

The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1844.

VOLUME I. NUMBER 18.

POETRY.

THE SEA-BOY'S FAREWELL.

Wait, wait, ye Wind! till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet
Whose station is at home:
Then wait the sea-boy's simple prayer,
And let it be whispered there,
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to FATHER! reverend hulk!
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,
Soon may his cable slip;
Yet while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to MOTHER! first-class' she!
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore and aft;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to SISTER! lovely yacht!
But whether she'll be "manned" or not,
I cannot now foresee;
May some good ship a "tender" prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her under lee.

Farewell to GEORGE! the jolly-boat!
And all the little craft afloat
To home's delightful bay:
When they arrive at sailing age,
May wisdom give the weather-gauge,
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main!
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather;
But summoned by the Board above,
We'll harbor in the port of Love,
And all be moored together!

THE MAID OF SOLEURE.

A SWISS STORY.

THE town of Soleure is situated amongst the mountains of Jura, in Switzerland, along the fertile and romantic vale of the Balat. It is the capital of the canton which bears the same name, and is watered by the beautiful river Aar. The town is small, but neat, and surrounded by stone fortifications. It claims the honor of great antiquity, and its inhabitants have long been distinguished for their love of civil independence. The following traditionary story is related of one of the most interesting passages in the history of the place.

Hugo Von Bucheg was a venerable burgher and chief magistrate of the town of Soleure. He had long been regarded as father of the council, and the people placed their reliance upon him in every time of danger. His habits were plain and simple. He had amassed no wealth, for his services were given and not sold. One treasure he possessed which he considered beyond all price, and that was his only child, Ellen. She had early lost her mother, and had spent her time almost as she pleased in wandering about the suburbs of Soleure, gathering plants for her collections, and accumulating a stock of health, energy, and cheerfulness. She was yet at a tender age, when her father received a most earnest letter from his only sister, who resided in the valley of Lauterbrunn, entreating him to spare his daughter to her for a few months, representing the solitude of her own situation, and the want she had of youthful and cheering society. The last plea he could not resist, and Ellen was, for the first time, separated from her father.

She found her aunt, who was a widow, sick and low-spirited. It was a new situation for Ellen. Heretofore her life had demanded but few sacrifices; but now her duties began, and day and night she was seated by her bedside. Sickness often makes people selfish and unreasonable. The invalid was unwilling to part with her newly acquired solace for a moment, and Ellen could only gaze upon the beautiful scenery around her, without being allowed to plunge into its depths. It was not till her health and spirits drooped, that she gained permission to walk at sunset. At first the rapidity with which she moved along was almost free from thought. It was recovered liberty; and to gaze upon the heavens, the waters and the woods, to feel that she could leap from rock to rock, could sing her favorite songs, and disturb no one, was rapture. Her delight in rambling amidst the wild scenery of the district was augmented by her naturally devotional feelings. When the glorious sun arose, it was to her like the Creator, lifting the curtain of the night, and coming forth from the darkness of his pavilion. As she gazed on the valley and cottages, and listened to the note of the shepherd's pipe, to the tinkling bells of the herds of cattle, and heard their sonorous voices, she broke forth in the spirit of Milton,

"Parent of Good! these are thy works."
Nor were her associations less delightful at the hour of evening. It was to gaze upon the groups of healthy, happy children, who ran to meet their parents returning from a day of labour—to see the affectionate wife preparing her little repast before the door, and all breathing the language of domestic affection.

She had gazed late on this scene one evening, and turned slowly away to pursue her path homeward. As she proceeded, she perceived she would be obliged to pass a herd of cattle which had no herdsman. Her habits were fearless, and she did not hesitate. Suddenly one of the animals sprang furiously from the rest, and rushed towards her. She looked around—a frightful death seemed inevitable. To escape by flight was impossible. At that moment the report of a gun struck her ear; the animal staggered and fell dead at her feet. A sickness came over her, and she knew nothing till she found herself supported by a young man dressed in a military uniform.

