

CAROLINE

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ALL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grove green to be,
And sing my true love all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his woody scents to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy!

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath and moory thyme!

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Waiting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of Fairy Land.

For sure, from some enchanted isle
Where heav'n & love their sabbath hold—
Where pure and happy spirits smile
On beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some sweet paradise afar
Thy music wanders, distant, lost,
Where nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd!

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bower,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours,
In Nature's more propitious home;

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves
That o'er enchanted spirits shine,
A fairer form than cherub loves—
And let the name be Caroline!

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

BY MR. MOORE.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile,
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then retires to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And having swell'd a moment there,
He melts into eternity.

NARRATIVE

OF AN HINDOO WOMAN, WHO LATELY
BURNT HERSELF ON THE FUNERAL
PILE OF HER HUSBAND.

"AS I was returning from Calcutta,
I saw the sabbaron, or a woman burn-
ing herself with the corpse of her husband
for the first time in my life. We were
near the village of Nova Seris; as it was
evening, we got out from our boat in the
river Hoogly to walk, when we saw a
great number of people assembled on the
river side. I asked them for what they
met? they told me to burn the body of a
dead man. I enquired whether the wife
would die with him? they answered yes,
and pointed to the woman.

"She was standing by the pile, which
was made of large billets of wood—about
two feet and a half high, four feet long
and two wide, on the top of which lay the
dead body of her husband. Her nearest
relation stood by her, and near her was a
small basket of sweetmeats, called Kivy.
I asked them whether this was the wo-
man's choice, or whether she was brought
to it by an improper influence? they an-
swered that it was perfectly voluntary.

"I talked till reasoning was of no use,
and then began to exclaim with all my
might against what they were doing, tell-
ing them that it was shocking murder.
They told me it was an act of holiness;
and added, in a very furious manner, that
if I did not like to see it, I might go far-
ther off.

"I told them I would not go; that I
was determined to stay and see the mur-
der, and that I should certainly bear wit-
ness of it as the tribunal of God. I ex-
horted the woman not to throw away her
life; to fear nothing, for no evil would
follow her refusal to burn. But she, in
the calmest manner, mounted the pile,
and danced on it, with her hands extended
as if in the utmost tranquillity of spirit.
Previous to her mounting the pile, the
relation, whose office it was to set fire to
it, led her six times round it at two in-
tervals, that is, thrice at each circumam-
bulation.

"As she went round, she scattered
the sweetmeats from the basket among the
people, who picked them up, and ate them
as very holy things.

"This being ended, and the having
mounted the pile, and danced, as I said
above (which appearance was only deligh-
ted to the us her contempt of death, and
to prove to us that her dying was volun-
tary) she then lay down by the corpse,
and put one arm under his neck, and the

other over it, when a quantity of dry
cocoa leaves, and other substances, were
heaped over them to a considerable height,
and then glue was poured on the top.

"Two bamboos were then put over
them, and fire put to the pile, which im-
mediately blazed very fiercely, owing to
the dry and combustible materials of which
it was composed. No sooner was the
fire kindled, than all the people far up a
great shout Hurree Bol, Hurree Bol, which
is a common shout of joy, and an invoca-
tion of Hurree the wife of Huror Sieb.

"It was impossible to hear the woman,
had she groaned, or even cried aloud, on
account of the mad noise of the people,
and it was impossible for her to stir or
struggle on account of the bamboos, which
are held down upon them like the levers
of a press. We made much objection
to their using these bamboos, and insisted
it was using force to prevent the woman
getting up, when the fire burnt her. But
they declared it was only done to keep the
pile from falling down.

"We could not bear to see more but
went away exclaiming loudly against the
murder, and full of horror at what we had
seen."

THE satire couched in the subsequent beau-
tiful little story from the Citizen of the
World, is no less just than severe; and is
not, we apprehend, inapplicable to a num-
ber of loving spouses in our degenerate days.
It is the same idea dressed in elegant and
fascinating language, which Swift, in his
usual plain and nervous manner, has thus
expressed:—

"Of the same heaven are those wives, who,
when their husbands are gone a journey,
must have a letter every post, upon pain of
fits and hysterics, and a day must be fixed
for their return home, without the least al-
lowance for business, or weather; upon
which, I can only say, that in my observa-
tion, those ladies who are apt to make the
greatest clutter on such occasions, would
liberally have paid a messenger for bring-
ing them news, that their husbands had
broken their necks on the road."

