EASTON GAZETTE.

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NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N.

How many people there are in this world who after a career of extreme usefulness, and discharging every public and private duty with exemplary fidelity, may be said to live and die, comparatively speaking unknown, except to the small circle surrounding them, who pay a just tribute to their worth. The soi-disant patriot, who would sell his country, if he could find a purchaser, and whose ideas are all centered in self may easily become notorious, have his name in every mouth and in every newspaper, and give his dose of flattery to the public in exchange for their tumultuous huzzas; but the man of high principle, who pursues the even tenor of his way towards that which is right, effecting great good in the moral condition of those around him, must be content with the applause of his own conscience, and the satisfaction which must ever arise from having unflinchingly performed his duty.

I do not know any instance in which the truth of the above observations has been more strikingly illustrated than in the useful but too short career of the officer whose conduct occasioned the little moral drama which I am now about to narrate.

This officer was Captain W. Symonds, of the 96th, a son of Sir W. Symonds the present surveyor of the navy. He was appointed head of the police in New Zealand, & was in constant communication with that wild and barbarous people, who have no scruples at murder and cannibalism. Their propensities to these practices are too well known to be disputed. I will, however, mention one or two circumstances, to prove their total indifference to the taking away of human life.

The New Zealanders are generally tattooed all over the face in a very remarkable and not inelegant manner; and they have a certain method of baking the head after death, by which the features are preserved so as to appear almost as perfect as in life. One or two of their heads were first brought home as curosities by discovery ships; and vessels afterwards resorting to New Zealand for timber, the masters of them found that it was well worth their trouble to bring home these preserved heads, as by them they realized a good sum in their own countries. In a short time, these baked heads became almost an article of export from New Zealand; and the supply was always found equal to the demand, as the natives waylaid and murdered each other to obtain this head money.

I was told by a mate of an American vessel, that one day a very tall New Zealander, who had a magnificent countenance, came on board, and the master of the vessel, struck with his appearance, pointed him out to the mate, in the presence of the other natives. They took the hint, (if it was intended as a hint,) and about ten days afterwards, the head of this very man, very well preserved, was brought on board to be purchased.

Eventually, these facts became so notorious, that to put an end to the vile practice, it has been directed by the Board of Customs that New Zealand heads are not to be admitted upon *any* duty.

These remarks will fully establish the difficulties with which Captain Symonds had to contend, when he took upon himself the task of introducing laws and civilization among these cannibals; but, as will be satisfactorily established, before my narrative is ended, he did, in a very short time, by his inflexible integrity, and mild but decided conduct in his dealings with them, obtain a most extraordinary influence over these savages. I cannot, however, leave Captain Symonds and tell the story, without mentioning the occasion of this officer's being taken away from his sphere of usefulness. His death was occasioned by his usual good will and kindness towards his fellow creatures.

The wife of Mr. Hamilton, the Missionary, was taken ill, and neither medical advice or medicines could be procured; upon which Captain Symonds, although the weather was very rough, volunteered to go on board of the Brilliant, a vessel lying in Manatton Bay, to procure the medicines and bring them on shore. On returning from the vessel, the boat which contained Captain Symonds, his friend Mr. Adams, two English seamen, and a native, was upset in a squall. The accident was perceived on board of the Brilliant, as it took place when the boat was about a mile distant from her; but the sea was so rough that no assistance could be afforded. The two seamen sank immediately; Mr. Adams swam for some time, but at last disappeared. Captain Symonds, who was a powerful and excellent swimmer, remained above water for an hour and twenty minutes, and at last sank when close to the land. The native only gained the shore. Thus perished a most valuable member of society; and no one could be more deplored than he was by those who knew his worth. He died as he had lived, in attempting to benefit his fellow creatures. His life had been that of a true Christian, and his death was the same. Surely he will have his reward!

Among the numerous chiefs of New Zealand, was one of the name of Te Waco. When this chief came to Kawia, Captain Symonds explained to him that they should, for the future, be guided and governed by the English laws; and most particularly pointed out to him why they should not take the punishment of crimes and offences into their own hands; but that every one should be fairly tried and condemned before they were brought to justice.

