

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1843

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Jeffersonian Republican.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

You will oblige me very much, by publishing the following lines:—

## MUSINGS.

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Tappan of

O! tell me has summer departed,  
Alas! will it ever return!—  
If not, then I'll die broken-hearted,  
And bury me 'neath the wild fern—  
My years are as smoke or a vapour;  
My age is as nothing at all;  
My life is a glimmering taper;  
And yet I reside in Westfall.

O! where are my school-mates all trudging,  
Who sat with me day after day;  
Come, you that have time to be judging  
Inform me then quickly I pray.  
It may be some of them are climbing,  
The ship's masts so rugged and tall;  
And some of them now may be rhyming  
With me in the town of Westfall.

Alas! there are some of them sleeping,  
Beneath the cold clouds of the vale;  
And some of them sadly are weeping  
By hearing some wondrous tale.  
But here we are—sisters and brothers,  
Upon this terraqueous ball;  
Likewise our dear fathers and mothers,  
Who dwell in the town of Westfall.

But soon we shall leave all our troubles,  
Our cares and our sorrows behind;  
Our pleasures and joys are as bubbles  
That break at the touch of the wind—  
Yes, pleasures and joys oft bring weeping,  
And often prove bitter as gall—  
They meet us whist'ling or sleeping,  
Within the township of Westfall.

Perhaps you may think that the poet  
Dost dwell on these matters too long—  
And finally say that you know it,  
So, here is an end to my song.  
But when you sing this little ditty,  
Reflect on those days beyond call;—  
And to the poor stranger shew pity—  
Who stops in the town of Westfall.

H. C. M.  
Poet's garret, Westfall, October 15, 1843.

## Horse Hair Snakes.

Almost every body who has wandered in the fields and especially near clay pits, have occasionally found a little reptile resembling a black hair from a horse's mane or tail. These little fellows have given rise to the opinion that there is a separate vitality in a horse hair; and the *serpens* have discussed the question gravely. We find in the Maine Farmer a communication stating that the writer believes these animals are the product of the field cricket. He says he has taken one from a cricket, and adds—

Some time ago, Mrs. Jacobs, of this town, found one of these crickets in a bowl of water, kicking and struggling in great agony—the supposed that it was drowning, and while about to take it out she saw one of these hair worms come from it, soon after another one made its appearance, and then another. The cricket and the worms and the bowl of water were sent to us for our special wonderment. We published the facts in the Maine Farmer. This story elicited a communication from friend S. Hamdell, of Bangor, who, by the way, is a very observing man, stating that it was a fact that a species of hair worm was produced or bred from the cricket, and that when a boy he used often, in the fall of the year, to dissect crickets for the purpose of showing the facts to others.

If brother R. has shown the snake, will he have the goodness to show him our snake story also. Mayhap by the slaughtering of a few crickets, more will be leagued.

A REMEDY.—A wet silk handkerchief, tied without folding over the face, it is said, is a complete security against suffocation from smoke; it permits free breathing, and at the same time excludes the smoke from the lungs.

## Destruction of the Inquisition at Madrid.

The following extract from the Western Citizen, may be read with interest coming as it does from such a respectable source. Col. Lehmanousky was an officer under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte. 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. Lehmanousky retired from the service. Of his lectures almost every one has heard. Col. L. has had the means such as perhaps no other man living has had, certainly none in this country, of knowing the men and things of which he speaks. The description below is as near the language of the Colonel as the correspondent's memory served him.—*Princeton Whig.*

In the year 1809, said Col. Lehmanousky, being then 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 destroy it. I informed him that my regiment the 9th 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, 117th, was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now like myself a minister of the gospel. He is a pastor of one of the evangelical churches in Marseilles. With these troops I proceeded forthwith to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. The Inquisition was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hundred soldiers. When we arrived at the walls I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy father 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 one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal for attack and I ordered my troops to fire at those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with soldiers of the holy office, there was a breast work upon the wall, behind which they kept continually, only as they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in an open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I saw it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and truncheons 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 an advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, regardless of the fire which was pouring 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 Inquisition 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 just heard of what was going on, they addressed 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 proceeded through room after room; found altars and crucifixes and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidence of iniquity being practiced there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. Here was beauty and splendor in the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was every thing to please the eye and gratify a 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 to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The ho-

