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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Capital Punishment.

In the Democratic Review for November, 1842, there was an account of the trial of Harry Blake, for murder, who was convicted upon circumstantial evidence and hung. About three months after his death, the judge who presided at the trial, received a note from a prisoner under sentence of death, requesting to see him without delay, as his sentence was to be carried into effect the day following. On his way thither he overtook an old man walking slowly, who accosted him and recognized him to be Caleb Grayson, who had been a witness at Blake's trial, and had a similar note of his own, but equally at a loss to know the meaning of the summons. They both entered the cell together. The prisoner did not move, but only raised his head, when Grayson recognized having seen him at the tavern the night before Blake's execution at the gallows.

"Well Judge," said he, "I sent for you to see if you can't get me out of this scrape. Must I hang to-morrow?"

The Judge shook his head; "It's idle to hope, nothing can prevent your execution."

"An application might be made to the highest authorities," said the prisoner. "Pardons have come sometimes even on the scaffold."

"None will come in your case replied the judge, it is needless for me to dwell on your offence now, but it was one that had no palliation, and you may rest assured, that whatever may have occurred in other cases, no pardon will come in yours. In fact, I understand that an application has been made for one, by your counsel, and has been refused."

The features of the prisoner underwent no change; nor did the expression of his face alter in the least. But after a moment's pause he said: "Is this true, judge—upon your honor?"

"It is," replied the judge.

"Then I knew the worst," replied the criminal coldly, "and will now tell what I have to communicate, which I would not have done, while there was a hope of escape. You," said he, turning to the judge, "presided at the trial of young Harry Blake, who was accused of murder, and sentenced him to death."

"I did."

"And you," said he, turning to Grayson, "were one of the witnesses against him. You swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony, principally, he was hung."

"I was," replied the old man; "I saw him with my own eyes."

"And you," said he, turning to the other "swore to a falsehood. Harry Blake did not kill Wickliffe. He was as innocent of the sin of murder as you were—more innocent than you are now."

The old man staggered as if he had been struck, and leaned against the table to support himself, while the condemned felon stood opposite him, looking at him with a cold, indifferent air.

"Yes, old man," said he sternly, "you have blood and perjury on your soul, for I, I," said he stepping forward, so that the light of the lamp fell strongly upon his savage features, "I murdered William Wickliffe! I did it! Thank God I did it, for I had a long score to settle with him. But Blake had no hand in it. I met Wickliffe on that afternoon, alone with none to interfere between us. I told him of the injuries he had done me, and I told him that the time was come for redress. He endeavored to escape; but I followed him up; I grappled with him and stabbed him. As I did so, I heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and I leaped into a clump of bushes which grew at the road side. At that moment Blake came up, and found Wickliffe lying dead in the road. You know the rest. The tale he told was as true as the gospel. He was only attempting to draw the knife from the man's breast, when you came up and charged with the murder!"

"Good God! Can this be possible!" ejaculated the old man. "I cannot! Villain, you are a liar!"

"Pshaw! you murdered the man—What could I gain by a lie! To-morrow I die."

"I don't believe it; I don't believe it!" exclaimed Grayson, pacing the cell,

and wringing his hands. "God in mercy grant that it may be false! that this dreadful sin may not be upon me!"

The prisoner sat down, and looked at the judge and the witness with a calmness which had something almost fiendish in it, when contrasted with the extreme agitation of the one, and the mental agony of the other.

At last the old man stooped in front of him; and with a calmness so suddenly assumed in the midst of his paroxysm of remorse, that it even overpowered the criminal, said; "You are one whose life has been a tissue of falsehood and crime. You must prove what you have said, or I'll not believe it."

"Be it so," replied the prisoner. "I saw the whole transaction, and heard all your testimony at the trial; for I was there too. I'll now tell you what occurred at the spot of the murder, which you did not mention, but which I saw. When you rode up, the man with you jumped off his horse and seized Blake by the collar; your hat fell off on the pommel of your saddle, but you caught it before it reached the ground. You then sprang off your horse, and whilst Walton held Blake, you examined the body. You attempted to pull the knife from his breast, but it was covered with blood, and slipped from your fingers. You rubbed your hand on the ground, and going to a bush on the road side, broke off some leaves and wiped your hands upon them, and afterwards the handle of the knife. You then drew it out, and washed it in a small puddle of water at the foot of a smatch bush. As you did so, you looked round at Blake, who was standing with his arms folded, and who said 'Don't be uneasy about me, Caleb; I didn't kill Wickliffe and don't intend to escape.'"

