The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES

BY D. P. PALMER. GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER, 26, 1843. NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV NO. 9.

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DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION AT MADRID.

BALTIMORE, May 1, 1843.

MR. EASTMAN: Among my fellow passengers on the Ohio river, was Col. Lemanousky, formerly an officer under Napoleon, and now a minister of the Lutheran church. He, however, remembers the scenes of olden times, and describes them with wonderful interest. Of his lectures on the character and life of Napoleon I had often heard, but never before had it been my privilege to meet with him. He is indeed a remarkable man; although past three score and ten years old, he retains the erect posture, the firm step, and activity of an officer of fifty. His skin has all the softness and delicacy of middle life, while the vigor of his gigantic frame, the quickness of his eye, and the power of his voice, all indicate that it would be no difficult thing for him, did circumstances render it necessary, to resume his place upon the war-horse, and again lead forth his troops to the deadly conflict. His lectures I have always heard represented as intensely interesting. Such I can well conceive they are, for besides possessing a memory of remarkable tenacity, and an unusually ready utterance, he has had means such as perhaps no other living man has had, certainly none in this country, of knowing the man and things of which he speaks. His acquaintance with Bonaparte commenced on his first entering the army, when he found himself a private soldier under this distinguished man as his captain. For twenty three years he served with him in stations of trust, which rendered the most intimate relations necessary, and it was only when Napoleon was confined on the Island of Elba, that Col. Lemanousky retired from the service. I have dwelt thus long on the character and circumstances of this vetern officer, for the purpose of introducing to your readers one of the many narratives with which he favored us while passing up the Ohio. And if I could impart to it on paper, a tithe of the interest it possessed as it fell from his lips, and beamed forth from his eye, I should have no doubt of its being read by every member of the family to whom your paper goes. Of one thing I am sure, that I shall be rewarded for writing it, by the pleasure it will afford at least to one of those families. *I* give it, as nearly as my memory serves me; in his own language.

'In the year 1809,' said Col. Lemanousky, 'being at Madrid, my attention was directed to the Inquisition in the neighborhood of that city: Napoleon had previously issued a decree for the suppression of this institution, wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, of this decree, who directed me to proceed to destroy it. *I* informed him that my regiment, the 9th of the Polish Lancers, were insufficient for such a service, but that if he would give me two additional regiments, I would undertake the work. He accordingly gave me the two required regiments, one of which, 117, was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now like myself a minister of the gospel. He is pastor of one of the evangelical churches of Marseilles. With these troops I proceeded forthwith to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. The Inquisition was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended with about 400 soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, *I* addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel who was standing on the wall appeared to enter into conversation for a few moments with some within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal of attack, and I ordered my troops to fire on those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition was covered with soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they kept continually, only as they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire.—We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and they successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed and brought on the ground, to be used as battering rams.—Two of these were taken up by detachments of men as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power they could exert, regardless of the fire which was poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, and under the well directed and persevering application of the ram, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor General, followed by the father confessors, in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had but just learned what was going on: they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying. 'Why do you fight our friends, the French?'

Their intention apparently was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping if they could produce in our minds a belief that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity in the confusion and plunder of the Inquisition to escape.—Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners.—We then proceeded to examine this prison house of hell. *We* passed through room after room, found altars and crusifixes and wax candles in abundance, but we could discover no evidence of iniquity being practiced there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in that Inquisition. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes ever rested. The architecture—the proportions was perfect. The cieling and floors of wood scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arraigned with a strict regard to order. There was every thing to please the eye and gratify cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said be burned alive? We searched in vain. The Holy Fathers assured us that they had been belied—that we had seen all. And I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I have heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me—'Colonel, you are commander today, and as you say, so it must be, but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined more. Let some water be brought in and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others.' I replied to him, 'do as you please, Colonel,' and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands now were at work for further discovery. The officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab. Others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our discrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale, and as Belshazzar, when the hand appeared writing on the wall, so did these men of Belial shake and quake in every bone and joint and sinew. We looked beneath the marble slab, now partly up, and saw a staircase. I stepped to the table, and took from one of the candlesticks a candle four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore what was before us.

As I was doing this I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said, 'My son, you must not take that with your profane and bloody hand; it is holy.' 'Well, well,' I said, 'I want something that is holy. to see if it will not shed light upon iniquity; I will bear the responsibility.' I took the candle and proceeded down the stair-case. I now discovered why the water revealed to us the passage. Under the floor was a tight ceiling except at the trap door, which could not be rendered close—hence the success of Col. De Lile's experiment. As we reached the foot of the stairs, we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it.—On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat.—On one side of the room was one elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here, what a sight met our eyes! How has the benevolent religion of Jesus been abused and slandered by its professed friends.

The cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them of their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this practice being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air sufficiently capacious to carry off the odour from those decaying bodies. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floors of their dungeon. In others we found the living sufferer of every age and of both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of three score and ten years, all as naked as when they were born into the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves with great alacrity to releasing these captives of their chains; stripped themselves in part of their own clothing to cover these wretched beings, and were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to the light of day. But aware of their danger, I insisted on their wants being supplied, and being brought gradually to the light, as they could bear it.

When we had explored these cells and opened the prison doors of those who yet survived, we proceeded to explore another room upon the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. At the sight of them the fury of our soldiers refused any longer to be restrained. They declared that every inquisitor, monk and soldier of the establishment deserved to be put to the torture. We did not attempt any longer to restrain them. They commenced at once the work of torture with the Holy Fathers. I remained till I saw four different kinds of torture applied, and then retired from the awful scene, which terminated not while one individual remained of the former guilty inmates of this anti-chamber of hell, on whom they could wreak revenge. As soon as the poor sufferers from the cells of the Inquisition could with safety be brought out of the prison to the light of day, (news having been spread far and near that numbers had been rescued from the inquisition,) all who had been deprived of friends by the holy officers, came to inquire if theirs was among the number.

Oh, what a meeting was there! About a hundred, who had been buried alive for many years' were now restored to the active world, and many of them found here a son and there a daughter, here a sister and there a brother, and some, alas! could recognize no friends. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.—When this work of recognition was over, to complete the business in which I was engaged, I went to Madrid and obtained a large quantity of gun-powder, which we placed underneath the edifice, and in its vaults, and as we applied the slow match there was a joyful sight to thousands of admiring eyes. Oh! it would have done your heart good to see it; the walls and massive turrents of that proud edifice, were raised towards the heavens; and the Inquisition of Madrid was no more.'

☞The New York Sun says:—"If some common salt be put into the water when washing cabbages or greens, preparatory to cooking them, the snails slugs, worms, &c. will come out and sink to the bottom, so that they need not be boiled with the vegetables It is impossible to wash them out, except the cabbages be taken to pieces, and people generally like to have this vegetable served up whole."

From the Pittsburgh Post.

GEN. JACKSON'S LETTER.

H. M. Beckenbridge having, in some of his recent letters, made an uncalled for attack on Gen Jackson, a gentleman of thisceity called theold heroe's attention to the slanders of the candidate. The General promptly responded, and his letter, which we publish below, places H. M. Brackenridge in the light which he has long been viewed by every man who detests the character of a betrayer of private confidence.

GEN. JACKSON'S LETTER.

HERMITAGE, August 22d, 1843.

Sir: Your letter of the 11th inst. has been received, and its contents duly considered. Although I am much debilitated, and write with much difficulty, I feel bound by the respectful terms in which your communication is couched, not to withold the statement it requests, respecting my acquaintance with Mr. H. M. Brackenridge, and my conduct in regard to him.

From the following facts you may well suppose that I place a low estimate upon the character of that gentleman, and I am sure the good citizens of Pennsylvania, when made acquainted with them, will think *I* do him no injustice.

In the year 1821, on my way to Pensacola as Commissioner of the United States, to receive Florida from Spain, at New Orleans I was introduced to Mr. Backenridge. He was there without pecuniary means, and in distress—and made known to me his wish to go to Florida. Supposing from his education and general character it at he might be made useful, and being always willing to aid the distressed, I took him into my family and treated him as one of its members until I received the country from the authorized agents of Spain. In organizing the Government thus received, I appointed Mr. Brackenridge Alcade (Justice of the Peace) for Pensacola, and Interpreter and Translator of the Spanish language, and keeper of the Archives transferred under the Treaty with that Government. In the memorable trial of Gov. Callava for the attempt to secrete and carry away the important papers of Videl, upon which rested their whole estate, willed to them by their father the former Governor of Pensacola, Mr. Brackenridge was, of course, by virtue of his office, the sworn Interpreter. Soon after the transaction, having fully organized the Government, I left the Territory of Florida for my home in Tennessee, parting with Mr. B. in the most friendly manner, and having full faith that he would properly the duties of the important and lucrative office I had conferred upon him.