"You have saved my life," she exclaimed. "It was a fortunate shot," he said, smiling. "I don't often make as good a one, for I have been out all day, and have not brought down any game. My uncle's house is not very far distant; may I conduct you to it?"

"I must go to my aunt's," said Ellen, "but I shall need your assistance to get there."

He raised her up and gave her his arm, and they stood a minute to gaze on the powerful animal that lay stretched out before them. The ball had entered his heart. Not a drop of blood was visible.

"This will make a feast in the valley," said the youth; "I will give a *fete* in honor of your safety; will you not witness it?"

Ellen sighed to think how impossible it would be to gain her aunt's consent. At the door, the stranger bowed and left her.

The impression upon the young girl's mind was deep and lasting. That night her aunt's illness greatly increased. A despatch was sent for her father, but before his arrival his sister had breathed her last. She went no more to the chapel but returned to Soleure with her father.

Two years passed away, and Ellen's recollections of the stranger were yet fresh in her mind. "He saved my life," said she, "I hope I shall see him again. But new scenes were fast crowding upon her, and left no room for the wanderings of imagination. Leopold, Duke of Austria, was approaching Soleure, with the avowed resolution of besieging its walls. An inordinate thirst for victory had taken possession of his mind. He believed it glory to conquer even the innocent and free, and he swore to his brother, the emperor, to plant the Austrian standard on the towers of Soleure.

The attack had commenced, and Ellen stood gazing on the scene. She neither wept nor spoke, but was motionless as a marble statue. Her father cast one glance on her, and hastened where his duty called. The wailings of women and children for their husbands and fathers, from whom they were the first time separated, the thunder of the cannon, which made even the earth tremble, the cries of exultation and despair, mingled with the groans of the wounded, all struck upon the ear of Ellen. She flew from street to street, forgetful of her own safety, at one moment in search of her father, and the next administering comfort to those as wretched as herself.

At length the tumult ceased. The thunder of the cannon was heard no longer, and the glad tidings were communicated from mouth to mouth that the enemy were repulsed, and had retreated to their encampment. Scarcely had Ellen rejoiced in this intelligence, when she beheld her father approaching, supported by a friend. "Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "you are wounded."

"Come with me, my child," said he, "and thank the Supreme Being for this respite from our calamities. My wound is nothing, but you will bind it up."

With the tenderest care she applied the emollients necessary, then, kneeling at his feet, bathed his hand with her tears. At length her father requested her to be calm, and listen to him.

"We have," said he, "this time defeated the walls of Soleure; and repulsed the enemy; but they will return to the attack with new vigor. Our resources are exhausted, our last ammunition expended, and the banner of Austria will soon wave over the ruins of this devoted place; but I have still my duty to perform, and to this there was but one obstacle. I know what fate awaits you from a rude and victorious soldiery in the heat of conquest. There is but one resource—you must repair to Leopold. He is brave and generous. You will be safe from insult; and I free to do my duty as a soldier. Away! it is my command. Answer me not! Give this letter to the duke. God bless thee my dear—my only treasure!"

Ellen sunk upon her knees, and pressed her father's hand to her lips; but he rushed from her into his room, and his sobs were audible.

When he came out he gazed upon the bridge over which Ellen was to pass. Her slight figure was faintly visible, preceded by a flag of truce, and at length faded away. "Now I am childless," said he; "I have only to die for my country."

Surrounded by the chiefs and nobles of his army sat Duke Leopold, upon a seat adorned with gold and purple, which served him for a throne, deliberating with them upon the most effectual means of attacking Soleure. The curtain of the pavilion was raised and an officer entered and informed him that a young woman, the daughter of Bucheg, requested admission.

Leopold looked exultingly upon his nobles. "Has he sent his daughter to melt our purposes?" said he; "does he think that youth and beauty can beguile our resolution? Let her enter and we will show her that our blood is warmed only by glory."

Again the curtain was raised, and Ellen, dressed in the plainest manner, entered. She approached the Duke, and bent one knee to the ground. "Noble Prince," she said, "I come to you as a petitioner to claim your protection," and she placed her father's letter in his hand.

