

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

Original Hymn,

Sung at the Unitarian Collation, Boston.

BY MRS. M. B. HORTON.

What mingled strains from earth uprising,
To swell the echoes of the skies—
Chords from the living heart strings flung,
To blend with praise by seraphs sung.

At Sorrow's touch, the lays of wo
Breathe forth in cadence, sadly low.
From crimson fields the notes of war
In awful chorus upward soar.

To starry heights, by angels crowned,
On viewless wings is borne the sound,
Which casts a holy pity's shade
O'er brows whose halo ne'er can fade.

But hark! how Heaven's high arches ring,
When sons of Earth in gladness sing;
When Faith and Love united raise
The fervent anthem of their praise.

Oh! let this anthem's mighty power
So fill our spirits at this hour,
That angels from the stars may bend,
To catch with joy the notes we send.

Then shall these happy unions be
One lengthened chain of harmony;
A melody of heavenly birth,
Softening the discords of the earth.

Epigrams.

Mr. Burke of the Arch theatre, Philadelphia, offered a few evenings since, a silver cup for the best Epigram—the audience to decide by applause. The following took it:—

On a Mexican Soldier, shot in battle, by an American Bootmaker.

His hide is cut, he's got his ball,
He's lost his sole, he's lost his soul,
He's got his last, he's got his end;
He's got a hole he cannot mend.

That which was considered next best, and for which the prize was strongly claimed, was as follows:

Santa Anna's legs of bone and stick
Have set the people punning,
But Taylor's being short and thick,
Were never made for running.

Another on the same subject, was as follows:

"I'll die or conquer!" (Santa Anna swore).
"Who'll write my Epitaph when I'm no more!"
On Cerro Gordo's heights, he changed his mind;
He ran—but left his L-E-G behind.

Females no Beard.

How wisely are all formed below,
No Beard on woman's chin can grow;
For how be shag what'er the skill,
Who's tongue won't let the chin stand still!

Elegant Carpeting for 12 1/2 cents per yard.—We called on a friend the other day, and our attention was attracted to what was apparently a canvass carpet, of very fine texture, of fresh colors, and with a handsome border. On inquiry we were surprised to learn it was what might be called homespun, and that it cost but unrepent per square yard. As no letters patent have been taken out for the invention, we give the directions as we received them. Sew together strips of the cheapest cotton cloth of the size of the room, and tack the edges to the floor! Then paper the cloth as you would the sides of a room, with any sort of paper. The paste will be stronger if gum-arabic be mixed with it. After being well dried, give it two coats of varnish, and your carpet is finished. It can be washed like canvass carpets, without injury.—

Such carpets of course will not bear the rough usage of a kitchen, but in chambers and keeping rooms our informant tells us he has seen them after being used for two years and frequently washed, retaining a most beautiful polish, smoother than canvass.—Portsmouth Journal.

To work half your time in amassing a fortune, and then be obliged to spend the remainder of your days in watching that fortune, just for your victuals and clothes, may be called a 'thundering hard case.'

From Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico."

The Ancient Mexicans, or Aztecs.

HUMAN SACRIFICES AND CANNIBALS.

Human sacrifices were adopted by the Aztecs early in the 14th century, about 200 years before the Conquest. Rare at first, they became more frequent with the wider extent of the empire; till at length almost every festival was closed with this cruel abomination. These religious ceremonies were generally arranged in such a manner as to afford a type of the most prominent circumstances in the character or history of the deity who was the object of them. A slight example will suffice.

One of the most important festivals was that in honor of the god Tezcatlipoca, whose rank was inferior to that of the Supreme Being. He was called the "soul of the world," and supposed to have been this deity. He was depicted as a handsome man, endowed with perpetual youth. A year before the intended sacrifice, a captive, distinguished for his personal beauty, and without a blemish on his body, was selected to represent this deity. Certain tutors took charge of him and instructed him how to perform his new part with becoming grace and dignity. He was arrayed in a splendid dress, regaled with incense and with a profusion of sweet-scented flowers of which the ancient Mexicans were as fond as their descendants of the present day. When he went abroad, he was attended by a train of the royal pages, and as he halted in the street to play some favorite melody, the crowd prostrated themselves before him, and did him homage as the representative of their good deity. In this way he led an easy, luxuriant life, till within a month of his sacrifice. Four beautiful girls, bearing the names of the four principal goddesses, were then selected to share the honors of his bed; and with them he continued to live in idle dalliance, feasted at the banquets of the principal nobles, who paid all the honors of royalty.

