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MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE AND CATNIP.

BY EDGAR SOMERS.

The dim light of the lamp illuminates the apartment for a while, but at last went out, leaving the room in darkness, save when an occasional flash of light from the half-extinguished fire gleamed for a moment upon the obscurity.

In one corner, seated upon a sofa, where the forms of a gentle maiden and her adoring lover. The youth was pleading his passion with all the burning eloquence of impetuous love and imploring his charmer to name the happy day that was to unite them forever. But what was his grief to find that she did not meet his fond wishes with corresponding ardor.

"Ah, Susan," he sighed, "have I then deceived myself in fondly believing that your gentle heart reciprocated my passion?"

She fixed her liquid eyes upon him, but her words were few and coldly uttered:

"I rather think you have."

"What! you cannot mean that you do not love me! You will not tear from the sky of the future the bright sun of hope and leave me to grope forever in darkness! Oh, Susan! by the happy hours we have passed together—by all the bright dreams and happiness we have cherished—by the vows you have sworn to love me,—I conjure you to revoke what you have just uttered and promise to be mine!"

But all unmoved by his appeal, she curls her ruby lips and scornfully answers—

"I shan't do no such thing!"

Merciful heaven! do I hear aright! must I then live on in loneliness, with all my hope-withered and dead like a solitary sunflower stalk in the chilling winter? Nay, by the whole universe I swear it shall not be! Mark me, cruel one; thou hast been the bright polar star by which I guided my whole existence. Thou wast the rock on which I founded my hope of happiness; and if thou wilt not consent to be mine, I swear by the blazing sun, when he rises as usual to-morrow morning, before breakfast, his rays shall shine on me a cold corpse, beneath the angry waves of the raging Merinae—or perchance my bloody remains will be found upon its banks; and if these means of death fail me, I will swallow *poison!* do you hear? and expire for the love of thee. Then you will have naught to remind you of him who loved you better than a thanksgiving dinner, save the consoling reflection that you are his murderer!"

But his agony, his threats, affected her not. She was as cold as the icicle that in midwinter hangs from the nose of the town pump. Cruelly—deliberately did she crush his last hope, and with a mocking, incredulous smile she said,—

"You daren't do it."

He sprang to his feet; despair was painted on his features; desperation glared in his eyes. With his hands clasped in agony he turned an imploring look towards the mistress of his heart and exclaimed,—

"Once more I implore you to reflect recall those cruel words or I go to fulfill my threat;" and with his hand upon the latch, he awaited her decision. It came like a thunder to the unhappy youth.

"You may go—if you wish—to grass!"

With one bound he gained the street, furiously he dashed along and turning the first corner ran against a gush of wind that was rushing the other way. The breeze knocked off his *tile!* it had cost him a V the week before; yet he heeded not its loss. Like a whirlwind he swept along the sidewalk, and espying a blue bottle in a druggist's window he made tracks like a

longitudinal stripe of crude and solidified city milk, to wards it. Opening the door with an impetuosity that made the clerk spring over the counter and seek safety behind a glass case, he fixed his eyes with the ferocity of a bereaved maternal tigress upon the slim and trembling attendant and hoarsely growled,—

"*Poison!* give me *poison!*"

"*Eh—ah—what!*" gasped the horror-stricken clerk from his place of refuge.

"*Poison!* do you hear?" thundered the youth furiously.

With a shaking hand the clerk filled a phial and overran the liquid on his new, inexpressibles, but not heeding this mishap he placed the significant label '*poison!*' on the bottle, and standing on tip-toe reached it over the show-case to his dangerous customer. Clutching it fiercely the doomed young man hurled a quarter at the head of the clerk, and then hurried to his lodgings.

When he reached his own room the excitement had passed away, but it was succeeded by a cool deliberation and determination that it was as absolutely blood-chilling as a cold duck in December. Undressing, he prepared for bed, and then seizing the phial of poison he drank its contents unflinching. Getting into bed he aroused his *chum*, who had slept through the whole of the terrible scene, and bade him arise and call his parents and also send for his false lady-love to come and see him die. His request was complied with, and soon his weeping parents arrived to bless their dying son. While they were lamenting over him the door opened and Susan—the cruel, but now repentant object of his love—entered the room. As she approached the bed side of the expiring youth, he raised himself feebly and said,—

"Susan for thee I die!" and sunk back helpless on his pillow.

Who shall paint the anguish, the agony of the lovely maiden! With shrieks that rent the air into shreds and drove the ancient tabby from the room, she rushed to her doomed lover and implored his forgiveness. She called him by every endearing epithet, but alas it was too late,—too late! Fondly she embraced him,—tenderly she parted the hair from his brow and kissed his pale forehead. They were reconciled while he was on the brink of eternity.