The Duke looked earnestly at her, as did also his nobles with still greater curiosity. The effort of courage was over. Her eyes were cast down, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.

"My lord," said the Duke, addressing an old man who stood near him, "support this young woman to a seat." He then unfolded the letter and read:

"NOBLE PRINCE: She who brings you this letter is my only child—all the treasure I possess in this world. Therefore, I trust her to you, relying on your honor. If the walls of Soleure fall, I shall be buried under their ruins; but if you grant your protection to my daughter, I shall have no more anxiety for her. Give me some token that you grant my petition, and you will receive your reward from that being, who watches over the innocent, and who knows our hearts."

ner of the Austrian army be planted, crowned with a green garland. By this token the magistrate will know that he has not mistaken Leopold. Count, to you I confide this young maiden; I know your integrity; your grey hairs, bleached in the service of your country are a pledge of security. Yet one more I desire—it is your son. I take him for a hostage. You know I love him, as if he were my own. Therefore by this pledge, he will know how highly I estimate my protection, given to the daughter of Bucheg. But where is the young count?" continued the Duke; "I miss him unwillingly from among my friends."

"He is at his post," answered the father, "I expect him every moment. In the mean time suffer me to express my thanks for the confidence you place in me, as well as for your kindness to my son."

The old count now took the hand of Ellen, and said, "You have heard, my dear child the command of the Duke. I hope you will trust yourself to me."

As he spoke, his son entered the pavilion. He gazed at the scene before him in speechless astonishment. Ellen, too, seemed overcome by her situation. The deepest blushes suffused her face and neck, while her eyes were cast down and her heart beat with violence.

"You wonder, my young friend," said the Duke, "how this fair creature came among us rough warriors; but you will be still more astonished when you learn that you must welcome her as your sister. She is the only daughter of the magistrate of Soleure. Her father has confided her to me, and I give her in trust to you, and thus is the mystery explained. But I am convinced the young lady must need rest and refreshment. Therefore I request you to see that she is properly lodged and guarded."

With what delight did the young count receive this command! A tent was immediately devoted to the *protege* of the Duke, and Ellen, once more alone, exclaimed, "I have found him at length—the preserver of my life! whose image for three years has filled my sleeping hours! Alas! how have I found him—in arms against my country, against my father and his fellow-citizens! Already his name has inspired me with terror, for he has been first in the attack. What is my worthless life in comparison with the liberty and safety of my country? Oh! how have I wasted years in the expectation of meeting its preserver, and now I find him my bitterest foe!"

Her tears fell in torrents. There is no calamity so hard to bear as that which overthrows years of self-delusion. Ellen had lost no actual good; but the castle she had erected was now laid prostrate, and she stood, desolate, amongst its ruins.

The darkness of night came on. The rain had descended for several days, and it now fell in torrents. Yet still the young count walked as sentinel around the tent which contained his father's charge. He had recognized in her the beautiful girl that he had so fortunately befriended in the valley of Lauterbrunn; and though since that event he had often thought of her, his was an active and busy life, and he had not, like Ellen, wasted days and years in castle building. Man yields to present emotion, but women can live on ideal happiness. He fully believed that he should see her no more, and had ceased to think of her; whereas, she had considered her destiny as united to his, and looked forward with confidence to the moment when they should meet. It was not with indifference that the young man now beheld her. A tide of passion rushed over his soul. Perhaps he read its influence in the depth of her emotion. He gazed upon the tent she occupied and wished it were his duty to share it with her. "But this can never be," thought he. "To-morrow, seen as the morning dawns, I must be first to prostrate the walls of her native place, and perhaps I am doomed to destroy her father. Would that I had never seen her, and then I should have gone cheerfully to the battle!" A new idea struck him. Perhaps Ellen might have influence enough to persuade her father to surrender, without risking fruitless oppression; at least he will attempt it. With cautious steps he approached the curtain, and spoke in a low voice.

"Who calls?" said Ellen.

"It is your guard, Count Pappenheim," said he. "May I ask conference with you. I have business to communicate respecting your father."

