



## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Thursday, March 6, 1845.

Terms, \$2.00 in advance; \$2.25, half yearly; and \$2.50 if not paid before the end of the year.

V. B. Palmer, Esq., at his Real Estate and Coal Office, No. 59 Pine street, below Third, two squares S. the Merchants' Exchange, Phila., and No. 160 Nassau street, (Tribune buildings.) N. Y., is authorised to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the *Jeffersonian Republican*, and give receipts for the same. Merchants, Mechanics, and tradesmen generally, may extend their business by availing themselves of the opportunities for advertising in country papers which this agency affords.

### To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

#### THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

### Communications.

We neglected, at the proper time, to call the attention of our readers, to the admirably written *Communication*, of a Milford correspondent, in last week's *Jeffersonian*. We shall be happy frequently to acknowledge such favors from the same writer.

A communication signed a "CITIZEN," has been received. We will publish it, provided he gives us his true name; as we will not publish any communication unless we know the author.

### Annexation of Texas.

The long agony is over, and as far as the action of this government can make it, Texas is now an integral part of the United States. The House Resolutions, with an amendment, passed the Senate on Thursday last by a vote of Yeas 27, Nays 25; which amendment was concurred in by the House, on Friday, by the following vote, Yeas 132, Nays 76. The Resolutions, as thus amended, leave it optional with the President, either to take Texas into the Union at once, upon her complying with a few requirements, or to open a negotiation with her for that purpose, as he may see proper. This was tacked on to the original Resolutions, for the purpose of securing the support of Messrs. Benton, Tappan and Niles, who would otherwise have opposed them.

Every loco foco Senator cast his vote in favor of them; whilst on the other hand, every Whig Senator opposed them, except Messrs. Johnson, of La., Henderson, of Miss., and MERRICK, of Maryland. The two former voted in accordance with the wishes of their respective States;—but the latter, WILLIAM D. MERRICK, treacherously betrayed his constituents and his country, and secured the passage of the iniquitous Resolutions. His vote against Texas, would have produced a tie, and prevented annexation—but like a traitor, as he is, he deserted his friends, and placed them in a minority. He has no doubt received his reward. Let him henceforth be despised and shamed by all decent and honourable men.

The consequence of this act, will no doubt be a war with Mexico, which will cost the United States millions of dollars, and the blood of many of our bravest countrymen. It will also through the seas with Privateers, who will annoy our merchantmen, and destroy our commerce. And who will undertake to say that it may not ultimately lead to a dissolution of the Union itself. The Constitution has been violated. The rights of the Northern States have been disregarded and trampled upon. And who shall restrain them from standing up in their own defence. As friends of our glorious Union, we see much cause to be alarmed for the future. In our next, we will speak of this subject more at large.

A bill repealing the 'Stay Law' has passed both branches of the Legislature—the same to take effect on the 1st day of May next.

### The New Administration.

James K. Polk, was inaugurated President, on Tuesday last, and is now in the discharge of the duties of his office. We have not yet heard, officially, the names of his Constitutional advisers, but believe that the gentlemen whose names we published last week will compose his Cabinet. We shall endeavor to publish his Inaugural Address in our next.

### The Whigs of New York.

The Whigs of the city of New York, we are glad to see, are rallying for the Charter Election which is to take place in April, in the proper spirit. They have nominated as their candidate for Mayor, that sterling Whig, DUDLEY SELDEN, and will make a noble effort to elect him. Their attachment to the *Whig name* and *Whig principles* is stronger than ever.

### Miss Webster Pardoned.

Gov. Owsley, of Kentucky, has pardoned Miss Delia A. Webster, recently convicted in one of the Courts of that State, and sentenced to two years confinement in the Penitentiary, for stealing several slaves, and assisting them to get their liberty. She had been in prison since the beginning of January. The Governor gives, as his reasons for pardoning her, that she is penitent for her crime, and that the petitions in her behalf were uncommonly numerous.

### Cheap Postage.

We were too fast, last week, in our remarks on Postage Reform. Since then the Reduction Bill has passed both Houses, and at our latest advices from Washington, only awaited the signature of the President to become a law. LETTERS are to be charged five cents under three hundred miles, and ten cents for all greater distances. NEWSPAPERS are to be sent free for thirty miles; over that to be charged one cent. It was thought that the President would sign it. We hope he has.

### Congress

Adjourned on Monday night last, but we have no account of its concluding scene. Much business, however, remained unfinished on Saturday, which no doubt failed for want of time to attend to it. The general appropriation bills were under discussion at the latest dates.

