

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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Select Poetry.

The Lawyer's Stratagem.

VERIFIED BY BROWN.

A gay young spark who long had sighed,
To take an heiress for his bride,
Though not in vain he had essayed
To win the favor of the maid,
Yet hearing from his humble station,
To meet her father's cold negation,
Made up his mind without delay
To take the girl and run away!
A pretty plan—what could be finer?
But as the maid was yet a minor,
There still remained this slight obstruction:
He might be punished for "abduction!"
Accordingly, he thought it wise
To see the squire and take advice—
A cunning knave who loved a trick
As well as fees, and skilled to pick,
As lawyers can, some latent law,
To help a client cheat the law.
Before him straight the case was laid,
Who, when the proper fee was paid,
Conceded at once a happy plan,
And thus the counsellor began:—
Young man, no doubt your wisest course
Is this!—to night you get a horse,
And let your lady love get on;
As soon as ever that is done,
You get on too—but hark ye, mind,
She rides before; you ride behind;
And thus, you see, you make it true,
The lady runs away with you!
That very night he got the horse,
And put the lawyer's plan in force,
Who found next day—no laughing matter—
The traitor lady was his daughter!

MORAL.
When lawyers counsel craft and guile,
It may sometimes be worth the while,
If they'd avoid the deepest shames,
To ascertain the parties' names.

Miscellany.

FROM NEW GRENADA.

Geology of the Gold Regions—The Guacaca Hills—Curious Excavations—River Washings—"The Basin"—Old Spanish Crushing Mills—Quartz Rocks, &c., &c.

We publish below extracts from another letter from Dr. WILLIAM GRAPUS, physician to the New Grenada Mining Company, to a medical friend in Philadelphia. It will be found full of interest to the man of science and to those who would know the appearance of the country and the manner of obtaining gold in that region:

COCUAS DE VERAGUA,
New Granada, May 12, 1857.

In my last I promised to give you some account of gold mining here, and matters connected with it. This will interest you the more as you say you are now engaged in the study of mineralogy. This science, with its kindred one, geology, has much to do with ascertaining the localities of all the metals. Each one of these seems to have its chosen home in some of the different formations of which the earth's crust is composed. Some of them extend over a wider range of these formations than others. Iron presents a sample of this more general distribution. Gold occupies the place of the opposite extreme, and is found in a very limited variety of geological positions, and associated with a comparatively small number of minerals.

The gold region of Veraguas possesses in a very high degree all the geological features characteristic of the best gold-producing countries in the world, while granite does not appear, so far as I can learn, even in the highest range of the Andes, in this district. The whole body of the mountains is composed of rocks not differing very much from it in composition, nor even in structure. They present a strange union of the peculiarities of the old volcanic and metamorphic rocks, as they are described by Sir Charles Lyell. Like the former, they are composed of hornblende, felspar, and other volcanic minerals united in varying proportions, forming different varieties of green stone and hornblende rocks. Like the latter, they are more or less distinctly stratified.

After the last ranges of Andes proper have been left, as you approach the Caribbean Sea, the ridges and hills change their geological character and the rock becomes decidedly volcanic. It is that variety of trap called (and most appropriately so) clink-stone. In addition to these, both on the mountain ranges and the lower hills, there are many other minerals corresponding to the relative formations of each, as I have mentioned them; but they are of no importance as to the subject on which I now write, however interesting they may be to you as a mineralogist. Those designated play the essential parts in all that concerns the glittering metals. In the first place, thousands of years ago, when the earth was "being built," quartz, molten in the great furnace below, and bearing in its bosom pure gold, or united with cop-

per or iron, in the form of sulphates, was thrown by some tremendous force into crevices or dykes in the greenstone rocks of the mountain. These are termed veins, and they vary in width from a few inches to many feet. These veins generally extend to the surface of the earth, except where covered by alluvial deposits. When they have been exposed to the action of the water and the atmosphere, for many ages, the quartz matrix disintegrates and liberates the gold which it held. It is possible, and I believe it probable, that, at the time the molten mass which composed the vein was ejected to the surface, the larger masses of gold contained in it, acted on by the same force, but having a greater momentum, on account of its high specific gravity, were thrown clear off from the quartz, on the surface of the earth, and exposed to the light of day. Hence the large masses of gold, weighing many pounds, which have frequently been found. This gold, when once freed, is carried by violent rains into mountain torrents, and by these deposited in the beds of rivers or on the plains below. This forms what is called "wash gold," and is the same which yielded so many fortunes in California, and is still so productive in Australia.

