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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### Sweet Seventeen.

In childhood when my girlish eye  
Glanced over life's unfaded green,  
Thoughts undefined, and sweet and new,  
Would blend with thee, sweet seventeen.

Restrained at twelve by matron care,  
My walks prescribed, my movements seen,  
How bright the sun, how free the air  
Seemed circling o'er bright seventeen.

Thirteen arrived, but still my book,  
My dress, were watched with aspect keen;  
Scarce on a novel might I look,  
And balls—must wait for seventeen.

Fourteen—allowed the evening walk,  
Where friendship's eye illum'd the scene,  
The long, romantic bosom talk,  
That talk which glanced at seventeen.

The next revolving circle brought  
A quicker pulse, yet graver mien;  
I read—I practised, studied, thought  
For what?—to step at seventeen.

Sixteen arrived—that witching year  
When youthful hearts like buds are seen,  
Ready to open, when first appear  
The genial rays of seventeen.

They came—have passed—think not, fair  
Maids,  
My hand shall draw the magic screen;  
But this I urge—fill well your heads,  
And guard your hearts for seventeen.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From Sargent's Magazine.

### THE PERILS OF PLEASING EVERYBODY.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Not many seasons since, as I was sitting in a box of the Park Theatre, on the occasion of the performance of Bellini's brilliant opera of "La Sonnambula," one of those instances of the tyrannical surveillance exercised by the pit of an American audience, over the assemblage in the first tier, occurred immediately under my notice. The exquisite quiet, with which the first act concludes, had been charmingly sung by Mr. and Mrs. Wood—the curtain had fallen to a burst of enthusiastic applause from a well filled house—and there was a noise of persons issuing from the boxes into the lobby, when a loud hiss from the pit attracted my attention.

Looking in the quarter from which the sibilant proceeded, I discovered that the box, of which I was one of the occupants, was the centre of attraction for that portion of the audience, who were signifying their disapprobation. And what had excited among them those expressions of rebuke? It was long before I could divine the cause. At length, when the storm of hisses rose to such a height, that many ladies began to rise in alarm from their seats, I learned that a gentleman on the front bench, in a white broadcloth overcoat, was the object of the pit's sibilant displeasure because of his persisting in using an opera-glass.

The individual thus designated was of the middle height, slim, and apparently of a delicate constitution, but with a head and face indicative of strength of character and intellectual cultivation. And yet there was something in the expression of the features, that puzzled me exceedingly, while at the same time I felt that it was irresistibly winning. It was benign and playful, with a dash of scorn; self-possessed, fearless and energetic, and, at the same time, humble, child-like, and unassuming. "That man is a perfect paradox," thought I to myself; "his head is a bundle of contradictions."

The hissing of those censors of manners and applauders of sentiment, whose tribunal is the pit, seemed to produce no outward manifestation of concern in the object for whom it was intended. With

the most imperturbable gravity, he continued to level his opera-glass now in one direction and now in another, occasionally wiping it with a fine combed handkerchief, and then deliberately lifting it to his eyes, notwithstanding the hisses, shrieks and cat-calls, which the movement invariably called forth.

"Put down that quizzing-glass, d—n your eyes!" screamed a stout, burly young man, rising on one of the benches but a few feet from the box, and shaking his fist at the holder. For an instant the hissing was suspended; and, much to my surprise, the gentleman with the opera-glass removed it from his eyes. The pit, supposing that they had at length gained the victory began to applaud; but their congratulations were speedily checked.—He had merely removed the offending instrument to arrange the screw. Apparently as regardless of the existence of any one in the pit before him as he was of the man in the moon, he now again resumed his inspection of some distant object, the drop-curtain, perhaps, with his glass. His censors seemed to grow absolutely frantic at this new evidence of his disregard of their clamor; and the stalwart young man, who had before risen to intimidate him by a menace of personal violence, again started up and called upon him to put down that glass.

"At him, Bob! Pitch into him, and take it away," cried several voices, in coarse accents of encouragement.

Bob drew nearer, evidently disposed to do their bidding.

The gentleman rose, holding the glass in his left hand, and regarding his antagonist through it with perfect composure.—Bob suddenly reached forward attempted to snatch it away. But he little dreamed what manner of a customer he had to deal with. Without removing the glass, the gentleman, by a well-directed blow with his right hand, sent the brawny ruffin staggering and bleeding, nearly into the centre of the pit.

