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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson

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**The dearest place is Home.**

Of all the spots that heaven has blest,  
The dearest place is home.  
'Tis there the fond heart loves to rest,  
And never loves to roam;  
Whilst love plays round the smiling hearth,  
'Tis heaven's own bliss enjoyed on earth.  
Of all the joys that man can feel,  
The purest sure are there;  
While o'er his heart affections steal,  
Like balmy summer air;  
His wife's caress, his children's smile,  
Unlike the world are free from guile.

Of all the gifts bestowed to cheer  
Man's pilgrim path below,  
The richest treasure resteth here,  
Which they are best to know,  
Whilst love plays round the smiling hearth,  
'Tis Heaven's own bliss enjoy'd on earth.

**Newly Discovered Article of Food.**

The Paris papers mention a vegetable production found on the high lands of the south of the French provinces in Africa, and in Algerian Sahara, during the last campaign, which has been pointed out to the French Government by General Jussuf. The new article is a lichen which is found in a great part of Sahara. It is nourishing like the manna of the Hebrews. The following is an extract from the report on this subject, addressed by General Jussuf to the Governor-General. It is dated El-Beida, May 11, 1847:

"M. Raymond, assistant surgeon attached to the corps, pointed out during the expedition of last year, a sort of lichen which he found in abundance in certain parts of Sersou, and which appeared to him capable of being used for the food of animals and perhaps of men. Considering the advantages we might derive from this article in our expeditions towards the south, in case it shall prove to be suitable for the food of men or even animals, I took advantage of the march of my column across the high lands of Sersou and the southern region to gain information on questions relating to the existence, the nature, the production and the uses of this lichen.

"In the state in which I observed it, and in which it appeared to be used, it is detached from the soil, on which it is rolled here and there by the wind, and has the appearance of small pieces of leather, of the color of the earth, rolled and doubled up together. It is dry and as hard as a grain of corn; it is white inside, and presents a farinaceous aspect when it is crushed; its taste is very much like dried grain, and a prolonged mastication develops a slight degree of bitterness.

"According to observations and information which has been collected we are certain that it is produced every year, after the rainy season, under the form of moss, on the ground, to which it is at first attached. The upper part is then whitish, that which lies on the ground takes the color of the earth. The sun then afterwards acts upon this substance, which becomes dry, rolls itself up, and grows crisp. It then detaches itself from the soil, and the wind drives it about and collects it under the tufts of thyme, the only vegetable which grows on the land where it is produced.

"The farinaceous appearance of the inside of this lichen, the knowledge that all vegetables of this class contain nutritious substance, and, as we have said in Tartary, gave rise to the idea that it might be applied to the nourishment of the animals in our army. It was offered to the horses, who ate it readily; one of them was subjected for three weeks to a regimen of barley and lichen, which did not seem to be injurious to him; meantime the experiment ought to be repeated and I have given orders that a certain number of animals should be put upon the lichen, mixed at first with half barley and then with the lichen alone if possible.—This regimen will be applied with all precaution and all possible prudence, and I shall in future give an account of these results. I shall send to Algiers several bags of this substance that it may be subjected to analysis and observation.

"I learn, moreover, that during years of scarcity the Ouled Nays make of the lichen mixed with barley a coarse but very substantial kind of bread. I sent a specimen of this substance and a copy of these facts to the different commanding officers acting in the south.

"Dr. Rapmond adds to these details the following observations: The nutritive properties of this lichen, he says, are summed up in its name of *estable*, which the botanists bestow upon it, and we find elsewhere long articles which enumerate the results of the analysis, and show us how much alimentary substance it contains, and give us the conviction that it contains nothing hurtful.

"As to its identity, it is certainly the Lichen *Esulentus*, of which the Tartars make great use. Their cattle feed upon it and they make of it a sort of bread eaten by the poor, and which they consider a kind of manna sent them by Heaven.