At one time you were within six feet of where I was. Its lucky you did not find me, for I was ready at that moment to send you to keep company with Wickliffe; but I saw all, even when you stumbled and dropped your gloves, as you mounted your horse."

"God have mercy on me?" ejaculated Grayson. "This is all true!" But one word more. I heard Wickliffe, as we rode up, shriek out, "Mercy, Mercy, Harry!"

"He was begging for his life—my first name is Harry!"

The old man clasped his hands across his face, and fell senseless on the floor.

It is needless to go into the details of the prisoner's confession, which was so full and clear, that it left no doubt on the mind of the judge that he was guilty of Wickliffe's murder, and that Harry Blake was another of those who had gone to swell the list of victims of circumstantial evidence.

Important Process.

Mr. S. Bentz, of Boonsborough, Maryland, has sent us two papers containing samples of wheat. No. 1. is wheat in a natural state, as grown with the bran on. No. 2 has the bran taken off, and is as nicely denuded of its outer coating as is pearl barley. He has also sent us a third paper containing the bran taken off of No. 2. Mr. Bentz is the inventor of the process by which this operation is performed; and without pretending to an extraordinary knowledge in the art of milling, we are to admit that this improvement appears to us, what his circular designates it, an "important" one. He affirms that all varieties of wheat, white, red, and yellow, are at once improved from 5 to 15 per cent. by the process—and that the red and yellow wheat will make as good and fair meal as the white varieties now do.

We, of course, cannot be presumed to form any definite opinion upon the validity of his conclusions, but judging by the sample of unhusked, and husked wheat, we should be disposed to yield our acquiescence in the justness of his declaration, and we are the more ready to yield this point, as by the separation of the outer-coating from the farinaceous parts of the berry, nearly all the coloring matter being removed, there can be but little left calculated to discolor the flour made from it.

Among the advantages claimed for this process, the circular of Mr. Bentz sets forth that a saving in time in grinding is effected of from 25 to 50 per cent., while from 40 to 52 lbs. of wheat is saved in each barrel of flour; and that this system imparts to flour made by it the capacity of keeping in hot climates. This opinion he predicated upon the hypothesis, that it is the bran, which remains in all meal ground after the old method, which causes it to sour. This opinion derives support from the fact, that what is termed *dyspeptic flour*—flour containing the bran—will not keep longer than a few weeks without becoming sour. Why this is so, we are not chemists enough to determine, and only note the fact as one has come under our observation.—*American Farmer.*

The Virgin of Guadalupe.