Ellen made no reply, and raising the curtain, he entered. The traces of tears were still on her face. "Come," said he, "to inform you, that early to-morrow morning we attack the walls of Soleure. They must fall, all opposition must be useless. The lives that are dear to you may be sacrificed in their defence, and the blood of your citizens deluge the streets; but it is all in vain. I come, then, to beg you to use your influence with your father to spare this useless conflict. Write, and I will see that he has the letter before morning. Tell him that we know the state of the town; that it is without ammunition, and the walls are tottering. By resisting, ruin is inevitable; by capitulating, he may obtain honorable terms."

When the young man entered, Ellen had flung herself on a seat, pale, trembling, and shivering from his view; but as he proceeded, the color mantled in her cheeks, and when he had ended, she stood erect.

"Rely not too much on the weakness of our resources," said she; "it is for freedom we are contending, and every man feels that he is a host. Do you think that if my father would listen to terms, he would have sent me, his only child, among his enemies for protection? No! he will shed the last drop of his blood for his country; and were I to propose capitulation, he would spur my letter. You must do your duty; but remember that it is against the innocent you act, and make not the life you once preserved," continued she, "valueless by taking that of my father."

It is said there is wonderful power in woman's tears, and so it would seem, for the young man appeared for a moment to forget his errand. At length he said, "I give you my solemn word that your father's life, as far as it is consistent with

my duty, shall be guarded with my own."

"You will know him," said she, "by his white hair, by his firm, yet mild demeanor, by his resolution to die rather than yield. But," added she with dignity, "every citizen resembles him in this determination, all are my fathers or brothers."

A loud noise was heard at a distance. The soldier rushed from the tent. A fearful strife had begun, of a nature which baffled the might of man.

It is well known with what overwhelming fury the Aar sometimes rushes along, destroying and laying waste the country through which it passes. Six days of incessant rain had increased its waters to an alarming height, and besides deluging the country around its waves rose alarmingly high, and spurred all restraint. The greatest consternation prevailed throughout the army. All were in motion. The only hope that remained was from the bridge that bound both shores. It was built of stone, and they hoped it might resist the force of the waters, and to secure this object was their immediate aim. It was necessary to load it with immense weight, and Leopold ordered men and horses to this post. "It is our only chance," said he; "if the bridge gives way, we are lost."

The danger every moment increased. Nothing could exceed the horror of the scene; the darkness of the night making more terrible the groans and cries of those who waited on the shore, the frightful death that was approaching. The Austrians who had so lately threatened immediate destruction to the devoted town of Soleure, stood with their conquering banners in their hands. What mighty arm could now help them in their need! There was but one; and that seemed already raised for their destruction.

It was now that their danger reached its crisis. The bridge tottered to its base, yet it still stood, when, as if to mock their fruitless efforts, the wind suddenly arose; the few remaining soldiers rushed on it, and, amid the howling of the storm, and the cries and exclamations of the army, the bridge suddenly gave way and the waters rushed over them.

Now were the gates of Soleure thrown open and the inhabitants rushed forth with desperate resolution. In a moment the wild and tempestuous Aar was covered with rafts and boats. Fearless of the death that threatened, they pursued their object, and by their flaming torches discovered the victims who were sinking. Every measure was used, and the greater part saved, and conveyed to the town and the gates immediately closed.

By the light of the torches, Leopold beheld what was going forward. He saw his army in the hands of the enemy, and not a possibility of preventing it. "Shame! shame!" he cried, "unheard of cruelty, to seize such a moment of public calamity to satisfy their murderous thirst for human life, to condemn their fellow beings to a second death! My brave soldiers and companions! would that you had sunk beneath the wave! It is frightful! it deserves revenge, and shall have it!—bloody revenge! The walls of Soleure shall be laid prostrate, and every citizen pay with his life this horrible outrage; and as for Bucheg—ah! well thought of," cried he, starting up, "I have it! the weapon in my hand that will pierce his heart! The ungrateful wretch! Did I not receive his daughter with the tenderness of a parent did I not give my word to protect her? His baseness exceeds human comprehension. Go," he exclaimed to one of his attendants, "bring the girl here. Her father shall bitterly repent of his outrage."