"General Jussuf, at Boghar, caused two loaves to be made of the lichen; one, containing pure lichen, was softer and had less consistency than the other, to which more than a tenth of flour was added. This last resembled much the army bread, of which it had nearly the same taste. The nutritive qualities of this bread cannot be denied, when it is known that one of our most distinguished chemists, M. Payen, has ascertained that a substance may be extracted from the lichen the same in its properties, its transformations, and its elementary composition with the starch formerly pointed out in it by M. Borzelius. He remarked afterward that the diastasis, in reacting on the jelly of the lichen, transforms all the starchy particles into dextrine and sugar. It may then be concluded with certainty that the army of the expedition to the south will find in this cryptogamia a sufficient article of food in case of the failure of provisions."

**German Salt Mines.**

A correspondent of the Providence Journal, in a letter dated Constance, June 3, thus describes a visit which he made to the celebrated salt mines near Salzburg:

"From Salzburg, where I arrived the next day, I made a visit to the celebrated salt mines of Hallein. They are situated upon a mountain, half an hour's walk from the town. Beneath a handsome brick house on the summit of the mountain is the entrance to the mine. Another gentleman and myself made the descent together. We were obliged to clothe ourselves in large linen jackets and trousers, with a black leather apron tied on behind, and thus picturesquely accoutred, with a light in hand, we commenced the subterranean excursion. We first traversed a long, narrow, and gently descending passage, cut in the solid rock, until we came to a steep and novel railway, going down into a darkness which our light could not penetrate. The railway consisted of two smooth and round beams, about half a foot apart, and a rope upon the right side which served as a balustrade. We sat across the beams, our right legs under the rope, which we grasped in our hand, the guide being ahead, and as every thing was slippery, away we went at the rate of twenty knots an hour down into the abyss.—Arrived at the bottom, we traversed another long passage, cut not in the rock, but in the salt ore itself, the crystallized saline earth, from which, by the operation of fresh water, the clear salt, in the form of brine, is precipitated. These salt galleries are bordered on the sides, floor, and roof. Soon we came to another railroad, which we shot down in the same extraordinary manner, reaching a second level, of which levels there are eight. Thus proceeding we reached at last a salt lake, illuminated for the occasion, and over which we sailed, reminding one of the passage of the Sixx. We then passed through chambers containing portraits of Austrian Emperors, of Salzburg Archbishops, and collections of minerals, until we arrived at a wooden car upon which one rides a straddle out of a mountain. Seated upon this we were swiftly drawn by miners along the narrow rock gallery, a work in itself of some half a century, until at last we discerned the daylight at the end of the passage, resembling at first an intense star, but becoming paler as we proceeded. We rushed into the broad day, having traversed a space of 14,988 feet in the womb of the mountain, and having been an hour and a half buried in its intricate windings. This mine is supposed to have been worked even before the Romans were in Germany. It belongs to Austria, but runs under earth into the kingdom of Bavaria. It is said that fourteen days would be required to explore it thoroughly. It is always supplied with fresh air and water, the latter being necessary for the extraction of the salt from the ore. This brine is conveyed by pipes to Hallein, and there converted by means of evaporation into pure salt. The fresh water springs found in this mountain run so curiously and providentially, that, though traversing entire salt strata, they do not ever mingle or become tinged by the contact. The miners are healthy and live to an old age. They work individually but six hours a day. Salzburg is an ancient ecclesiastical city, built upon the site of a Roman colony. No city in Europe can

boast a prouder situation. Its acropolis, crowned by the haughty palace of the Archbishop, towers above it so that one from the battlements of the castle looks directly down upon the roofs and steeples of the town. The rapid Salza pours through its centre. Grandly shaped mountains rise on all sides of it excepting in that quarter which looks towards the great plain of Bavaria and the snowy peaks of the Tyrolean Alps bound its horizon."

