



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. S. ZEVELY, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. 1.

GREENSBOROUGH, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1837.

NO. 33.

THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT.

The days and years of time are fled,
Sun, moon, and stars have shone their last,
The earth and sea gave up their dead,
Then vanished at the archangel's blast:
All secret things have been revealed,
Judgment is past, the sentence sealed,
And man to all eternity
What he is now henceforth must be.
From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one escaped that muster-roll;
Each, as if he alone were there,
Stood up, and won or lost his soul:
These from the Judge's presence go
Down to everlasting woe;
Vengeance has barred the gates of hell,
The scenes within no tongue can tell.
But lo! far off the righteous pass
To glory from the king's right hand;
In silence on the sea of glass,
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While he who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath his feet.
Then every eye in Him shall see,
(While thrones and powers before him fall)
The fulness of the Deity,
Where God himself is all in all:
Oh how eternity shall ring
While the first note the ransomed sing!
While in that strain all voices blend,
Which once begun shall never end.
In that unutterable song,
Shall I employ immortal breath!
Or with the wicked borne along,
For ever die "the second death!"
Jesus, my life, my light, thou art;
Thy word is in my mouth, my heart;
Lord, I believe,—my spirit save
From sinking lower than the grave.

Montgomery.

WANDERINGS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY GEDMAN.

"On our route we met a celebrated elephant hunter, a Hottentot, of the name of Skipper, whose horse had lately been killed under him by a rhinoceros. He stated, in reference to this disaster, that before he had time to raise his gun to his shoulder, the animal rushed at him with great fury, thrust his horn in the horse's chest throwing horse, Hottentot, and all over his back. The Rhinoceros went off, without attempting to do him any further injury, whilst he was in vain grappling for his gun to take a shot at the animal in its retreat. "But," said he, "though he was too quick for me this time, I may meet him again some day, when I shall not forget to letal him."
"Mr. Rose has so ably portrayed this noted individual, that I cannot refrain from giving the description in his own words: Skipper, one of the Hottentots, was far the most singular figure in the group; his large hat, with its round raised top, and strangely formed brim throwing a dark shadow over his dusky visage; his deeply sunken eyes, his high cheek bones; his mustache, large and black; then his dress; his trousers tucked up to the knee, showing bare legs that defied thorns; one shoulder-belt, from which the pouch and powder-horn were suspended, and another supporting his hatchet for cutting out the tusks, and his bag for holding the wild honey. His jacket too of many coloured patches, that seemed to show a variety of wretchedness; here, however, it was but seeming, for Skipper was one of the boldest and most successful shooters in the country; but his gains, while they lasted, went only to keep the canteen in a roar, for he never could be persuaded to purchase cattle or acquire property. Methinks I see the extraordinary old man now before me, coolly shaking the ashes from his large pipe, while elephants are feeding within a dozen yards of him. I asked him how many wild beasts he had shot in his life; his list I cannot accurately remember; but there were I think, two rhinoceroses, one lion, (when all his companions fled.) I know not how many elephants, tigers wolves &c., but it finished with two Caffers, for Skipper was not a man of nice distinction. "I think, Skipper," said I, "you would smoke if you were between the tusk of the elephant." "No, sir," he replied, without the slightest change of countenance, apparently taking my speech literally, "for he would smell me."
"The father of the young man who accompanied me was celebrated in this part of the country for his exploits in lion hunting. On one occasion whilst shooting with his son the latter came unexpectedly upon a lion, and fired, but missed his aim, when the animal rushed fiercely upon him. The father who witnessed at a distance

what had occurred, with all that coolness and confidence which those only who are accustomed to such encounters can command, came to his son's assistance, and, approaching within a few yards of the spot where the lion lay with closed eyes, growling over its victim, whom it seemed to press closer to the earth, as if fearful of losing his prey, he leveled his piece and fired. The ball passed through the animal's head, when it rolled over, and, after a few struggles, expired, near the body of the young man, who, to the inexpressible joy of his parent, had sustained no serious injury, although it was some time before he recovered from the terror into which he had been thrown. On my remarking that it was a surprising deliverance, "Yes," he replied, emphatically, "God was there!"

"The Gun.—Mr. Thompson relates the following amusing anecdote connected with the chase of these animals: A gentleman and his friend were hunting gazels on the plains, and one having been wounded by a musket ball, gave chase to an individual of the party, and was gaining fast upon him when all at once he disappeared by tumbling into an ant-eater's hole, which was concealed by long grass. There he lay for some time secure from the enraged animal which after searching for him a long time in vain, scampered off in another direction; nor could his friend, who was galloping up to his assistance, conceive what had become of him, until he saw, to his great satisfaction and amusement, his head cautiously emerging from the bowels of the earth."