ly fathers assured us that they had been buried. That we had seen all, and I prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, Col., you are commander to-day, and as you say so it must be, but if you will only be advised by me, let this 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 Col.," and ordered the 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 had 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 bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab. 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 Belsinzer, when the hand writing appeared on the wall, so did these men of Belief shake and quake in every bone, joint and sinew. We looked beneath the marble slab now partly up and we saw a staircase. I stepped to the candlestick and took one of the candles 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 hands; it is holy." "Well, well," I said, "I want something that is holy to see if it will shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility." I took the candle and proceeded down the staircase. I now discovered why the water revealed to us this passage. The trap door 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 room which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a block with a chain fastened to it. On this side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisition General occupied, 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 his professed friends.

These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of Inquisitorial hate have been 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 became 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 odor from those decaying bodies. In the cells we found 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 floor of the dungeon. In others we found the living sufferers 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 borne in the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves to release these captives of their chains strip themselves in part of their own clothing to cover these wretched beings and were exceeding anxious to bring them up to the light of day. Being aware of 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 on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind, which the ingenuity of man 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 antechamber 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 their 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 office, came to

enquire if theirs were among the number.

O, 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 that no tongue can describe.—When this work of recognition was over; to complete the business which I engaged, I went to Madrid and obtained a large quantity of gunpowder which I placed underneath the edifice, and its vaults, and as we applied the slow match, there was a joyful sight to thousand of admiring eyes. Oh! it would have done your heart good to see it; the wall and massive turrets of that proud edifice, were raised towards the heavens, and the Inquisition of Madrid was no more.

## Harrisburg, the Capital of Pennsylvania.

Dauphin was originally a part of Lancaster, and was first settled by Irish and Scotch emigrants. The Germans followed, and their descendants now occupy most of the county. The first clergyman settled in this part of the county was John Elder, a Scotchman, who preached for 56 years in the Paxton church, about two miles from where Harrisburg now stands. He wielded the sword of the flesh as well as that of the spirit, and held for several years a colonial's commission in the provincial service—commanding the stockades and block houses that extended from the Susquehanna to the Delaware at Easton. It is said that he often carried his rifle into the pulpit, and his congregation were prepared in the same way against attacks from the Indians. About the year 1755, the church was surrounded by the savages so closely that, as was afterwards learned from an escaped prisoner, the rifles in the church were counted by the Indians; but as there appeared to be too many of them, the savages went off without molesting the congregation. In the year following, the congregation were attacked after they had dispersed, and two or three were killed and others wounded. The farmers were in the habit of carrying their rifles into the fields with them for their protection while at work.

A number of those who were called friendly Indians were in the habit of coming down among the settlements of the whites about the beginning of summer. They remained in small parties about the country till toward winter, making baskets, and pursuing other Indian avocations. When they went off there were generally some murders committed, supposed to be by them on their route, but the perpetrators could never be identified. It was a succession of outrages of this kind that led to the expedition of the "Paxon boys," which resulted in the murder of a considerable number of the Indians who were placed for protection in the jail at Lancaster.

John Harris, the father of the founder of Harrisburg, fixed his habitation at an early day on the bank of the river, near the present lower end of the town. He traded extensively with the Indians, sending his skins and furs to Philadelphia on pack horses, and bringing back such articles of merchandise as were desirable to the savages. He also engaged in agriculture, and is said to have been the first person who introduced the plough on the banks of the Susquehanna. This enterprising pioneer of civilization, was, however, frequently in danger. On one occasion a company of Indians came to his house, on their return from a trading excursion, many of them being intoxicated. They asked him for rum, but were refused, as he feared mischief if they should obtain more. Enraged at his refusal, they seized and tied him to a mulberry tree on the bank of the river to burn him alive. During their proceedings, a band of friendly Indians in the neighborhood, to whom the alarm had by some means been given, came to his rescue, and he was released after a severe struggle between the parties. In remembrance of this event, he afterwards directed that on his death he should be buried under the tree where this adventure occurred. He died about the year 1748, and according to his request was buried under this memorable tree, where his remains still repose, together with those of some of his family.—Part of this tree is yet standing, and is enclosed in a graveyard 15 feet square, the title to which is secured by conveyance from the commissioners who laid out the town.

