

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

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Select Poetry.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
MY IDEAL HOME.

BY MONTGOMERY.

My home is made,
'Neath the woodland shade,
Where silver streams are singing,
And the sweet woodbine
And the myrtle vine
To the lattice bower are clinging.

In a sylvan glen,
From the "haunts of men,"
Where Babel tongues are hushing,
And th' unmusical throngs,
With ambitious songs,
The golden hours destroy not.

Where the zephyrs that come,
From the perfumed home,
Are ever sweetly singing,
And the fragrant flowers,
In their woodland bowers,
In vernal groups are springing.

When cooling springs,
'Neath the trees' broad wings,
In sparkling beauty are gushing,
And the frolicsome rills,
Side the forest-clad hills,
To the wide, wide stream are rushing.

Where the honey bee
With its mistletoe
Plucks sweets from the opening flower,
And the birdling throng,
With their sweetest songs,
Make glad each passing hour.

Where the marks of power,
On the dewy flower,
And the gray old rocks are imprinted,
And the rose, a hue,
And the violet's blue
With the beauty of God are tinted.

From the National Era.
HOW BOOKS ARE MADE.

A Visit to the Publishing House of D. Appleton & Co.

Dear reader, are you an author? Did you ever congratulate yourself that you had made a book? This I did, not long ago, when, in the midst of my gratulations, I happened into the establishment of D. Appleton & Co., and looked around in amazement upon the three hundred people, as busy as bees in their several departments of printing, binding, pressing, and polishing what author's had produced. I had, of course, been aware that a book must be printed and bound, and I knew it must take several people to do it; but I had never imagined the number of nice and skillful processes to which it was subject, nor the time and labor required before it could be completed.

It became my duty to wait a while in what seemed to me, at first glance, a lumber-room; but on gazing around to see if I could not learn something, even in a lumber-room; I espied peering through these stacks of brown paper, beautifully printed sheets, and upon observing closely, could read each one labelled according to its contents. "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," upon bundles piled to the very roof. What a popular man Col. Benton must be, if the great demand has created this supply. "Leaves from a Family Journal." This I read long ago, and do not wonder that here are thousands of copies more, soon to go forth; for it is a book which would be read with certain interest, and scarcely less certain profit, by all "heads of families," which is the more marvelous as its author is a Frenchman. "The Brief Remarks" must have a very extensive influence, if we may judge from the links here, ready to form the chain; and my curiosity increasing as it is gratified, I pick through the senseless coats of several gigantic heaps, and find Geographies, Histories, and Poems, in endless variety.

In this same room I observe mon weighty monstrous bags of trimmings. These are cut from the edges of books, and gathered up that nothing be lost. Soon they return, transformed into reams of "gilt" and "letter-press," to be again printed, and clipped, and bound.

Now I am so much interested that I beg to see the sequel of such an establishment. It is well known, we presume, to all readers of books, that by no publishing house in the United States are books turned out of such perfect finish, in all that concerns the binder's art, as by the Appletons.

Next to the Harpers, we believe it is also the largest establishment in our country, and is conducted by five brothers of whose enterprise the world does not need to be informed, but of whose origin and history I wish I knew more, that I might relate it for the benefit of youth.

It may be interesting to young authors, and especially to young authors—there are any among my readers, who are aspiring to the honor and good fortune of calling these gentlemen "my publishers"—to know something of the ordeal to be passed through before this event can fairly take place. You have studied and thought long and patiently, and you have corrected your MSS. You have pondered it till it seems that any stroke of your pen is a thread spun from the finest net-work of your brain. You are sure it is a good book, and have little fear about its being appreciated by the world, but you fear greatly whether it will be properly by those who are to decide whether it is ever made public. It takes you days, and perhaps weeks, to summon sufficient courage to appear before the judges on whom it seems to you, all the hopes of life depend. But it must be done; and with the precious burden you finally cross the threshold, and introduce yourself with the name of your embryo book trembling on your lips. To transact business has never been among the accomplishments thought necessary for a woman, and it is with unspeakable fear and trembling that you enter into the details of a bargain.

