



BY H. T. WHITE.

RUTLAND, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1844,

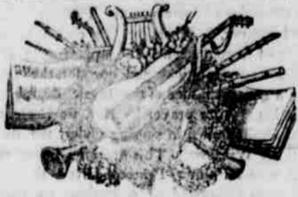
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From the Vergennes Venanter.

The following lines were written on the death of MARY ANN TILDEN with no intention of publishing, but being submitted to me for perusal. I find so much beauty and touching pathos in their composition, that I take the liberty of sending you a copy for publication. A short time previous to her death, at a party, as if in anticipation of the melancholy event she sang "Weep not for me, when I am gone," with a child-like tenderness that brought tears to every eye.

The departed, the departed, Methinks I see thee now In all thy childish innocence With fair and sunny brow Thy merry laugh, like silver flow, Of gentle rivulet, As gurgling through the vale below, Is in my memory yet. Oh Death, could'st thou not spare us The much loved little ones, Were there not those less lovely That better could have gone? Where lingers thy sweet spirit— Hovers it round us now, Weaving the flowers of Paradise Around each once loved brow? Doth glide in noiseless footsteps Around thy parents' bed Breathes thy pure angel spirit Around the path they tread— Dost look upon thy sisters' grief With thy clear spirit eyes, Would'st thou from them this vale of tears, To join thee in the skies? Sweet cherub, would I could believe That still thou lingerest near, To cheer us 'mid our solitude And wipe away each tear. Thou had'st us "Not to weep for thee!" Ah! little did we think That even then thy spirit stood Upon the grave's cold brink! Sweetly, I hear thy spirit sing, 'Tis beckoning us to come, As the night-winds chant the requiem And sigh around thy home!

CLARA.

Middlebury, Dec. 20th, 1843.

Moral & Miscellaneous.

THE PIOUS CHILD AND THE INFIDEL.

In a pleasant town of the Green Mountain State, lived Mr. B. He had grown up to manhood, regardless of the duties he owed his Maker, and the silver locks of age were beginning to appear, and his tottering frame told too well that his sun of life was fast going down. He had dwelt alone. No wife or child had blessed him with their smiles, or gladdened his weary heart with their evening hymns. He continued with nature, and sought the old forest tree for his companion, till they began to answer to his voice, and to echo back his shouting. The Bible was a book of fables to him, and having closed its lids, and spurned it from his dwelling, the clear, bright stars above, and the green earth and babbling stream below, could not win his ear with their whispering of immortality. He believed death an eternal sleep.

At the distance of about three miles, lived a child, whose young heart glowed with love to his fellows and to his Maker, to whose service at the age of nine years, he consecrated his life. He grew sad. At times the tears might be seen gathering and falling from his eye. At length he told his pious mother of the burden which pressed so heavily upon him. "He wanted to talk with the Infidel." He could not be persuaded it was not best to go. Alone and sorrowful he sought the dwelling of the sceptic. He told him he felt as if he wished to talk with him, and asked him if he believed in the existence of a God, and in the truth of the Bible? The sceptic answered with a rude laugh and a taunting jeer; but the mind of the youth was relieved. He went home with a light step and his heart beat freely, for he felt he had performed his duty.

Time passed, and the old man lay upon his dying couch. The agonies of death were fast coming upon him, and yet it seemed as if he could not die. Days glided by, and his lamp of life, though flickering, still burned on. He wanted his friends to play at cards by his bed side, to kill the weary hours, which seemed so long, and yet so soon to end forever! He was soon to fall asleep to awake no more. To go down into the darkness of the tomb, and become all dust. Why had he been wakened to get a glimpse of a little spot of the boundless universe, and then, when he had just begun to gaze upon its glories to die and

be no more? He lingered by the tomb till his friends were weary of watching. As if loth to convey a spirit like his to its Maker, the angel of death seemed to tarry upon the threshold. His suffering and his agonies were great. But he has gone. No stone marks his lone resting place.

The boy has grown to manhood, but his mission labor thus begun, have not yet ended. He is now toiling in a foreign land, and thousands of heathens have listened to his word of love.