A son of this John Harris, also named John, became the proprietor of a large tract of land, on part of which Harrisburg now stands. During his time "Harris' Ferry" became a noted place, and it is said that twenty years before the town was laid out, he predicted that it would become the centre of business in this part of the country, and would some day be the seat of government of Pennsylvania. Accordingly, when the town was laid out in 1755, he conveyed to the commissioners four acres of ground on the hill where the Capitol now stands, "in trust for public use, and such public purposes as the legislature shall hereafter direct."

The act for establishing the seat of govern-

ment at Harrisburg was passed February 21, 1810, and the officers and public documents were removed from Lancaster in October, 1812. [Frego's Pennsylvania, published by E. C. Biddle, Philadelphia.]

## Extraordinary Suicide.

The Lebanon (Ohio) Star contains an account of a most extraordinary suicide, committed by a young man named David T. Gerard, about 35 years of age, of good moral character, possessing some little property, and altogether comfortably situated in life. He had been employed as a school teacher, for several years, and was much respected. On Thursday the 22nd ult., he was found suspended from a tree, quite dead, about a mile from the Blue Bell, near the western border of Warren county. He was rather eccentric in his conduct, and inclined to be misanthropical.

The following extraordinary paper was found in his hat:—

WEDNESDAY, 13, 1843.

"I wish to be buried in a plain, cheap manner, in some retired and lonely spot. I wish my grave to be left level, and not a stone raised to tell where I lie; and if I have any friend left, I want him next spring to go and sod my grave over, perfectly level and smooth, so that the place may be forgotten as soon as possible.

"I wish Mr. J. Patterson to take my saddlebag's key, and go to Aaron Russell's, and in the presence of him and John Lammings, open said bags; examine the contents; read my will to them; and then leave the key and all with them. I want my yellow trunk opened, the money in it to be paid out for my funeral expenses and the balance to be paid by my executors.

"To stop the mouths of all liars and fools, I do hereby certify that my death is brought about by my own cool and deliberate act. I intend swallowing half a pint of brandy, 15 grains of morphine; and an ounce of laudanum. I shall only use the rope for fear I vomit, and thus defeat my object, for I am resolved to go. I am weary of the world. It is not the place for an honest man. I want no preaching over me for fear they will lie about me.

"The letters found in my trunk I wish handed to the individuals to whom they are directed—those in my saddlebags I want mailed, and postage paid as soon as possible.

"My life, if compared with the mass, would be about a medium one, or perhaps a little above. I have lived an honest and tolerably moral life. I have often been the victim of other people's wickedness, and they have generally had the cunning and address to put all the blame on me—and often I have borne it with calmness and resignation, and never tried to justify myself. For "vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord." I have been often more the injured than the injurer. As I am going, I could easily take signal vengeance on many of my enemies, but I scorn to do it. They are beneath my notice. I am proud even in death. I shall soon be far beyond the reach of their enmity. They may gratify their malignant dispositions by blackening and aspersing my character; but it will not hurt me.—Death is to me like starting on a long journey; I feel sorry to part from old acquaintances and familiar objects, but it has lost all its terrors. The subject is ever present to my mind to day. I can think of nothing else—and why need I? Every reflecting person must know that a man has a gloomy prospect in the future that deliberately sets about destroying himself—such is mine. I cannot think of wandering to and fro, up and down the earth any longer; and I cannot be settled as I wish, so I will just make my bow, thank the audience for their kind and respectful attention, and leave the stage to better actors.

## Not a wave of pleasure rolls Across my peaceful breast.

"I bid a long and final farewell to all my friends, and most cheerfully pardon and forgive all my enemies.

"These are the last lines I shall ever write. I shall soon commence swallowing the soul-numbing drug. I shall make my work secure."

"DAVID T. GERARD."

"A slight tremor affects my nerves."

"FOR THE WESTERN STAR."

"Departed this life, by taking poison, on the 13th inst., David T. Gerard, who has been an old and faithful school teacher in this and Butler county. He assigns no particular reasons, only that he was weary of life."

A new invention is noticed by the Easton Whig which consists of a light wagon and horse so arranged that if the horse took fright, became fractious, or any other danger threatened, the persons in the wagon could in an instant, by simply pulling a strap, disconnect him from the vehicle, which is supplied with a break and stops, on the spot.

In the sale of a clergyman's effects, near Hereford, England, his library brought £3, and his Liquors £380!