

## MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

WEDNESDAY, July 10, 1751.

From the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for February, 1751.

HAMBURGH, April 13.

Extract of a Letter sent to Copenhagen, by a Danish Missionary at Tranquebar, in the East Indies, with an Account of the Funeral Solemnities of an Indian King.

**T**HIS Prince, who was 80 Years old, dying, his Wives and Concubines, in Number 47, were, according to this Custom of the Country, to be burnt on his Funeral Pile. In order to this, they dug without the Walls of the Imperial City, a large Pit, which they filled with Wood, ranged and piled up, as for a Bonfire. The Corpse of the deceased, richly habited and adorned, was brought forth in great Pomp, and laid on the Pile; after which the Bramins (Heathen Priests) kindled the Fire with Abundance of superstitious Ceremonies. The Wives and Concubines of the Deceased, finely deck'd with Jewels, and adorned with Flowers, waked several Times round the Funeral Pile. The favourite Wife, or Concubine, carried the Poignant of the defunct Prince, which she delivered up to the Succellor, and made a short Speech, exhorting him to use it with Moderation, so as never to let it light on any but the Guilty. Then she boldly turned her Face towards the Pile, and, after invoking her Gods, leaped into the midst of the Flames. The Second was the Sister of a Prince, named *Tadamen*, who was present at these horrid Rites. She gave him the Jewels which she wore, and the Prince in receiving them, embraced her most tenderly, and poured out a Flood of Tears; but the Princess, without betraying the least Concern, looked alternately, with a steady Countenance, on the Pile, and on the Spectators, and crying with a loud Voice, *Chival Chival* which is the Name of one of her Gods, she jumped as resolutely in the Flames as the first did. The others followed her close. Some of them appeared resolute enough, but others looked wild and dejected; one in particular being more dismayed than her Companions, ran to embrace one of the Spectators who was a Christian, praying him to save her; but this was not in his Power to do, and the poor Wretch was tumbled headlong into the Fire. However intrepid most of these unhappy Victims appeared jumping into the Pit, they shriek'd hideously amidst the Flames, tumbling one over another, striving to reach the Edge of the Pit; but they were kept in, by throwing Heaps of Billets and Faggots upon them, as well to knock them on the Head, as to encrease the Fire. When they were consumed, the Bramins drew near the yet smoking Pile, and performed Abundance of ridiculous Ceremonies over the Ashes of the poor Wretches. The next Day they gathered up the Bones, and having wrapt them up in fine Linnen, and carried them to a Place near the Isle of *Ramesuren*, where they cast them into the Sea. After this, the Pit was filled up, and a Temple since erected on the Spot, where Sacrifices are offer'd up, in honour of the Prince and his Wives; who, from henceforth are number'd among the Saints, or God-desses.

This dreadful Story, which, surely, no human Being can read without Pity, and no Christian without Indignation, is a striking Instance of the horrid Effects of Superstition, and the Force of Enthusiasm. However, it does not appear that this Indian Custom is a religious Ceremony, but founded upon a strong Persuasion of the Immortality of the Soul, and intended to accommodate the deceased Husband with the Company of his Wives into the other World. How this Custom was first established, perhaps is not to be discovered; but the Motives from which it is continued, are assigned by M. *Voltaire*, to the Influence of the Priests, to whom all the Jewels and valuable Ornaments of the unhappy Victims belong, as a Perquisite.

**L**ETTERS from Armenian Merchants in Persia to their Correspondent in Poland, are full of the dismal Consequences of the Confusions which have over-run that Kingdom. The opulent and splendid City of Ispahan is reduced to an inexpressible Desolation, the Palaces all, asfacked or burnt. The stately Edifices with which the great *Schah Abbas* had embellished this Capital, have been utterly spoiled and disfigured by the Savage Soldiery. *Schah Doub*, one of the Competitors, who had prevailed with his Army to spare *Ischargrab*, an old seat of *Schah Noub*, his Adversary, in an Interval of Superiority, gave it up to the Licentiousness of his Soldiers. The Arts and Sciences of Peace are at a stand; nor is any Trade exercised but such as furnish the Necessaries of War, or minister to the Luxury of Camps. The Soldier lords it over the Citizen, and so inhuman are the Maxims of Policy, that the other Asiatic Powers, instead of meditating to end our Miseries, exult at the Feuds of a once redoubted Empire.

*Venice, March 26.* An Augmentation of our Maritime Forces will certainly take Place, that we may be able to send to Sea a formidable Squadron; for, from the Motions of the Turks, 'tis expected that some Enterprize is meditating, notwithstanding the repeated Assurances of the Quoman Porte to maintain a good Intelligence with all the Powers of Christendom.

*Warsaw, March 27.* We have now received a clear Account of the Motions of the Turks at *Choczam*. The Janizaries, it seems, are extremely discontented, partly from a Supposition that the Court does not mean them exceedingly well, and next, because they are but indifferently paid; which together, induced them to mutiny. The first Exploit was, throwing their Aga into a Town Ditch, and the next to seize upon the Person of the Bashaw, but he had the good Fortune to get into the Citadel, where he is in a Condition to defend himself; they then plundered the Town and the adjacent Villages, and afterwards inclin'd to have attacked our Frontiers; but as we did not at first know what the Meaning was of this Bustle at *Choczam*, a considerable Body of Troops had been ordered by the Crown General that Way, which saved the Country, as the Janizaries were bent not on fighting, but thieving. Their Aga was so lucky as to get out of the Town Ditch, and got safe to Constantinople. What Revolution the Porte will take concerning this Mutiny, is not yet known.

An Extract of a Letter from the Hague, dated Feb. 28.

We flattered ourselves here, that the Affair of the Tariff with France was going to be determined; but so far it is from being so, that the most Christian King has just now not only established the Duty of 50 Sols per Ton upon our Shipping, but by charging them much more than they carry, it is made to amount to near five Florins. His Majesty has also established a Duty of Twenty per Cent. upon the Merchandise of the Levant. This is a Stroke more than is necessary for ruining our Commerce with France. His Majesty cannot revenge himself upon England for the Steps which are taking in the Empire; he therefore discharges his Wrath upon the Republic for taking Part with the King of Great Britain in the Treaties with *Cologne*, *Bavaria* and *Saxony*; and our Affairs are in such a Situation, that we dare not lift up our Heads. It is evident France has determined to chastise the Dutch; but without publicly saying so.

*Paris A-la-main, April 9.* Yesterday being Holy Thursday the King washed the Feet of twelve poor Men, and his Majesty waited upon them at Table. The Dishes were carried in by the Dauphin and the other Princes of the Blood. The Queen