

OREGON SPECTATOR.

Vol. 4.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way,"

No. 17.

WILSON BLAIN,
Editor and Publisher.

Oregon City, (O. T.) Thursday, May 16, 1850.

ROBT. MOORE,
Of Linn City, Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COUCH & CO.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL MERCHANTS.
PORTLAND, OREGON TERRITORY.
October 4, 1849.

STARK & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
Agents for—Wm. K. Wetmore, emp. New York.
Messrs. Wetmore & Cryder.
"Taylor & Morrill."
"Wetmore & Co Canton."
Oct. 4, 1849.

SHERMANS & STARK,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
NEW YORK CITY.
Oct. 4, 1849.

LAW NOTICE.
J. QUINN THORNTON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW.
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office on the east side of Main street, opposite the Brick Store.
Oregon City, Oct. 4, 1849.

A. A. SKINNER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office on West side of Water Street.
OREGON CITY.
Oct. 15, 1849.

J. D. & W. C. HOLMAN
I HAVE formed a partnership, and will keep on hand a variety of Dry Goods and Groceries. They would suit a small portion of customers.
Oct. 4, 1849.

A. HOOD,
MERCHANT AND TRADER.
OREGON CITY.
January 21, 1850—11

EMMETT & HOAR,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS.
SAN FRANCISCO.
Agents for—Cover & Co. Portland, Oregon Territory.
Jesse McLachlan, Oregon City.
Stark & Co. San Francisco.
January 24, 1850—11

GEORGE GIBBS,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
SHIPING AND COMMERCIAL AGENT.
Custom House Buildings.
OREGON CITY.

WILL attend to all business connected with him in the preparation of legal papers, the recording and discharge of deeds, receiving commissions for sales of storage, &c.

CAMPBELL & SMITH, Oregon City.
"Col. Wm. F. Loring,"
"L. D. M. Frost, Reg't Q. M.,"
"Gen. John Adams, Astoria."
January 10, 1850—11

ROBERT CAUFIELD,
MERCHANT and general dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries &c. reduce on Main Street, near the bridge.
Oct. 4, 1849.

W. W. CHAPMAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW.
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Portland, March 7, 1850—11

W. T. MATLOCK,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office on Main street, opp'n to the Main Street House.
Oregon City, Feb. 21, '50—11

ABRAHAM SUTGER,
COMMISSION MERCHANT & AGENT
PORTLAND, OREGON.
On hand—1500 pounds tobacco.
700 do and iron.
I cash stoutness bitters.
I cash orange pepper mint.
REFERENCES.
"Gen. Riley, U. S. A., California."
"Gen. P. F. Smith," Oregon.
"David S. Brown & Co. Philadelphia."
"P. H. Travis, New York."
"Esposito & Gurnee, San Francisco."
January 24, 1850—11

GEO. ABERNETHY & CO.
MERCHANTS,
OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY.
GEO. ABERNETHY, JAS. S. ROSS
MIRIAM CLARK,
March 21st, 1850—11

SALT.
148 Sacks Liverpool salt,
30 sacks Syracuse table salt.
For sale by
GEO. ABERNETHY & CO.

177 SACKS coarse Liverpool salt, also 24 sacks fine table salt, for sale by **S. M. HOLDERNESS.**
Portland, March 21, '50—11

Rev. J. H. Lehmanowsky.

Mr. Lehmanowsky, formerly a Colonel in Napoleon's army, but now a devoted clergyman of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in this country, lately gave some account of his life, at Philadelphia. We are indebted to the Observer of that city for the following notices:—

Col. Lehmanowsky is a remarkable man. Though more than seventy years old, his gigantic frame is still erect and vigorous. His gait and sprightly motions, the quickness of his eye, his gestures, and the power of his voice, all indicate that he is still able, were it necessary, to re-mount the war-horse, and lead on an armed host to the deadly conflict, and cause his voice to be heard from rank to rank, above the din of battle.

Col. L. said that he was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1773, of pious parents, who taught him in childhood to fear and honor God. His parents who were of the Lutheran Church, gave him a good education. He was graduated at the College in that city, at the age of 16, and entered upon the study of Medicine and Surgery. At the age of 17, his parents sent him to Paris to prosecute his professional studies, with letters to many persons of distinction in that city. Among others, he had a letter to Gen. La Fayette, through whose influence he obtained the place of assistant Surgeon in the Hospital of Paris. On leaving home, his parents gave him a Bible, and exhorted him to read it, and spend a season in devotion morning and evening, every day. On his arrival in Paris, he followed their pious counsels, and pursued his studies in quiet for nearly two years, though thousands were agitated around him by the Revolution then in progress. — At length, one morning in 1792, the recruiting officer was marching with a fine band of music by his window, and the desire of leaving his quiet life at the Hospital for the field, was awakened in his breast instantaneously, and he was resolved in a moment that he would enlist as a soldier. He had not read his Bible that morning! The cry of 'Liberty and Equality' had before rung in his ears without effect. But the strains of martial music and the glories of a conqueror's career, as imagined by an inexperienced young man, roused him to execute his rash purpose. He repaired immediately to the quarters of the recruiting officer, and enlisted as a soldier.