Into whose hands you fall to be adjudged you know not, but after the appointed time, with sinking heart and faltering step, you call and learn your doom. If he who stands before you held in his hand the shears which snap the thread of life, it would not seem a more momentous occasion, and you would not watch his lips with intense agony. "Accepted," or "Rejected"—these are the words, and either will produce nearly the same instantaneous effect. But from the shock produced by the first you will soon recover; and it is certain, not only to yourself but to all the world, that there is some merit in your book if accepted here. Now a bargain seems of little consequence to you. It is not money, but a good reputation that you dwell upon with intense delight.

As yet, you have made the acquaintance of but one of the firm; but in your vanity and ignorance, you perhaps imagine your fame has spread through the house, at least; so, the next time you call, you address yourself to the first person you meet, and have the mortification of learning that you have not even been heard of; and you that your manuscript has gone to the printer, the member of the fraternity who accepted it, is as ignorant of its progress as if he had never seen it. You must be introduced to another, who directs concerning the type and size, and everything connected with the execution; and so thoroughly is everything done by a division of labor, that you may get burned out and re-produced, and yet address yourself to a third or fourth partner in the establishment, and he will not know your face or name. But if you walk in the first morning after you are ready for distribution, not only every principal, but every official will bestow upon you a look of recognition; you have passed through all the gradations, and are actually an author. Here you are on the shelf, with as respectable an external as any of your cotemporaries.

Now we will look into the bindery, and see how it is brought about. The type-setting is done in another place; but in this large, airy, pleasant room, into which we first walk, are ten presses which are tended by girls who look as neat as dairy maids, and as bonny. Here you see the pages which you traced by the slow process of penmanship, multiplied by the hundred and thousand in an hour. From here they are taken in quires by the Sheet-man, who carries them aloft to the Folders. Here, too, are girls, and with amazing dexterity, and by means of a paper-cutter, they give the large sheets a book form. They are paid so many cents a hundred, and make good wages if constantly employed. But notwithstanding authors do so increase and multiply, there is sometimes a dearth of material for making books. When folded a Gatherer takes them, and places together a sufficient number to make a perfect book. Round and round she goes, gathering leaves, some of which are roses, and some, we fear, are nightshade! But those we look at do not belong to the latter class; for we read "Chemistry of Common Things," "The Hair of Redcliffe."

From the Gatherer they are taken

by the Press-man who reduces them to a compact state for the Collater, who examines the "signs and wonders," for such they always seemed to me; at the bottoms of the pages, to see that each is in its proper place.

Now the Sewing Machine cuts the backs to enable the Sewer more readily to pierce them with her needle. Practice makes perfect, sure enough! How quickly the scattered leaves are fastened tightly, and the whole begins to look really like a book, though like the marble in a rough-hewn state. Now the Forwarder takes it to the Cutting Machine, which is the same old-fashioned one which was first invented for this purpose, and is simply a knife, regulated by turning a crank with the hand. But there are others in operation, and are useful because though they do not perform the work any more nicely or quickly, they can endure longer, and the labor of feeding them is very light. Thus are made the trimmings which we saw in the great bags below.

But the back of the book must not be flat; so there is a Rounder to curve it; and the covers being made before the leaves are sewed and rounded, another machine is necessary to conform the width to the distance between the boards. This has the unpoetical and inharmonious name of Backing Machine.

Before we see the book covered, we must enter the room of the superintendent of all these different operations, and learn about the ornamenting processes, which require an artist's eye and skill, not only in him who directs, but in those who execute. Here are seen in their several stages of completion, those elegant embossed and leather mosaics, richly gilt-covered and gilt-edged quartos and folios which adorn the center tables of the rich.

When figures or letters are stamped with gold, the whole surface is covered with the precious dust, by girls who are called Layers-on, and by whom they are transferred to the Stamper who makes the desired impression by means of powerful embossing presses, every figure and letter being first engraved upon brass plate.