### The Legislature.

Our Solons at Harrisburg, are plodding along slowly, without any body, hardly, taking notice of them. The exciting questions, which have been agitated at Washington, for some time past, has drawn attention from our State Capitols, to both Houses of Congress. By reference to our exchanges, however, we find that nothing of special interest has transpired during the past week. There is no time fixed yet for adjournment.

### The 22d Again.

A "subscriber" takes exception to our notice of last week, which stated that Washington's Birth-day had passed by without observance, in Stroudsburg. He says, that so far from that being the fact, some ten or a dozen kindred spirits assembled together in the evening, made merry over some bottles of Wine, &c., and closed the day by getting most gloriously "corned."

This certainly, we are compelled to admit, was an observance of the day; and one too which those interested will not be likely soon to forget. But still, we are not satisfied. If we had reason, last week, to complain of the non-observance, we must now complain of the mis-observance of the twenty-second. We hope, that our jovial friends will observe the next 22d, in a more unexceptionable manner. For this observance, of theirs, was an observance, which will be far more honored in the breach, than the observance.

#### FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

Messrs. Schoech & Spering:

The Ladies and Gentlemen of Stroudsburg and vicinity, composing Mr. John S. P. Foust's Singing Class, are not quite satisfied with his conduct. They are of opinion that engagements entered into ought to be fulfilled, or that some satisfactory reason should be given for not performing his contracts. Mr. Foust after having engaged to instruct the class for three months, without any reason given, suddenly withdraws from his engagements. It is true, he states in the notice given in the *Monroe Democrat*, "that circumstances over which he had but partial control, prevented a formal dismissal of the class." This is the state apology made use of by all persons who cannot, or will not, give the true reason for their conduct. He acknowledges the liberal patronage which he received from the class, &c. &c. If this is the way Mr. Foust treats his friends, and fulfils his engagements, the public will soon learn to appreciate him and to treat him with the contempt which he deserves.

A. B. RESPECT.

### The Murder of Frank Combs—A Touching Narrative.

Gen. Leslie Combs has written a letter in relation to the death of his son, which we find published in a late number of the *Louisville Journal*. The General states that about two years since, he purchased a place for his son, just below the mouth of Red River, to which young Combs removed and commenced work. A few months after, a near neighbor died, and a man named O'Blennis, purchased the place of the deceased, and put some hands on it, but not his family. The day before young Combs visited Kentucky in July last, he bought a small strip of land, lying between him and O'Blennis, at public sale. O'Blennis desired this land, and each had endeavored to buy it from the claimant, who refused to sell it to O'Blennis, because he had first promised it to young Combs.

#### Gen. Combs continues:

"After my son started home last November, I received a letter from his agent, Dr. Jacks, addressed to him, advising him of the bad conduct of O'Blennis during his absence, in destroying his stock, and especially of his cruelty towards his riding horse, in forcing him, with the aid of one of his negroes, over the river bank backwards into a bog, from which he could not extricate himself, and when found and tried out he died. Shocked as I was by such inhumanity to a dumb brute, I became seriously alarmed for the safety of my son, and wrote to him to be on his guard—to have nothing, personally, to do with O'Blennis, but to seek a legal redress for any injuries he had sustained, if, on consultation with his friends, it was deemed advisable. This course he adopted, although soon after his return to his place, he was informed, by a man in the employ of O'Blennis, that the latter individual had offered to pay him if he would kill my son, and that O'Blennis himself was repeatedly absent till a late hour in the night with a double barrel gun, loaded with buckshot. My son apprized me of these alarming circumstances, and that some of his neighbors advised him to leave his place, but said that he "had rather die than be thus driven off;" in the meantime, however, he was preparing, under my instructions, to wind up his business as soon as possible and come off, temporarily at any rate, until something could be done to render his residence safe, and but for his murder he would have left early in January.