Te Waco listened to the arguments of Captain Symonds, and afterwards made him a promise that, in his own tribe, he would not only make known the English laws, but that he would enforce them; and then he took his leave, and quitted Kawia for his own territory.

It was some time after this that Captain Symonds, as he travelled round the island, came to the abode of Te Waco, who resided on the river Waipa. After Captain Symonds had satisfactorily settled several outrages which had been committed by the natives on the settlers Te Waco' calling a native girl to him stepped forward.

'Hamoine,' said Te Waco (for such was the name which had been given to Captain Symonds by the natives), 'I promised you to acknowledge your laws, because they are just and good laws & I will be true to my promise. This girl, who now stands before you, has committed a murder. I accuse her of it before you; let her be tried, and if found guilty, as she must be, let her be punished.'

'Let me know the facts, Te Waco' replied Captain Symonds, as the chief paused in his speech.

'They are as follows, Hamoine: Her brother, who was married, loved the slave of another family. He had been forbidden intercourse with this slave-girl for we do not among ourselves permit this; but the facts became known, and her brother, aware that his life would be taken for what he had done, by the relatives of his wife, destroyed himself with his gun This girl, his sister, loving her brother, and weeping for his loss, considered the slave-girl as the cause of his death. She watched, and last night she discovered the slave-girl on the beach; and to revenge her brother's death, she has killed the girl. Now take this young woman, and judge her according to your law.'

'Who are you?' said Captain Symonds to the girl, when Te Waco had finished.

'Te Waco is my father,' replied the girl.

The reader may immagine the scene, and the surprise of the Europeans when this reply was given. There stood Te Waco, a man of a serene, highly meditative, and noble countenance, arraigning his only child of murder. His motives could not be mistaken. His daughter, a handsome and beautifully moddled figure stood before him, with her arms folded across her breast. A tear was seen starting in either eye, and she occasionally gave a hasty look of reproach towards her fa her, but when called upon for her defence she proved herself not unworthy of her parentage, & pleaded her own cause with energy and firmness.

'My father would be childless,' said she. 'He has lost a sun, and would now lose his daughter, because your laws are good. But I do not know your laws.—I have acted upon our laws, and a law which I feel here,' said she, placing her hand to her heart. 'I loved my brother. I had but one brother, and he is dead. Who was the cause of his death? That slave girl whom I met in the bush. I killed her; for by our laws a life is due for a life. Now you tell me, and Te Waco says, that the English law forbids this. It, may be so; but our laws do not. Punish the English by the English law, if you please; but I am a New Zealand girl, and I wish to live to take care of my father.'

Te Waco, who would not listen to this made a reply; but the girl overruled his arguments. Captain Symonds refused to send the girl to Aukland, as Te Waco wished him to do; upon which Te Waco stepped forward a few paces nearer to Captain Symonds, and folding his robe round him, drew himself up to its utmost height, & said, 'Hamoine, I promised you that the English law should be acted upon among my tribe. You refuse to punish this girl, because she was ignorant.—The fault must be mine, for she is my daughter. If, then, there is an excuse for her, there can be none for me, who knew what was right, and who made the promise. Murder must be punished; and if she is not punished, the punishment must fall on me. Perhaps it is better; she is young, and I am old. Take my life for that of the slave who has been killed.'

It was with great difficulty that Captain Symonds could persuade Te Waco that the ends of justice would not be answered by the substitution; but at last he was convinced, and taking his daughter by the hand, led her out of the court.

We read some instances of a similar nature in ancient history and which are pointed out to youth as examples of heroism and nobility of soul: but I doubt if there can be found one more honorable to the parties than this simple narrative I have given of the conduct of a New Zealand Chief.

THE LAST WORDS OF ADAM HORN

The following communication from the reverend gentleman who administered spiritually to the culprit Adam Horn, during his imprisonment and attended him on the gallows, will doubtless be read with general interest. It is given to the public as will be seen, by his request, and may be considered as containing his dying words:

BALTIMORE, January 13, 1844.