At length the fatal day of sacrifice arrived. The term of his short lived glories was at an end. He was stripped of his gaudy apparel, and bid adieu to the fair partners of his revelries. One of the royal barges transported him across the lake to a temple which rose on its margin, about a league from the city. Hither the inhabitants of the capital flocked to witness the consummation of the ceremony. As the sad procession wound up the sides of the pyramid, the unhappy victim threw away his gay chaplets of flowers, and broke in pieces the musical instruments with which he had solaced the hours of captivity. On the summit he was received by six priests, whose long and matted locks flowed disorderly over their sable robes, covered with hieroglyphic scrolls of mystic import. They led him to the sacrificial stone, a huge block of jasper, with its upper surface somewhat convex. On this the prisoner was stretched. Five priests secured his head and his limbs, while the sixth clad in a scarlet mantle, emblematical of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of *itzli*, a volcanic substance, hard as flint, and inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart! The minister of death, first holding this toward the sun, an object of worship throughout Anahuac, cast it at the feet of the deity to whom the temple was devoted, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration. The tragic story of this prisoner was expounded by the priests as the type of human destiny, brilliant in its commencement, too often closed in sorrow and disaster.

The most loathsome part of the story—the manner in which the body of the sacrificed captive was disposed of—remains yet to be told. It was delivered to the warrior who had taken him in battle, and by him, after being dressed, was served up in an entertainment to his friends! This was not the coarse repast of famished cannibals, but a banquet teeming with the delicious beverages and delicate viands prepared with art and attended by both sexes, who, as we shall see hereafter, conducted themselves with all the decorum of civilized life. Surely, never were refinement and the extreme of barbarism brought so closely in contact with each other.

Human sacrifices have been practised by many nations of antiquity; but never by any on a scale to be compared with those of Anahuac. The amount of victims immolated on its accursed altars would stagger the faith of the least scrupulous believer. Scarcely any author pretends to estimate the yearly sacrifices throughout the empire at less than twenty thousand, and some carry the number as high as fifty thousand.

On great occasions, as the coronation of a king or the consecration of a temple, the number becomes still more appalling. At the dedication of the great temple of Huizilopotchi, in 1446, the prisoners, who for some years had been reserved for the purpose were drawn from all quarters to the capital. They were ranged in files, forming a procession nearly two miles long. The ceremony consumed several days, and seventy thousand captives are said to have perished at the shrine of this terrible deity!—But who can believe that so numerous a body would have suffered themselves to be led unresistingly like sheep to the slaughter? Or how

could their remains, too great for consumption in the ordinary way, be disposed of, without breeding a pestilence in the capital? Yet the event is of recent date, and is unequivocally attested by the best informed historians. One fact may be considered certain: it was customary to preserve the skulls of the sacrificed in buildings appropriated to the purpose. The companions of Cortez counted one hundred and sixty-six thousand in one of the edifices!—Without attempting a precise calculation, therefore, it is safe to conclude that thousands were yearly offered up, in the different cities of Anahuac, on the bloody altars of Mexican divinities.

Present State of the Seven Churches.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society, the secretary read a memoir by Capt. T. J. Newbold, 'On the present Condition of the Seven Churches of Asia, mentioned in the Revelation,' which the writer has recently visited. He observes that the history of these interesting localities is well known; but that their present condition has been little adverted to. He begins his account with the Church of Ephesus; the first mentioned by St. John, and that which still maintains its ecclesiastical superiority in giving a title to a Greek archbishop, while the others have only bishops at their head,—though it is low in statistical importance.—The port of Ephesus is now choked up by a pestilential morass; and lonely walls, tenanted only by the jackal, occupy the site of the once populous city. The village of Ayasuluk stands about a mile from the ruins, and contains about forty scattered cottages, one only tenanted by a Christian. The mosque of the village contains four granite columns, said to have belonged to the great Temple of Diana—whose ruins are still visible near the port. The mosque is going to decay, like the Christian church, and every thing appears to be in the last stage of dissolution. Capt. Newbold noticed that some of the granite which formed part of the ancient temple had exfoliated,—evidently from extreme heat; and he suggests that this might have happened when the temple was consumed by fire. Smyrna, the most flourishing of the whole, is an increasing city. Its population—which twenty years ago was about 77,000—is now above 130,000, and is rapidly increasing.—There are five Greek, three Latin, and two Protestant churches. The Greek have numerous schools, and the Latin a large college; but the Protestant schools have failed. The Greek church at Smyrna continues in a flourishing condition. Pergamus is the most prosperous of the churches after Smyrna. The population is 16,000, of whom 14,000 are Turks, and nearly all the rest Christians. The Christian quarter contains two Greek churches and one Armenian. Close to the ancient church, Capt. Newbold found a Greek school, where the pupils were seated on marble tombstones, which formed the pavement of the school. He gives copies of three of the inscriptions there, none of which have been hitherto published. Thyra is still a flourishing town. It had been lost to the Christian world from the fall of Constantinople, under the Turkish name of Akhisser, until brought to light in the 17th century. The population is above 10,000, of whom 2,000 are Greek, and 120 Americans. The Greeks and Americans have each a church; the former said to be on the site of the ancient Apocalyptic church. Captain Newbold copied several inscriptions there. Sardis, the ancient capital of Cressus, is now more desolate than even Ephesus. Scarcely a house remains. The melancholy Cygna lake—the swampy plain of the Hermus, and the thousand mounds forming the necropolis of the Lydian monarchs, among which rises conspicuous the famed tumulus of Aylattes—produce a scene of gloomy solemnity. Massive ruins of buildings yet remain, the walls of which are made up of sculptured pieces of the Corinthian and Ionic columns that once formed portions of the ancient Pagan temples. The Pactolus, famed for its golden sands, contains no gold, but the sparkling grains of mica with which the sand abounds have probably originated the epithet. Capt. Newbold suggests that the singular tumuli of Sardis deserve to be opened and recommended the subject to the attention of the Society. Philadelphia has a population of 10,000 Turks, and 3,000 Greeks. It contains twenty-five churches—all small and mean, but containing fragments of ancient sculptures. A massive ruin was pointed out as the church of the Apocalypse. Laodicea, whose fate had been forgotten for centuries, was brought to light in the seventeenth century. It was, and is a melancholy mass of desolate ruins.—The hills on which it stands have been supposed to be volcanic,—but erroneously; they are composed of aqueous beds, chiefly limestone.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—Every child must enter school at six years of age, in default of which a penalty is exacted of the parent or guardian under whom the delinquency transpires.