The Americans in possessing the imperial city of Mexico and the neighboring hill and fountain of Guadalupe, have a peculiar hold on the old Mexican race. By immemorial tradition the lord of the spot on which the Aztec eagle paused in its flight, is master of the Mexican valley. In the eyes of the masses—as in military science—Mexico falls with her capital. The prowess and skill that has reached and struck down the head, may easily reduce to submission the broken members. The second pledge of final obedience is in the guardianship of the dearest and most sacred object of the national veneration—the Church, rock and fountain dedicated to "Mary, the mother of Jesus, patron saint and perpetual intercessor of the Mexican people." This site has been hallowed ground to the native races from the date of their earliest records. A temple dedicated to a beneficent goddess, the mediator between man and the higher duties, crowned at the time of the conquest, the remarkable hill now sacred to the name of her whom Scripture styles "blessed among women," and the medicinal fountain that boils continually at its foot, has ever been to the inhabitants of the plains a centre of religious pilgrimage. The stones of the heathen temple have been remodelled into a Christian Church, and science has explained the healing virtues of the fountain; but under all changes, the natives throng to the place with reverent faith. Gen. Scott will find that his protection and respect for the sacred edifices of Guadalupe will do more to win over and disarm the populace, than proclamations or bayonets. We started to visit the shrine of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," on one of those balmy cloudless mornings that are peculiar to the climate of Mexico, and after a delightful ride of three miles along a perfectly straight and level road, bordered by a double avenue of trees, glittering with scarlet fruit, our carriage drew up between the stately cathedral of Guadalupe and the over-brimming fountain of the Plaza. Not the fountain under the protection of "Our Lady," but such as belongs to many other towns in Spanish America, and which, with much less advantage of jet, makes our New York affairs look superlatively mean. We did not stop long, however, outside of the Church, for it was a day of festival, and the Indian girls were celebrating with hymn and dance the praises of "the pure, the merciful, the sinner-pitying mother of God." On entering the door the senses are confused and overwhelmed by the magnificence and profusion of the spectacle. Gold, silver, carvings, paintings and statues, crowd upon the eye in lavish display. Presently the towering columns and the noble symmetry of the vast arcades of the ceiling reveals their chaste splendor of pure white and burnished gold, with brilliant distinctness. Then the eye turns with surprise and admiration to the wonderful choir, which stands, like a church within a church, in the immense central space of the nave. It is a miracle of rich carving and solid silver work. A heavy balustrade, some feet high of pure silver, rails in the passage from the choir to the altar, and the wide semicircle in front of it. At short intervals silver statues with candle-holders in their hands crown the costly balustrade and the fence around the altar, while the altar itself shines an enormous mass of gold. More than a thousand pounds weight of gold and silver (some say more than a ton) was used in the balustrade and altar ornaments of this splendid edifice. This new church is at the foot of the hill of Guadalupe. On its sharp summit stands the original chapel built in consequence of an Indian named Juan Diego being directed in a dream or vision to call upon the Arch-Bishop of Mexico to raise a chapel at that spot, to the honor and service of the "Virgin Mother of Jesus." At first the Arch-Bishop hesitated, but when the vision was repeated to Juan Diego, with the gift of some roses gathered from the bare rock on which roses never grew before, which she threw in the lap of his *mitta*, or frock of native linen, and when unfolding his *mitta* to produce the roses the copy of the vision was found impressed in glowing portraiture on its coarse texture, faith triumphed and the chapel rose. A steep and difficult path cut in the rock leads to this chapel which, like all Mexican churches, is profusely decorated with gilding, paintings and statuary, but has no special merit. The platform on which it stands commands a delicious view of the Valley of Mexico, smiling blandly on its bright vesture of eternal spring. At a few miles distance rises in solitary grandeur from the far-stretching level of the plain, the giant Chapultepec, wearing like a helmet the fortifications that overawe the city.

Such is the extreme purity of the air that we could trace with ease the long line of aqueduct that touches the base of the hill of Chapultepec as it passes into the city. Even then, as we fixed on it our admiring eyes, we spoke of Chapultepec as a lion in the gate to Mexico. The circular dome, rich in many-colored mosaic-work, that covers the sacred fountain, attracted us at least to itself, and we discovered the hill to partake of its waters. The edifice is of peculiar and most Oriental character, as is natural, for it was erected by the descendant of the Moorish princes of Grenada, who died here in the order of Christian sanctity. His portrait shows a noble looking man, and fitly decorates the interior of the building. The fountain is circular and not far from twenty feet in diameter, and as it boils up continually like a bubbling cauldron, seems a hot spring, and of the color of iron rust; but on taking it up in a glass, it is cool, transparent, and not of unpleasant taste. Prayer, faith, fasting, exercise of mind, and copious use of the waters, have produced many cures little short of miraculous, on those who have tested its virtues thoroughly. Before we left the village we returned to the Church to see the *mitta* of Juan Diego, with its miraculous picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe. It is framed in massive gold and is placed directly behind the high altar. It is certainly a superior production, and artists say that, however executed, they know of no means of imitating its rich, yet delicate colors.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Singular Mode of Punishment.

A strange spectacle was witnessed lately, at Arnheim, in Holland. A Catholic priest, named Gepkens, having been condemned to death for assassination, the King commuted the sentence into perpetual imprisonment, and the application of the punishment called "brandishing of the axe," which consists in making a prisoner undergo a pretended execution.