**Recent visit to Pitcairn's Island.**

Her Majesty's brig *Spy* arrived off this island on the 26th of February, and was boarded by George Adams and some more natives shortly after she hoisted. George Adams is the son of the celebrated John Adams, the father of the colony, the mutineer of the *Bounty*. Went ashore in cutter, piloted by George Adams—Landing place a very small sandy beach, with many rocks, and in the least breeze impracticable. We were met on the beach by some of the natives, who cordially welcomed us to Pitcairn's Island, and showed us the way to the market place, up a steep and rugged path, winding along the cliff, and through a beautiful variety of all kinds of tropical flowers and shrubs. The scene, when we arrived at the summit, was picturesque in the extreme. The whole of the natives, men, women, and children, headed by Mr. Nopp, the schoolmaster, had assembled in a space of about half an acre square, carpeted with thick soft grass, and canopied overhead by the spreading branches of the cocoa-nut trees to meet the strangers, all of them being dressed in their gayest. Their welcome was warm, all of them advancing and shaking us by the hand, and addressing us in perfectly good English. We were extremely pleased by their quiet and decorous behavior. As soon as we had made acquaintance with them all, we were led through winding paths to the principal village, where the court-house and church stands, as there were one or two slight disagreements about land, which they wished to be brought before Lieutenant Woodruff, commander of the *Spy*, and who very speedily disposed of them without having evinced, either during the investigation or afterwards, the least feeling of discontent or displeasure. The church is a neat building, well arranged, with a pulpit and benches, and is used as well for a court-house as a church. Mr. Nopp, the schoolmaster, performs the various offices. We were shown the old gun belonging to the *Bounty*, that had been under water for fifty-nine years, and which was now lying near the court-house. We visited old Adams's house and grave, the last of which is situated in a beautiful spot next to his wife's grave, and kept in trim order.

After rambling about and visiting one or two inhabitants who were not well, (one of whom had wounded himself with his gun while out shooting goats a short time before we arrived, but was doing well,) we returned to dinner, which had been prepared for us at McCoy's house, and consisted of pork, yam, and sweet potatoes. Each family on the island take it in turn to entertain strangers when they arrive, and never accept any reward. Their food is principally vegetables, of which they have almost every kind, and twice a week either meat or fish; but there is difficulty in getting the latter, as the fishing ground is bad and water very deep. The animals on the island are goats, (which are wild,) pigs, and fowls. Their houses are the perfection of cleanliness and good order, and each person has his plot of ground to cultivate. Their form of government is simple: they elect a magistrate every 12 months, upon which occasion every man and woman above eighteen is entitled to a vote, and if married before that age they are allowed a vote in consequence. The magistrate then chooses an assistant, and the remainder of the people choose again another, who acts as a sort of check, which is, indeed, little wanted, for there is no place in the world where such perfect unanimity and good feeling exist as in this happy island. The number of inhabitants is one hundred and thirty-four, but the island can support many more, and they increase but slowly. The island itself is only four miles and a half in circumference. We heard with pleasure that, though several whalers touched there, yet in no instance had any impropriety been committed. Forty-six whalers, mostly American, had called during the year 1846. They all appeared to talk of Adams with the greatest respect, and seemed to have a strong feeling of the crime that their ancestors committed in mutiny.—They talked in the most affectionate and loyal way of "our Queen," and appeared exceedingly proud of being English, but complained that they were so neglected, the *Spy* having been the first man-of-war which had visited them for more than three years. They, however, were quite satisfied when told that the exigencies of the service had lately prevented their being visited so often. They begged earnestly for a visit by a man-of-war as often as she could be spared from other duties; but, as George Adams remarked, they "could not complain, as the Government had already been kinder to them than they deserved."