Soon after my election to the Presidency, Mr. Brakenbridge having, in the meantime, become Judge of West Florida, it became my duty to notice various remonstrances against his conduct. Towards the expiration of the four years which he was appointed, objections to his continuance in office became still more frequent and serious. One of the charges which I now recollect, was, that in the middle of an important Jury cause, he left the bench without his hat the Jury in the box, and the Lawyers in the bar, and forgot to return to adjourn the Court. Being convinced from the weight and character of such complaints that he ought not to be continued in this office, at the expiration of his term he was not nominated again. He was not removed, as he ought to have been, but for my unwillingness to wound his feelings. All my action on the subject consisted in a refusal to re-nominate him, because he was evidently unacceptable to the citizens of Florida, on account of omission of duty, which, as President of the United States *I* was bound to notice.

Yet, notwithstanding all my kindness and forbearance to him, he came out with a pamphlet against me, filled with the coarest abuse of my character and the most gross falsehoods. As an evidence of the temper under which he wrote that pamphlet, it is enough to refer to the fact, that in the case of Callava, he admits he interpreted falsely, alledging for the pretext of his baseness, his fear that if he had interpreted truly, a fracas might have arisen between Dallava and myself. Recollect that he was the Sworn Interpretor—that I was presiding as Judge, and that Callava was arraigned before me for purloining and secreting important public papers——papers that effected the interests of the Widow and the Orphan—and he is base enough to say in such a case that he violated his oath, in order that he might have a pretext to assail me.

After such a proof of recklessness and folly, it is impossible for me to pay the slighest respect to any statement emanating from Mr. Brackenridge, and *I* am confident that the good people of Pennsylvania will judge correctly of the motives which led him to assail me.

I am, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.
ANDREW JACKSON.

DEMOCRACY—ITS OBJECT—AND WHY IT SHOULD BE SUCCESSFUL.

What is the object of democracy? What does it propose to the people? The object of democracy is the maintenance of human rights; and it proposes the elevation, cultivation, expansion and freedom of the human mind. It further proposes that this ennobling of humanity shall extend throughout the ramifications of society, in every situation, and on every object, civil and religious, as well as political. It, in short, proposes the emancipation of the human mind from all the bonds with which it has been shackled, and its elevation to that high state for which it was created.

Call us then levelers, if you will, for we declare uncompromising hostility to everything that has for its object or its effect the depression of man. But observe, our leveling system rather seeks to draw sunken humanity up to a high standard, than to depress the facilities of any. Wealth is not the great object for which man must live; neither does its accidental possession place its possessor above his fellows in the great elements of humanity. We, therefore, oppose allowing it an undue influence, or permitting it to crush, overwhelm, swallow up and destroy—or to tyranize over, the less favored and fortunate.

Democracy must and will triumph. The world will one day own its sway. And it is only surprising that at this day it has not progressed further, and is not of tener victorious. *Its* exertions are in favor of the people; its principles are to be carried out by the people; and its advantages to fall on the people. It appeals to man to make himself happy!

These are high ends—we occupy high grounds, and aim at great results. But they are not in opposition to the intentions of Providence. All men, however humble, poor, and wretched, yet possess souls, spirits, sensibilities, hopes, fears, passions, aspirations and intelligence like ourselves, and the tyranny that would prevent the exercise of these faculties is what we oppose.

How much wretchedness, squalor, distress and suffering do we find among mankind? how many persons are there whose labor scarce suffices to procure the necessaries of life, and these of the coarsest and most meagre sort? How many of our citizens are trammeled in mind and forbidden to think for themselves, but obliged to submit to the dogmas of a tyranical master or employer, in order to secure a continuance of even the meagre fare they now possess?

Legislation is too frequently directed towards the property holders—the poor are allowed to take care of themselves; but legislation should be extended to all alike. As the poor are weak and powerless, they require a careful and fostering hand. Labor does no one any injury, so that he is well clothed: but these should be secured to him, without being subject to the caprice of any one.

Our cry is, down with oppression in every shape. Let the mind be free to act.—We will give no support to monopolies, privileged institutions, or particular interests. Favor, support, sustain, encourage and protect all alike. Level the whole human race—but level them to an elevated point. The State can do this chiefly. Let our legislature have this tendency.

