

OLIVE BRANCH.

VOLUME 2. WHOLE NO. 78.]

IMPARTIAL—BUT NOT NEUTRAL.

[NEW SERIES—NO. 5.

M. SIMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

ROCKVILLE, INDIANA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1840.

[J. M. MARTS, PRINTER.

THE OLIVE BRANCH

Published every Saturday—Office West of the Court House.

TERMS.—\$3 00 for 52 numbers, if paid in advance, or within three months after the time of subscribing; \$2 50 cts. within the year; or \$3 00, after the year expires.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines in length, will be inserted three times for ONE dollar; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction of these prices will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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FROM THE NEW YORK SIGNAL.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT

William Henry Harrison is beyond doubt, at this time, the President Elect of these United States.—The doom of Mr. Van Buren and his party is sealed.—The people have returned a verdict against them with an overwhelming unanimity; and who can set aside the sentence, which has been pronounced?

The political revolution just effected is undoubtedly the most remarkable and important that has ever been accomplished through the peaceful agency of the ballot-box. For twelve long years a policy has been pursued by the party in power, which the Opposition have, with undoubted sincerity, regarded as hostile to the best interests of the country and productive of the long train of financial calamities, the melancholy effects of which we yet feel. Two convulsive efforts have been made without success to overthrow the dynasty to which so much mischief is ascribed.—The period for a third struggle approached.—A desperate rally was made. All the elements of the opposition were combined—the trumpet sounded—the onset was made—and a total rout of the Administration forces is at this moment the consequence.

Apart from all partizan considerations, the result is gratifying in showing, that notwithstanding the immense support, the Pretorian assistance, which the Federal Executive may command thro' his official patronage, yet the will of the People will make itself heard, and the verdict of the People will be summarily executed. No Dynasty, from its own inherent influence and power, can long sustain itself, where the unbought and unbought support of the People is wanting.

The election of Harrison must inevitably produce an entire breaking up of the old party landmarks and boundaries. The present party catch words, which have been rung in our ears *ad nauseum*, must be exploded.—It is an absurdity in language to speak of any Democracy save the Democracy of Numbers. Democracy, unless our Greek Lexicon misinforms us means a government where the people—that is, the majority of the people—govern. Of course the Harrison men are now the real democrats. They can no longer with propriety be called British Whigs. We hardly think the most ultra "Locofoco" will so insult the country of his birth (or, most probably, of his adoption) as to assert that a majority of the people of the United States have been bought up by British gold. We can assure Messrs. Blair and Kendall, that we know hundreds of worthy men who have not seen the color of a brass farthing.

Mr. J. W. Long, editor of the Southern Crisis, asks, "When will the editor of the Louisville Journal learn to tell the truth?" To which Prentice replies, "There's no doubt but we shall tell it, before Long."

INDIANA—OFFICIAL.

FIRST DISTRICT.		
HARRISON.	VAN BUREN.	
Crawford	435	281
Dubois	264	239
Gibson	788	594
Harrison	1285	861
Orange	708	879
Posey	706	965
Pike	474	318
Perry	560	221
Spencer	589	324
Vanderburgh	628	370
Warrick	355	662
	6,792	5,714

SECOND DISTRICT.		
Clay	398	487
Daviess	738	509
Greene	704	634
Knox	1077	658
Lawrence	989	898
Martin	311	366
Owen	709	604
Putnam	1571	1049
Sullivan	417	1014
Vigo	1511	583
	8,425	6,802

THIRD DISTRICT.		
Clark	1132	1278
Floyd	869	796
Jackson	680	737
Jennings	908	503
Jefferson	1674	1026
Scott	399	361
Washington	1138	1381
	6,800	6,082

FOURTH DISTRICT.		
Decatur	1298	759
Dearborn	1771	1583
Franklin	1188	1115
Rush	1526	1170
Ripley	1000	623
Switzerland	1023	735
	7,806	5,985

FIFTH DISTRICT.		
Adams	193	153
Allen	610	399
Blackford	77	147
Delaware	920	532
De Kalb	177	168
Fulton	241	108
Fayette	1090	723
Grant	470	364
Henry	1652	839
Huntington	143	177
Jay	283	265
Lagrange	391	225
Noble	241	228
Randolph	1068	553
Steuben	238	176
Union	760	614
Wabash	307	198
Wayne	2869	1258
Whitley	144	141
Wells	131	149
	12,035	7,417