But the poison was at work within; he felt it coursing its burning way through every vein. He was conscious that he had but a few short moments to live, when his *chum*, who had entered to bid him a last farewell, inquired what he had taken.—Perhaps there was an antidote.

"Alas—no!" murmured the unhappy victim; "it is too late to think of remedies. I am almost gone. The bottle of poison is on the mantle: I do not know its name."

The *chum* seized the phial; he looked at what remained of the fatal draught,—dubiously he sighed, and extracting the cork applied it to his olfactory prophecies. Three long sniffs took he and the phial fell with a crash from his almost palsied hands, while in a tone of wonder he ejaculated—

"*Catnip!* by thunder!"

"*What!*" exclaimed the expiring lover, springing bolt upright in bed.

"Extract of catnip, sure as skunks; you are not poisoned at all."

With one bound the dying man gained the middle of the room. His lady-love fainted in dismay and picking up the fragments of the phial, he soon satisfied himself that it was indeed catnip he had swallowed.

Great was his rage at the discovery; with horrid imprecations on the luckless wight who had deceived him, he got into his clothing, and arming himself with a big stick he sallied forth to wreak bloody vengeance on his devoted head. But to his deep disappointment the drug store was closed and the attendant was gone. Taking the edge off his wrath by shaking out of his boots a small boy whom he encountered on his homeward way, he swore a deep and terrible oath of vengeance on the druggist's clerk, to be inflicted the first time he encountered him at large and in the open air after sundown. Horrible to hear were the words he breathed, and the oath was registered—somewhere.

And now each night may be seen a slon-

der stripling wending his way homewards at a rapid pace. He has a big bowie knife and revolver in each hand, yet he starts at every foot step and trembles at every shadow! ever and anon he casts looks of terror behind, for he fears the *avenger*. It is the doomed druggist's clerk, and since the threat of the poisoned man has been told him, he has grown so *thin* that his employer intends to use him as an illustration to a course of lectures on anatomy.

MORAL.—When a rejected young man, bent on suicide, seeks to purchase poison, let him have it, it is decidedly the best thing he could take, and by complying with the request the apothecary may escape a further drubbing.

Secondly, young men—when you "get the mitten," don't commit suicide in a hurry, if you do you may *live to repent it.*—*Carpet Bag.*

THE PEEL FAMILY.

HOW THEY BECAME SO RICH.

Below is an interesting history of the inventions by which old Peel became the founder of a family so eminent in their country. We are inclined to think the old woman was as hard working, industrious a person, as the grandmother of the American Minister's daughter:

Almost every person has been led to suppose, from the notices which have appeared about him, that he was the descendant of some haughty house, the offspring of a lordly race. But this he is not; his great wealth was acquired by the sagacity, enterprise and ingenuity of his grandfather, and the purchase of one useful invention for a small sum. An account of this will not be uninteresting, and it will enable us to review briefly the progress of one art, namely, calico printing. During the early part of the last century, calico printing was not known in England. This kind of goods derived the name from Calcutta, from which place they were taken to England. Among the men in England who took a lively interest in her rising manufacturers, was the grandfather of Robert Peel, a small but industrious farmer of Blackburn, in Lancashire. He was the inventor of the card cylinder for carding cotton cloth—cutting his own blocks, making his own colours, printing the goods, and then his wife and daughters set to work and ironed them. This was a clumsy way to finish calicoes, but it was the only way known then, and there was an abundant sale for them, however coarse their finish. But the old farmer was not satisfied with this slow process, and no doubt he was a considerate man, for he set his inventive faculties to work, and invented the mangle, which at once relieved his wife and daughters of their severe toil, and finished his goods much quicker and far better. He afterwards got other machinery for finishing, kept it secret, and produced the best finished goods then in the English market, and he was soon at the head of an extensive business and possessed of great wealth for he was prudent and economical also. His son, the father of Sir Robert, greatly assisted him, and became a very rich man. He was also a man of great ingenuity, and is accredited with printing calicoes with the pattern engraved on a copper revolving cylinder—impressing the pattern on the cloth which is fed between it and another cylinder covered with a blanket. This was an improvement for great speed over block printing; but the styles of block printing long and successfully competed with all other kinds, and only for the successive quarrels between the printers and their employers, would still be a good and extensive business. In France block printing is still carried on quite extensively. It is stated that Sir Robert Peel's father purchased the secret of making *resist paste*, from a person named Grouse for twenty-five dollars and that he realized fifty thousand times that sum out of it. This *paste* is printed on white cloth, the cloth, then dyed, and afterwards washed, when all those parts which have been covered with the *paste*, appear white—the white and the blue common calico patterns.