To give a correct understanding of what the trap rock has to do with this "wash gold" and to give a clearer insight into the nature of the peculiarities of this region, as a mining one, I must extend my geological descriptions, or in this case, I may rather say, speculations, a little further. Let your imagination take wing, and fly back through ages more than I should like to mention. The continent has been upheaved, and the huge forms of the Andes tower far above their old ocean beds. Down their sides washes many a roaring torrent, carrying in its bright waters a golden burden. This reaches the plain below and is deposited in sluggish water-courses, or in deep pools or lakes. Again, the earth, as if grown weary of inactivity, commences her struggles, and another upheaval takes place, and the plains that existed between the base of the mountains and the sea have disappeared, and in its place are a number of comparatively small volcanic hills, having, in general, the forms of truncated cones with craters at the summit. The molten rock (that which I have designated as clink-stone) ejected from the craters, has run down the sides of the hills and covered the alluvial deposits of the previously existing plain, containing the "wash gold" from the mountains.

These hills are termed "Guacaca hills," and are objects of the greatest interest to the gold miner. He knows well that the convulsions which have racked the earth have not destroyed the gold, but have only hidden it in her bosom. Cupidity has sharpened his intelligence, and put "so fine a point" to his senses, that the practiced miner selects with the most unerring certainty of instinct, the best points from which to commence his search for it. I think my explanation has been sufficiently plain to enable you to understand the "elements" of his problem. For fear it has not, I will put them in order: Commencing at the top and going downward, there is first some alluvial deposits of an uncertain thickness. Next is the alluvion of the former plain, the depth or thickness of which is also uncertain. Near the bottom of it may be found more or less gold, in grains or dust. Finally, so far as gold-hunting is concerned, is the basement rock of the country—a continuation of the greenstone, &c., of the mountains. On this, in cavities and crevices, he hopes to find the larger gold which has fallen or been washed, on account of its greater weight, into the lowest accessible places. The miner does not commence at the top and dig downwards. This would be an impossible task for him with his scanty means, even were it wise. He selects a point on the side of the hill where the molten rock has ceased to flow. Here he commences a tunnel, or guaca. The Indian miner when at work, goes back pretty much to "first principles." His dress consists of nothing more than a half yard of muslin or calico, made into what he calls a "pompanella," to cover his loins. His mining tools are a small bar of iron to loosen the earth, and a wooden bowl resembling much the wooden butter bowl of the dairymen, to carry it away. He fills it with his hands, and carries it on his shoulder.

With these simple instruments he prosecutes his work with surprising rapidity, and often carries guacas a great length into the body of the hill. To prevent any damage from falling earth, he digs his tunnel so that the trap rock will form its roof. Its bottom is sometimes almost horizontal for some distance, but more frequently descends at different angles of inclination.

This gradual descent is continued until he reaches the basement rock. Here he finds gravel and boulders of hornblende rock, and others, which were carried down from the mountain, and deposited before the period of the volcanic action which forms the hills. Beneath this, should he have been so fortunate as to select a spot where the basement rock has had a form suited for retaining the gold washed into it, in its crevices and "pockets," mingled with sand and gravel, he will find what he so anxiously sought. This is scraped carefully together with an iron instrument, sharpened much like a tenaculum, called an "almacafe," and placed in a "batea," termed in California vernacular a "washpan," (the wooden bowl I mentioned before.) This is carried to the mouth of the guaca, when water is added to it. By an exceedingly skillful movement of the bowl, acquired only by long practice, a rotary motion is communicated to its contents, which permits the gold to sink to the bottom. During the continuance of this rotary motion, there is also added a tilting movement, which throws the water from the batea, carrying with it the lighter gravel and earth. By repeating this operation several times, nothing remains behind but the fine gold. If the washer possesses the necessary skill, nothing is lost, even should the gold have the fineness of dust.