"My noble lord and prince," said the young Count Pappenheim, his eyes sparkling with fire, and his cheeks glowing with emotion, "I am the youngest of your guards; but if none else will speak, I will beseech you, for the sake of your plighted word, not to withdraw your protection. You are just and good; do not in a moment of anger command a deed that you will forever repent." At this moment Ellen appeared. She was pale, and evidently suspected some new calamity awaited her. The father of the young Count gazed sternly upon him. "What means this unwonted excitement?" said he. "Is it for mercy only you plead? I marked your confusion the first time you saw this young woman in the pavilion of the duke, what am I to believe?"

"My dearest father," said the Count, seizing his hand, "it was not the first time that I had seen her. It was on a visit to my uncle in the valley of Lauterbrunn, that I met her—I know not her name, and though I have often thought of her, had given up all expectations of seeing her again. I see, my prince," continued he, raising his eyes to the duke, "that you hear my acknowledgment with scorn and suspicion. It is now too late for concealment. I love her, and, kneeling, implore your mercy for her."

The duke looked angry and perturbed, and cast gloomy and threatening glances around him. His nobles spoke not a word. All was still; even the storm was hushed, and the roaring of the winds and waters had ceased. Ellen had supported herself to the utmost, but, overcome by terror and emotion, was sinking to the ground when the young count rushed forward to support her.

"Away! exclaimed the duke; "they shall both be put under guard."

At that moment a page entered, and informed the duke that his army were returning with the magistrate at their head.

"Oh! my father!" exclaimed Ellen, springing forward.

The duke and his nobles gazed upon each other with astonishment. "Let him enter," exclaimed the duke, sternly.

In a moment the venerable Bucheg appeared before him. "My lord," said he, "I deliver to you the men whose lives we saved. All that their former situation required we have administered. I come in the name of my fellow citizens to restore them to you as fellow men. To-morrow it will be our hard lot to fight them as foes. But I have one condition to make. Twelve of our citizens have lost their lives in saving your army. Their families are left destitute. Should you enter our town

as a conqueror, protect the widows, orphans, and aged parents to these victims of humanity. When Soleure is no longer free, I shall be no more, but I die willingly for my country, confiding in the protection you have promised to my daughter.

Overcome by the magnanimity of Bucheg, the duke sprang from his seat, and threw his arms around him. "My heart will cease to beat," said he "and the blood to flow in my veins, when I enter Soleure as a conqueror. Witness, thou, its venerable magistrate! and you, ye nobles! hear me, when I declare to you, what I will repeat in the face of the world. In the name of the Emperor Frederick, I declare Soleure a free and independent state. To-morrow morning I will enter its walls not as a conqueror, but as a guest, and, with your permission, plant upon its walls my banner, that it may remain as a token of my friendship and gratitude to future generations, and towards the noble magistrate, the father and protector of his country's freedom.

"But I have another duty to perform. Count Pappenheim! my old and well tried friend! will you grant a request from your prince?"

A smile from the old man said more than words. "My new friend!" said he, addressing Bucheg, "will you take this young man, whom I love as a son, for your son-in-law. If your daughter declines, I have nothing more to say." The look of joy, of tenderness, of blushing modesty, that she cast on the young count, as with a soldier's impetuosity he threw his arms around her, spoke no aversion even to the unprepared father.

"Take her, then," said he, "it is all mystery, but I trust in the goodness of that Being who has already changed our mourning to joy."

From this time Soleure has been joined to the Helvetic League, and acknowledged as a free and independent state.

SPEECH OF MR. DUNCAN, OF OHIO. [Continued.]

The whole crowd then moved their stand to near the wheel house; and there, as before, appeared to proceed to settle with diverse individuals. They seemed to come up from the deck of said boat into the cabin, in crowds of from 10 to 15 in number; and after they got through settling, and a portion of them receiving their money, they would disperse and go below, and another crowd comes up. They continued in this way, I think, until about one o'clock P. M. of said day; during which time I did not fully satisfy myself about the matter.