[Voice of Freedom.]

Life and Death of Sexes.—The law of life and mortality betwixt the sexes are very remarkable. They are stated thus:

1. In the present condition of the white population of the United States the number of females born per annum is about 12,000 less than the males. This determines of itself that polygamy is not a natural condition of man, and the law of our religion and nature are the same—that one man shall be the husband of one woman.

2. At twenty years of age the females exceed the males. This proves that between the birth and twenty the mortality among the boys has been much greater than that among the girls.

3. From 20 to 40 the men again much exceed the women, which shows that this is the period of the greatest mortality among women.

4. From 40 to 70 the difference rapidly diminishes, the females, as in the early part of life, gaining on the males. This shows that this is the period of danger and exposure to men, the least to the women.

5. From 70 onward the women outnumber the men. This shows conclusively that, relatively speaking, in comparison with men, the healthiest period of female life is at its close. Absolutely, however, no period to either sex is so healthy as that of youth—the blooming period of boyhood and girlhood.

The above deductions of statistical tables correspond with every day observations of human life.

Women are exposed to peculiar hazards in the middle of life; but in the long run for the greatest part of this exposure, danger, and risk, in civilized nations, fall on men in the active period of life.

Sabbath in Honolulu. The N. Y. Journal of Commerce gives the following extract of a letter from a sailor, dated in August last:

"I was ashore last Sunday, and certainly I never saw the day more strictly kept in any town of the same size in the U. States. The missionaries have done an infinite deal of good here, but it would be difficult to say whether the vices of civilization have not done equal harm. The last expression relates, we take it, to the intercourse of the people with civilization before the arrival of the missionaries, by which the vices of civilization, and not civilization itself, were communicated to them. Since the Bible was introduced among them by men influenced by its spirit of benevolence, civilization and the blessings of it,—and of Christianity, the true genius of civilization,—have poured healing oil over the wounds which vice had made."

THE VERMONT MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Montpelier, Oct. 18, 1843.

The Vermont Medical Society held its annual session agreeable to its by-laws.

The meeting was called to order by its Vice President.

The proceedings of the last meeting were read, when Dr. Dana gave a very interesting account of the Vermont Medical Society from its origin, with its progress afterwards, which was continued by Dr. Spaulding.

Drs. Deming, Cleveland, Corliss, Cerney of Bridport, George, Page of Pittsford, and Allen and Goode, were by a vote of this Society received as members.

Voted to proceed to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Anderson G. Dana, of Brandon, President. James Spaulding of Montpelier, Vice President.

Z. A. Burnham, Montpelier, Recording Secretary.

Oren Smith, Berlin, Cor. Secretary.

Walter Burnham, Barre, Treasurer.

The following persons were elected Censors: Edward Lamb, H. H. Niles, Charles Hall, Eldad Alexander, Dr. Strong, W. R. Ranney, Noah Swift, John Fox, Seth Cole, Horace Eaton, J. A. Allen, Melvin Barnes and James Tinker.

COUNCILLORS.

Bennington County.—Noadiah Swift, Henry Sheldon.

Windsor County.—Jedediah Story, Ira Davis, Moses Cobb, Willard Bowman.

Rutland County.—A. G. Dana, John Fox, Eliakim Paul.

Windham County.—Wm. H. Rockwell, David Allen, Cyrus Washburn.

Addison County.—J. A. Allen, Zachus Bass, E. P. Warner.

Orange County.—Thomas Winslow, John McClure, Albion Pierce.

Washington County.—Oliver W. Drew, Orange Smith.

Caledonia County.—Josiah Shedd, Calvin Jewett.

Orleans County.—Daniel Dustin.

Chittenden County.—John S. Webster, Albion Harrough.

Franklin County.—Horace Eaton, J. L. Chandler, Charles Hall.

Lamoille County.—James Tinker.

Grand Isle County.—Melvin Barnes.

Voted to appoint two delegates to each of the two medical schools, at Woodstock and Castleton, to attend the examination of Students.

Drs. Allen and Dana appointed delegates to Castleton Medical College.