Do not suppose, from my description, that the miner stops when he reaches the pan. On the contrary, his work is only then fairly begun. He pushes his explorations in every direction. Should one course not yield him, favorable indications he tries another and another. Undaunted by failure, and a stranger to despondency, he surrenders himself, body and soul, to the fascinations of the earth. With the stern passion of the gambler, he has inflexible faith in the final ascendancy of his star. An examination of any "guaca hill" would convince any one of this. The hill on which Cocuas stands is one of this character. It is penetrated in all directions by the bowels of the earth. Long before the advent of the Spaniards, the Indian without doubt, was accustomed to search for gold in this way; but tradition assigns to the former the most, or all of the most extensive excavations of the kind. With his superior sagacity, rendered doubly acute by his insatiate thirst for gold, he soon learned the secrets of the Indian, and, with heartless cruelty and supreme indifference to the sufferings of others, of which no other nation is capable, he reduced him to slavery the worst under the sun, and heaped upon him tasks more oppressive than those which the Egyptians exacted of the Israelites of old.

These hills, covered all over with yawning mouths, are the result. The excavations leading to the most of the guacas have long since been overgrown with forest trees, and their entrances are so completely hidden by dense masses of interlacing vines as to be unseen when close beside them. More than once when scrambling and fighting my way through these tropic woods, have I narrowly escaped breaking my neck by tumbling through such passages into the lower regions. Some of them buried in gloom, constantly reminded me of Dante's description of the entrances to his realms infernal. River washings are still more important and productive than guaca. Much of course depends on their position with regard to the mountains or vein-bearing rock. When this is such that they may intercept the gold carried down by the torrents far from its home in the higher mountains, it may be found in small quantities almost any place in their bed. Should there happen to be a formation in the channel, having such a shape as to prevent the escape of the gold which has entered it, escape teaches that it is a rich one of coarse or larger gold. The position of the river Sanugo, upon which the works of the Company are situated, is just that of which I now speak. It rises among the mountains and pursues its course at their base in a line parallel with it.

On the other side, commencing at the water-edge, rise precipitous guaca hills.—Its channel, therefore, is the deep and narrow ravine which separates the mountain and the hills; and its waters are received on either side from gold-bearing earth.—Nor does its reputation give the lie to the promise of its position. The traditions of the people, both Indians and Spanish, and all the unwritten history of the district, unite in affirming that enormous quantities of treasure have been obtained from it. The work of the old Spaniards, and some of it of a surprising character, the ruins of which are to be found every-