To the Editors of the Baltimore Sun:—GENTLEMEN:—Just a month ago your valuable paper contained a review of Adam Horn' confession, showing its falsehoods, ommissions and prevarications by one of the people., When the delinquint was apprised of it in his dungeon, he complained of the injustice of those remarks and required the undersigned to state in the 'Sun' his assertions of the truth of his confession, which I however declined to do during his life, least it might confirm the imputation—'that such a publication before his death was intended to change the tide of public opinion, that had set against him, and perhaps procure an amelioration of his awful punishment.'—But since he has suffered the penalty of the law such an inferance cannot be made. As the spiritual adviser of Adam Horn since his trial, I shall simply state which I am allowed and requested to state.

Concerning his published confession I have to remark 1st, that this confession was somewhat extorted from him; that he was induced to do so without having time of deliberation, or of asking the advice of his spiritual teachers, who would have opposed such a public confession seeing no use in it. 2d. Horn himself was an illiterate man, having a deficient knowledge of the English language, being only able to read and write tolerably in German

Under such circumstances it could not be expected that his confession should be an elaborate one, and calculated to satisfy the curiosity of every one. I admit, that his confession was defective, as he had neither intention nor ability to dictate a full biography of his life, or to make a public and general confession of all the sins of his life which all and every circumstance, as the 'Reviewer' seems to have expected. There was no obligation for Adam Horn to confess any thing little or much: however, he has confessed more than it could be expected that he ever would confess to the world. He has confessed the Ohio murder, for which he could not be tried in this State; he has indeed made a full confession of his crimes: there remained no hidden crimes to be confessed. He constantly asserted the truth of what he had confessed. To conceal some secondary circumstances, was no falsehood, no evil design, for which the 'Reviewer' had a right to blame him, as there was no obligation at all to confess any thing. Will the 'Reviewer' make a public and general confession of all his sins with all the circumstances connected with them which public curiosity might wish to know?

1st. The 'Reviewer' doubted the innocence of Horn as to the death of his children. He constantly asserted his innocence in that matter, declaring that they died a natural death. This declaration he made before he took Christ's blessed body from my hands, which I administered to him several times since his trial But he with many tears, accused himself as the cause and author of the spiritual death of his defunct children, whom he had suffered to grow up without any knowledge of christianity and their religious duties, and in particular he bitterly regretted that they died, by his cruel neglect, without the sacrament of baptism He shed tears as often as I spoke to him about this matter, being reminded of the dogma of the Catholic Church, of the absolute necessity of baptism unto salvation; that even a new-born child, if it dies without baptism in the water and holy ghost, is forever excluded from the kingdom of heaven. This reproach lay heavily on his conscience, because there was no remedy, but the natural death of his children troubled him not. He declared that he loved his children, though he had continual troubles and bickerings with their mother. His fondness for his living son and his anxious solicitude for his temporal and spiritual welfare, Horn had sufficiently shown during the time which that son spent with him previous to his death. He left to him a fine landed property. If any thing afflicted him before he went out of this world, it was the unchristian education which he formerly had given to that son, who now turned a deaf ear to all his admonitions—the consequence of an education separated from christianity.

2d. Concerning the reproach made to him by the 'Reviewer' of having traduced and aspersed the character of his murdered wives' Horn constantly asserted the truth of what he had advanced in himself, and declare his murdered wives to have been without fault—perhaps angels. But in this point he never revoked anything he had advanced in his confession. He confirmed the truth of his assertion before he received Christ's blessed body from my hands. He knew by sad experience, 'that all malice is short to the malice of woman.' (Eccles. 25, 26) Notwithstanding that accusation he did not excuse himself; he fully acknowledged and sincerely repented for his crimes, but he stated the faults of his wives also.