Without Benefit of Clergy.

We often hear this phrase, but very few comprehend its real meaning. Most persons suppose it means that a criminal shall have no spiritual adviser, or religious consolation previous to his execution. But this is a popular error. The dark cloud of barbarism which succeeded the downfall of the Roman empire having nearly effaced literary pursuits, the attention of the nobility, and the body of the people placed above labor, was wholly absorbed by military exercise and the chase, while the regular and secular clergy, became for ages with some exceptions, almost the sole depositories of books, and the learned languages. As it is natural to respect what we do not understand, the Monks turned the advantage to good account, and it gradually became a principle of common law, that no common clerk, that is to say, no priest should be tried by the civil power.

This privilege was enjoyed and abused without restriction, till the reign of Henry the Second, when the council, or parliament of Clarendon, or the sense of the nation, was provoked by murder, rape, and other crimes, to set bounds to ecclesiastical licentiousness, by a salutary regulation on this subject, but a law so necessary was evaded by the insolence of Becket, and the base pusillanimity of King John, and his successor.

During a period equally disgraceful to the monarch and the clergy, a provision, artful because it seemed to wear the face of a remedy, was enacted, by which any person tried for felony and found guilty, was pronounced to be exempt from punishment *si legit ut clericus*, if he was able to read as a priest. From this *finesse* the monks derived considerable emolument, by teaching prisoners to read, which, however odious or bloody their crimes—rescued them from the penalty of the laws, and also answered another important purpose as by those means, men of the most desperate character were thus rendered humble and obedient tools of the church. This lucrative monopoly remained, till it was provided against in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the Third; but the noxious weed grew up in a shade of ignorance and confusion, during the bloody contests of the houses of Lancaster and York, till it received a considerable check under Edward the Sixth, when it was determined that no person convicted of manslaughter should claim the benefit of clergy, unless he is a peer of the realm, or a clerk in priest's orders; and by the ninth of James the First, it was entirely taken away from those delinquents.—*Gazette of Union.*

Universal Relationship.

You cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and more refined than mere gravitation.—The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of the flower is replete with social elements. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy.—The sunbeam and dew drop met there; and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. And the ear took them to the daisy germ: and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed the "wee canny thing" with an aliment that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes towards the sky, they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves, and smiled as he passed on; and then by starlight and by moonlight they worked on.

And the daisy lifted up his head, and one morning while the sun was looking, it put on a silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars.—And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky, and all of them that had silver lined wings came, and birds in black and gray and Quaker brown came; and the querulous blue bird, and the courtseying yellow bird came; and each sung a native air at the coronation of the daisy.—(Elihu Burritt.)

A CURE FOR SORE EYES.—The dust on an honest miller's hat.

The Men with Tails.

A year or two ago some French travellers in Africa reported the existence of a negro tribe with *tails*. Lately, Count de Castellan, the explorer of South America, well known and highly esteemed in the United States, communicated to the Geographical Society of Paris, the result of some personal inquiries at Bahia, which seem to confirm in a measure the direct report:

"I found myself there," he says, in the midst of a host of negroe slaves, and thought it possible to obtain from them information of the unknown parts of the African continent. I soon discovered that the Mahomedan natives of Soudan were more advanced in mind than the idolatrous inhabitants of the coast. Several blacks of Haoussa and Adamawah related to me that they had taken part in expeditions against a nation called Niam Niams who had tails. They traced their route on which they encountered tigers, giraffes and wild camels. They reached at length a people of the same complexion as themselves but with tails from twelve to fifteen inches long. The Haoussas massacred the greater part of the tribe; among the bodies were some females with the appendage and both sexes went entirely naked. Some lived in hovels, but the greater part in caves. The only article of furniture seen among them was a wooden bench pierced with a hole to accommodate the tail!"

This circumstance is comical enough; the witnesses declared that they had handled the excrescence and cut it. The Count does not guaranty the statements; he intends to publish separately the interrogations and answers along with the maps, &c., of distinct tribes which he procured in his researches in Brazil.

Singular and Fatal Accident.