where along the course of the main stream and its tributaries even to the tops of the highest peaks, proves the truth of tradition. The government record of the income derived from a three per cent tax on gold, removes all shadow of doubt. The only question which remains is this:—Have all large depositories of gold been found and their contents obtained? I have travelled along the bed of the river, in that part in which gold is most found, and my impression is, that few rich spots have escaped being plundered. There are two or three which bear indications of containing some wealth, which seem not to have been attempted. One called the "basin," owned by the company, bade defiance to all the means of the Spaniards or natives to explore it. There are many pools throughout the course of the river, but this is called, emphatically, "the basin." I have never seen anything bearing the slightest resemblance to it. It is "sui generis." It is formed of solid rock and has the shape of a "square elbow," both arms being nearly equal in length—about forty feet. The sides are smooth perpendicular rocks, running to the height of thirty feet above the water. They extend below the level of the water at least twenty feet. Above this height of solid rock—on the side towards the mountain—a spur or ridge projected upwards for many feet, at a small angle of inclination from the perpendicular. This spur occupies the angle made by the arms of the "elbow." At the outlet of the basin the sides or walls are suddenly depressed, so that the water spreads out to a greater width below. Above, the river leaps down in a succession of cascades, until it reaches the inlet of this basin, where it rushes over enormous rocks and plunges twenty feet below. The depth of the water at the falls is about twenty feet, which gradually diminishes until at the outlet it is not more than four or five feet deep. What I have described is situated in a deep ravine, only accessible by a narrow, winding path down the precipitous sides of Cocuas hill. On the other side towers one of the conical peaks of Margaja, until its brow was entirely hidden by clouds. The basin is completely enveloped in robes of the most luxuriant tropic vegetation. Immense trees grow on the very brink of its precipitous sides and interlace their branches so as to form a living canopy over its waters. Vines and creepers, clinging to its walls, clothe them in a rich graniture of leaves and flowers. At first sight buried in the deepest shade it inspires feelings of awe and dread, and one shudders at the thought of entering within its gloomy bowels. When I am in a fanciful mood, I sit on the rocks above, and people its solitude with water nymphs. Did poets belonging to the school of him of "Rydal Mount," whose music was inspired only by external stimulants know of such a spot as this, the road to it would be thronged with pilgrims. They of the other school, whose inspiration springs from "things" internal, of course need not go so far to find their Mecca. It is at the corner of almost every street.—But we are not poets. That which inspires us moves not them, unless they believe themselves. Gold—far down in that dark cavern, through which the waters have washed for thousands of years—if there be any certainty in the aggregate of many probabilities—gold lies buried.—Like those flowers which "blush unseen, and waste their sweetness," its sight gladdens no eye! We burn with the purest flame to restore its beauties to the light of day and the gaze of man. But how?—"Aye, there's the rub." It defied the greedy Spaniard who had a taste for gold, and was backed by the blood and bone and muscle of an enslaved race. To Brother Jonathan belongs the province of overcoming nature in whatever quarter of the globe he keeps "bobbing around."

To do this will require no little outlay of capital; but I am thoroughly convinced, as is every one who is acquainted with the locality, and the mineral character of the district—that, who ever succeeds in doing it will be amply repaid for his investment. When the bottom of the basin is exposed, I would be willing to make a long journey to see it. Besides the guaca and river washing, quartz veins are also worked in this country, but the value of but very few of them has been tested. There are some curious remains of old Spanish mills, used in crushing quartz to be seen in the neighborhood of some of the long abandoned mines.

"Papa, have guns got legs?"
"No."
"How do they kick then?"
"With their breeches my son."

EDUCATION.—No. 1.

[For the Huntingdon Journal.]
MESSRS EDITORS:—As education is of the first importance in our republican form of government, a form of government founded upon Divine institution, resting primarily upon Divine authority, and dependent upon the Omnipotent arm for perpetuity, the ultimate end of training should be to propitiate the Divine power, and secure the fostering care of that God whose love is life, and whose frown is death, to individuals as well as nations.

Human Government, because in some measure left in the hands of men in a lapsed condition, must be imperfect. And as that imperfection can only be meliorated or removed by intellectual or moral training, or by both—and as we feel a deep interest in the perpetuity of our Union, with all the blessings flowing from it, we would respectfully ask leave to employ a few columns of your valuable paper, for the publication of two or three short articles upon the subject of Education. And we make this request because we fear that a very important part of the very essence of education is either neglected or left in the background, which is not less absurd than to suppose that matter could subsist without its own substance.

Webster defines education to be "that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations." And he adds, that "to give children a good education in manners, arts and science, is important; to give them a religious education is indispensable, and an immense responsibility rests upon parents and guardians who neglect these duties." And we write because we fear a prevailing neglect of the last mentioned element of education, our admirable system of universal education. If common schools, academies and colleges are a sufficient guarantee for the safety of our free institutions, civil and religious, all evil forebodings would be at an end, all we would have to do would be to foster and increase them, in order to secure our high privileges and hand them down pure to the latest generations. But we have only to open our eyes to perceive that many of our institutions of learning, disgorge upon the community a herd of drones to feed upon and laugh at the virtuous and industrious members of society. Nay, infinitely worse, they go forth romancing, singing, playing, and apeing after Italian effeminacy and uselessness, and by alluring and deceptive accomplishments betray the unwary, and ruin thousands who would otherwise fill useful places in society, and all for the want of sound moral training.