If the leaves are to be gilt, it is the special office of an Edge-gilder; if to be spotted, it is done by a Sprinkler; and if to be marbled, by a Marbler. This last is a curious process, and one I had thought less about. A shallow zinc tray is filled with water, and around it stand little pots of dry paint exhibiting all the colors of the rainbow. A brush is dipped into each, and the several colors sprinkled upon the surface of the water, varying the quantity of dark or light according to the shade or pattern desired. It then assumes the appearance of waves, by passing through it a coarse or fine-toothed comb, adapting it to the purpose for which it is intended. The surface of the leaves or sheets to be marbled are covered with rice glue, and then drawn lightly over the surface, and come up out of the water dry, and bright with many colors. In this department there is great room for the exercise of taste; and the varied and beautiful patterns we have for our fancy work, prove that men and women of taste are thus employed.

To finish the book, there are still a Casemaker and Paster-down who pastes the leaves in the covers smooth and even; Finishers and assistants—who having all ended their labors, the whole becomes a book, and is placed in a press to be rendered compact and tight. In all twenty-five different processes are necessary after the manuscript leaves the author's hands, before it becomes a volume fit to put before the reader's eyes; and very marvelous it seems that books are so cheap, with so much labor by authors, printers and binders.

We have lingered long though we have dwelt but a moment upon the several details, to which we are indebted to Mr. Matthews, the accomplished superintendent of the bindery in this establishment, who is an amateur in his art. Yet we must take a peep at the ponderous engines in the basement, which keep the printing presses and all the minor machinery in motion, the pipes by which steam is conveyed to every room in case of fire, and the immense vaults which contain the stereotype plates when not in use. And then, as we wander over the spacious building in Broadway, where are displayed to the best advantage the light and the ponderous tomes in all the grand array, we remember the two most oft-repeated maxims in political economy, "the demand creates the supply," and "if it were not profitable, men would not do it;" and we must conclude that this is a reading country, and ours especially a reading age. When we remember, too, that from this press

issue only "books which are books," we must believe that the world is progressing, and men and women are not the degenerate beings misanthropes and croakers sometimes depict them.

MINNIE MYRTLE.
From the National Era.
MR. CHASE.

A friend has sent us the following tribute to the character of Mr. Chase, which has been translated from the *Iowa Staats Zeitung*, a German paper printed at Dubuque:

"Among the few American Statesmen who still retain character and principles, and who have not sunk, like Douglas and other subordinate stars, under the pestiferous air in Washington, but have borne up with irresistible power and firmness the banner of Freedom and Right, in accordance with the principles of Jefferson, against the overwhelming influence of the South, stands forth in particular a man, whose name we would mention with love and esteem. We mean S. P. Chase, the head of the moderate Anti-Slavery and Free Soil party, and the energetic opponent of the corrupt Douglasses and Know Nothing fanatics of Ohio.

"America is rich in cunning, low politicians, but poor, very poor, in statesmen of high principle and consistency, with whom the feeling of honor is not utterly extinguished, and who have retained at least so much deference for the public weal as not to sacrifice downright the interest of the State to their personal ambition. Yes, if we view the entire mass of American great men, so called, we shall hardly be able to say of one in twenty, what Henry Ward Beecher said of Senator Sumner—'He is a man!'

"On the one side we find the great majority of the leaders of political parties entirely given over to the interests of the Cotton Aristocracy of the South—because, blinded by their unbounded ambition, they think they can see the means for gaining their object only in the immense power and the ruling influence of the South—while on the other side we meet a large number of venal, characterless office seekers, men, too, at times, possessed of no inconsiderable talents, who look upon American politics as a cow to be milked, and as a means for making money.

"Mr. Chase belongs neither to the one nor to the other of these classes. He is an ingenious man, of tried probity, who knows no other interests than those of the entire people. And as of late, his chances as Presidential candidate of the liberal Anti-Slavery party have been largely spoken of, we will furnish our readers with a brief sketch of his life.

