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THE TRIUMPH OF THE PESTILENCE.

From the *Palladium* Advertiser.
"Come!" says the Pestilence,
"On the wings of the wind,
While my train of attendants
Are lingering behind;
I bear in my right hand
The arrow of Fate,
Its point is envenomed
With poison of Iliae.
I come not in darkness,
I come not in night;
I ride on the sun-beam,
In brightness and light.
I come o'er the billow,
From the lands of the East,
On the breath of existence,
To hold my dread feast.
Like the raven, I feed
On the flesh of the land,
And the drunkard fills his bowl
At the touch of my wand;
I scatter their bodies
Like chaff to the wind,
And I revel at ease
'Midst the groans of mankind.
I seek out corruption;
Wherever it be,
And the slave of his power
Is a banquet for me.
My desert is the dissolute,
Lowly or great,
And I single them out
As an offering to Fate.
I come! cries the pestilence,
On the wings of the wind,
In my triumph I stride
O'er the powers of the mind;
The seeds have been sown,
And the harvest I'll reap,
And when drunkenness dies,
I will take my last sleep."

W. B. B.

OUR SHIP OUTRODE THE STORM.

Far off on the stormy main,
Where nature hurls her wide domain,
While time revolving glides,
And sea-bird's heart-rejoicing cry,
Tells no more that loud is nigh,
Our stark vessel rides.
The dark green sea calm and smooth,
As summer's stillness o'er the grove,
When gentle zephyrs sleep:
Not a chinkling ripple throbs,
'Gainst our proud ship's lofty bows,
So buoyant on the deep.
From the mast the broad white sail,
Pendant waits the propitious gale,
To waft our bark along:
Here and there a group is seen,
Of lazy sailors blithe and clean,
Chanting in merry song.
Now the sun's last rays of light,
Are retiring from our sight,
While evening shades appear:
O'er the gilded western skies,
Now the threaten'g clouds arise,
Resplendent in the sun.
Distant peals of thunder roll,
Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Illumining the night,
With a calm and steady eye,
Now our captain views the sky,
Far freed from coward fright.
High the angry surges rise,
Towing far towards the skies,
With foaming waters capt;
Then mountain billows vast,
'Midst the liquid chasms cast
Us, in dread terror wrapt.
While sportive winds our ship assail,
Toss'd like bubbles light and frail,
On summer's pearly streams;
With pale fear every heart
Is fill'd, and earth's hopes depart—
Vain visionary things.
But "Our ship the storm outrode,"
The raging elements withstood,
And safely "held her course,"
That as the moon rode through the sky,
Gladness beam'd in every eye,
And burst from every voice.

A YEAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY MR. EARLE CANNIBALISM.
I witnessed a summary specimen of their method of executing justice. A chief residing in the village had proof of the infidelity of one of his wives; and being perfectly sure of her guilt, he took his patoo-patoo (or stone hatchet) and proceeded to his hut, where this wretched woman was employed in household affairs. Without mentioning the cause of his suspicion, or once upbraiding her, he deliberately aimed a blow at her head, which killed her on the spot; and, as she was a slave, he dragged the body to the outside of the village, and there left it to be devoured by the dogs. The account of this transaction was soon brought to us, and we proceeded to the place to request permission to bury the body of the murdered woman, which was immediately granted. Accordingly, we procured a couple of slaves, who assisted to carry the corpse down to the beach, where we interred it in the most decent manner we could. This was the second murder I very nearly witnessed since my arrival; and the indifference with which each had been spoken of, induced me to believe that such barbarities were events of frequent occurrence; yet the manners of all seemed kind and gentle towards each other; but infidelity in a wife is never forgiven; and in general, if the lover can be taken, he also is sacrificed with the adulteress. Truth obliges me to confess that, notwithstanding these horrors staring them in the

face, they will, if an opportunity offers, indulge in an intrigue.