The family, the school, and the church, are now the sources whence we expect the highest education of which we are susceptible. Had not man fallen from his princely purity and intelligence, doubtless the family circle and sanctuary would have been the most perfect school. But as man is at best a magnificent ruin, it requires all the means we can employ to rear a proper edifice out of such dilapidated material.

We leave the human body in the hands of the physician. It is a beautiful structure, a grand display of the power, wisdom and benevolence of its Creator; the shrine prepared as a residence for the soul, or immortal mind, with which it is so mysteriously united, and which is the proper subject of education.

Of the essence of the human mind, but little is yet known except from its phenomena, or action, developed either by its foul, dark and mournful condition, in an uneducated state,—through which it requires, the keenest discernment to detect its origin,—or by the effects of that education which by its content, and for the promotion of which parents and guardians can scarcely make too much sacrifice. Yet, notwithstanding our ignorance of the harmonious union of the soul and body, or mind and matter, we do know, that the former is far superior to the latter. This opinion is so prevalent among all civilized nations, that the cultivation of mind is considered the means of endless progress, in all the arts and sciences, as well as civilization, refinement and happiness.

Without education, no Bacon, Locke, Newton, or any of the bright luminaries who rolled back the dark clouds that had for ages been settling upon the moral world, would have made their appearance. Without education, who would have directed us to those ample fields of science, where we now freely exercise our powers. Who would have taken us by the hand, to lead us to those perennial fountains, benevolently prepared to satisfy our most ardent desire for knowledge, and open to our views the exhaustless sources of wisdom, by which the highest aspirations of our souls may be satisfied. Without education, steam

instead of wafting us from place to place, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and instead of possessing that endless variety of machinery, by which the hard labor of millions is performed, would have been all lost in useless vapor. In the absence of education, electricity, instead of bearing our softest whisper to friends at the distance of thousands of miles, in a single moment, would have been glaring in the Heavens, only a terrific phenomena to the untutored inhabitants of our world. Without education, be it remembered, that instead of those kind parents and guardians who have provided us with comfortable homes and spent the energies of their lives in promoting our happiness, we would have come into being under the control of savage monsters, and might have been offered in sacrifice by parental hands, in order to propitiate imaginary demons, destitute of a single benevolent attribute. Instead of those teachers who have kindly taken us by the hand, and lead us to the fountain of knowledge, and kindly labored for the development of those powers with which a benevolent Creator has endowed us, we would have been left like the wandering Boudouin, the South African, or the inhabitants of Prince Williams' Land, to drag out a miserable existence, unfit to enjoy the beauties of creation, so profusely scattered around us, and entirely destitute of those high anticipations of that future happiness which tends to smooth for us and render tolerable the rugged pathway down the evening of life. And instead of worshipping in the temple of the living God, we might have been worshipping in a Mahommatan Mosque, the heathen Pagoda, or at the shrine of the Grand Lama.

But we only intend to suggest to youthful minds a hint of the benefit and blessing of a correct education. If time will permit, in our next, we will endeavor to bring into prominent view the proper source of all sound, patriotic and liberal training.
July 16, 1857. H. C. B.

Politics in California.

A careful perusal of our latest files of San Francisco and Sacramento papers satisfies us that the next State election in California will be one of great importance. The American party seems to be virtually defeated. The defection of ex-Senator Foote seems to have been the signal for a large number of others of like principles to bolt. Many of these are said to have published statements announcing that they had gone over to the Democratic party, to which they had originally belonged. These acquisitions were, however, regarded as of so little consequence that a question was agitating the Democratic organization as to whether the repentant backsliders should be permitted to take part in the primary elections. It seems to be agreed that the result of the Presidential election has disbanded the American party in California. At Sacramento the followers of that faith held a meeting and resolved not to make any separate nominations. The Republican party is alive and vigorous. It will, in all probability, succeed to a large portion of the fragments of both the Democratic and American parties.—*Philadelphia American.*

"May it please the Court," said a Yankee lawyer before a Dutch justice the other day, "this is a case of great importance, while the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty republic, whose wings extend from the Alleghenies to the Rocky chain of the west, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"

"Stop dare! I say, vat has dis suit to do mit eagles? Dis has to do mit de wild bird. It is von sheep," exclaimed the justice.