"Mr. S. P. Chase was born in 1808, in Cornish, New Hampshire. His father died in his infancy; but the limited means of his family did not prevent his getting a classical education. In his fifteenth year he entered a college in Ohio, over which his uncle, Philander Chase, presided. Two years later, he became a member of the junior class in Dartmouth College; and when he graduated, in 1826, in spite of his youth and the fact that he entered later than the rest, he was almost at the head of those who graduated with him. This indicates his great natural talents, for he spent more time in the reading of miscellaneous writings than upon his studies. His classmates remember Mr. Chase as a pleasant companion, a friend of sports, and as a young man of the strictest life, whose high feelings of honor would not allow him to yield to vices which proved the ruin of others around him; and it became the general opinion among his associates, that he was a man who would be sure to make his mark in the world.

"After he left college, utterly penniless, and relying upon his own exertions, he went to Washington, where he found his uncle, then United States Senator. For some time he occupied himself with the instruction of the children of several prominent men, among others of the distinguished orator and jurist, William Wirt, in whose office he studied law, and in whose family he was looked upon as a son. In the spring of 1830 he passed his legal examination, and settled in Cincinnati, where he commenced, and has ever since continued the practice of law. During the first two years of his stay there, Mr. Chase gave more time to perfecting himself in scientific attainments, than to his professional business; and he determined to do for Ohio what was then being done for the State of Massachusetts by a committee of the Legislature—namely, the revision of the Statutes of the State. Some three years later, he published his work in three volumes; and its favorable reception by the Legislature directed the attention of

the people upon him. His practice increased; but his reputation as a great jurist commenced with his great speech, made by him in 1834, before the Supreme Court of the United States, in a slave case, and which even Webster pronounced to be a masterpiece of eloquence.

"During the six years of his Senatorship, his conduct has shed honor upon that body, both in and out of the Senate Chamber. His speech against the Douglas-Nebraska treason was the most important and weightiest one that was made at that session, in reference to the position he took in the treatment of that question. His defeat before the so-called 'Democratic' Legislature of Ohio, in the beginning of last year, was certainly no want of appreciation of the merits of Mr. Chase, but a burning shame, which a corrupt democratic Legislature brought upon that party in Ohio. It is indeed a pity, and may serve as a characteristic portraiture of the Democratic party—that a man of the firm character, of the comprehensive knowledge of statesmanship, and of the rich experience, possessed by Mr. Chase, should be made to give place to a routine party man like G. E. Pugh."

WILL YOU EVER GO HOME?

Yes, we answered mentally, as we passed the subject to whom the question was put. Yes, she will go home; she is in a fair way now to go home; she is on the road—a road that leads to a home from which she will never wander. The question came from a laboring man in that part of the City called the Swamp; it was addressed to, or rather it was spoken as he passed the inanimate form of a woman over which he had to step as he went along the narrow sidewalk of Ferry-st., where she was lying, with her head upon the edge of the iron grating, and her feet drawn up, her garments smashed, her very good clothes soiled and all awry. She was a young woman, under thirty, and looked as though she might be the wife of some mechanic or laboring man in comfortable circumstances. We fancied she might have been the wife of him who said, "Will you ever go home?"

"Is so, it was no new thing for him to see her thus away from home, for he said it hurriedly, and hurried away without stopping to see whether she slept, or whether she had already gone home. It was a melancholy sight, but it was no new one in that locality; for of all the busy bees of that great hive—Ferry-st.—where more leather is made and handled than in any other street in America, not one turned away from his work. Yet she had watchers. Three chifflours—a boy and two dirty girls—with hook and basket stood off in the middle of the street, looking with pitying eyes at this poor, fallen woman. Fallen, perhaps, only in this one degree, from some good, comfortable home to lie down in the dirty street. Perhaps she had left a child in the cradle at that home.

To the poor rag pickers it was an unusual sight, and the youngest girl said: "Why don't she go home?" The other said to the boy: "Is she dead, Joe?"

"No, she is drunk." Drunk! yes that was why she did not go home—she was drunk and lying in the street. A decently dressed, respectable looking woman, lying across the sidewalk at mid-day in one of the streets of New York drunk! And yet in that same City there are sober, rational, respectable men and women who contend that all men have an unalienable right to produce just such a state of things as this—to make women drunk, till, like beasts, they lie down in the streets—to brutalize society by familiarizing our eyes to such sights, until we pass them by without a shudder—without an effort to lift up the fallen—till only one man of all a busy street even inquires: "Will you ever go home?"—till only the young rag-pickers stop with curiosity enough to ask one of the other "Is she dead?"