Before our leaving, the women came after us with little presents and keep-akes, such as locks

of hair, whales' teeth, and other little curiosities, refusing to be rewarded in any way. We took some of their names down, as they struck us as being as pretty as the fair owners themselves—Marian, Louisa, Emily were among the prettiest. Marian Christian was a beautiful girl, with quite a Grecian cast of countenance, and very kindly allowed her likeness to be taken by one of our party. Their way of dressing the hair is odd, it being rolled up in a conical fashion at the back of the head. Their dress, when they do not wear the European one, is simple, consisting of only a sort of skirt of some dark color, with the upper short petticoat of white stuff, and a handkerchief tied loosely round the neck. At last, having landed the cutter with eatables, which was obliged to lie off on account of the increasing surf, and it being nearly sunset, we were obliged to tear ourselves very unwillingly from this enchanted island, though all came round to beg us not to go, but to stop one night—only one—with them, and, finding they could not succeed, accompanied us down to the beach, where we embarked in canoes to take us off through the rollers to the cutter. They embraced us all most affectionately, asking us to write and remember them to their friends in England, particularly to Captain Hunt, formerly of the *Basilisk*, whom they seemed to have a vivid recollection of. The embarkation in the cutter was accomplished safely, and we gave them three hearty cheers, and, accompanied by George Adams and Christian, we got on board the *Spy*; and, after remaining a short time with us, and being very much delighted with a couple of rockets that were fired, they bade us good-by when we filled and made sail for Valparaiso.—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

**An Accomplished Rascal.**

A most finished piece of rascality was lately perpetrated upon a widow lady residing in Darien, Fairfield Co. Ct., by a man calling himself Calvin L. Ball. An account of the affair has been published at the request of the injured lady, in the *Stamford Advocate*, and is as follows:

This Ball came to Darien some time last Spring, in capacity of a journeyman shoemaker, and obtained work of Mr. Fuller. Was in the neighborhood but a day or two before he selected out a widow then residing with her parents, and worth some seven or eight thousand dollars, as his victim. By the aid of a treacherous female neighbor, (who, it is confidently believed, received a handsome reward for services,) he soon obtained an interview with the widow lady, and by false representations of his circumstances and prospects, confirmed by his female conspirator, in about two weeks succeeded in prevailing upon his victim to accompany him to port Chester, unbeknown to her parents and friends, where she was married to him, by the Rev. Mr. Wilson. They then returned to Darien, where they took board for a time with the female conspirator. Ball now set about converting Mrs. Ball's notes and evidences of debt into cash, by her consent, under a pretence that a favorable opportunity offered to engage in a profitable business in the city of New York. Some four or five thousand dollars were gathered together, and they proceeded to New York, with a fine horse and wagon and the furniture, linen, &c., of Mrs. B. before marriage, and took rooms at No. 26 Downing street. He had not been there many days before he pretended a disappointment in some of his arrangements and proposed to deposit \$3000, Mrs. B. had then by her in specie, in one of the Banks, until such time as it might be needed. This was consented to and the money was taken away by Mr. Ball. On his return, he said he had left the money at the Mechanics Bank, (if we remember the name,) but did not bring back a certificate of deposit, because, as he said, the Teller could not count it that afternoon, having gone out to attend to the funeral of his wife. The next day, however, he brought in a Bank Book containing an entry of the deposit in the usual form, and prevented all suspicion of any wrong.

This was the 3d day of July, and up to this time Ball had been all kindness and attention, and won the entire confidence of his unsuspecting wife. On Sunday (the 4th day of July,) he complained of feeling ill—his head, he said, troubled him very much, and, as there would be so much firing and confusion on the 5th he thought he would flee from the noise by going over to the Jerseys and see if he could not collect some money out of a man he pretended was greatly indebted to him there. Mrs. Ball proposed to accompany him, and thought it would be a pleasant excursion, but Ball demurred on the ground that his debtor (Mr. Fuller,) might not be pleased to have him bring company along when on a dunning call, so the proposed excursion was recalled. On Monday morning the two rose early, sipped a dish of coffee together, and then after the assurance of returning early in the evening, not forgetting to borrow her elegant gold watch and chain worth two hundred dollars or more, and invaluable as the gift of her former husband, he took his departure, and from that time to the present Mrs.