3rd. The Reviewer accused him for not having disclosed the name or names of people who might have assisted him in his escape from the jail in Ohio, but therein he acted prudently and honestly as there is no moral guilt in favoring the flight of a prisoner not yet condemned, (save a few exceptions) if it can be done without committing crime or outrage.—Though the unhappy man repeated his first crime after his escape, yet the final end, at which every sinner ought to arrive, repentance, change of heart and reconciliation with God, was attained.—Had Horn been executed in Ohio, he would have died an impenitent sinner, as he at that time had neither disposition of mind nor opportunity of reconciling himself with his offended God. Such people who might have assisted him in his escape from jail, have been his real benefactors, as they were the means of saving him from eternal death. Though Horn afterwards committed a new crime it was his fault alone, and cannot be laid to the charge of his benefactor or benefactors, because it honors more human nature to suppose the future repentance of a criminal than his committing new crimes. Horn would have committed an act of atrocious ingratitude if he had implicated his benefactor or benefactors by revealing their names. The Reviewer is of exceedingly rigorous principles, the undersigned would not choose him for his father confessor.

One thing in particular, Horn requested me to make known, viz: that the cause and source of all his misfortunes was his irreligion and infidelity, into which he early had fallen. He was raised a Roman Catholic by his parents, and was sent out in the world, when young deprived of friends and good advisers, falling into the hands of people who railed at his religion, and made him an infidel. In this disposition of mind he came to America, where he became hardened in unbelief and infidelity. After having lost the fear of God, he was able to commit any crime without scruple A certain evidence of his consummated depravity was his conduct after the Ohio murder Spending one full year in jail, and awaiting sentence of death, he never felt the slightest remorse of conscience for his crime He acknowledged in the latter weeks of his life, that had he been executed in Ohio, he would have descended 'a fuel to eternal flames' Scarcely escaped from jail and in apparent security, his mind was bent again towards the things of the world—to get money and to enter a new marriage with a young woman, just as if nothing had happened. Disbelieving a Divine Providence, he could not imagine himself that poison should be put into the cup of his pleasures. The second murder was perpetrated, and his hardened soul felt neither horror nor repentance. It was within the walls of the city jail, where he was imprisoned 8 months and 12 days until the day of his execution that his conversion and change of heart began and improved continually until his death. Rev. Father Newman visited him frequently in his dungeon, instructed him, and gave him useful books, by which he was instructed and brought back to the fear of God and to better sentiments. His whole time was henceforth exclusively devoted to the study of religion, of the truth of which he got profound conviction, and with the fear of God and religious faith he got a bitter and painful knowledge of the grievousness of his sins & crimes, and contition of heart. As soon as his trial was over he was admitted to the sacramental confession of his sins, which he did with evident signs of sincere contrition & repentance, & hope in mercies of God, who gave to me great satisfaction. His time until the day of his execution, was spent in prayer and reading books of devotion.

He has appeared before the tribunal of God, and the undersigned is fully convinced, that 'God had mercy upon his soul,' and that he is in the way of salvation.

I am, sirs, your obedient servant,

F. SIMON SANDERL,
At St. James' Church.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

CHATSWORTH, SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

In returning from Yorkshire to London on the North Midland railroad, we stopped at the Chesterfield station, for the purpose of making an excursion to Chatsworth to view the celebrated garden and immense conservatory of this superb place. It was a raw morning in August and as we jumped from a confined seat in the rail-coach, we were glad to be on our feet once more and have an opportunity of rousing our blood by a smart walk from the station into the town. We stopped at the angel inn, took a hearty breakfast, and while waiting, a gig being made ready to convey us to Chatsworth, stepped out for a stroll over the place.—Chesterfield is a dingy old town, of about 6,000 inhabitants; and has little to recommend it to the notice of strangers, save the spire of All Saints' Church.—This rises to the height of 230 feet is curiously channelled and covered with lead, and is so much out of perpendicular as to attract marked attention in passing it, even when at a considerable distance It being market day, the town was thronged with farmers from the country, exposing stock and agricultural products in the square for sale. There was little in these however deserving particular attention, and after giving them a hasty look we returned to the inn. As we came up a dapper waiter announced the 'oss and gig as hall ready;' when in we jumped, and set out for Chatsworth at a round pace, distance if we recollect right, about 8 miles.