The whole audience now rose in a state of excitement; and cries of "Put them out! Put them out!" resounded from every part of the theatre. Almost the only person who seemed to be wholly unconcerned in the midst of the tumult, was the gentleman who innocently produced it. He continued to hold the opera-glass to his eyes, notwithstanding the angry expostulations of many gentlemen in the boxes, and the uproar created by the Chesterfields of the pit. Nothing could induce him to remove it—not even the pleading and reproachful glances of a beautiful girl who occupied an adjoining seat. The handle of the glass seemed glued to his hand, and the barrels to his eyes.

While the excitement was at its height, the curtain rose, and the sound of music diverted the attention of the audience.—The man with the opera-glass composedly took his seat, and the pit sullenly and murmuringly followed his example. By the time Mrs. Woods, as the fair somnambulist, had entered Rodolph's apartment and commenced the plaintive melody she sings in her sleep, all was once more tranquil, and the second act closed without any interruption. As the curtain fell, the pit simultaneously turned, as one man, to look after their friend with the opera-glass. He had replaced it in his side pocket, the moment he found there was no attempt to oppose him in the use of it; but now, that he perceived the object of those who were scrutinizing him, he again drew it forth with most provoking deliberation and coolness, and, after carefully wiping it with his glove, lifted it slowly but surely to his eyes. Again did one consentaneous hiss arise from the pit, and again did the refractory subject quietly persist in the act, which excited their displeasure. In vain did some swear at him, and some shake their fists. Since the display he had already given of his pugilistic prowess, no one among those who condemned his persevering defiance of the despotism of Messieurs, the mob, ventured to do more than indulge in an impotent threat. After the whole house had once more been thrown into a state of commotion, the curtain rose upon the third act, and quiet was restored.

Mrs. Wood's brilliant execution of the finale, "Ah! don't mingle," seemed to drown the recollection of the recent disturbances. The applause was universal, and the man with the opera-glass joined in it with evident enthusiasm. But soon the plaudits died away—the curtain fell—and the pit, seeing nothing more upon the stage to engage their attention, again turned their eyes to the man with the opera-glass, remaining in their places apparently for the sole purpose of watching his movements. That imperturbable individual arose—drew on his gloves, a process which he contrived to render rather tedious—buttoned his white surtout tightly around him up to his chin—placed his cane under his arm, and then wheeled about as if to depart. But a party in one of the private boxes of the second tier suddenly arrested his attention. He turns,

once more draws forth the portentous opera-glass, and applies it to his eyes.—At this final display of indifference to their prejudices the poor fellows in the pit seemed to grow almost with wild rage, and a volley of hisses and yells, that surpassed all former ebullitions in emphasis and force, was directed towards the offending individual. For a full minute he continued, in spite of the clamor, to make use of the glass. Then with a face which betrayed nothing save an expression of curiosity as to the identity of the persons he had been surveying, he slowly deposited the glass in its case, restored the case to his pocket, bowed gracefully to the gentlemen of the pit, and, with the air of a man who loiters, he knows not why, took his departure, as deaf, apparently, to the unearthly noises around him as to the music of the spheres. An orange, which was aimed at him by the *Pittiles*, took effect on the ruby cheek of a corpulent gentleman, who had been vociferating with great animation against him, because of the contempt he had manifested for the voice of the majority. The fat man turned in the direction from which the missile came—and the last I saw of him he was shaking his fists, and working himself up into a state which threatened to render him a most promising subject for an attack of apoplexy. What became of him I never heard, though I carefully examined the reports of the coroner's inquests for several days afterward.

On issuing from the theatre into the open air, I found that the weather was rainy, and, having with me no umbrella, I called to a cab-man to take me in his vehicle.

"Cab's engaged, sir," replied the man; "but perhaps the gentleman won't object to giving you a seat."

"No you don't, driver," cried a voice from the inside. "No tricks upon travellers, if you please!"

"It is no matter," said I. "There will be another cab here soon."

"But it is matter," exclaimed the occupant of the cab in an altered tone.—"Open the door, driver. Why keep the gentleman standing in the rain? You are quite welcome, sir, I only go as far as the Globe."

"My own destination?" replied I.—"This is quite fortunate."

I entered the vehicle, and the light of a lamp falling at the same moment upon the features of the occupant, I at once saw that he was the man who had produced the sensation in the theatre by his independent use of an opera-glass.

"I was glad to see that you came off victorious," said I. "You bravely vindicated the liberty of the individual in your person."