On a Sunday, a short time after he enlisted, his company, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then a captain, was called out in due military order to receive the priest's benedictions. At the word of command, he said, the whole company knelt down to be sprinkled with holy water—but he 'stood up straight.' Napoleon, thinking that he might not have understood the order, as he was a fresh recruit, pulled his coat and told him to kneel down. The young soldier replied—"I cannot; I am a Protestant." Fall back in the rear, then, said the captain. Col. L. said, "I then thought I would watch that man, for he respects my conscience." A short time after, Napoleon came to him and asked him to what church he belonged, and told him that he need not attend the religious ceremonies of the priests.

From this period (1792) he was in Napoleon's army till 1814, when he retired from the service. He was soon made an officer; was with Napoleon in the campaign in Egypt, and at the battle of the Pyramids; was in the campaign of Italy, and at Toulon and Marengo. In 1808 and '9, he was in the service in Spain.— He was also in the campaign of Austria, Holland and Russia—in all, eleven regular campaigns, during which he was engaged in seventy-six pitched battles, and one hundred and twenty-six smaller engagements. He had been wounded and bruised from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; sixteen horses had been killed under him. When on the sands of Egypt, under a burning sun, without a drop of water—after draining the last drop of moisture that could be drawn from the stomachs of camels, killed for the purpose—he had opened the veins in his arms and drank his own blood, to slake his burning thirst. On the retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow, he lived, as others did who survived the horrors of that campaign, twenty-one days on the flesh of dead horses for meat, and the bark of trees for bread, with snow water to drink—barefoot and almost destitute of clothing, in the midst of the snows and ice of a severe winter.

After the battle of Waterloo, Lehmanowsky was imprisoned, tried, and condemned to be shot. The narrative of his escape from prison by filing and breaking an iron bar in his window, and his subsequent escape from France and from Germany without passports, and in the very presence of military spies searching for him, is a remarkable story. This too we

must pass in silence, and also his entrance into the ministry, and his labors in the sacred office, during which he has organized fourteen churches,—in order to give his account, (which which will be read the second time with interest,) of the

Destruction of the Inquisition in Spain.

In 1809, Col. Lehmanowsky was attached to the part of Napoleon's army which was stationed at Madrid. And while in that city said Col. L., I used to speak freely to the people what I thought of the Priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition.— It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon, that the Inquisition and Monasteries should be suppressed, but the decree was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened. One night, about 10 or 11 o'clock, as he was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, and while struggling with them, he saw, at a distance, the lights of the patrol. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

He went immediately to Marshal Soult, then governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress the institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him two additional regiments, he would undertake the work. One of the regiments was under the command of Col. De Lila, who is now, like Col. L., a minister of the gospel, and pastor of an evangelical church in Marseille, France. The troops required were granted, and I proceeded, (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of 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 moment with some one 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 upon those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the 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 the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retreat and send for cannon to break through the walls, without giving them time to lay a train for blowing us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, 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 which they could exert, while my troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident, which nothing but Jesuitical officiousness 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 disarmed, to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had 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, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity in the confusion of the moment 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 all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room, found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidence of inequity being practiced there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eye had ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floor of wood were accented and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order.—There was everything to please the eye and gratify the cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture which we had been told, and where those dungeons which human beings were said to be buried 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 had heard.

But Col. De Lila was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me "Colonel, you are commander-in-day, and, as you say, as it must be, but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place where 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 Inspectors, a careful examination was made of every man in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lila exclaimed that he had found it.—At the side of one of these slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery. The officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the men and pry up the slabs. Others with the butts of their muskets, striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests concentrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house.

While thus engaged, a soldier who was standing with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inspectors grew pale as Balaam when the handwriting appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a stair-case. I stepped to the stair and took from the constitution one of the sentinels four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the Inspectors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and, with a very dejected and only look, said, "My son, you must not take this light upon your bloody hands; they are holy!"—"Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility!" I took the candle and proceeded down the stair-case. 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 an 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 such sights were presented as we hoped never to see again!

These 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 becoming offensive to them who occupied the Inquisition, there were fans or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. 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 floor of their dungeon.

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes—and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years—all wretched as when born into the world; and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut up for many years! Here too were the middle aged, and the young man and the maiden of fourteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day—but Col. L., aware of the danger, had food given them, and then brought out gradually to the light as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded, said Col. L., to explore another room on the left. Here we found instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of man or devil could invent. Col. L. here described four of these horrid instruments. The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms and body, were broken or drawn, one after another, until the victim died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim was so closely confined by a screw, that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place on the head, suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound, the machine then being placed between two beams, in which were masses of knives so fixed, that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs all in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semi-circle was drawn. The victim, who passed over this fatal mark, touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open, its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

Col. L., said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every Inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was unquenchable. Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the Holy Fathers. They put them to death in the machine for breaking the joints. The torture of the Inquisitor, put to death by the dropping of water on his head, was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The Inquisitor General was brought before the infernal engine called "the Virgin." The soldier commanded him to kiss the Virgin. He begs to be excused. "No," said they, "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets, so as to form large fans, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell.

In the mean time, it was reported through Madrid, that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open! and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot.— And O, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection! About a hundred who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some who could recognize no friend among the multitude.—The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c. to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building—and placed a slow match in connection with it.—All had withdrawn at a distance—and in a few moments there was a most joyful sight to thousands! The walls and towers of the massive structure rose majestically toward the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion—and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more!