A scaffold was prepared exactly as for execution, and a coffin was on it, as if to receive the bloody and mangled remains of the condemned. At 12 o'clock in the day, Gepkens was driven in a cart to the scaffold. His head and neck were bare, he wore no coat, his hair was cut very close, and his hands were tied behind his back. Two priests were with him, giving him religious consolation, and two other carriages contained the officers of justice and the executioner and his assistants, the latter carrying an axe. A strong detachment of soldiers accompanied the cart, and another surrounded the scaffold. Gepkens ascended to his appointed place with a tottering step. His eyes were then bandaged, and his head placed on the block. One of the assistant executioners seized him by the hair, to keep his head in the right position, and two other assistants held him by the shoulders.—The chief executioner then took the axe, flourished it in the air, and let it descend on the prisoner's neck, so as to make him feel the cold steel. The man who held his head afterwards released it, and for about five minutes the executioner continued to brandish the axe around the prisoner's head, so close that he could hear the whizzing.—The emotion of Gepkens was so great that he fainted. When the ceremony was completed his hands were united, and he was reconveyed to prison in the cart. About 30,000 persons waited from day-light to witness this singular proceeding, the like of which had not occurred within the memory of man.—Previous to the prisoner's arrival the crowd was very merry and boisterous, and roared forth several songs; but on the conclusion of the mock execution, it dispersed in silence, and apparently feeling strong emotion.

MARRIAGE.—I never knew a marriage expressly for money, that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because they think they will not have a better chance and dread being dependant. Such marriages, no doubt, sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.—*Mrs. Child.*

A CLEVER ANECDOTE.—Mr. Kendall in one of his letters says:—"Speaking of Mr. Trist reminds me of a story current on the 13th. It is said that shortly after Chapultepec was carried, that gentleman rode up the height, and on being recognized by a gallant Irish soldier, the latter accosted him with 'I say, sir, it's a beautiful thraty we've made wid 'em to-day-sir.'"

Telegraphic.

Two men from the interior, apparently marketeers, halted at the corner of our alley last evening and listened attentively a few moments to the clicking of our press.

"What on yearth is that rattlin' machine?" inquired one of the other.

"D'no," answered the questioned party, standing ready, at the same time, to beat a retreat if the noisy "varmint" should make a sudden appearance.—"D'no what the thunder it is, but it keeps on a tremendous racket—it must be the telegraf, like."

"Good as wheat, by gravy, 'tis the telegraf, shore enuf, Sam, replied Ike; 'I heard thar wur gittin' it fixed up yur in St. Louis. 'Spouse'n we take a squint at the flashin' thing while it's a goin'!"

They cautiously approached the window of the press room and peeped in.

"That's it, shore enuf," says Ike, "and that fellar is takin' down on them sheets what thur sayin' in New York. Well, if these times don't beat hoin' taters, then I'm a sinner. What on airth's goin' to cum of these poor printer fellars when the gits telegraf goin' gineral—I'll swar, if they don't drive 'em all to plantin' corn."

"But whar is the lightnin', like?" inquired Sam, "I don't see nuthin' but black streaks about that thar."

"I reckon it's wrapped up in that wheel thar where the fellar's puttin' on the sheets—you see how it keeps them other things in a continual jerk, just as it might be expected that thunder and lightnin' would do."

"What in the yerrth ar' thar doin' with that nigger, then!—what's he holdin' on to one of the wheels for?" inquired Sam.

"Now you stump me," says Ike, "for cuss me if I kin see what he is doin' thar, 'cept holdin' the thing to keep it from takin' a general rip."

"I never know'd," says Sam, "that a nigger could hold the fluid that-a-way afore; an' now I've found it out I'll just give my nigger Jake parfet Israel when I git home, for lettin' the lightnin' kill them steers of mine last July. The nigger sed he couldn't help it, but I know'd he could if he'd a mind to. Jest see that valyable boy thar how he holds on to the fluid!"

"Stop!" shouted the pressman to the negro at the wheel.

"Lean Sam!" cries Ike, "she's going to rip, sartin, and I'd rather hev two shakes of agur than one of lightnin' any time!"

Satisfied that they had seen the telegraph in motion, Ike and Sam leaned!

Tom Corwin—Practical Legislation.

Judge H——, an old and respectable citizen of Franklin county, related to us some years since the following anecdote of Gov. Corwin, which we do not recollect ever to have seen in print.

At the same time the "Wagon Boy," was first sent to the Legislature by the good people of Warren, he found a law on the statute book providing for the punishment of certain offences by public whipping. It was no unusual thing at that day to see a whipping-post in every Court House yard, where, whenever occasion required, the stealers of pigs and chickens were drawn up by the Sheriff, and received "thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, well laid on."

Tom was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the House; and being as is well known, a man who is dead set against all such relics of barbarism as public whipping, forthwith brought in a bill to repeal the aforesaid enactment.