SIXTH DISTRICT.		
Bartholomew	982	703
Brown	59	270
Boone	700	686
Cass	649	372
Hendricks	1190	652
Hamilton	972	688
Hancock	721	537
Johnson	631	918
Marion	1636	1279
Morgan	1012	815
Madison	911	625
Monroe	719	913
Miami	312	244
Shelby	1016	1070
	11,501	9,832

SEVENTH DISTRICT.		
Benton	26	42
Clinton	582	694
Carroll	699	765
Elkhart	640	596
Fountain	938	1166
Jasper	73	95
Kosciusko	496	329
Laporte	1079	640
Lake	115	125
Marshall	154	194
Montgomery	1413	1222
Parke	1360	948
Palaski	51	60
Porter	290	194
St. Joseph	809	444
Tippencanoe	1508	1200
Vermillion	847	663
Warren	737	347
White	206	144
	11,943	9,772

Harrison,	65,302
Van Buren,	51,604
Harrison's maj.	13,698

MAGNANIMITY.—The Boston Atlas says, the reason that the Whigs have fired so few guns in celebrating their victory, is a fear that it might frighten Amos's children.

A VICTIM OF CONSPIRACY.

Victor Labrey was the son of a respectable merchant of Marseilles. His father had intended that he should pursue the same career as himself, but the military mania had held of the youths of that day, and Labrey, like many others, burned with a desire to distinguish himself in the service of the republican party, who then ruled the destinies of his country.

The father of Labrey opposed his wishes from various motives; the strongest of which was the affection he felt for him, and the conviction, that, should he lose his life in battle, the news of his death would also be a death-blow to his mother. He was, besides, a tranquil man, who had passed a long life of probity in commerce, and knew nothing of any other honor than that of paying his bills as they became due; added to which he was, from principle and education, a partisan of the Bourbons. We may judge, therefore, with what reluctance he consented to gratify the wishes of his only son.—But he did consent; and Labrey, after a scene of anguish in taking leave of the authors of his existence, set out for the army as a volunteer, and was received, as all volunteers at that period were, with a hearty welcome. The first months of his military career were passed like those of his comrades of the grand army, in a series of privations and enjoyments—to-day marching bare-footed under a hot sun, without food; to-morrow feasting in a conquered city, and sharing in the produce of forced contributions. In those days, however, death was busy, and promotion was rapid. In less than two years, Labrey had gained the epaulettes of a captain; and on the return of the army into France, he was appointed paymaster of the regiment. Before he accepted this honorable and lucrative office, to which his continual good conduct had advanced him, he obtained leave of absence to visit his parents, whose hearts were gladdened by his presence. The old gentleman had met with some heavy losses in trade, which would have prevented his continuing the allowance he had hitherto made to his son; and he was therefore doubly delighted to find that he had obtained an appointment, which, even with the greatest honesty, was likely to be productive. During his month's leave, Labrey renewed his attentions to a young lady, the daughter of a retired officer, to whom he had paid his addresses before he had entered the army; and, with the consent of all parties, he espoused her. She was twenty years of age, of great beauty, and full of the poetry of imagination peculiar to the natives of the south; but there was nothing of childish romance in her character. She was a woman, who, to the tenderness of the lover, could add a steady judgment; who could become, in short, a good wife and an affectionate mother. At the expiration of his leave of absence, Labrey returned to the town where his regiment lay, and was accompanied by his wife. In two years, a sort of truce had taken place between the emperor and some of the rulers of the continent, and the regiment of Labrey remained in garrison. Labrey had, by his affable manners and continual fidelity, secured not only the esteem of nearly all his brother officers, and that of those inhabitants of the town with whom he was acquainted; but he had also been appointed paymaster of the garrison. In this capacity, his gains were increased, and as Madame Labrey was an excellent housewife, they had saved a considerable sum of money.—But this tranquil state of existence was not to be of long duration. Labrey was one day summoned into the presence of the *Juge d'Instruction*, who thus addressed him: "M. Labrey, if I had the slightest reason to believe that I was addressing a man of doubtful probity, I should have great pain in communicating to you the instructions which have reached me. Of your honor, however, I entertain a high opinion; and although, from your situation, I am compelled to begin with you, it is rather with a view to have your cooperation in the discovery of the real practices which are said to exist in the garrison, than to regard you for an instant as the culprit." He then went on to inform him, that the Government had received information that a much larger sum had been, for a long time, drawn from the treasury for the equipment and support of the recruits, than their number justified. Labrey was, for the moment, overpowered with emotion; for although perfectly innocent himself, he began to fear that he had not been sufficiently rigid in checking the accounts of the superior functionary and his agents, from whom he received the pecuniary supplies for the use of the garrison. Determined, however, to perform his duty, who ever might be compromised, he left the *Juge d'Instruction* with an assurance that he would not sleep until he had disproved the information or discovered the culprit. He commenced the investigation with prudence, and before his superiors could be aware of what had passed, he arrived at the sad conviction, that the information transmitted to the Government was well founded. Had he throughout preserved the same precaution, and gone to the *Juge d'Instruction*, who would probably have forwarded his report immediately, he would have avoided the degradation and misery that followed: but he was a benevolent man, and was unwilling to send in his report until he should have communicated with the parties involved in it, and enabled them, if possible, to offer some-