"You allude to me and my opera-glass," he replied. "What an absurd tyranny was that they attempted to exercise over me! If such demands are submitted to, we shall soon see them hooting a man for wearing a patent respirator or a pair of sky-blue spectacles."

"The perfect composure with which you met their assaults, was admirable," said I. "It looked at one time as if there would be a personal *melee*."

"I have always found," returned my companion, "that those who lend themselves, whether collectively or individually, to oppression of any kind, are invariably cowards. It proved so in the affair of the opera-glass."

The noise of the wheels prevented the interchange of many more remarks, and in three minutes we reached the Globe in safety."

"Do you ever take supper?" asked my new acquaintance, as we entered the hotel.

"I occasionally fall into that habit, after going through a course of balls and parties," I replied, "but of late I have been abstinent."

"A few oysters and a glass of Blancard's sparkling Hock can do you no harm, I am sure," said my companion, leading the way to the dining hall.

"It has occurred to me several times that you were studying me," continued he, as we found ourselves seated at the table.

"I acknowledge myself a general student of character," said I, "and yours of course presents itself as one well worthy of scrutiny."

"You are quite right there," returned he. "Fill up your glass; and before we swear eternal friendship, hear my story. Born of a reputable family and to a handsome fortune, I started life upon the principle of pleasing every body, without reference to my own advantages. 'What a sweet, amiable, obliging boy!' was the exclamation of all who knew me, from my maiden aunt to the girl who scrubbed the floors. Little dunce that I was, I was proud of their commendation, and pleased with expressions of gratitude from every human creature who might chance to come in my way. My organ of approbation must have been enormous in those days. It has sensibly decreased since. But I am wearying you?"

"Not at all. Pray proceed."

"If you are very much interested, we will change the subject."

"Very well. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Then I will go on; and since you seem indisposed to drink any more, I will refill your glass. But to return to my story. As I grew up I manifested the same solicitous desire to be thought well of by the world, that I had displayed in my more verdant days. At college so sensitive was I to the dislike of my classmates, so afraid of having them think or speak harshly of me, that I rarely ventured to say 'No,' to any request whatsoever.—The consequence was, that before my junior year I was expelled, in company with Frank Dubrawl, who had not only borrowed money from me to a most patronizing extent, but had led me into the scrape, which was the cause of my collegiate disgrace. Rarely did I make any movement, however trivial, without consulting my friends as to its expediency.—And rather than I displease any of them I would abandon it altogether. 'What profession shall I choose?' I asked them, after the abrupt termination of scholastic career. 'Study medicine,' said one.—'The law!' said another. 'Divinity!' said my maiden aunt. 'Civil engineering,' said Frank Dubrawl. 'Come into my counting-room, and learn to be a merchant,' said an uncle of mine of the old school. It appeared to me, that the only possible mode of avoiding giving offence to all my advisers, was to take the advice of no one in particular, but to remain as I was, and do nothing. Accordingly I devoted myself to that agreeable vocation. One summer-day I fell in love. The fair object was the daughter of a hotel-keeper, who had the reputation of having acquired a large fortune by gambling. I never thought to inquire who or what he was.—He had the appearance and manners of a gentleman; and his daughter—sweet Emily Bertrand! I cannot mention thy name even at this late day, without a choking sensation in my throat, as if my heart would follow it! Pshaw! Sink sentiment!"

"Ay, sink sentiment! and on with your story! I am afraid it is going to be a long one," said I, beginning to fathom some of the peculiarities of my new friend's character.