But worse remains behind. The New Zealanders have been long charged with cannibalism; but as no person of importance or celebrity had actually been a witness to the disgusting act, in pity to our nature such relations have been universally rejected, and much has been written to prove the non-existence of so hideous a propensity. It was my lot to behold it in all its horrors. One morning, about eleven o'clock, after I had returned from a long walk, Capt. Duke informed me he had heard, from very good authority, (though the natives wished it to be kept a profound secret,) that in the adjoining village a female slave, named Matowe, had been put to death, and that the people were at that very time preparing her flesh for cooking. At the same time he reminded me of a circumstance which had taken place the evening before. Atoi had been paying us a visit, and, when going away, he recognised a girl whom he said was a slave who had run away from him; he immediately seized hold of her, and gave her in charge to some of his people. The girl had been employed in carrying wood for us; Atoi's laying claim to her caused us no alarm for her life, and we had thought no more on the subject; but now to my surprise and horror, I heard this poor girl was the victim they were preparing for the oven! Capt. Duke and myself were resolved to witness this dreadful scene. We therefore kept our information as secret as possible, well knowing that if we had manifested our wishes, they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village; and, being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies. On a spot of rising ground just outside the village, we saw a man preparing a native oven, which is done in the following simple manner: A hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewn around, and a boy was standing by them, actually laughing; he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognised the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening! We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way very few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes; no doubt to hide it for another meal! The man completed his task with the most perfect composure, telling us, at the same time the repast would not be ready for some hours! Here stood Capt. Duke and myself, both witnesses of a scene which many travellers have related, and their relations have invariably been treated with contempt; indeed, the veracity of those who had the temerity to relate such incredible events has been every where questioned. In this instance, it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle; nor the excuse, that they eat their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism.—Atoi, the chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had, only the night before, sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had no excuse of want of food. After Capt. Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Atoi with his brutality. Atoi received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for, as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn, if possible, the whole particulars. Atoi, at first, tried to make us believe that he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained it was for himself and his favourite companions.—After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Atoi frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added, that knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objection to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a much greater number of hours to cook than any other; that if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sun-set. We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to

her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her:—"For," said he, "I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired and shot her through the heart! My blood ran cool with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm, that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and gentle in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty, was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age! While listening to this frightful detail, we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi, and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting mess was cooking. Not a native was now near it: a hot, fetid steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mess; and the same dog we had seen with the head, now crept from beneath the bushes, and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing on this melancholy place; it was a lowering, gusty day, and the moaning of the wind thro' the bushes, as it swept around the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings. After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast; this resolution formed, we rose to execute it. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and, collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist in destroying the oven, and burying the remains of the girl: they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or pick-axe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Atoi and his friends had, by some means, been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats to deter us, and seemed highly indignant; but as none of his followers appeared willing to come to blows, and seemed ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted by them to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave; then, we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view,—the four quarters of a human body half roasted. During our work, clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust created by our task was almost overpowering;—we collected all the parts we could recognize; the heart was placed separately, we supposed as a savoury morsel for the chief himself.—We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven.

And when they were gone, the natives interred their favourite dish and eat it; for the next day our old friend King George paid us a long visit, and we talked over the affair very calmly. He highly disapproved of our conduct. "In the first place," said he, "you did a foolish thing, which might have cost you your lives, and yet did not accomplish your purpose after all, as you merely succeeded in burying the flesh near the spot on which you found it. After you went away, it was again taken up, and every bit was eaten!—a fact I afterwards ascertained by examining the grave, and finding it empty. King George further said, 'It was an old custom, which their fathers practised before them; and you had no right to interfere with their ceremonies. 'I myself,' added he, 'have left off eating human flesh, out of compliment to you white men; but you have no reason to expect the same compliance from all the other chiefs. What punishment have you in England for thieves and runaways? We answered, 'After trial, flogging or hanging.' 'Then,' he replied, 'the only difference in our laws is, you flog and hang, but we shoot and eat.' After thus reproving us, he became very communicative on the subject of cannibalism. He said, he recollected the time prior to pigs and potatoes being introduced into the island (an epoch of great importance to the New Zealanders,) and stated that he was born and reared in an island district, and the only food they then had consisted of fern roots and kumera; fish they never saw, and the only flesh he then partook of was human.

The scene (continues Mr. E.) I have just described, brings into consideration the subject of slavery, as it now exists in New Zealand. Here slavery assumes its most hideous shape. Every one they can effect a seizure of in an enemy's country becomes the slave of the captors. Chiefs are never made prisoners; they either fight till the last, or are killed on the spot, and their heads are preserved by a peculiar method, as trophies. Children are greatly prized; these they bring to their dwellings, and they remain slaves for life. Upon the number of slaves a chief can muster he takes his rank as a man of wealth and consequence in society; and the only chance these wretched beings have of being released from their miseries, is their master getting into a rage, and murdering them without further ceremony. On entering a village, a stranger instantly discovers which portion of its inhabitants are the slaves; though both the complexion and the dresses of all are alike. The free Zealanders are a joyous, good-humoured looking man; full of laughter and vivacity, and is chattering incessantly; but