LOVE, when founded in the heart, will
show itself in a thousand unpremeditated al-
lies of fondness; but every cool deliberate
exhibition of the passion, only argues little
understanding, or great insincerity.

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi
the most endearing wife, in all the king-
dom of Korea: they were a pattern of con-
jugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country round
saw, and envied their felicity; wherever Cho-
ang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in
all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was ad-
mitted a partner. They walked hand in
hand wherever they appeared, shewing every
mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kiss-
ing; their mouths were forever joined; and,
to speak in the language of anatomy, it was
with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was
thought nothing could interrupt their mutual
peace; when an accident happened, which,
in some measure, diminished the husband's
assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so
refined as his, was subject to a thousand lit-
tle disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the
tombs that lay at some distance from his
house, he there perceived a lady dressed in
the deepest mourning, (being clothed all
over in white) fanning the wet clay that was
raised over one of the graves with a large fan
which she held in her hand. Choang, who
had early been taught wisdom in the school of
Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her pre-
sent employment; and, coming up, civilly
demanded the reason. "Alas!" replied the
lady, her eyes bathed in tears, "how is it pos-
sible to survive the loss of my husband, who
lies buried in this grave? He was the best of
men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dy-
ing breath he bid me never marry again till
the earth over his grave should be dry; and
here you see me steadily resolving to obey
his will, and endeavoring to dry it with my
fan. I have employed two whole days in fill-
ing his commands, and am determined not
to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even
though his grave should take up four days in
drying."

Choang, who was struck with the widow's
beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at
her haste to be married; but, concealing the
cause of his smile, civilly invited her home;
adding, that he had a wife who might be ca-
pable of giving her some consolation. As
soon as he and his guest were returned, he
imparted to Hansi, in private what he had
seen, and could not avoid expressing his un-
easiness, that such might be his own case, if
his dearest wife one day should happen to
survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resent-
ment at so unkind a suspicion. As her pas-
sion for him was not only great, but extreme-
ly delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns,
and exclamations, to chide his suspicions;
the widow herself was inveighed against; and
Hansi declared she was resolved never to
sleep under the same roof with a wretch,
who, like her, could be guilty of such bare-
faced inconsistency. The night was cold and
stormy; however the stranger was obliged to
seek another lodging, for Choang was not
disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her
away.

The widow had scarcely been gone an
hour, when an old disciple of Choang's whom

he had not seen for many years, came to
pay him a visit. He was received with the
utmost ceremony, placed in the most hono-
rable seat at supper, and the wine began to
circulate with great freedom. Choang and
Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual ten-
derness and unfeigned reconciliation; noth-
ing could equal their apparent happiness;
so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few
could behold without regretting their own
infelicity; when, lo! their happiness was at
once disturbed by a most fatal accident.—
Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon
the floor. Every method was used, but in
vain, for his recovery. Hansi was at first
inconsolable for his death; after some hours,
however, she found spirits to read his last
will. The ensuing day she began to mor-
talize and take wisdom; the next day she was
able to comfort the young disciple; and, on
the third, to shorten a long story, they both
agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the
apartments; the body of Choang was now
thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one
of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattend-
ed until the time prescribed by law for his
interment. In the mean time, Hansi, and
the young disciple, were arrayed in the most
magnificent habits; the bride wore in her
nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover
was dressed in all the finery of his former
master, together with a pair of artificial
whiskers that reached down to his toes.—
The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the
whole family sympathized with their ap-
proaching happiness; the apartments were
brightened up with lights that diffused the
most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more
bright than noon-day. The lady expected
her youthful lover in an inner apartment,
with impatience; which his servant approach-
ing with terror in his countenance, informed
her, that his master was fallen into a fit,
which would certainly be mortal, unless the
heart of a man lately dead, could be obtained
and applied to his breast. She scarce wait-
ed to hear the end of his story, when, tuck-
ing up her clothes, she ran with a mattock
in her hand to the coffin, where Choang lay,
resolving to apply the heart of her dead hus-
band as a cure for the living. She there-
fore struck the lid with the utmost violence.
In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the
body, which to appearance had been dead,
began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi
dropped the mattock, and Choang walked
out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's
unusual magnificence, and her more amazing
surprise. He went among the apartments
unable to conceive the cause of such splen-
dour. He was not long in suspense, be-
fore his domestics informed him of every
transaction since he first became insensible.

