Monks and Lamas:

"The sacred implements in these temples are curious enough. First in importance is the *mani*, or praying machine. It is a cylinder of leather, of any size up to that of a large barrel or even hog-head, placed vertically upon an axis, so that it may revolve with facility. It is often painted in brilliant colors, and is inscribed with the universal *Om Mani Palmi Om*. Written prayers are deposited within this cylinder, which is made to revolve by pulling a string attached to a crank. An iron arm projecting from the side of the cylinder, strikes a small bell at each revolution, and any one who pulls the string properly is supposed to have repeated all the prayers contained in the cylinder at every stroke of the bell. Some of these machines are put in motion by water-power, and thus turn out an amount of supplication too great to be easily estimated. There is another kind borne in the hand which can be made to revolve by a very slight movement of the owner. These are usually carried about by the wandering preists, half mountebank, half Lama, and whole beggar, who perambulate the country, managing to pick up a very comfortable subsistence, though they not unfrequently present a very dilapidated appearance in the matter of clothing. If these cylinders do their work in a satisfactory manner—and those who use them, have no doubts on that score—no labor-saving machine ever invented can begin to compare with them. What is a sewing machine, that makes a thousand stitches a minute—a printing machine that throws off twenty thousand sheets in an hour,

compared with an instrument which repeats all the supplications in the prayer-book as often as a cylinder can be made to revolve on its axis?"

The Monks of Himalaya are by no means entitled to claim all the originality of inventing praying machines. We have had them long, and in great abundance, and often decorated in as "brilliant colors," as those of the Thibetan Monks. Their prayers are not rolled out, it is true, like those thrown into a cylinder, and turned by a crank. But they are thrown off with the least apparent difficulty, and can be multiplied as abundantly as occasion may demand. I have often seen one of these machines operating in the religious sphere—a most beautifully turned prayer, with roundest, most musical periods, I have heard come from one of these machines, that the Lord would give us righteous rulers; that "Ho might be made our rearward," and that our nation be exalted in righteousness; producing, also, in the richest, most musical tones, our Lord's Prayer, that His will be done, on earth, even as in heaven—rolling off, also, that most tender and heart-touching supplication to the kind Father of all, in behalf of the oppressed, the wronged, the orphan and widow, the homeless and breadless, the child of the drunkard, and the forgotten of earth. But then, this machine operates badly, in the sphere of the actual, the real, and crushes, like the wheel of a corn-sheller, the beautiful prayer that, a moment before, passed from its lips. It takes with its paper fingers, a small piece of paper, folding a printed name, throws it into a box, and lo! in time, there issues thence, a power that crushes that prayer, and grinds it to powder. An armed being, as the head of Minerva, springs forth, and in his grasp the kingdom of darkness spreads. The poor are despised, oppression grows stronger, rum spreads its pall of death.

There was run through this praying machine a Rum and Pro-Slavery vote!—*Reformer*.

FREE TRADE.

"Hitherto, my political creed has been composed of but two articles, anti-slavery and temperance, but I do not know but I shall adopt a third, viz: direct taxation and free trade. America can live with free trade, Europe cannot live without it."

The above opinion expressed by the Rev. Mr. Wallace, of this city, in his last letter written from Ireland to the *American*, is worthy of attention inasmuch as it is the conclusion to which a man of candid and discerning mind has arrived after examining the results of commerce and trade in both hemispheres. We have always been a believer in free trade, and the character of the present administration has led us to feel that it was especially desirable to abolish the present system of collecting revenues from the customs. Let a system of direct taxation be adopted, and the great body of the people will watch the treasury with a jealous eye. If the \$20,000,000, taken from the pockets of the people by the Gadsden treaty, had been levied by a direct tax, instead of by duties upon imported articles, the denunciations which would have come up to Washington from every section of the Union, would not only have filled the executive with dismay but defeated every member of Congress who voted for that infamous fraud. As it now is, the sum comes not so much from the pockets of the capitalists as from the laboring classes—the consumers of sugar, coffee, clothing, leather, silk and linen goods. The only sure road to economy in our national expenditures is DIRECT TAXATION.—*Manchester (N. H.) Democrat*.

Henry Ward Beecher in an excellent article in the *Independent* on "Building a House," says: "But a genuine house, an original house, a house that expresses the builder's inward idea of life in its social and domestic aspect, cannot be planned for him; nor can he, all at once, sit down and plan it. It must be the result of his own growth. It must first be wanted—each room and each little nook. But, as we come to ourselves little by little, and gradually, so a house should either be built by successive additions, or it should be built when we are old enough to put together the accumulated ideas of our life."

"Do you drink hale in America?" asked a cockney. "No, we drink *hyander and lightning*," said the Yankee.

The lady whose sleep was broken has had it mended.

*FROM THE FEMALE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA. By Prof. Hart. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.