the slaves have invariably a squalid, dejected look; they are never seen to smile, and appear literally half starved. The beautiful characteristic of a New Zealander are his teeth and hair; the latter, as his pride and study; but the slaves have their heads half shorn. The male slave is not allowed to marry; and any intercourse with a female, if discovered, is generally punished by death. Never was a body of men so completely cut off from all society as these poor slaves; they never can count, with certainty, on a single moment of life, as the savage caprice of their master may instantly deprive them of it. If, by chance a slave should belong to a kind and good master, an accident happening to him or any of his family will probably prove equally fatal to the slave, as some are generally sacrificed on the death of a chief. Thus these poor slaves are deprived of every hope and stimulus by which all other classes and individuals are animated; no good conduct of theirs towards their masters, nor attachment to his person or family, no fidelity or long service can insure kind treatment. If the slave effect his escape to his own part of the country, he is there treated with contempt; and when he dies, if a natural death, his body is dragged to the outside of the village, there to be made sport of by the children, or to furnish food for the dogs! But more frequently his fate is to receive a fatal blow, in a fit of passion, and then be devoured by his brutal master! Even the female slaves, who, if pretty, are frequently taken as wives by their conquerors, have not a much greater chance of happiness, all being dependent upon the caprice of their owners.

HISTORY OF THE PESTILENCE.

The following condensed abstract of the history of the pestilence in different nations and ages, was given in a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York, on the occasion of the late fast in that city, and furnished for publication in the *Genius of Temperance*.
"There are seasons in the history of nations and individuals, when the cup of their iniquity is full, and when God can no longer mitigate or defer his anger. This period had come in the Old World, when the waters of the universal deluge overflowed it. It had come upon Sodom, Tyre, Babylon, Carthage and Jerusalem, when God so fearfully destroyed them. It had come upon the Amorites, Israelites and Assyrians, when God swept them away in his fury. He is not wanting in means and instruments to accomplish the purposes of his indignation. All secondary causes are in his hands, and he employs them to accomplish his designs of judgment, as well as mercy. Sometimes he makes use of men as the rod of his anger. Think of the millions that have been swept into eternity by such men as Cyrus, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, Louis IV. and Napoleon. Sometimes he employs the material creation to promote his vengeful designs. The sun, moon and stars, the earth, the ocean, and the elements, all conspire as the ministers of his rebuke. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy winds, and tempestuous billows fulfil his word. Sometimes he withholds the rain of Heaven, and takes away the fruits of the earth. Sometimes he sends the earthquake, the lightning and the pestilence.
"The pestilence is emphatically his own messenger. It was so in various epochs of the Jewish history, and has been so ever since. God has made the bodies of the dead lie in heaps before the eyes of the living, to admonish them of his displeasure. In one instance of the Jewish history, he destroyed seventy thousand men, in the short space of a few hours. In another instance the destroying angel cut off one hundred and eighty five thousand in a single night. In the reign of Tarquinus, the fifth king of Rome, a pestilence cut off the greater part of the Roman Empire. About the time that Nehemiah repaired the walls of Jerusalem, not far from four hundred and thirty years before Christ, about the second year of the Peloponnesian war, that great pestilence called the Great Plague of Aëtica, overrun Ethiopia, Lybia, Egypt, Judæa, Phœnicia, and the whole Persian and Roman Empires, Greece and the Athenian States, and continued to rage for fifteen years. This is the plague of which Thucydides wrote, and Lucretius and Virgil sang, and is the first universal plague. Upon the ruin of Carthage, a pestilence spread over all Africa, and destroyed in Numidia alone, eight hundred thousand. So grievous was this pestilence, that upwards of fifteen hundred dead corpses were carried through one gate, of a single city, in one day, and upwards of two hundred thousand died in a few days. Two years before the birth of Christ, a pestilence spread over all Italy, and raged with such fury, that few or none remained to till the ground.
"Since the commencement of the Christian era, and in later years, several plagues have raged in England, Scotland and Wales, sometimes almost depopulating the principal cities of those kingdoms. In the second year of Claudius, the Roman Emperor, so fearfully did the pestilence rage in England, that the living were scarcely sufficient to bury the dead. In the year 180, in the reign of Commodus, and during the persecution of Christians in the Roman Empire, a pestilence spread over all Italy, Greece, and almost all the Roman Empire. In the city of Rome alone, there were for a considerable time together, twenty thousand buried a day. In the year 236, a pestilence raged in Ethiopia, and