The bill met with considerable opposition from the "Old Hunkers," among whom was one old gentleman from the Western Reserve, who was particularly horrified at the idea of repealing what he termed the wisest and the most practical enactment in our whole criminal code.

Corwin made an eloquent speech when the question of engrossment was before the House appealing to the members, as Christian Legislators and enlightened freemen of the Nineteenth Century to come up and erase this relic of the dark ages from the Statute Book of the great republican State of Ohio. He took his seat the House completely electrified with the eloquent powers of the young orator. The old Yankee arose and replied as follows:

"Mr. Speaker—All the gentleman from Warren has said is well enough in its way. I am glad to see young men of our State growing up inspired with those feelings of philanthropy which the gentleman has so eloquently given utterance to. But that is not the thing. We must look at the matter in a practical light. Now I can give one illustration in favor of my side of the question, that will entirely upset all the gentlemen's fine-spun theories. You know, Mr. Speaker, I was born and raised in Connecticut. A law similar to this has

been for years in force in that State, where its effects are most salutary. You once expose the radical to the ignominious disgrace of a public whipping, and he clears out—leaves the State, and you are never troubled with him afterwards. Out of hundreds I have known to be whipped there, I never knew one of them to show his face in that community afterwards."

The gentleman sat down, satisfied that his "practical illustration" was a clincher, and would kill the bill. Corwin arose very gravely, and remarked:

"I have often endeavored, Mr. Speaker, to solve the question why there was such an immense emigration from Connecticut to the West, but always until now without success. The gentleman has explained it to my entire satisfaction."

Corwin's bill passed!—*Ohio paper.*

Anecdote of Santa Anna.

The following is copied from the *Diario*, the official paper of the Mexican government:—"During the action of the 20th instant, whilst our troops were retiring from the bridge of Churubusco to Candelaria, still combating with the forces that charged after them, four dragoons and a captain of the enemy threw themselves forward in our column with such rapidity, that they were not observed till they arrived at the works of Candelaria. They were there first recognised as Mexicans, and fired on by the garrison, by which the four dragoons and the captain's horse were killed.—The captain, on regaining his feet, was surrounded by some of the President's aids and other officers who came with his column. They were about to kill him when the President interposed; and ordered them only to disarm him. His excellency after taking a turn along the embattled ranks, returned to the place where they had the prisoner, with one of his officers said to him—"General, this man ought to be shot; he has himself confessed that he came here for the purpose of killing your excellency."

"How so, what says he?" inquired the President. "He says," was the reply, "that learning at Churubusco from one of our prisoners that your excellency was with this column, he with the four soldiers who followed him took the resolution of reaching and slaying your excellency, for if they accomplished this, it would be a most glorious act; and still more so if they should perish in doing it."

Admiring their daring bravery, the President replied—"Now less than ever will I allow any harm to be done. He is a prisoner of war, and let him who lays a hand on him beware. Alas! if I had many officers like him, Scott would not now be so near us." He then placed the officer in charge of young Don Augustin Tornel, with whom he was seen entering the palace last evening."

The above extract (says the *Washington Union*) from the *Diario Oficial* of Mexico, is translated from the *La Patria* of New Orleans. We trust the story is true, not only because it is pleasing to meet with as rare instances of generosity from so unexpected a source as the breast of Santa Anna, but also because the daring act of the American captain and his four dragoons reflect honor on the country, if the incident really occurred, the names of the heroic five, it is to be hoped, will ere long be known. But we are compelled to say that we attach little credibility to any report which appears in the *La Patria*.

CLERICAL JOKE.—A few years since, when the Rev. Hawks, the celebrated Episcopal clergyman, was about leaving New York for the South, he was waited upon by the vestrymen of a small church in Westchester county, and urgently solicited to take charge of the same. The Rev. Doctor graciously rejected the committee, but respectfully declined the proposal, urging as a chief objection that the salary, though liberal for the parish which they represented, would be inadequate for his expenses, having a considerable family of small children to educate and provide for. One of the committee replied "The Lord will take care of them; he has promised to hear the young ravens when they cry, and provide for them." "Very true," said the Rev. gentleman, "but he has not promised to provide for the young Hawks!"

"This is a world of business and bustle," said a minister in a sermon.—"Yes, but more bustle than business," whispered a pretty girl. She knows.

The complete happiness of man depends upon his having one fixed habitation, one wedded partner for life—no omnipotent God for worship.

Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.

Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.

Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.