He could scarce believe what they told him,
and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in or-
der to receive more certain information, or
to reproach her infidelity. But she prevent-
ed his reproaches; he found her weeping
in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the
heart, being unable to survive her shame and
disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too
wise to make any loud lamentation; he
thought it best to bear his loss with serenity,
so, mending up the old coffin where he had
lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse
in his room; and unwilling that so many
nuptial preparations should be expended in
vain, he the same night married the widow
with the large fan.

As they both were apprised of the foibles
of each other before-hand, they knew how
to excuse them after marriage. They lived
together for many years in great tranquillity,
and not expecting rapture, made a shift to
find contentment.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BECAUSE Mr. Jefferson drew the Decla-
ration of Independence, the merit of that
splendid composition are denied, and no oc-
casion is passed of denouncing it. It is even
denied that Mr. Jefferson penned it. It stands
on record that he was chairman of the com-
mittee appointed to draw it—Yet it is con-
tended that his part was but a subordinate
one. To satisfy our own curiosity, we lately
had access to the original draft of this elo-
quent instrument; and to put down forever
the falsehoods propagated on this subject, we
shall state the result of the examination we
then made. We viewed attentively the ori-
ginal draft presented to Congress, and found it
to be in the hand writing of Mr. Jefferson.
We perceived that it was in the first instance
drawn by Mr. Jefferson; and that it was re-
vised by his co-adjutors on the committee,
and sundry alterations suggested by them,
Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, approved.
We saw these alterations, interlined, and in
the hand writing of those gentlemen. They
are not more than eight or ten; they do not
materially vary the original composition; and
in every instance they soften the spirit of the
first draft. The report afterwards under-
went a very slight alteration in Congress.

Thus do the ungenerous calumnies of the
enemies of our Chief Magistrate recoil upon
themselves. In attempting to derogate from
his merit, they only prove the impotence of
their own malice. The part he took in as-
serting the independence of his country—the
foundation of all her greatness—is dear to
his fellow-citizens, and to the friends of lib-
erty throughout the world. It has covered his
brow with a laurel which can never fade, so
long as Americans enjoy freedom, and are
sensible of its blessings.—
[Not signed Intell.]

For Sale.
A PEANTATION in Bladen County, lying on the
North East side of North-West River, about
twelve miles from Elizabeth Town. It contains about
650 acres of Land; about 25 or 30 of which are Low
Land, cleared, mostly new, under good fences, and
has middling high from the river. There is on the
Plantation a convenient Dwelling House; a Grist Mill,
Pleasant to the Hoops, calculated for Corn or Wheat;
a Saw Mill frame raised, and a great part of the tra-
ving Gear made; good Spring water very convenient;
and the situation is as healthy as any on the River.
The subscriber will sell a part of the above Plan-
tation, but would prefer selling the whole. For terms
apply to

Jonathan Robeson,
Living on the N. W. side of the River, above Eliz-
abeth Town,
July 28, 1804. 180-20.

TO BE LET,
THAT well known BRICK BUILDING in Front
Street, belonging to the estate of Mr. M. Tomer,
formerly occupied as a tavern, at present Mr. Meek's
boarding house. Possession will be given on the 25th
of October. For terms apply to Mr. TOMER,
or A. J. BEROBERT,
Wilmington, Sept 9, 1804. 100-11

Will be Sold,
ON Thursday the 17th of October next, the Lot and
House marked over the door M. M. M. and the
Wharf adjoining J. G. Wright's wharf, to wit: to wit:
three lots in my name viz—Lots of John Burgwin
vs. Peter Carpenter & Thomas Jennings vs. Peter Car-
penter vs. Margaret Bell vs. Carpenter and Jennings.
Wilmington, September 11, 1804. 100-12