Drs. Spaulding and Ranney chosen delegates to the Woodstock Medical Institution.

Voted to hold a semi-annual meeting at Middlebury in June next, at the time of the meeting of the Addison County Medical Society.

Voted to Adjourn.

Attest, Z. A. BURNHAM, Rec. Secretary.

HORRIBLE MORMAN MURDER.—A horrible occurrence took place at Keeve, Cheshire (where there are a great many Morriane) on the 23d November last. The priest of the order is a blacksmith, of the name of Cartwright, and among the devotees is a fanatic of the name of Pugmire, also a smith or engineer. The latter was married to a respectable woman of about thirty years of age, who had bore him three children, and was within three months of her next confinement. She steadily refused to adopt the fanatical opinions of her husband, and much altercation had ensued in consequence. Worn out however, with his repeated solicitations, and his continued declarations that unless she submitted to be baptized in order, she would be eternally lost, she declared her intention to one of her neighbors to obey her husband's wishes, being satisfied, as she said, that unless she did so she would never have any more peace with him. On Thursday, the 23d ult, at eight o'clock at night, the poor worn out creature was taken by her husband and the blacksmith priest down to the river below the works, was denuded of all her clothing except a small flannel singlet and, notwithstanding her interesting situation, those wretched fanatics, after muttering some incantations plunged her into the stream. The night was dreadful cold and dark, in consequence of the late heavy rains the river was running at a great rate, and was much higher than ordinary. The priest having hold of her naked arm unfortunately let go his grasp, and the current running like a mill race, immediately carried her away, and it being pitch dark she was instantly overwhelmed by the boiling flood and drowned. The husband walked home with great deliberation and nonchalance, and told his neighbors what had occurred; and after seating himself in a chair, rolled himself in a flannel and declared his conviction "that it was the will of God that she should be drowned," adding "that it was the wickedness of her faith that caused it, but that he was now satisfied that she was in glory." That body was subsequently found, and a coroner's verdict of "manslaughter" rendered against the priest and the husband, both of whom were arrested. Talk of romance, indeed. Why, the every day occurrence of life presents appalling realities which set at naught the wildest creation of fiction.

Thanksgiving.—It was truly gratifying to observe yesterday the willingness with which most of our citizens either joined personally or countenanced in some way, the services of the day. Stores were closed, as also was most of our mechanic shops; and nearly all the churches were open in the forenoon, for religious services. We heard several remark that the city had the appearance usual on a Sabbath day; and it is credible to our citizens that the first Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania was thus appropriately observed. We trust that much good may result from it; and that on each annual return of the day, all may be prepared to observe it in a similar manner.—Phil. Forum, 22 ult.

On the 18th inst. Messrs. J. H. Forsyth & Co. of Wheeling received the great Clay Banner staff, cut of the Ash of Ashland by the hand of HENRY CLAY and hewn by the same hand, intended for the prize banner of the Baltimore Convention. It is 15 feet long, four inches through at the base, and two at the top, and as straight and true in the grain, almost as the great Statesman himself.

COST OF POLITICAL ABOLITION.—Our readers will remember some discussion in our columns, respecting the salaries of some of the leading political abolitionists. It seems from the following, which we find in a recent number of the 'National Anti-Slavery Standard,' that they have heretofore received very comfortable salaries and expenses, whatever they may do now: Anti-Slavery Salaries. The sums which we stated as having been received by Messrs. Birney, Leavitt and Stanton, amounted to \$5,050 per annum, or \$420 per month, besides expenses. To give an idea what the latter item amounted to, we state that, in the year 1839-40, the salaries and expenses of these three, and the publishing agent—who was represented at the time to be working without pay, for pure love of the cause, amounted to \$18,781 39. National Anti-Slavery Standard.

From the Boston Post.

A Tale of Insanity.

In the early part of 1840, a young man, about twenty-five years of age, insane, escaped from his keepers in Brattleboro, Vermont, and wandered to the town of Springfield Mass. Impelled by the love of mischief and guided by the half shrewdness that often marks the maniac, he thrust his hand through the window of a jeweller's store, seized a watch and fled into the woods. Search was made and he was found, with the case of the watch only in his possession, having thrown the inside of it away. He gave his name—not his true name—Richard Roe. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to one day solitary confinement and two years hard labor in the Massachusetts state prison.