Things remained in this situation until the 30th of December: my son never having met O'Blennis but once, on which occasion he told him of his intention to seek legal redress for the injuries he had done him, and expressly disclaimed all intention of any personal injury to him. From this circumstance, and that two months had nearly elapsed since his return and O'Blennis had not executed his threats, my son began to think he was merely boasting, and, at any rate, that he would not venture to attempt any open act of violence upon him. On that day my son was visiting a friend in the neighborhood, when O'Blennis rode up to the front fence, a few steps from the house, and seeing my son in the portico, dismounted and came in without being invited so to do by the proprietor. Soon afterwards, dinner was announced, and my son, seeing that O'Blennis had seated himself at the table, declined eating; a brief altercation ensued, when the host interfered and ordered or desired O'Blennis to leave his house, telling him he would not allow him thus to insult his guest. My son remained all night and until one or two o'clock the next day. In the mean time, O'Blennis had sent one of his slaves late at night to a neighboring grocery for a gallon of whiskey, with a written order very strangely worded, showing that he had some desperate deed in contemplation. The next morning, and during the forenoon, O'Blennis was seen by several persons walking in the public road, or sitting on a log by its side, armed with a double barreled gun. Along this road my son would be compelled to travel in returning home. Although aware of the difficulty between them, they did not suppose he was contemplating an attack, and, therefore, did not take the trouble to notify my son of his danger; so that, at about one or two o'clock, when he started home, accompanied by a young gentleman, named Johnson, so far from intending or expecting an attack, he put his pistol (a small six-barrel revolver) in his saddle-bags, unloaded, and took neither powder nor ball with him.

When they arrived at O'Blennis' plantation, they saw him in the field near the road, and by the time they had come opposite the house, he was in the yard. Without speaking to him, or hearing him if he spoke to them, they passed on at a slow pace. When they had gone a few hundred yards and were in sight of F. Combs' house, they heard a horse approaching them in the rear at a rapid gate, and looking back saw O'Blennis with a double barrel gun on his shoulder,

riding at full speed. Johnson immediately said to my son:—"O'Blennis is coming after you, to shoot you," and he replied: "I expect he is." O'Blennis rode past as fast as he could, but said nothing, and when he had got some twenty or thirty yards, jumped from his horse and attempted to lurch him to the fence, but failed, and immediately levelled his gun at my son and approached him; he and Johnson both jumped to the ground, and Johnson said: "Mr. O'Blennis don't shoot him." My son exclaimed, raising his right hand, without attempting to draw any weapon: "Stop, O'Blennis, stop!" O'Blennis made no reply, but still approached till within a few paces, my son looking him right in the face, and wholly unprotected; both barrels were then discharged, so nearly at the same time that Johnson tho't but one was fired, although several persons at my son's house distinctly heard two reports. The parties were so close together that the whole load (the first one in my opinion) entered his forehead, without touching his hat, in a circle not exceeding two inches in diameter, crushing the skull and lodging in the brain. The second load must have passed over his head as he fell, as there are marks on the fence where several shot struck it, just behind where he stood.

Johnson, filled with horror at the scene, mounted his horse and started to look for help; just as he did so, he heard O'Blennis call him, and looking back saw him standing near or over the body of my son, and heard him say something about his being armed. It was more than an hour before Judge Black & Mr. Hopkins reached the place, accompanied by Mr. Johnson. In the meantime a neighbor was accidentally passing and saw a man lying on his face by the road side with his horse grazing near him. He supposed it must have been ten or fifteen minutes after the deed was done. He immediately dismounted and ascertaining that it was my son, turned him on back; his pulse was still beating; he groaned several times and died. Whether he was rendered insensible at the moment he was shot, or was suffering the agonies of death all this time, God knows.

O'Blennis was subsequently arrested, and Gen. Combs concludes his touching account with this language:

"My son's body is deposited temporarily in a neighbor's grave-yard. I shall bring it home with me and bury him by the side of his mother. The sod on which his head lay when he died is still saturated and red with blood. I shall dig it up and place it at the head of his grave in Kentucky. If he had been a boisterous, forward boy, I do not think my heart would have been so sorely bruised, but he was as mild and retiring in his manners, as he was brave and high-toned in his feelings and principles."

### Young Combs.

The funeral of young Frank Combs took place at Lexington on the 22d ult., and was attended by a large number of persons. The Observer makes this touching notice of the last sad ceremony:—

"He who, but a few months since, left his paternal home, full of hope and happiness, and with bright prospects in the future, was brought back to it, by an afflicted father, a mangled corpse—not killed upon the battle-field, but shot down upon the public highway, by one old enough to be his father—his nearest neighbor—one who ought to have been his friend and protector, instead of his assassin. Oh! it was cruel for one so young and noble-hearted to be thus butchered in a distant land, with no friend or relative of his boyhood near him. Yet even in that land of strangers, so manly had been his bearing, so upright his conduct and character, than one universal burst of indignation and horror followed the flying footsteps of his cowardly slayer, and tears of heart-felt sympathy from all eyes upon his bloody grave. We have rarely seen upon a similar occasion so large a multitude, as filled the house and streets adjacent to it, while the funeral service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Matthews. Nor have we ever listened to a more appropriate and touching discourse and prayer. The same Reverend gentleman had attended the bedside of a dying mother; and little more than a year since, in the same place, delivered a funeral discourse, commemorative of her high character, fortitude and piety, prematurely as she was hurried to the tomb. All parties and classes, then, as now, united in testifying their love and regard for the deceased, and in sympathizing with the afflicted family and relatives."