thing in the way of palliation. When he went to them and told them what he knew, they were filled with alarm, and made him splendid offers to suppress the report observing at the same time, that if he would do so, they would answer for the silence of the *Juge d'Instruction*, who should even take steps to prevent any farther inquiries.—Their offers were indignantly refused, and Labrey, although with great pain, felt it to be his duty to send in his report.

In the meantime, the culprits were not idle. Not only did they induce the judge to suppress Labrey's report, but they denounced him as the culprit, and an order came down from Paris, to proceed to his interrogation. It is not, perhaps generally known to the English reader, that in France the humanity of the law which here makes the magistrate or judge the party through whom the prisoner may state every thing that may serve his cause, if he has no legal defender, and which lays it down as a principle, that a man is not to be entrapped into self-implication, is not only unknown, but also that in France one of the greatest merits of a judge is the skill with which he extorts admissions from the mouth of the culprit. If only culprits were the victims of this system, bad as it must appear to the English people, some excuse might be found for it; but a searching and skillful interrogatory is sometimes fatal to the innocent man, who, under the blasting stroke of accusation, is not always master of himself, and is sometimes led to contradictions, which are taken as admissions of guilt. It should be stated also, that silence in such cases will not avail. The refusal to answer, although it may proceed from the consciousness of the innocent man, that he is unable to cope with his adversaries and that he may do himself an injury by replying to every question that is put to him, is interpreted to his disadvantage.

Labrey, however, was not an ordinary man, and could have pleaded his cause with effect, if the judge, before whom he had to appear, had been an honest man; but this was not the case. He was summoned before this very judge, of whose equivocal character mention was certainly then made; and, at the same time that the summons was served upon him, the officers of the law took possession, not only of the military chest which was under his care, but also of all his private property—on the ground that, until he should have been acquitted of the charge, it might be assumed to be the fruit of crime—and, therefore, the property of the government.

It was before this same judge who had complimented him upon his probity, that Labrey appeared, full of the confidence of virtue; but circumstances had changed.—The guilty parties, who, to save themselves, had become his accusers, were highly connected; they had friends in the ministry, and the judge aspired to promotion. He had, therefore, become their obsequious instrument. Great was the astonishment of Labrey, when he heard the charge read over, and the artful questions of his interrogator. He saw that he was lost, and was prepared for some heavy calamity; but he was little aware of what was reserved for him. The matter could not end here.

Vice had made the first plunge, and conscience was still as to the following up of the dark tragedy. His answers were perverted in taking them down, the charges received an additional coloring from the hand of the *Juge d'Instruction*, and the fatal authority to prosecute was signed by this corrupt functionary. That night Labrey was the inmate of a dungeon, and his affectionate and suffering wife was denied access to him. Even the consciousness of innocence was insufficient to calm the agitation of the victim. He saw the grey hairs of his parents dishonored; the wife of his bosom, with the babe at her breast, reduced to poverty; but at length he fell on his knees, poured out his soul to God, and obtained some comfort.

The process was carried on with horrible rapidity. In less than a month, Labrey stood at the bar of the court of assize, and the evidence against him was considered conclusive. He was condemned to the *Bayne*, and hard labor for life. When the sentence was pronounced, a dreadful shriek was heard in the body of the court, and in a few moments the wife of the unfortunate Labrey had broken through the guards by whom he was surrounded, and was locked in her husband's arms. The scene was woefully painful; even the judges—yes, those judges who had just condemned an innocent man to a worse fate than the scaffold, shed tears.—With great difficulty the husband and wife were separated; and as the latter fell senseless to the floor, Labrey was torn from her, and re-conducted to his dungeon. He was stripped of his ordinary dress, and underwent the indignity of having his head shaved, and his shoulder branded. He was clothed in the garb of the *farcats*, and brought into the yard of the prison, where he had an iron collar riveted on his neck, and was attached to the *chaîne* of thieves and murderers who were to be conducted to Paris on their way to the *Bayne*, at Toulon. At that time, the humane and decent mode of conveying *farcats* in covered carriages, had not been introduced. They were placed on uncovered carts, and thus conveyed hundreds of miles, exposed to the gaze of the multitudes.