Richard Roe, alias —, entered this institution March 26, 1840. After his "solitary" he was required to do "the hard labor." But this he could not understand. In vain was he ordered and expostulated with; he refused to work, and seemed dogged in his obstinacy. Discipline of another sort was administered: on the 10 of April he was whipped. Who does not know that of all the ways to make a whole man out of a part of a man, the lash is the most miserably? As the officers were applying the stripes to this poor maniac (unknown to them at the time, however,) at the whipping post, how like devils they must have appeared to him! Need we write that the convict still refused to work? Four days later a heavier punishment for the offence,—refusing to work, was ordered four days solitary confinement. The reflections in his gloomy cell only served to make the case more hopeless; at the same time more apparent. His actions then convinced the warden

that his mind was not right. After this he was humanly favored and spent his time mostly in the cookery.

For six months previous to the expiration of his sentence, a separate arch in the prison was assigned to him. When his time was out, the late warden applied to the authorities of the town of Charlestown to have him taken care of, as he was evidently unfit to take care of himself. Up to this time he had given, in reply to repeated questionings, several aliases, but had never given his proper name.

On the day of his discharge the chairman of the overseers of the poor saw him in the prison.

"Where are you from?" asked the officer.

"Vermont," replied the poor imbecile.

"Vermont? Oh! I know something about Vermont. I have lived there," replied the officer, going on in praise of the green-hilled state, while the blank face of the idiot seemed to brighten a little with intelligence.

"What town were you born in?"

"Wallingford."

"Wallingford? I know about that town, too. I have lived there, and am well acquainted with many of its inhabitants. Do you remember—the fiddler?"

"Yes, yes I can fiddle too, and have fiddled with him many a time."

But it is unnecessary to sketch farther the conversation. The enquirer was cheerful in look, kind in speech, and manifested an interest in his tale. Besides, scenes of earlier days were called up, and few there are, however rudely life's waves may have tossed them, who do not go back to these with pleasure. In this case even the imbecile was not an exception. He was enabled to carry back the shattered mind of the convict to the places where his childhood was passed. Confidence begets confidence, whether in the poor idiot or raving maniac. The old reserve of the prisoner vanished, and he, who for more than two years had strangely given only aliases now gave his true name. His friends, some of the most respectable of the town of Wallingford, were written to. They soon called and made appropriate provisions for him, stating that at the time he wandered from his keepers in 1840, every search was made for him, but not being able to find him, he was supposed, until the reception of the letter, to be dead.

Human Sacrifices in Mexico.

One of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Prescott's history of the conquest in Mexico, is that in which is given an account of the Mexicans. From that chapter we extract the following description of the human sacrifices which formed the leading characteristic of the Aztec worship. The Conquest put an end to the bloody rites of the conquered race. It needs a full knowledge and proper appreciation of this fact, to reconcile us to the triumph of the Spaniards. It is humiliating to human nature to be compelled to admit, that there ever was a nation in the world which could be improved by being conquered by the Spaniards of the sixteenth century.

The Mexican temples—teocallis, 'houses of God' as they were called—were very numerous, there were several hundreds in each of the principal cities, many of them doubtless, very humble edifices. They were solid masses of earth, cased with brick, or stone, in their form somewhat resembling the pyramidal structures of ancient Egypt. The bases of many of them were more than a hundred feet square, and they towered to a still greater height. They were distributed into four or five stories, each of smaller dimensions than that below. The ascent was by a flight of steps, at an angle of the pyramid, on the outside. This led to a sort of terrace, or gallery, at the base of the second story, which passed quite round the building. The top was a broad area, on which were erected one or two towers, forty or fifty feet high, the sanctuaries in which stood the sacred images of the presiding deities. Before these towers stood the dreadful stone of sacrifice, and two lofty altars on which fires were kept, as inextinguishable as those in the temple of Vesta. There were said to be six hundred of these altars, on smaller buildings within the enclosure of the great temple of Mexico, which, with those on the sacred edifices in other parts of the city, shed a brilliant illumination over its streets, through the darkest night.