1. To secure a comfortable existence to the poorest individuals.

2. To promote the interest of all classes, without injuring any.

3. To unite the interests of the Government and people.

4. To prevent the concentration of great wealth, either by corporations or otherwise.

5. To diminish the burthens of the Government.

6. To benefit all branches of trade and labor equally—to build up no one at the expense of the rest.

These are the principles of Democracy They promise much; and if carried out, will assuredly better man's condition.—There is a higher state of felicity for man on earth, and we seek to secure it.

[Lafayette Adv.

From the Vermont Age.

THEY MADE NO PROMISES.

So say the whig leaders now, just as the people are about to seal a verdict of condemnation against them for a VIOLATION of their plighted faith in 1840.—But the people well remember, that among theusands of others.

HENRY CLAY PROMISED,

in his celebrated Virgina speech in 1840. that so, soon as it was known that there would be a whig administration,

☞CONFIDENCE would immediately revive!

☞CREDIT be restored!

☞ACTIVE BUSINESS will return!

☞PRICES OF PRODUCTS will rise!

☞AND the PEOPLE will FEEL and KNOW that instead of their servants being occupied in devising measures for their ruin and destruction, they will be assiduously employed in promoting their WELFARE and PROSPERITY!

This is the sum and substance of every whig speech made in 1840.

The whigs did succeed, honestly or dishonestly, in nearly every State, and HOW WERE THEIR PROMISES FULFILLED?

Let HENRY CLAY himself answer.

After the whigs had been in power near TWO YEARS, he retires from the place where the promises were to be made good and says:

"I retire from you, Mr. President, I know, AT A PERIOD OF INFINITE DISTRESS AND EMBARRASSMENT!"

And soon after, in his famous "Virgin Heifer" speech in Kentucky. he gave the following true picture of the "Pestilence and Famine" which the country had suffered under the reign of whiggery and his dictatorship, up to that time:

"What is our condition! It is one of unexampled distress and embarrassment, as universal as it is intense, prevading the whole community; property every where falling in value; agricultural produce of every description at the most reduced prices; money unsound, at the same time scarce, and becoming more scarce, by operations of doubtful and uncertain issue, to increase its unsoundness, all the departments of business inactive and stagnant, exchanges extravagantly high, and consequently fluctuating; credit, public and private, at the lowest ebb, and confidence lost, and a feeling of general discouragement and depression."

And so we continued on the Road to Ruin, up to the time of what they call Treason of John Tyler. He saw the country was rushing to destruction with the speed of a hurricane, under the influence of Clay Whiggery and "he came out from among the foul party!" Since that, things have been a little more democratic, and of course a little better.

The question now to be settled is, shall we still be cursed with Clayism and Coon Skin Whiggery, or shall we go for DEMOCRACY and FAIR PLAY FOR ALL HANDS? If we go for the latter, we must

SKIN THE COONS IN SEPTEMBER!

From the Lorain Republican.

☞Our whig friends are making quite a racket about the amount or salary which Martin Van Buren has received for services since the people first intrusted him with office. It is not pretended that his salary has been too high, or that he has obtained money wrongfully from the people. But the aggregate amount which he has received for a long life of public service is put together for the purpose of deceiving those not conversant with such matters. They argue as if the 40 years of his life, devoted to the service of the people, was nothing at all, and that he must look to the bare amount of salary which he has received as a criterion from which to judge of his claims upon the party. This view of the subject is peculiar to the whig party. They cannot conceive that any man should be actuated by higher motives than sordid gain—as if the patriotism and statesmanship of such men as Washington, Jefferson and Van Buren were to be weighed with gold! Such arguments may be very weighty with the whigs, but no democrat will regard them.

Even at their own game however, they are foiled. They live in glass houses, and their missiles break their own windows. Henry Clay, the whig slaveholder candidate for the Presidency, has already received about one third more salary than Van Buren; and J. Q. Adams more than twice as much! while Harrison and his heirs received over thirty one thousand dollars for one month's service as President!

Here is an exhibit showing the amount drawn from the public treasury by J. Q. Adams.

For outfit to the the Hague, England, and Prussia, $4,500,	$18,500
Russia and Ghent,	18,000
Salary as Minister 12 yrs. $9,000,	108,000
" 1 yr. State Senate,	100
" 12½ yr. Prof. at Cambridge	3,000
" 6 yrs. U. S. Senate,	70,000
" 8 yrs. Secretary U. S.	48,000
" 4 yrs. President U. S.	100,000
" 14 yrs. Rep in Congress,	19,600
	$317,200

Willis says that the name of Manhattan, signifies "the place where we all got drunk together," and the Indians so named the island after their first debauch with Henry Hudson in the year 1699.