The editor of the *Quincy Herald*, who was recently "sacked" at a Singing School by a damself of an uncertain age, perpetrates the following ill-natured remarks:

"The safest place in a thunder storm, is on the larboard side of an ugly old maid. Being a decided non-conductor, there is no danger of her attracting any thing."

### Another Great Race—The North Against the South.

We learn from the *Spirit of the Times*, that a match for \$20,000 aside, between the North and the South is likely to come off over the Union Course, Long Island, in May next. The North is understood to comprise all that section of the Union north of the Roanoke—the South, in like manner, all south and south-west of that river.

In lieu of making a match between the rival champions of the North and South—*Fashion* and *Peytona*—who are universally acknowledged to be at the head of the Turf in their respective sections of country, the parties have entered into a *post match*, so as to ensure a race, each being at liberty to name his horse at the post. The post match has been made up by the particular friends of *Fashion* and *Peytona*, of course with the sole view of bringing them together, but should accident occur to either, the match cannot, under any circumstances, fall through.

### Wonderful Discovery.

Correspondence of the *National Intelligencer*.

New York, Jan. 30, 1845.

Considerable sensation has been produced among our engravers by the news of a discovery, which is not only likely to affect their interests to a great extent, but which, if generally made known, must lead to consequences affecting the paper currency of the civilized world, the importance of which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. I am indebted to Mr. Chapman, the well-known artist, for an account of the invention and a specimen of a plate produced through its agency.

The discovery consists in a process by which an elaborate line engraving of any size may be so accurately copied that there shall be no perceptible difference between the original and the copy; by which an engraving on steel or copper may be produced from an impression of the print—the original plate never having been seen by the copyist—and the copied engraving being capable of yielding from ten thousand to twenty thousand impressions. The producer will undertake to supply a Bank of England note so exactly copied that the person who signed and issued it should not be able to swear which was the original and which the copy.

Many guesses have been made as to the mode by which this marvellous process is effected, but as yet without result. The process does not even infer a necessity of injuring the print delivered as a model, which is returned unscathed. The inventor is an Englishman, and an engraver by profession. He has taken no patent, neither does he think it expedient to do so, inasmuch as, if he does, any unprincipled person may at once adopt it, with little probability of the inventor being able to prove that his process has been the medium by which the print has been produced. A friend of the author of the invention, says, with justice, "There is no knowing to what extensive changes in legislation it may conduce; for, if any printed or written document can be forged with so much ease and certainty as to defy detection, the consequences may be more appalling than we care to anticipate."

The invention embraces the capacity to reproduce any form of letter-press, or any quality of print, drawing, or lithograph, in an unlimited quantity, in an inconceivably brief space of time. For instance, from a single copy of the *Intelligencer* plates might be produced in twenty minutes from which impressions could be worked off with the ordinary rapidity of the steam-press. The finest and rarest engravings may be reprinted *ad infinitum*; bank notes may be reproduced in fac-simile, without the slightest point of difference; and last, though not least, books may be reprinted, as from stereotype types, in unlimited quantity. Indeed, the various mechanical and other interests affected by this remarkable discovery have not yet been half enumerated.

### Amusing Calculation.

A singular genius somewhere has amused himself by making the following singular calculation: it is rather funny.—He says—

"I have been married thirty-two years, during which time I have received from the hand of my wife three cups of coffee each day, two in the morning and one at night, making about 35,000 cups of half a pint each, or nearly seventy barrels of thirty gallons each, weighing 17,500 pounds, or nearly nine tons weight. Yet from that period I have scarcely varied myself in weight from 140 pounds. It will therefore be seen, that I have drunk, in coffee alone, two hundred and eighty times my own weight. I am not much of a meat eater, yet I presume I have consumed about eight ounces a day, which makes 5,805 pounds, or about ten oxen. Of flour I have consumed, in the thirty-two years, about fifty barrels."

IN BLOOM.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says that peach trees are in full bloom in the neighborhood of that city.