universally that it was impossible to calculate the number of the dead. In the year 511, during the persecution under Maximian, a pestilence raged that cut off from the army of that monarch, five thousand a day. In the year 544, a universal pestilence began at Pessinus in Egypt, and thence spread over the whole world, sparing neither age nor sex, family nor country, island nor mountain. In the second year of its fury it visited Constantinople, with such virulence, that for a considerable time together, five, and sometimes ten thousand and upward, died daily. In one part of the world or another, it continued fifty-two years, so that the greatest part of mankind then living, may be said to have been destroyed by it. In the year 717, a pestilence again visited Constantinople, and cut off in three years, three hundred thousand souls. In 825, in the reign of Louis the Pious, a plague destroyed almost all the inhabitants of France and Germany. In 836, it raged in Wales to such a degree that the country was covered with the carcasses of men and beasts. In 1346 a malignant disease broke out in Asia that overspread and wasted the inhabited earth. Three parts out of four scarcely survived, and in some places not one twentieth part remained alive. Beginning with the year 1348, the same plague raged in England, nine years; and in London alone, from January 1st, to the first of July, destroyed one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand and seventy-four. In the year 1611, a pestilence again visited Constantinople, and destroyed two hundred thousand in five months. And still later in the year 1665, was the great plague in London which raged the year before in Egypt, Greece, Germany, Holland and other kingdoms, and which destroyed in that city alone ninety seven thousand in a single year. In the year 1720, in the city of Marseilles, from the 25th of August to the end of September, one thousand were swept off in a day. And in our own times, and during the last year, (1831) the plague raged so irresistibly at Bagdad, that the city is almost desolated, and cannot probably be re-inhabited for ages.

CONSTANT POLARI, ALIAS CARRARA.

This individual, who has been confined in the New York City Prison for more than six months, was discharged from process on Thursday last, and delivered up to the Dutch Ambassador, to be conveyed to the Hague. He was accompanied by two of the police officers, and his daughter, a child about nine years old. The object of the Dutch Government in taking him to Holland, is said to be merely to clear the character of the Prince of Orange from unfounded aspersions in regard to the loss of his wife's jewels.
Carrara was arrested, in the first place, in New York, for a violation of the Revenue Laws. He resided at the time in Pearl Street near Broadway, and suspicions were excited that he had in his possession a large quantity of smuggled jewelry from the circumstance that he had offered a number of valuable diamonds for sale, at several jewelry stores in the city. His house being searched, the jewels found were ascertained to correspond with the description of those stolen at Brussels from the Princess of Orange. The lady of the Chevalier Hurgens, the Dutch Minister, being in the city, was immediately waited upon by the Collector, and informed of the discovery, who at once identified them as the property of the Princess, and having made her affidavit of the fact, a warrant was issued against Carrara, under the constitution of the state, for the robbery. He was arrested on Long Island, and conveyed to New York for examination.
In the meantime, his wife, a young woman of interesting appearance, proceeded to Philadelphia, accompanied by Roumage, a Frenchman of suspicious character, and embarked under an assumed name, in one of the packet ships for Liverpool. Information of their sailing no sooner reached New York, than it was believed that her object was to return to Brussels, and enable Soumage to find the spot where the larger portion of the jewels were buried. The Dutch Minister at once despatched Mr. Raymond, a police officer, who knew both parties, in the packet ship Silvanus Jenkins for Liverpool, with a hope that he would arrive there in season to take measures for their apprehension.—Mr. Raymond arrived in Liverpool a few hours after the packet ship from Philadelphia, furnished himself with the necessary papers, and having ascertained where Roumage and his paramour had taken lodgings, he had them apprehended without delay. Mrs. Carrara being informed by him that his instructions were not to molest her, provided she would disclose all the facts connected with the robbery, within her knowledge, availed herself of the proposition without hesitation, and agreed to go to the Hague, and make known all the information of which she was possessed. No such leniency was shown to Roumage: his liberty was restrained beyond his power to escape, and he was transported to Holland, to be dealt with, with no ordinary severity. A number of very valuable diamonds were found concealed in his walking cane, which he had made in Philadelphia for the purpose of concealing the diamonds from the vigilant eyes of the English revenue officers.
Mr. Raymond, on his arrival at the Hague, was provided with all the means necessary for a journey to Brussels, and immediately

[See Fourth Page.]