

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, J U L Y 10, 1806.

Miscellany.

THE EVENING CIRCLE.

FROM business freed, with eager pace
I seek that blest retreat,
Where virtue, innocence and grace,
With love and beauty meet.

Its lovely inmates form'd to please,
And ONE for something more,
With smiles and unaffected ease,
Receive me at the door.

How flies my pulse, how beats my heart,
My frame with rapture glows,
What transports does the touch impart,
When SHE her hand bestows.

Then seated round the cheerful hearth,
(Or back, if summer smile,)
With social chat or lively mirth,
The fleeting hours beguile.

Or else, requested by the fair,
I read some novel tale,
Or grave or witty, new or rare,
Their fancy to regale.

But ah! how oft my truant eyes
Forget the page to trace,
Till SHE detects them by surprize—
Fixt on her lovely face.

Ours' meet, the sweet delusion's broke,
Confus'd my visage glows,
I stammer, speak, resume the book,
My feelings to compose.

Thus pass the hours till envious time,
(Which faster never flew,)
Soon brings the dreaded hour of nine,
And I must bid adieu.

EXTRAORDINARY FANATICISM.

Account of the self immolation of the two widows of
Ameer Jung, late regent of Tanjore.

THE regent died on the 19th of April, 1802, about 10 o'clock, A. M. The moment he expired, two of his wives adorned themselves with their jewels and richest cloaths, entered the apartment in which the body was laid, and after three prostrations fat down by it, and announced to the whole court, which had assembled around it, their determination to devote themselves to the flames.

The youngest of the women was the regular wife and about twenty years of age, and without children; the other was a wife of inferior rank, aged twenty-six, having one child, a daughter four years old. The fathers and brothers of both were present in the assembly—they made entreaties to divert them from their purpose, but without success.

The British resident at Tanjore, having been apprised of the intention of these ladies, and not being able to be personally present at the residence of the regent, had sent his hircarrah to the spot, with orders to use every possible effort short of absolute force, to prevent the horrid sacrifice. When the relations of the ladies found their entreaties of no avail to induce them to relinquish their purpose, the hircarrah was sent for; but his threats of the displeasure of government had but a temporary and feeble effect. The Maharratta chiefs observed, that the company had never interfered in their religious institutions and ceremonies; that the sacrifice in question was by no means uncommon in Tanjore; that it was highly proper to use every art of persuasion and entreaty to induce the women to relinquish their resolutions; but if they persisted in it force ought not to be used to restrain them. The women laughed at the menaces of the hircarrah, when he told them that their fathers and brothers would be exposed to the displeasure of the government. The young widow observed that it was not the custom of the English government to punish one person for the act of another; and pointed to her father who had actually thrown himself at her feet in an agony of grief, asked the hircarrah if he thought any other inducement could alter her resolution, when his affliction failed to move it? The young brother of the other went into the women's apartments and returned with his sister's child in his arms, which he laid at her feet, but such was the resolution of these astonishing women that not a single expression of regret, nor a sigh or tear could be drawn from them.

Any one of these weaknesses would have disqualified them from burning with the body—and the efforts of the relations were strenuously and constantly directed to excite them, but in vain. In answer to an observation of the late regent had he been aware of their intention he would have forbidden it, they said they had formed their resolution a year before,

and communicated it to him; who, after several ineffectual attempts to dissuade them, had consented to it.

The hircarrah, however, determined to protract the performance of the obsequies, if possible, until the arrival of the resident. The women waited with patience until seven in the evening, taking no other refreshment than a betel occasionally. They then sent for the hircarrah, and told him that they suspected the cause of the delay, and were resolved, if the procession did not immediately set out, to kill themselves before him. Their relatives now gave up the point in despair. The other chiefs, who had taken no part thereto, now interfered, and said they had a right to be indulged, and should not be restrained. The hircarrah retired and the procession set out.

The younger and regular wife mounted the pile on which the body of the deceased regent had been placed, and they were consumed together. The fate of the other who was not entitled to this distinction, was in appearance more dreadful. A pit eight feet deep, and six in diameter had been dug a few yards distant from the pile; it was filled with combustible matter, and fire set to it. When the flames were at the fiercest, fire was applied to the pile in which the young widow and the body of the regent had been inclosed. The other, unsupported, walked thrice round the pit, and after making obeisance to the pile, threw herself into the midst of the flames, and was no more heard of or seen!—[Philadelphia Magazine, for 1805.]

From the Charleston Times.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

THE following anecdote was related to me by his excellency governor Johnson, of Maryland, one of the few surviving heroes of 1774. This truly great man, at commencing the race of life, received from his father no better spur than a plain education, which he early exerted on the study of law. His genius was like a flash of lightning on the darksome night. Truth, though small as a minikin pin, was made to gladden upon the dullest optic; and juries, though pannelled from little children, could run, with goggling eyes, to pick it up. In plain, his talents commanded the deepest admiration—his honestly inspired universal confidence—clients and causes sprung up around him, like leaves upon the young Catawba—guineas and half joes ripened upon him, thick and yellow as oranges in the gardens of Charleston.—Led by true self-love, the people of Maryland brought him forward upon every call of difficulty and danger. The brilliancy of his talents, they knew, would reflect honour upon themselves—the strength of his judgment prove the best shield of their own rights. At the commencement of the revolutionary troubles, by unanimous suffrage, he was sent a delegate to the first congress, and took his seat with the great WASHINGTON, in the fearful days of '74. After that, he was called to the government of his own state, which high and difficult place, as often as the constitution would allow, he was compelled to fill, and, indeed, much oftner than he wished. It is hardly necessary to add, that he is now in the evening of his days—but it is not the sad evening of the idler, whose youth is folly, and his age a curse—it is not the dark evening of the old bachelor, poor man! who writes his name with a sigh, and looks with sorrow on his wealth, soon to become the prey of strangers—but it is the gay, luxurious evening of a "long vernal day;" dignified with useful toils and elegant studies; brightened by the beams of virtuous love; and which, crowned with riches and honour, he is now deliciously spending, surrounded by his children, in whose bloom, with transport he beholds his youth renewed, his name perpetuated, and his riches, by those he loves, long to be enjoyed. They, in return, exult in a father whose talents they reverence, whose virtues they esteem, and whose tenderness and generosity render him the object of their dearest love. Daughters of beauty! soul-enchanting forms of female elegance! what have been my feelings on seeing your "mind-illumined faces" brightening with joy at the first sound of his coming foot-steps—O! what have been my feelings on seeing you rising up, with lofty-rolling eyes of love, to meet his aged presence, and with accent, sweeter than music, bid him "good morning!" while he, with looks and tones of answering tenderness and love, has replied, "God bless my children—God bless my dear daughters!"