The *chaîne* was more than usually numerous; thousands were attracted by curiosity to

see it pass; many to take delight in hearing the jeers and exclamations of the hardened criminals. But who is that melancholy female with an infant in her arms, wearing a garb of respectability, and following this sad procession on foot? It is the wife of Labrey, the dear partner of his past days of happiness, the attendant on his painful degradation.—She is not permitted to approach her husband, but their eyes meet, and their hearts throb in unison. Their pecuniary resources, as well as those of the parents of her husband (her own father had died since their marriage,) had been nearly exhausted, in providing the means of defence, and she had not sufficient to support her through the journey, which occupied fifteen days on the road to Paris, where the *chaîne* was to be reinforced by new convicts—this being the way in which they were collected from town to town, on their road to Toulon. The fountain of the mother's nourishment dried up; and, although humane persons on the way contributed to her relief, and she was thus able to purchase food for the babe, it would take no substitute for the milk of the breast, and died before the *chaîne* reached Paris. She was denied even the mournful consolation of weeping over her child's grave—to have remained there would have been to lose sight of her suffering husband. She followed the *chaîne* to Paris; she saw her husband enter the walls of the *Albige* prison, where he was to remain until the *chaîne* should be completed for Toulon. At Paris God sent a friend to the relief of the worse than widow, and, aided by this friend, she forced her way to the presence of the War Minister. She told her tale; spoke of the virtue of her husband, and the minister began to think that the husband of such a wife could not be a criminal. Labrey was told to appeal to the Court of Cassation. He did so; but who was the counsellor of cassation to whom the appeal was referred for examination? The same judge before whom he had been accused, and who had been promoted to that court. His report was made to the tribunal, and the appeal was rejected.

But the friend whom God had sent to the relief of this excellent woman, did not abandon her. His purse was at her command, and by dint of money and exertion, the departure of Labrey from the *Albige* was delayed. Three years passed over, however, in the hope of justice. During this time, Labrey had suffered so much from confinement, that his eyes were attacked, and total blindness followed. At the end of three years the ministry was changed, and Madame Labrey, (who in order not to be dependent on her benefactor's bounty, had sustained life, and been able from time to time to send little comforts to her husband, by the use of her needle) again made an effort to obtain a re-hearing of the case. She was successful.—The new War Minister not only promised that the inquiry should be made, but himself promoted it. The unfortunate Labrey was known to have been unjustly condemned, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor was sent to him, by special ordinance, as a compensation for his unmerited sufferings. But, alas! what could compensate for the evils which the vilification of false accusers, and fallibility of human judgment had effected?

Upon the pension of 250 francs a year, which is attached to the Cross of the Legion of Honor, Labrey and his wife contrived, with the aid of her industry, to exist. It was, indeed, a bare existence in the cheapest part of one of the French provinces. Here, after a lapse of three or four years, poor Labrey's reason, which had more than once given symptoms of weakness, gave way, and the increased care and attention which his condition required, broke upon the industry of his wife; so that their means of support were greatly diminished. Full of energy, however, to the last, this noble woman, by extra toil, was able to raise a sufficient sum of money to reach Paris with her poor husband, afflicted with both mental and physical blindness. Their history had become known to a large circle, among whom were some benevolent men; one of these, a member of Government, resolved that something should be done for them, and a large sum of money, said to be 2000 pounds, drawn from the guilty parties, under the threat of exposure, was paid to Madame Labrey; but not until after the death of her husband.—Madame Labrey is still living, honored and respected by all who know her.

HORRID MURDER.—On Saturday morning a murder of a most horrid, barbarous and brutal character was perpetrated upon the person of an old farmer, named William Hope, on the Durban Road, about a mile from Gray's Ferry Bridge. The deceased resided on his farm in the neighborhood, was a bachelor, 45 years of age, and lived by himself. He was found in his own farm yard quite dead, with two large cuts on his forehead and one large gash on the back part of his head. Two heavy axes, that had no doubt been used in the perpetration of the deed, were discovered under his head covered with blood. The deceased was reputed to be rich and was always known to carry about his person a considerable sum of money, which was the object of the ruffians who murdered him. The watch of the deceased was also gone.—Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, 9th instant.