Derbyshire posseses the wildest and most broken scenery of any county in England, and after passing over the flat surface of Yorkshire, it was quite a relief to find ourselves trotting up and down along a road winding picturesquely a round high hills, and over deep narrow dales. An hour's drive or so brought us to the pretty little village of Edensor close by the inn of which is the entrance to Chatsworth. The village is situated within the park, and is the property of the Duke, and certainly it is the most charming one we ever saw. Every cottage is of stone, and no two alike in their architecture. One is a mimic Gothic castle, another a cottage ornee, a third in the Elizabethan, a fourth in the Swiss, & perhaps a fifth in the Tudor style Everything then, was so complete about them—the pretty garden full of flowers—the hedges so neatly trimmed—the yards, laid down with the greenest and softest of turf and the shrubbery so tastefully planted! These were the residences of the laborers on the estate, the possession of which any one might envy them and desire to be able to call his home. Attached to the village is a fine old church and around it an ample yard, handsomely walled in with strong mason work. Altogether, this village is quite a gem in its way, and we were going to add, an epitome of its owner's heart, for on all his estates, whether in England or Ireland, the Duke of Devonshire has made it a point to protect and bountifully provided for his people. There is no want or suffering, or seeking the poorhouse, by the tenantry, allowed by this kind hearted benevolent man.

Turning from Edensor, and ascending a mound-like hill to the left of the carriage road, the palace and the grounds of Chatsworth appear to the greatest advantages. Immediately below is the river Derwent, tracing its sparkling course through a rich vale where were perhaps 1,500 deer browsing or taking their gambols. A handsome stone bridge spans the river and just beyond, the ground rises in terraces to a narrow plain, where stand the noble palace, with its out buildings and the immense conservatory, in magnificent grandeur Back of these rises a lofty hill the steep sides of which are thickly planted with forest trees, and the summit is crowned with a high tower of octagonal shape, built of stone. We were received at the palace gate by a servant in handsome livery, and passing into the gallery of the court, a fine hearty girl made her appearance to conduct us over the building. The front of the palace is 350 feet and one of the side wings about 400 feet long, and this whole area contains a series of apparments called the drawing room suite. An entire number of this paper would hardly suffice to give the reader a complete discription of these magnificent rooms, and the treasures of art they contain, we therefore pass them over in silence. From these we strolled into the orangery, which is about 30 feet wide and 200 feet long. It is full of beautiful exotics, and among them were several specimens of the Rhododendron Arboreum, which bore, the preceding summer, over 2,000 flowers.

We now walk out to the lawn in front of the palace, where one of the under gardeners appeared to conduct us over the grounds. These are extremely beautiful, with walled terraces in the Italian style, and fountains. One jet d'eau throws up a column 90 feet high. But the great show here in the way of water works, is the cascade, It is entirely artificial, and must have been made at a great expense. The water rushes out from a series of lakes on top of the hill, and comes pouring down its side, taking a leap of about 80 feet from one of the arches, and then falls for a length of 300 yards over a series of 24 ledges, and disappears amidst masses of rock, on the edge of the lawn.—Here it finds a subteranean passage to the Derwent. These water-works are looked upon by some critics with affected contempt; not so with us, however we greatly admire them in their way; and yet we have seen Niagara a thousand times, and had a peep at most of the other water falls worth looking at in the United Sates. We have no sympathy with such hypercritics as profess a distaste to the cascade at Chatsworth; as a work of art, it is a magnificent thing, and to our eye, in keeping with the palace and grounds; and we viewed it with interest. A bronze tree a little farther on excited still greater curiosity with us than the cascade, for it was made to act the part of a fountain, by throwing water from a thousand sprigs and leaves all around in a shower of spray.