I then went to the clerk of the boat, who was at that time a stranger to me; I asked him how many men were there on board that had been carried to Cincinnati to vote. He laughed, and remarked that he did not know. I asked him who settled for their passage. He pointed out to me a man, rather an elderly looking man; I afterward found out his name to be William Stewart, from himself. I asked the clerk of the boat if he had a list of their names. He said yes; there lay a piece of paper on his desk. I asked if that was the one. He said it was. I then took it in my hand, and then laid it down again, as I thought it would not be prudent to open it, as I had picked it up of my own accord. I then went to several of the men, and asked them a great many questions; where they lived. They all said (that I talked with, but two exceptions) that they were citizens of Louisville, Kentucky; the other two lived in Indiana, one in Jeffersonville, the other in Indianapolis. These men on board of the Pike (with but few exceptions) seemed to be a set of cut-throats and ruffians. One of them was pointed out to me by one of the head officers of the boat, who observed that, while he (the officer) was lathering his face, that fellow stole his razor. And another one was pointed out to me by a whig passenger, who observed that he was sold under the vagrant act at St. Louis for six bits. I then called on an individual on board of said boat, (Pike,) who belonged to the steamboat Mail, by the name of Robert Edmanson, a nephew of mine, and asked him what he was doing on the Pike, and why he was not on the steamboat Mail. He observed that he had stayed at Cincinnati to vote, and was then going to his home, which is about six miles from Warsaw, Kentucky, I asked him why he would vote in Ohio, or any where else, when he well knew he was not old enough. He said he knew that. I asked him if he swore to his vote. He said he was too smart for that; he said when he was in Louisville, that yonder man (pointing to Wm. Stewart) came to him on the wharf at Louisville, and offered him and another man a dollar a piece per day, and pay their expenses to Cincinnati and back, if they would go and vote the whig ticket. And after chattering some time with said Stewart, he (Edmanson) said he would see him (Stewart) damned first, before he would vote for money; but that they both belonged to the steamboat Mail, and were going to Cincinnati, and intended to vote the whig ticket. I asked Edmanson if he voted the whig ticket; and he said he did. I then asked the said Edmanson to give me all the names that he knew that had voted illegal votes; to which he refused, stating as his reason that, if he did that, they would take his life; and that he was afraid to, and did not wish to be brought into any scrape about the election; that they were a set of swindlers and cut-throats, and would steal the coat off a man's back.

Some time after dinner, for the first time, I saw the man (Stewart) alone, who had been, through the day, sitting with the men. It was just before we arrived at Aurora, or Rising Sun, I think the former; and some of the persons on board had painted or marked on a board the whig majority in Hamilton county and the city of Cincinnati. I stepped up to him and remarked, that we soon would have a fine huzza; and in a few moments, the persons on the shore, at the before mentioned town, saw the result of the vote on the board, and raised a tremendous huzza. He remarked to me, at the same time, and said, it is not a great victory to beat such a scoundrel and villain as Duncan! I observed, that I thought that the party had gone to present lengths to beat Duncan than any one of the par-

ty. He said yes; for he was the greatest scoundrel in the world, as well as I recollect.

I at that moment laid my hand on his shoulder, and observed, old fellow, if it had not been for you that we never would have beat them in the world. To which he replied, beat indeed! No indeed! said he, if it had not been for the votes that I carried to Cincinnati, that Duncan would have beaten them to death. I asked him, how in the devil did you manage so as not to be found out? What would they vote in? He remarked, that he divided them out, and carried seven or eight at a time, and voted in different wards, and his friends helped him, and a portion of them voted in the third ward. I asked him if he carried as many as eighty or a hundred; and he remarked, that he carried more than either; and remarked more than once, that he carried more than Penleton's majority. And, I suppose, there was eighty or a hundred on board that day, and, probably, over that number.