THE MARRIED STATE.

We find the following thoughts on the duties of a wife, and the means of securing her own and her husband's comfort, copied into the last New York Mirror, but from the invariable practice of that excellent sheet, not to credit any journal whence it may extract articles, but as an "Exchange paper," or a "western contemporary," or in some similar indefinite manner, we are unable to annex the proper credit.

"A woman runs a risk of being spoiled by the flattering period that precedes marriage. She is, of necessity, then, a first object; and custom has added to the homage which love would willingly render. An individual of a family, who may before have been but little considered, rises at once into importance; and the person whose most values is ready to execute the slightest expression of her will.

"The sooner that a woman can divest herself of any unreasonable expectations which the devotion of the lover may have excited, the greater the probability of her securing permanent attachment. Courtship is a dream, from which it is better to awake, voluntarily, than to be reluctantly roused. It is better to return to ordinary habits—to the sober and calm fulfilment of daily business, in the place assigned by duty—than to cherish an artificial excitement, and cling to a false position.

"It is a proof of judgment in a woman, when she bestows attention on her husband's character; when she sets herself to study his peculiarities, and to consult them to the utmost of her power.—This is the management which is not only allowable, but praiseworthy; for its object is, not the obtaining of sway, but the promotion of mutual felicity.

"It is certainly much to be lamented when a young wife yields to a timidity of listlessness, which prevents her from making independent efforts; when she nurses the nervousness which unites her for all useful services, when whatever be the call upon her, she is herself in need of aid; and, from never having thought of exerting herself, is incapable of doing so when the emergency arrives. Incidents daily occur which make either the helplessness or capability of every woman. Sudden alarms, trifling incidents, throw one into uncontrollable agitation;—while another calmly avoids or relieves the mischief.—One is unable to put forth a hand to help herself; the other, without appearance of effort, is ready to help all besides. One cannot stir without support; the other is continually employed in some useful or benevolent purpose. One reclines upon a sofa, establishing no other claim on others but her own incapacity; the other, by her perpetual good offices, lays up a debt which is willingly paid on demand, and thus provides in the best way for her exigencies. It not unfrequently happens that a young married woman is oftener alone than she had previously been accustomed to be; and that she misses the family circle with which she has hitherto been surrounded. Let not this, however, depress her spirits or render her too dependant on her husband for entertainment. Let it, at least of all, lead her

to seek, the frequently, relief in company. One of the first things she should learn is to be happy in solitude; to find there occupation for herself; and to enjoy to her husband that, however she may enjoy social intercourse, and especially desire his presence, she needs not either a sister or a friend to entertain her when he is away."

LIGHT HEARTS AND HEAVY HEARTS.

What's the use of it!—Trouble, trouble, what a world of it we have—"man is born for trouble"—and "all is vanity and vexation of spirit"—thus and thus it is written. There are the troubles of infancy, of youth, of manhood, of old age! The troubles of poverty and the troubles of riches! The trouble of living, the trouble of dying! Who has not his troubles? and who claims exemption from them? who sees the end of them? And yet, after all, *What's the use of it!* This fretting and repining, this sorrowing and sighing, this moping and mourning, making misery more miserable. In the name of common sense, I say, *What's the use of it!* Does it soothe pain, soften affliction, or ward off misfortune! Will it call back deceased friends, or prevent others from dying, or deliver us from poverty, or make us healthy, or ameliorate in one particular our condition? Then do say, for the very sake of sadness, *What's the use of it!*

Suppose the times are tight and pinching; that trade is dull; that you cannot make money enough to live as you wish, and are obliged to labor harder for the little you obtain than is agreeable—do you grieve about it? are you sad and dispirited? do you abandon hope and wish yourself dead? Pshaw! *What's the use of it!* you get along, you will always get along, if you are industrious and frugal; and the most fortunate do no more. Besides, a light heart will not break your fortune, nor a heavy one make it; so you may as well have the one as the other.

Perhaps all this while some love-sick body has been running over line after line, to see if I had ought to say why he should not be unhappy. An unkind mistress; a hard heart; an indelible rival; coquetry; ah, here is Pandora's box! Taunt last got thyself into a pretty pickle—but,

"Pray, if looking well can't move her, will looking ill prevail?"
What think you of that, now! I know it is useless to tell a meditating, moping, melancholy lover, that there are whole flocks of pretty girls in the world, that if unsuccessful this time he may easily fall in again and again, or that his mistress is not altogether the paragon of perfection. These are all cold-water compliments, and are marvelously insipid to such a taste as his. He must often go away sorrowing; marriage will only make him wiser.