It was in one of these finely moralizing; one of these soul-refining scenes, in the dining room of his charming daughter, married to the wealthy and accomplished John Graham, Esq; near Frederick-town, that Mr. Johnson gave me the following anecdote of WASHINGTON: "You seem, sir," said he, addressing himself to me, "very fond of collecting anecdotes of gen. WASHINGTON; I'll tell you one, and one too to which you may attach the most entire faith, for I have heard it a dozen times and oftner, from the

lips of a very valuable man and magistrate, in Conostoga, a Mr. Conrad Hoffmeyer. Just before the revolutionary war, said Mr. Hoffmeyer, I took a trip for my health's sake, to the Sweet Springs of Virginia, where I found a world of people collected; some, like me, looking for health; others for pleasure. In consequence of the crowd, I was at first hard run for lodgings, but at length was lucky enough to get a mattress in the hut of a very honest baker of my acquaintance, who often visited these Springs for the benefit of his oven. Being the only man of the trade on the turf, and well skilled in the science of dough, he met with no small encouragement; and it was really matter of great gratitude to see what heaps of English loaves, Indian ponies, French bricks, cakes and crackers, lay piled up on his tables every morning. I often also, amused myself in marking the various airs and manneis of the different waiters, who in gay liveries and shining black faces came in every morning, rattling their silver and tripping away with bread by the basket. Among these plump, gay looking sons and daughters of Africa, I saw every now and then a poor Lazarite, with fallow cheek and hollow eye, slowly creeping to the table, and at a nod from the baker, eagerly seize a fine loaf and bear it off without depositing a cent. Surely, thought I to myself, this baker must be the best man, or the greatest in the world; but hearing this latter, could not help breaking my mind to him, for crediting his bread to such unpromising dealers. "Stophel," for that was his name, "you seem, said I, to sell a world of bread here every day, but notwithstanding that, I fear you don't gain much by it." "No! squire, why what makes you think so?" "You credit too much Stophel." "Not I, indeed, sir, not I, I don't credit a cent." "Aye, how do you make that out, Stophel, don't I see these poor people every day carrying away your bread, and yet paying you nothing?" "Pshaw, no matter for that squire, they'll pay me all in the lump at last." "At last! at last! Oh, oh, at the last day, I suppose you mean, Stophel, when you have the conscience to expect that God Almighty will stand paymaster, and wipe off all your old scores for you." "Oh no! squire, we poor bakers can't give such long credit; but I'll tell you how we manage the matter—that good man, col. GEORGE WASHINGTON is here. Every season, as soon as he comes, he calls and says to me, "Stophel, says he, you seem to have a good deal of company, and among the rest, I fear there are some who don't come here for pleasure, and yet, you know, they can't do without eating; though pale and sickly they must have bread; but it will never do to make them pay for it. Poor creatures! they seem already low-spirited enough, through sickness and poverty; their spirits must not be funk any lower, by taking from them every day, what little money they pinched from their poor families at home. I'll tell you what's to be done, Stophel, you must give them a good hot loaf every morning, and charge it to me; when I am going away, I'll come and pay you for all." And believe me, squire, he has often, at the end of the season, paid me as much as 80 dollars, and that too, for poor creatures who did not know the hand that fed them, for I had strict orders from him, not to mention a syllable of it to any body."

THE RUSSIAN NAVIGATORS.

THE following letter, dated from the port of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamtschatka, the 4th of August, 1804, has been received from an officer in the Russian expedition under M. de Krusenstern:—"On the 6th of May we perceived Hood's-Island, and about noon of the same day, Rion's-Island, which form a part of the group called Marquesas, which the French navigator M. Merchand, has denominat-ed the Islands of the Revolution. That which is considered the largest of them, received from him the appellation of Baux, but in the language of the country it is called Nukahiwah. On the 7th one of our ships, the Nadeslida, made that Island; the natives immediately came on board in crowds, and appeared highly delighted at our visit; we observed among them an Englishman and a Frenchman, who have been naturalized in the country. About noon our vessels came to an anchor in the Gulph of Anna-Maria, and the next day went on shore. After viewing the country we thought fit to pay a visit to the chief of these savages. The women of this island are all excessively ugly; but this proceeds rather from the disproportion, of their limbs than the coarseness of their features: they generally go naked, their whole dress consisting of a few leaves rudely sewed together, with which they cover the parts below the waist. Nature, who has been so niggardly of her favours to the women, seems by a singular caprice, to have lavished them all on the men; these savages are of a noble stature, and perfect proportions, and we met with none who was