What if she were dead—what if she had gone home? Would the Coroner's Jury inquire who killed her? No—no, indeed, not they; they would not inquire—would not care; they would only say, "Died from the effects of intoxication." And away she would go in the Alms-House cart to her home—to the home of many like her—the home to which the Dutchman at the corner—the more genteel family grocer, where bread and poison are sold over the same counter—the owner of the marble palace rum-shop—all and each send their customers. It is the usage of the City—an ancient usage that must not be interfered with, because long habit has turned an evil into a privilege. The keeper of the palace, the grocer and the Dutchman, all claim

the right, and they shall have the honor of making the woman drunk—so drunk that she could not reply when the man said, "Will you ever go home?"

We have six thousand places where men and women are made drunk; and it is reasonable to suppose that each makes ten drunk daily; so that of sixty thousand more or less drunk, it is not surprising that here and there we meet such a sad sight as that in Ferry-st. We employ twelve hundred at \$600 a year, whose almost sole business is to go about looking for just such cases to make the daily "returns" to the Police Court, and give the reporters a chance to say that another woman was "sent up" this morning for being drunk in the streets. Yes, in the streets—that is the crime; it is no crime to be drunk at home; so let the Ferry-st. woman get up and answer the question: Will you ever go home? "Yes, I will; I will go home and get drunk there—the law allows that; and though it may bring me to utter misery, the rag-pickers will not stare at me drunk in the street."

Let us go home also and reflect: Let us ask the rum-seller, Will you ever go home—where you belong?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

From the N'Kean Citizen.
COMPOSITION.

Let no one feel, because this article is headed Composition, that it comes not within the range of our Common Schools. It is true it has been so long and so universally neglected, that there are very few Common Schools of this county, but would consider it an almost unpardonable innovation. Yet we firmly believe that not a school can be found where this branch could not be profitably introduced. The instructions must, and should be chiefly oral; but whenever there are scholars large enough to write with any good degree of legibility and facility, Composition should be at once introduced. These are the reasons. First, it will be found one of the best ways of acquiring a practical style of chirography. There are many who can write a good copy, but put them upon a page, and it will look "horrid." Why? Because they have never been called upon to write except after a correctness in the use of language, which we can hope to obtain in no other way.

Again, the facility and elegance acquired are truly astonishing. It will be recollected that in our classification of Grammar, this was one department. Now, this, above all others, is the place to teach practical Grammar. And here you may combine, as the student advances, those principles of Proseody which are necessary in after life, together with practical instructions upon letter writing, &c.

That there is great need for something of the kind, no one can doubt. The fact that one half or two thirds of our population are deplorably ignorant upon this subject, should be enough to set every teacher at work to remedy the evil. Teachers, if you could but pass one week in a Post Office, and examine many of the superscriptions of the letters that would pass through your hands, you would be convinced that "the Schoolmaster ought to be abroad." And as we can "tell by a little what a good deal means," we may judge by the superscription of style, &c., within.

Then, if this is a field on which Teachers should labor, how shall it be done? In our next we shall endeavor to throw out hints, as to the manner of introducing, and conducting exercises in this important, though much neglected branch.

A PRETTY CONCERT.—Command us to children for pretty fancies and gems of thought. The *Portland Transcript* relates the following: "One of our correspondents has a bright little girl's learning to talk, who is destined to become a poetess. Some of her pretty sayings we have already chronicled. Here is the last: A bob-o-link came and sat on a tree near the window. She was much delighted, and asked, 'What makes her sing so sweet, mother? Do he eat flowers?'"

PRICE OF A BROKEN HEART.—The late Robert C. Sands sued for damages in a case of a breach of promise of marriage. He was offered 200 pounds to heal his broken heart. "Two hundred!" he exclaimed; "two hundred for ruined hopes, a blasted life! Two hundred for all this! No, never! Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!"

Thinking is like loving or eating, every man must do it for himself to get the benefit of it.—*Ways of Life.*