"I know well enough," said a fellow "where fresh fish comes from—but where they catch these 'ere salt fish, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

Bread and Bakers.

When a public meeting of bakers was called a few days ago, we labored under the misapprehension that the sight of their ovens in full blast had suggested some ideas of future retribution and so inspired them with an anxious desire to amend some of the naughty practices to which not a few members of their worshipful fraternity are thought to be addicted. But it has since appeared that at the meeting referred to, it was not resolved that the custom of using pernicious drugs in the preparation of their bread, should be discontinued. It was not resolved that an astringent mineral which enables the flour to hold double quantity of water, and thus increase the weight of the loaves without adding much to their value, should be dispensed with. It was not resolved that another drug of a still more poisonous nature, designed to give an unnatural whiteness to the bread, should be banished from every bakery. No! no such resolutions were passed. It was merely decided in this solemn convocation, that, in consequence of the advance in flour, it was necessary that the price of bread should be raised. At the first glimpse, this seems reasonable enough. Nobody denies that the profits of the bakers are less now than they were when flour was purchasable at five dollars per barrel,—but the question is if their profits are not still large enough, without the additional taxation which they propose to levy on our citizens.

Were we to mention the amount of flour which enters into the composition of an eight cent loaf, our readers would be astonished,—perhaps incredulous. The principal ingredient, as we hinted above, is water,—hence the insipidity which is so remarkable in almost all bakers' bread. If the supply of water should fail, the plea for raising the price of bread would be much more valid than it is at present. The price of flour has some effect on the bakers' profits, but not much, for the proportion of that ingredient is so small that a little variation in the cost of it is hardly worth talking about. The bakers, most of them we mean, practice a detestable kind of economy in the manufacture of the "staff of life," which in our candid opinion is often converted by them into the staff of death. Our country readers who have the happiness to reside where bakers' bread is a luxury known only by name, would be enabled to guess why dyspepsia, dysentery, inflammation and ulceration of the stomach and bowels are diseases so prevalent in our large cities, if they knew what saving expedients are adopted by many of our bread-makers. The substance used to make twelve ounces of flour absorb two pounds of water, cannot be swallowed in any considerable quantity without great injury to health, and in some states of the human system a small portion of it might be fatal. Another drug used by some unprincipled bakers for a purpose specified above, is considered by physicians too dangerous to be administered internally, even as a medicine.

We do not mention the names of these drugs, because there are probably some bakers who do not understand the use of them and are better without the knowledge thereof.

The every-day experience of our readers will present a curious fact for observation;—barrels of flour just purchased may often be seen at the doors of our city bakers;—just cast your eye on the lettering and you will remark that very little of this flour is of the best brands,—much of it is of such an inferior quality that a housewife would pronounce it impracticable. And yet a baker can make whiter and a finer looking bread of such flour than a housewife could make of the best Patterson's or Rochester. What is the secret? Why a mischievous drug is used to correct the dun color and heavy nature of the material, and thus a very cheap and ordinary flour is made to answer the purpose, and while that may be done, very few bakers will choose to provide any thing better.