Cows Strayed.
STRAYED from the subscriber's enclosure about four
months since, three MILK COWS; one of a bright
black, one of a brindle, and the other of a red color.
A suitable reward will be paid for information of the
Cow-keeper; if captured some persons have taken them
up for the benefit of their milk.
THOMAS FITZGERALD,
Wilmington, August 21, 1804. 200

Sixty Dollars Reward.
RUN away from the subscriber living in York-Di-
strict, South-Carolina, about the last of July, a
handsome Maltese Boy, about fifteen or sixteen years
of age; his remarkable feat on his right chest. He was
seen to Mecklenburg County, N. C. about the first inst.,
inquiring for Salisbury, and was taken up, but by his
ingenuity made his escape. He is badly clothed, hav-
ing lost his clothes when he was taken up, and his
hair neatly trimmed and longer before, which he curls.
He has pulled as a freeman, saying he was a French Bar-
ber, and that he was lately from Charleston. He is
very feebly and weak, and it is expected he will aim
for Salisbury or some other place to get a passage to the
West-Indies.
He was seen in this town on Tuesday last, near the
Methodist Church—he has signed himself to be the
property of Mr. Hill, of this town.
Any person taking up the above described fellow,
and delivering him up to York District, S. C. shall
receive the above reward, or thirty dollars for locating
him in any place that I get him again.
All notices of vessels are desired conveying him off.
WILLIAM SMITH,
Wilmington, August 26, 1804. 200

Taken Up,
BY Mr. John Dew, on Lockwood's Ferry, and
committed to the Goal of this County, on the 15th
inst. a young Negro-Yellow, about 5 feet 6 inches high;
has a flat lodged in his body just above his left hip;
has a scar on his forehead, and no other odd marks
can be discovered, than that his name is GLAIGOW.
From appearances I am induced to believe that he is
one of the Negroes lately imported into this
country.
Any person knowing or claiming said Negro, is re-
quested to make known the same, pay charges and take
him away, otherwise he will be sold as the law directs.
JOHN SULLIVAN, Goaler.
Wilmington, New-Hanover County,
August 14, 1804—1. 200.

Taken Up,
AND committed to the Goal of this County, on the
15th of April, a Negro man who calls himself JOHN
MITCHELL, says he is free (but without papers to
show it) and came to this town from Charleston, S. C.
in January last, by land, that he formerly lived with
Edward Crain, of Charleston. The said Negro has been
some at sea, and just returned to this port. He is about
25 years of age, 5 feet 1 inch in height, thin visage,
short wavy hair, and has something like the appearance
of stars on his back, which he says he got with a
rope's end while on board of a vessel at sea.
Any person knowing or claiming the aforesaid ne-
gro, is requested to come forward and make known
the same; pay charges and take him away, or 'twille
he will be sold as the law directs.
J. SULLIVAN, Goaler.
Wilmington, New-Hanover County,
August 14, 1804—1. 201.

COMMITTED to the Goal of this County, about
the 15th of July last, a Negro fellow who calls
himself CH. SULLIVAN is of a yellowish comple-
xion, though his features high—has eyes in the
property of Matthew FULLER, of George-Town, S. C.
and that he left his master's service 3 or 4 months since.
Any person knowing or claiming said Negro, is re-
quested to make known the same, pay charges and take
him away—otherwise he will be sold as the law directs.
J. SULLIVAN, Goaler.
Wilmington, New-Hanover County,
August 14, 1804—1. 202.

RULE for the Trial of Causes in Wilmington
Superior Court, November, 1804.
New-Hanover and Brunswick, 1st, 2d, 3d,
Bladen, Duplin and Onslow, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st days
Causes without the District, 6th days.
Criminal Causes, 9th days.
Argument Causes, 10th days.
Causes in Equity, 11th, 12th or 13th days.
JAMES W. WALKER, CLK.

To Rent,
A Store-house and Cellar,
25 by 18—situated on the South side of Market Street,
between the Court-House and New Market. Enquire
of the Printer.
July 17, 1804.