But leaving this and the exquisite scenery of the lawn, we passed on by a winding carriage road to a short distance to the conservatory. This was 350 feet long, 150 feet wide, and nearly 70 feet high; and when fully completed, is to have an additional length of 150 feet.—The roof is an arch, and is covered with plate glass of the best kind, and so thick as to resist the heaviest hail. It is heated by iron tubes of hot water, and to these are added others for cold water, and the whole, if stretched out to a single length, we were informed would extend nearly six miles.

The plants and trees here are distributed in open borders, each class being placed in the soil most proper for it, and the temperature so regulated as to suit their natural state as nearly as possible. Not far from the centre is an immense rockery rising about 50 feet high, and from the fissures of the slabs of stone that compose it, the cactus and other plants grow out as in their natural state. Half way up this huge precipice is a little lake with islets, and in this water-lilies and other aquatic plants of the rarest and most beautiful kinds. A wild goat path leads to the top of the rockery, and beneath it is a wide, deep cave. The variety of shrubs and plants in this immense conservatory is very great; some of the trees already reach nearly to the top of the roof; and others presented dimensions gigantic in the extreme for those within a green house. There are wide folding at each end of the conservatory and any time he pleases; the Duke can have a drive with his coach and four horses through it Taking it altogether, it is by far the most magnificent thing of the kind we have ever seen The whole cost of it is not less than half a million of dollars, which is but a little over the present annual income of its wealthy possessor.

After leaving the conservatory we took a zigzag road and ascended through the forest to the crown of the hill by the octagonal tower. A peasant family was residing here, who permitted us to ascend to the top. The view from this is no less extensive than beautiful, of Chatsworth and the wild broken country around. Descending from this high perch we had quite a chat with the peasant's wife. She informed us that the tower was built by a predecessor of the present Duke, for the purpose of giving the ladies at the palace an opportunity of seeing the fox hunting which formerly took place at Chatsworth. Upon taking leave, the good woman directed a rosy-faced daughter to show us the lakes on the hill the sources of the cascade and fountains below. After something of a stroll through the woods, we found two large expanses of water belted in by thick rows of the larch and fir, and apparently as isolated as if in a wild forest of our own country. The white swan and the black are kept here, and most other kinds of curious water fowl. Our pretty guide answered all our inquiries with intelligence, and at parting we gave her a small guerdon, for which she returned a grateful 'thank'e zur' and a low courtesy, and then, with the lightness of a young fawn, skipped into the wood and immediately disappeared. Descending the hill toward the palace we come to the stables. These are very extensive, of quadrangular shape, and large large court yards within. At a distance with their imposing architecture, they might almost pass for the palace itself.

We now bent our steps to the house of the celebrated Mr. Paxton, the head gardener of the Duke of Devonshire, editor of the Magazine of Botany which bears his name, and one of the first botanist of England. His residence is within the park, about a quarter of a mile from the palace, and is a roomy, beautiful cottage, completely enveloped in flowers & flowering shrubbery, with a handsome little conservatory at the end. Much to our regret, he was not at home; but a subgardener, quite an intelligent man, volunteered to show us the gardens. They occupy 12 acres, and are enclosed by a thick brick wall, about 12 feet high.—Here are the experimental and kitchen gardens, and hundreds of fruit bearing espaliers trained up the walls. In addition to these there are forcing pits in abundance, and upward of 20 hot houses, about 300 feet long each, devoted to different purposes, one of the most extensive of which is the growing of pine apples.—All these things may be considered very extravagant, but in supporting them, the Duke of Devonshire has done much for the cause of science, and has conferred a lasting benefit on his country.

We left Chatsworth with regret; the day we spent there we would have gladly prolonged to a week, and then we should have gained but imperfect knowledge of the treasures of nature which are stored up here for the admiration of thousands of visiters. Mary Queen of Scotts was some time a prisoner here; so also was Marshal Tallard, who was captured at the battle of Blenheim. What were the thoughts of the beautiful Queen upon taking leave of it history does not record; but the Marshal, no less gracefully than happily, said. 'When I return to France and reckon up the days of my captivity in

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