Stewart also informed me that he was the man that beat Merryweather, in Jefferson county, Kentucky, who ran, at the August election, for a seat in the Legislature of Kentucky. I asked him how he managed. He told me that he took the men from the city of Louisville, and carried them to Six Mile Island, and there kept them several days, and eat, drank, and slept with them, until Monday of the election, and then carried them over into Jefferson county, and there got them to vote and in that way he beat Merryweather. He also stated that the whigs did not treat him well at Cincinnati; for they did not give him but seventy-five dollars to pay the men with. I asked him who gave him that? He said that the Tippecanoe Club gave it to him of Cincinnati. And he remarked that he had paid out ten dollars of his own money, and that he could not pay them off until he got to Louisville.

I asked him if they were making any noise about their pay, and he said no; that he had just been below and treated them to a dollar's worth of drink. He also stated that he never eat until they eat—He also stated that they eat in the cabin, and part of them slept in the cabin, and part on deck. He told me that he knew how many men it would take, and they were determined to have them. I noticed at dinner, when the men came to the table, that it was easy to distinguish them from the rest of the passengers, or, that is, the most of them.

Mr. Shepard of this place, the editor of the Warsaw Patriot, a decided whig paper, and as much so as any in the State, was on board, and I called on him to notice the men, and called his attention to a great many of the circumstances herein detailed. And I do further state, that I went to the house where Shepard stopped, with an officer, on this day, for the purpose of bringing said Shepard before the justice, for the purpose of taking his deposition, but he could not be found.

The said Stewart informed me that he would have no difficulty in getting the money on his arrival at Louisville. I asked him if he did pay him well for his trouble. He said he did not charge any thing, only his money back; that what he done he done free of charge. I asked him how many went up on the steamboat Mail; I think he told me between eighty and one hundred. I asked him who had charge of those on the Mail, and he informed me that Russell had; and I think he said Captain Russell. I asked him if they swore the men that he carried up to vote, and he told me nearly all of them. He told me that he told them, when they came on board the boat at Louisville, what they should have if they voted, and if they did not vote, they well knew what they would get. And further this deponent saith not.

JEFFERSON PEAK.
Sworn to, and subscribed before us, this 3d day of December, 1840.
R. TILLER, J. P. G. C.
JAS. F. BLANTON, J. P. G. C.

Commonwealth of Kentucky, Gallatin county, etc.
The foregoing deposition of Jefferson Peak was this day taken, subscribed, and sworn to by the said Jefferson Peak, before the undersigned, two of the Commonwealth Justices of the Peace, within and for the county of Gallatin, State of Kentucky, at the time and place, and for the purpose stated in the caption thereof, and the notice hereunto annexed. The said Jefferson Peak being duly sworn, and the question propounded, did, in our presence, write with his own hand, the said foregoing deposition.

Given under our hands and seals this 23 day of December, A. D. 1840.
B. TILLER, J. P. G. C. [SEAL.]
JAS. F. BLANTON, J. P. G. C. [SEAL.]

But, as I have said, those frauds were not confined to Hamilton county; they were wide spread, and never can be but partially exposed. I hold in my hand an expose of the frauds practised in Philadelphia, as corrupt and as alarming as those which I have partially exposed, as practised in Hamilton county. I also hold in my hand the Glenworth frauds as practised in New York, which can only be equalled in infamy by those which I have named. The limits of a speech will not permit any thing more than a mere synopsis of those frauds. I will ask the clerk to read some extracts exposing the more glaring abuses practised in Philadelphia. I will also ask the clerk to read some short extracts of the Glenworth frauds in New York. [The clerk read them.]

Mr. Speaker, I have nothing to say of the political crime, and moral depravity involved in holding a seat on this floor, obtained by such means as those disclosed by these reports only so far as I and my constituents are concerned. The individuals who it is said were returned to this House by this system of fraud, were Charles Naylor of Philadelphia; Edward Curtis, Moses Grinnell, Ogden Hoffman, and James Monroe of New York; and N. G. Penleton of Ohio. How many more have been returned I know not, nor is it my present purpose to inquire, (except as to the member from Ohio.) Of them I leave others to speak, with this single remark, that present honor gained by such frauds and treason will be future infamy and contempt. But I repeat, that I have something to say of these frauds as connected with those I have the honor to represent. The people of the 1st congressional district