He looked at me with an expression of momentary surprise, and then replied:—"You object to sentiment, do you? My story cannot be told without it, and so I will proceed. We met first at Trenton Falls—Emily and I. She was proceeding along the narrow shelf of the parapet that towers high above the tumbling stream.—I was coining towards them from the opposite direction. On turning an angle in the rocky wall the shelf became so narrow, and the abyss beneath so formidable, that Emily grew suddenly giddy and turned pale. 'I am fainting—falling!' she exclaimed. Her father was some rods behind her. The shelf on which she stood was so narrow, and the walls above overhung it so closely, that it was impossible for two persons, who accidentally met, to pass each other, without the utmost danger. There seemed no hope for the young lady, and the hazard of attempting to rescue her was most imminent. I did not stop, however, to consider chances.—Grasping with one hand a rough knob of rock, that protruded from the side of the perpendicular precipice, I threw my disengaged arm around her, and received her as she was falling. With great difficulty I bore her back along the flinty parapet to a wide platform, produced by a semicircular sweep in the rocky buttress, that forms the titanic bank of the cascades.—A handful of water from the river quickly revived her. We were soon joined by her father, who, in the ecstasy of his gratitude for her deliverance, actually kissed my hands. I guided them home to the hotel through a valley in the precipitous line of rock, which was a more secure if a less picturesque road than that which they had trodden. This incident naturally enough led to a further acquaintance.—They were to tarry a week longer at the Falls, and I soon made up my mind to remain also. I have always looked back upon that week as the happiest of my life. It was touching to observe the relation that existed between the father and the daughter. He, a thorough man of the world, addicted to horse-racing and gambling, appeared to undergo in her presence a thorough transformation, and to regard her as a superior being—a saint, whose intercession would plead for him trumpet-tongued before Heaven's tribunal. Never did a harsh or profane word escape him while she was by. It was as if there was an atmosphere of purity about her, in which no sully of thought could exist. Her beauty was of the most decided and faultless kind. Every feature and every limb seemed perfectly in harmony with the symmetrical character of her intellectual faculties, and the sweetness, truth, and transparency of her moral. All the means of education that money could sup-

ply had been afforded her, and nobly had she availed herself of them. It had never been my lot to meet with accomplishments so rare, and an intelligence so extensive united to so much simplicity of manner.—The secret was to be found, perhaps, in the fact, that in consequence of her father's questionable position, she had seen hardly any thing of society; and yet with what machless grace and dignity did she demean herself in every station! How poor and paltry seemed the conventionalities of fashion and art, compared with the unstudied felicities of her own truthful nature! Our rambles in the neighboring groves of pines, our fishing parties, our little concerts, at which Emily sang as if the soul of Malibran had entered her frame, are among the et ceteras, which your imagination must supply. At the end of the week, I was so far enamored, that I accompanied the Bertrands to the city. What a tempest was raised about my ears when it was discovered by my kind friends and relatives, that I was in danger of involving myself in a serious affair with the daughter of a man like Bertrand!"

"Surely you did not allow their opposition to influence you in the concerns of the heart?"

"How could I endure the thought of displeasing so many dear and disinterested friends? I did not absolutely surrender all hope of winning Emily's love, but I consented to refrain from popping the question until I had visited Europe, and seen a little Parisian society. I took leave of her with much emotion. Her little hand quivered tremulously in mine as I bade her farewell. But my officious friends offered me no opportunity of lingering. One of them engaged my passage, and another saw my baggage shipped. I crossed the Atlantic—passed a week or two in London—hurried to Paris, and then to escape from my own discontent, dashed into Italy. But every step, it occurred to me, 'How doubly charming would all this be, if she were only with me! I have often heard her discourse with enthusiasm of Italy, and of the delight she anticipated in one day visiting that land of romance. She spoke the language fluently—which I did not. Her temper was like the clime itself—bland, sunny and clear. Why should I ramble in selfish solitude, when I had the means of securing such a companion? I suddenly formed a determination—hastened to Leghorn—and took passage in merchant vessel for New York. My aunt seemed to divine the motive of my speedy return; for almost the first words she greeted me with were: 'Well, your famous beauty, the hotel-keeper's daughter, is married.' 'Indeed!' said I, turning pale. 'O, yes. Married to a captain of one of the Liverpool packets—a very proper match for her!' I withdrew to my room, sick at heart. My other friends conformed my aunt's statement, and, quite indifferent to my fate, I allowed them to cut and carve for me as they pleased. They were not long in finding me a wife. She belonged, they informed me, to one of the oldest families in the city, and her father was quite wealthy. As for her person it was unexceptionable. For some time I repudiated the idea of marriage. But when they at length, as a *dernier resort*, told me that the young lady was desparately in love with me—positively pining through my neglect—my base-spirited good nature—my old propensity to please everybody—got the better of my discretion. She became my wife. For a year or two we lived harmoniously enough; but her unconscionable extravagances aroused my serious resistance. Her father's disreputable failure in business seemed to produce no effect upon her spendthrift habits. By following the advice of my dear friends, I had managed to sink two thirds of my property in bad speculations. I resolved upon an immediate reduction of my expenses—sold my house and furniture—and moved into humble private lodgings. The next day my wife left in the steam-boat for Charleston, in company with my old friend, Frank Dubrawl."

"Pleasant!"