The inference to be drawn from all we have said, is that there is no necessity for raising the price of bread,—unless the quality of the article is improved. If the bakers will call a meeting and enter into a solemn obligation to furnish the public with good and wholesome bread, we shall make no complaint against an advance in price. Let them economize their chemicals and put in more of the nutritious ingredient, and the public will generously remunerate them. Besides, they will then be enabled to look at their glowing and sparkling ovens without shuddering at the idea of that fiery retribution which awaits sinners who trifle with the health and lives of their fellow creature.—Scott's Weekly Paper.

Anatomy of the Horse.

An impulse is likely to be given to a much neglected subject, by the energy of the Mass. Agricultural Society. Veterinary science is scarce known in New England; and in consequence of a criminal ignorance of the horse to say nothing of many other useful domestic animals, that trusty servant of man suffers unnecessarily, and not unfrequently, when sick, dies a victim to the abominable medication of some pretender, who knows no more of the principles upon which remedies should be ad-

ministered, than he does of the political condition of the inhabitants of Levere's new planet. A horse-doctor in this country, with some exceptions to be sure, occupies the very lowest position in the category of medical pretenders. He falls vastly in the rear of cancer-curers, seventh sons and Indian doctors. In short, farther, instead of being a person of exact attainments in his business, too frequently knows nothing at all about it. In England, on the contrary, veterinary medicine receives the fostering care of the legislature, and those who study it sustain an honorable place in society. It should and might be so here; and we entertain a hope that the dawn of a better state of things in this strangely neglected field for benevolent enterprise, appealing as it does to the humanity of intelligent people, is about to be ushered in.

When a horse is sick, it is too often the custom, hereabout, to give some of every article that may be suggested by a neighbor, as being excellent for a dumb beast, without the least regard to the causes that have impaired his health. When the whole farrago of decoctions, as vile in flavor and incongruous in composition as possible, fails to give relief, blisters, that would have proved destructive misdeeds in the bombardment of Vera Cruz, are next forced down the poor creature's throat.

Carbatics of a severely drastic character, in unreasonable doses, are also favorites with the pseudo veterinarians, who occasionally also pour down bottles of gin or new rum, because they are always said to be good, like camphor for children. After all these ineffectual prescriptions, the unfortunate animal is placed under the regular treatment of a professed horse doctor, and, as might be expected the horse is quickly finished—the owner consoling himself with the satisfactory reflection that all the resources of transmitted experience and improved science were of no avail in preserving life!

In view of the deplorable low state of knowledge on this subject, the Massachusetts Agricultural Society has imported an anatomical model of the horse, *paper mache*—of the same material of which the mannikins are constructed—that is true to nature in every essential particular, both as it respects the size, position and color of each and every organ, internal as well as external, and which may be separated, piece by piece, from the superficial muscles to the deepest seated tendons. As a work of art, it is admirable—nay, more, surprising.

On Friday evening, April 16th, a lecture was given in the hall of the House of Representatives, in this city, by Dr. Warren, on the general anatomy of the horse, making reference to this splendid production, in illustration of his propositions, and we think favorably impressed an intelligent audience on the importance of having a systematic course of veterinary science taught in this place. We cheerfully accord to him the honor of having opened a sealed volume in Massachusetts and thank him, too, in the name of humanity, for this kind effort to lessen the sufferings of this noble and useful animal.

[Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

Interesting Facts.

Large waves proceed at the rate of about 35 miles an hour. Many suppose that the water advances with the speed of the wave, but it is not so; the form of the wave only advances, excepting a little spray, while the water remains rising and falling in the same place.

The moon is 230,000 miles distant from the earth. With an instrument that magnifies a thousand times, she appears but 240 miles off. The moon is but the fiftieth part of the bulk of the earth.

The sun is 1,300,000 times larger than our globe, and distant from the earth 94,000,000 miles.

There will not be a total eclipse of the sun in America, until August 9, 1869.

Anger has produced bilious fevers, hemorrhages, inflammation of the brain, apoplexies and death.

It costs the people of the United States annually, \$12,000,000 to support their dogs.

Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, made a law, that every man who committed a fault in a state of intoxication, should receive a double punishment.

The passion of love has been known to excite inflammatory fevers, hysterics, and even madness.

There are seventy thousand kernels of corn in a bushel.

The first chimney ever constructed was at Venice, in 1347, the second in Rome, in 1393.

The Bible can be read in nearly 150 different languages.

At the Island of Otaheite it is high water precisely at noon and at midnight, the year round.

Lightning travels with a velocity twice as great as that of light, being at the rate of 24,000,000 miles a minute.

The heart of man is said to weigh about nine ounces; that of a woman, eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and woman's lighter, after she is thirty.