Ball has had no positive intelligence of him. Mr. Ball not returning that night Mrs. B. became uneasy. On sipping her coffee, the next morning, she thought it tasted strangely, and drank but little. Her sister, however who was at the table with her, drank her usual quantity, and soon after was taken a vomiting. The dry coffee was afterwards examined, and a white substance was observed in it, resembling arsenic, and it was all immediately hove into the sink. Soon after on going to her bedchamber she noticed all her husband's clothes were missing, her fine linen and other valuables gone. Suspicions of the plot now, for the first time came suddenly and heavily upon her. She caught her check book and hurried to the Bank—she had no deposit there—the entries proved a forgery. Ball had been to the Bank, but he took bills for the specie. She went to the stable—found her horse and wagon were gone, and subsequently she has been unable to gain any trace of her husband or effects.

Mrs. Ball has returned to Darien, robbed of her entire personal estate, and she now solicits the aid of every friend of injured confidence, to aid her in bringing Calvin L. Ball to that justice his rascality merits. Any information regarding him so that he may be arrested, or regarding the property he has wrongfully taken away with him, so that it may be recovered, will not only be gratefully received, but handsomely rewarded by Mrs. Ball. Address "Mrs. Phebe Ball, Darien, Conn."

The Binghamton Republican says the hero of this piece of villainy came to that place some time in July, and figured largely two or three weeks. Whilst here, he boasted much of his wealth, and exhibited his gold and \$1000 bank notes to several individuals, pretending that he made his property by speculations at the South. He succeeded at short notice in getting into "good society"—his fast horse, gold chains and finger rings being taken as proof satisfactory that he was entitled to "gilt edge" notice. From here he went to Oswego, Ithaca, and Elmira, and in the latter place, until a late date, was "going it" on a large and extensive scale.

On Saturday morning last, the eastern mail brought the article referred to. A good deal of indignation was naturally felt by those who had been deceived; and an officer was started in pursuit of the rascal, who, it was understood was to give a champagne dinner that very afternoon to his friends in Elmira. Pursuit was also made from Ithaca and Oswego. Ball got wind of the intended arrest, and made tracks a few minutes before the arrival of the officers at Elmira. He was, however, overhauled in the course of the next day or two, at Montrose, Pa., where he was coaxed to deposit a part of his money, and to return with his pursuers to Oswego.

**A Pressing Letter.**

The following extract from a letter sent by a sutler to his friends abroad, shows that our country is not the worst in the world—  
"My dear Bod—Come to swate Ameriky, and come quickly. Here you can buy parities two shillings a bushel, whiskey and coal same price, because we ain't got no turf here, a dollar a day for digging, and no hanging for staling. Och, now, do come."

**An Honor to his Mother.**

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," said John. "Very good. What is a tailor?" "One who makes tails." "O, you stupid fellow," said the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails!" "Yes, master," returned John; "if the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made they would all be jackets." "Sit down, John, you're an honor to your maternal parent."

**How a Farmer out West preserves his Eggs.**

A gallon pot is filled with eggs; and one pint of lime, of the consistency of common white-wash, poured in, and the pot filled with water. A board is then placed on the top, and the water, which is never changed, as well as the eggs, remains pure and sweet. This practice is the one most common in France, the inhabitants of which, to their love of frogs and soup, add also, it appears, a very commendable taste for eggs.

**ABSENCE—LATEST CASE.**—The wife of an old codger who is rather fond of brandy, intending to take up a coal of fire to light a candle, caught her husband's red nose between the tongs. She did not discover her mistake till he told her he could blow his own nose.

Setting a man-trap is the title given to a picture of a very pretty young lady arranging her curls at a mirror.

**SCARCITY.**—There are 100,000 sheep in Addison Co., Vt. which must be driven to other sections to be wintered, or be slaughtered. The deficiency of the crop of rye, and the ravages of grasshoppers, have caused a scarcity of food.