"Very. But the consequence was somewhat tragical. The steam-boat was wrecked, and the fugitives were among the lost. My character now began to undergo that change, one of the manifestations resulting from which you saw exhibited by me this evening in my obstinate defiance of public opinion. So far from being sedulously anxious to please everybody, I don't care a brass farthing for what this man or that chooses to say of me; and I make it a point to adopt the course that is precisely opposite to that which my advisers recommend. My good uncle besought me not to invest the remnant of my property in certain 'fancy stocks.' I immediately invested every cent in them. They rose fifty—a hundred—two hundred per cent. My uncle advised me to hold on. I instantly sold out, thereby securing to myself a handsome fortune, and escaping absolute ruin—for the stocks went down to nothing. I am rather gra-

tified than otherwise when I hear of my being soundly abused; but, what is very extraordinary, now that I am sincerely indifferent to praise or dispraise of any man or woman, or body of men or women, I am much better spoken of, and my company is much more sought after, than when I was constantly on the *qua vice* to conciliate the good opinion of all I met."

"That is very natural," returned I.—"Some philosopher remarks, that we ought not to be too anxious about the good opinion of others; for, in proportion to our anxiety, it will, out of mere perverseness, be denied to us. And yet, Ben Johnson says:

"Content of fame begets contempt of virtue."

"Out upon the virtue!" exclaimed my companion, "which looks to any respect but self-respect for its reward! No, my young friend. The man is an ass, who does not fearlessly *act out himself* without regard to the favorable opinion of 'all the world, and his wife,' as the French say.—What author ever wrote a great thing, who wrote with a fear of critics before his eyes? Suppose that the Edinburgh Review had existed in the time of Shakspeare, and that the bard of Avon had given heed to its lawyer-like adducements of proofs, that he was full of faults that he and anachronisms, would he have been Shakspeare any longer, think you?"

"You must have spent the last few years abroad!" asked I, unwilling to protract the discussion, as the hour was late.

"You are right. But I see that you are getting sleepy, and though it is against my principles, I will let you off."

We bade each other good-night. Several years had elapsed, and I had lost nearly all recollections of "the man I had met at the play." But not long since, in looking for a friend's room at the Astor House, I accidentally opened the door of the wrong apartment. A gentleman and a lady were at the window, and in the arms of the latter, who was surpassingly lovely, was a beautiful child. Apologizing for my mistake, I was hastily retiring, when a glance of recognition on the part of the gentleman detained me. In another moment I became aware that the hero of the opera-glass stood before me. We interchanged greetings, and he introduced me to his wife—his "Emily," as he called her. I at once remembered her name and the story of his life.

"You shall hear the *denouement*," said he, "if you will stop and take dinner with us."

I assented; and the sequel run thus:—The story which my friend's kind relatives had told him of Emily's marriage, proved to be a fiction. Through an extraordinary run of ill luck, her father had been reduced from affluence to penury. Ill health was added to his other misfortunes; and for many months, she supported him by copying music for one of the theaters. At a moment, when their privations had become most critical, by one of those coincidences, which occur oftener in real life than careless observers suppose, their companion of Trenton Falls encountered Emily—learned from her the circumstances that had transpired since their last meeting—and accompanied her to the humble lodgings where her father lay upon his death-bed. The last moments of the invalid were serene and even cheerful; for over him were bent the faces of his daughter and her affianced lover, and it seemed to be his faith, that the intercession of the former would make his future lot a happy one.

About half a year after Bertrand's decease, Emily was united to the friend, who had so opportunely come to her assistance on more than one occasion. They removed to a beautiful country seat not many miles from the city; and here "the man I met at the play," though still quite indifferent to the good or evil report of the world, finds that true happiness is to be found not in pleasing everybody, (which the perverseness of men will not allow even the Creator to do,) but in first pleasing one's self in the choice of a wife, and in then being content with pleasing one's conscience and her.

"And what better moral do you ask to a story, fair lady, than this?"

"I say, you dorkie," said a tall Kentuckian to a negro who was taking an awful big horn at the bar of a western steam-boat—"I say, you dorkie, do you belong to the Temperance Society?" "No mass, I belongs to Misses Hall," was the reply.

A Western editor says:—A gentleman the other day, on asking a market man the price of eggs, answered, "Eggs are eggs now." "I am glad to hear it with all my heart; for the last I bought of you were half chickens."

It is said that however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few of them can decline matrimony.

The last abstraction is the boiling of pig metal to manufacture lard oil.