"True, your honor, but my client has rights."

"Of course not, but the laws of language—"

"What cares I for de laws of de language, eh? I understand the laws of de State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep and—"

"Dat will do! dat will do! Your client charged mit stealing a sheep, jes nine shillin. The court will adjourn."

A wife in this State has shown how wives may run away without rendering themselves liable to be advertised as having left their husband's bed and board. She took her bed with her.

There is a man in Huntingdon who is so fond of lying, that he would rather tell a lie on six months' credit, than the truth for the cash down.

How the "Maine Law" Has Worked.—The Maine law has been fairly tried in seven States of the American Union, and in every one it has proved a complete failure. From the eastern boundary of Maine to the western line of Michigan it has not permanently closed a single grog-shop. In Rhode Island there are three grog-shops to day where there was but one when the law was enacted.—In Maine the law has been repealed.—And we know that the law was a dead letter in nearly every school district in Maine for at least two years before it was repealed. There are not ten temperance men in any single town or city in New England who will raise a finger to enforce the Maine liquor law. The law has been on the statute-book of this State, with an interruption of only three or four months, ever since July, 1852. During the last two years not four rum-sellers have been imprisoned under it, and we are confident that not more than six warrants have been issued. The Maine law in Rhode Island had not only the effect of multiplying grog-shops to an indefinite extent, but it has caused a general spirit of resistance to all excise law, and indeed has been a most efficacious cause of the general insubordination of the community to laws of all kind. The general defiance of the late excise law in New York city and elsewhere would not now be witnessed if the friends of the Maine law had not set the example of disregard of the rights of the people in their unconstitutional scheme and had not created a habit of disobedience by their unwise project.—*Providence Journal.*

Another Riot in New York.

About 11 o'clock last night a riot took place in Thirteenth street, between a party of rowdies belonging to the Eleventh ward known as the "Blues," and a party from the Seventeenth ward, known as the "Forty Thieves." Officer Van Arsdale, on hearing of the affair, went to the spot with eight men, and was immediately set upon by the two parties with stones and brick bats. They succeeded in arresting two of the rioters known as Michael Riley and James Hopkins, of the "Blues." The "Forty Thieves" again mustered, crossed Tompkins square, and made another onslaught on the police, who used their revolvers, firing some dozen shots among them, which had the immediate effect of dispersing the rowdy parties, and restoring quietness to the neighborhood.—*N. Y. Daily Times, July 9.*

Mr. Redblom drank more than his usual allowance of rum and sugar one night last week, the consequence of which was he gave his wife rather confused account of his conduct on his return home:

"Mr. Smith's grocery store invited me to go in and drink cousin Sam, and you see the weather 'vas dry, and I was very sloppy, so I didn't mind punchin' one drink, and it's queer how my head went into the punch, though? The way home was so dizzy that I slipped upon a little dog, the corner of the street bit me, and an old gentleman with cropped ears and brass on his neck, said he belonged to the dog, and I was, you understand, (hic) that is, I don't know nothing more about it."

A clergyman, in a certain country had a friend to visit him one Saturday who next day accompanied him to the church, which to his great surprise was very thinly attended. As they were returning home, he asked his friend if there were many dissenters in the town. "No," said the other "but there are numerous absenters."

The idea of a thunder storm is when Higgins came home tight.—Now Higgins is a teacher, and had been to a temperance meeting, and taken too much lemonade, or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell upon the floor. After a while he rose and said:

"Wife, are you hurt?"

"No."

"Girls, are you hurt?"

"No."

"Terrible clap that warn't it!"

A poor Irishman who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust. "An' sure it's not much of a character that a man needs to sell rum!"

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman—the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

Why are troubles like babies? Because they grow bigger by careful nursing.