I have done. Those who are merry will be merry; and those who are unhappy will remain so after all; yet it is a good and pleasant thing occasionally to have a talk with the world about its follies.

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT.

The Rev. Mr. L., minister of C., in Lanarkshire, (who died within the present century) was one of those unhappy persons who, to use the words of a well known Scottish adage, "in never see green cheese but their own reals." He was extremely covetous, not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration with this assertion. Being at a visit one day with one of his parishioners—a poor, lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish—Mr. L. became fascinated by the charm of a little cast iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot. It was a perfect conceit of a thing. It was a gem. No pot on earth could match it in symmetry. It was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot; "if ye like the pot see weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. Its a kind o'orra [superfluous] pot wi' us, for we've a bigger one, that we use oftener, and that's mair convenient every way for us. See ye'll just take a present o' it. I'll send ower the morn wi' Jemie when he gangs to schule." "Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I am so much taken with it indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow, on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that

he should carry home the pot himself.

Oh, then, he trudged bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately—the day was warm, the way long and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances it struck him, that if instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow he clapped the pot inverted fashion upon his head: where as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Manbrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixotte, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort, in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path to escape observation, found himself when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch which intercepted him from passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely in, or at least into, the dark, as this. The concussion given to his person in descending caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with its rim upon his neck, stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new born child was enclosed by the frimty bag with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddies of her favorite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt on the part of its proprietor to make it slip back again; the contracted part or neck of the pot, being of such peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, altho' it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight! Was there ever *contertions* so unlucky! Did ever any man—did ever minister, so effectually hookwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature! What was to be done! The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help. Or if a cry could be uttered, it might reach in deafening reverberation the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in direction. To add to the distress of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the heat of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot.*

The instinctive love of life, however, is unappreciated; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to it by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy far above what might be expected from them or what they were ever known to exhibit or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-enscenced minister of C.—Pressed by the urgency of his distress, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eye-sight, he could act only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers on of the *smiddy*, when at length torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and, breathless the unfortunate man arrived at that place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstance of this case. In the words of an old Scottish song—
"Out came the gudeman, and high he shouted;
Out came the gudewife and low she shouted;
And a' the town neighbors were gathered about it;
And there was he, I trow!"

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upward like the horns of the great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest office, or witness the process of his release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in sizing and poisoning his goodly for-hammer. "Will I come sair on minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron, "in at the brink of the pot?" "As sair as ye like," was the ministers answer; "better chap! the chafts than dying for want of breath." Thus permitted the man let fall a hard blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but assuredly the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C.—

THE YOUNG LOVERS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot, and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of man and eke of woman—to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the loves of the plants; but it is certainly interesting. I have therefore derived much pleasure since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest; while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation, with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate: so beautiful a prize. I observed them yesterday in the garden advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth making great masses of bright verdure and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that harbinger of spring was faintly heard from a distance; and the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow butter fly sported and toyed and fluttered in the air. The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down a soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet smile on her lips; while in the hand that hung negligent by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever grow older, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.

Beauty.—You may pick out the lady who has the handsomest pair of eyes in the world, and while you declare them to be perfectly beautiful you would not like to see her whole face of the same colour with her eyes. Decide upon the most beautiful colour in the rainbow, and you will confess that the whole would be less beautiful were the plainer colours subtracted from it, and their place supplied by the one superior hue. Select the most beautiful cast of features in the female world, and ask yourself whether you would be pleased if every woman wore exactly such features.—Talk not then of the unequal distribution which Providence has made of the gifts of persons. If all people looked alike, and were all beautiful, we should die of ennui. The monotony would be as killing to the mind as the torpedo's touch in benumbing the body. You would long to see a plain woman—nay, one without a nose would be a rarity, and she would soon hear herself toasted in the most polite assemblies.

We may pursue this subject through another of its ramifications. Were there not different stations—different degrees of wealth and honours in society, we should be the most miserable beings in existence. It is variety that gives the zest. Variety is every thing—and here the would-be political economists lose sight of the example which Providence has set them, when they endeavour to bring every thing into a uniformity, consistent with their strait-bodied theories.—*Boston Herald.*