From the construction of their temples, all religious services were public. The long processions of priests, winding round their massive sides as they rose higher and higher towards the summit, and the dismal rites of sacrifice performed there, were all visible from the remotest corners of the capital, impressing on the spectator's mind a superstitious veneration for the mysteries of his religion, and for the dread ministers by whom they were interpreted.

This impression was kept in full force by their numerous festivals. Every month was consecrated to some protecting deity; and every week, nay almost every day, was set down in their calendar for some appropriate celebration; so that it is difficult to understand how the ordinary business of life could have been compatible with the exactions of religion. Many of their ceremonies were of a light and cheerful complexion, consisting of the national songs and dances, in which both sexes joined. Processions were made of women and children crowned with garlands and bearing offerings of fruits, the ripened maize, or the sweet incense of copal and other odoriferous gums, while the altars of the deity were stained with no blood save that of animals. These were the peaceful rites derived from their Toltec predecessors, on which the fierce Aztecs engrafted a superstition too loathsome to be exhibited in all its nakedness, and one over which I would gladly draw a veil altogether, but that it would leave the reader in ignorance of their most striking institution, and one that had the greatest influence in forming the national character.

Human sacrifices were adopted by the Aztecs early in the fourteenth century, about two hundred years before the Conquest. Rare at first, they became more frequent with the wider extent of their 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 circumstance in the character or history of the deity who was the object of them. A single example will suffice.

One of the most important festivals was that in honor of the god Tezcatlipoca, whose rank was

inferior only to that of the Supreme Being. He was called the "soul of the world," and supposed to have been its creator. 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 at the present day. When he went abroad, he was attended by a train of 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, luxurious life, till within a month of his sacrifice.—Four beautiful girls, bearing the names of the 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 him all the honors of a divinity.

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 bade 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 sojourned the hours of captivity. On the summit he was received by six persons, whose long and matted locks flowed disorderly over their sable robes, covered with glyrogliphic 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, emblematic of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of itzli,—a volcanic substance, hard as flint,—inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart. The minister of death, first holding this up towards 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, which, brilliant in its commencement, too often closes in sorrow and disaster.

Such was the form of human sacrifice usually practised by the Aztecs. It was the same that often met the indignant eyes of the Europeans, in their progress through the country, and from the dreadful doom of which they themselves were not exempted. There were indeed, some occasions when preliminary tortures, of the most exquisite kind,—with which it is unnecessary to shock the reader,—were inflicted, but they always terminated with the bloody ceremony above described. It should be remarked, however, that such tortures were not the spontaneous suggestions of cruelty as with the North American Indians; but were all rigorously prescribed in the Aztec ritual, and doubtless were often inflicted with the same compunctious visitings which a devout familiar of the Holy Office might at times experience in executing its stern decrees. Women, as well as the other sex, were sometimes reserved for sacrifice. On some occasions particular seasons of draught at the festival of the insatiable Tlaloc, the god of rain, children for the most part infants, were offered up. As they were borne along in open litters, dressed in their festival robes, and decked in fresh blossoms of spring, they moved the hardest heart to pity, though their cries were drowned in the wild chant of the priests, who read in their tears a favorable augury for their petition. These innocent victims were generally bought by the priests of parents who were poor, but who stifled the voice of nature, probably less at the suggestions of poverty, than that of a wretched superstition.

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 delicious beverages and delicate viands, prepared with art, attended by both sexes, who, as we shall see hereafter, conducted themselves with 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, not excepting the most polished 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.

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 Huastlotepalli, in 1486, 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, so great for consumption in the ordinary way, be disposed of, without breeding a pestilence in the capital? Yet the event was of recent date, and is unequivocally attested by the best informed historians. One fact may be considered certain. It was necessary to preserve the skulls of the sacrifices, in buildings appropriated to the purpose. The companions of Cortes counted one hundred and thirty-six thousand in one of these edifices! Without attempting a precise calculation, therefore, it is safe to conclude