The following singular and fatal accident is stated in the Norwich Courier. It occurred at Danielsonville, Ct., a few days since. A young lad of about fourteen—only son of Mr. Edwin Ely, of that place, and a member of Mr. Abbot's family school of Norwich, rose early in the morning with the intention of going a fishing. But as it was only three o'clock, his father remonstrated with him, and induced him to return to bed. At four o'clock he again got up for the same purpose, but was finally persuaded to wait until he should get some breakfast. Immediately after getting his breakfast, he harnessed a horse into a small wagon and started off, as his parents supposed, to a trout brook, two or three miles distant.

Instead of going to the trout brook, however, he drove down to Killingly Pond, and was afterwards seen driving in various directions, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, sometimes in the road, sometimes on the sides of the road, and sometimes in the field, urging the horse over the roughest places and even over the stone fences; at last was seen to drive with headlong speed down the steep bank of the Quinebaug river into the middle of the stream. The horse was soon drowned, and the boy floated off on the wagon seat, and was also drowned. His body was recovered the next day. He had just recovered from sickness, and it is supposed that he was laboring under mental derangement at the time of the above accident.

"Why art thou sad, my love, to-day? what grief is frowning o'er thy heart? Why dost thou droop and turn away, and why do tears unbidden start? When first I wooed thee in thy isle—Emerald of the deep—I saw thee, sweetest, only smile, nor even thought that thou couldst weep. The sun of summer lights the earth, the zephyr's kiss is on the cheek; and nature calls thee back to mirth, then be not, prythee, love, so weak." While thus I spoke, my bosom's queen, one deep, fond glance upon me stealing, exclaimed, "Bejabers, but you're green! *It's onions, sure, I am after peeling.*"

"An Irishman ruminating in his bliss upon the bank of a Southern creek, espied a tarrapin pluming itself. "Och hone!" exclaimed he solemnly, "that iver I should come to Amoriky to see a snuff box walk." "Whist!" said his wife, "Don't be after makin' fun of the bird."

A Tale of Sadness.

We learn by the New Orleans papers that a woman of rare beauty has for some days past been wandering about New Orleans, asking every one she meets for her child. Poor demented creature, her question is a vain one; for the child she seeks is sleeping its last sleep in the chill bosom of the grave! But it were useless to speak to the childless mother. She has a monomaniac's belief in the existence of her darling, which no words of cold dissuasion can alter or efface. Though one and another tell her that they know nothing of the child, still she pursues the calm tenor of her way, and to the next comer repeats her inquiry with hope unwavering. The youth and beauty of the poor, demented one, added to the palpable cause of her insanity, have created a lively interest in her behalf. She was as it would seem, married young, and young she became a widow and a mother. The loss of her husband was a sad blow to her, but the loss of her child she could not bear, and it left her what she is—insane. Alas! poor childless one!

INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.—We have dates from Texas to the 23d ult., from which we learn that the corn and cotton crops were very promising, although the web worm was doing some damage to the cotton. The great fair at Corpus Christi was attracting much attention, and five or six vessels were about to leave Galveston for the exhibition. The anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto was celebrated at Galveston on the 21st, by the Odd Fellows, and also at Houston—a grand ball closing the festivities in each place.

A Convention of the Whigs of Eastern Texas was to be held at Tyler, Smith county, on the 20th ult., and one of the Whigs of Western Texas is to be held at Houston on the 6th of May, to elect delegates to the National Whig Convention, nominate Presidential electors for the State, and appoint a State Central Committee.

The town of Goliad has been selected as the site of the Presbyterian College in contemplation. The town gives to the Presbytery the old Arana Mission building, together with twenty acres of land on which it stands, and one league of the unsold land of the town tract. The citizens of the country also subscribed 20,000 acres of land.

Two trains, consisting of twenty large wagons, five carriages, and a number of persons destined for California, left Indiana on the 16th for El Paso and New Mexico. At San Antonio about 75 California emigrants were to join the party.

LOST GOLD RECOVERED.—The Louisville Journal states, that a few days ago the trunk belonging to Mr. Merritt, of Nashville, containing \$12,000 in gold dust, lost on the steamer Robert Rogers, was fished up from the bottom of the river. The gold was the total result of two or three years labor in California, and the recovery of the trunk was certainly an extra piece of luck.

☞ No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch; hurry is the mark of a weak mind—dispatch of a strong one.

☞ This may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated.

☞ There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim with an honorable purpose. It dignifies your nature, and insures you success.

☞ Men often are not aware of what severe and untiring labor they are capable, until they have made trial of their strength.

☞ Love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits, and those who best deserve it have generally the most exquisite relish of it.

☞ That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue.

☞ "Wife," said a man, looking for a bootjack "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."—Old but good.

☞ Custon gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.