

door again with a bang. "Dinner, dinner!" bawled the children, and rushed out of the room before us. We followed, and the father placed me at the table between his two sprouts, telling me they would amuse me in a thousand different ways. A great spaniel immediately began pawing me to beg something of me, and a starting jumped down on the table, and hopped from plate to plate; while the lady handed me a napkin, which would have been white but for the service it seemed to have rendered to more than one predecessor. Mamma helped to soup, which proved too little salted. Papa took notice of this in the following polite remark:—"My Julia is as sparing of her salt in her soup as in her words." Julia was accordingly obliged to rise from table to fetch the salt, which had been forgotten. She excused herself, saying, that her servant had been away all day attending a sick mother. "That's a fib," cried Charles, "we have not had a servant these three weeks." A smart rap on the knuckles with a spoon rewarded his comment—he began to bellow: and would not be quiet till mamma gave him a bit of sugar-candy, which he sucked instead of soup. "You must excuse our fare," said the lady; then turning to me, and offering me a dish of vegetables with a fried sausage in it, "I did not know my husband intended bringing a guest home—but he is always playing me such tricks." I colored up to the eyes. "Hey! what!" said the husband. "O friends will make allowances; Herr C*** will, I know enjoy this familiar dinner." The lady answered him with a most angry glance.

The family dinner consisted of a thin, water soup, thickly powdered with saffron, some radishes, and a little bit of butter, so small that the children clamored in vain for their allowances of it to their bread; next followed beef, in which my eyes looked in vein for fat; then appeared the sour-kraut, warmed up for the second time with a single sausage; and at last a dish in which I could discover nothing but sauce. "This is a fricassee-chicken," said my amiable and agreeable host, "my wife has no equal in cooking it." I rejoiced at first in the hopes of getting something I could eat; but after fishing a long time in a sea of liquid, I could only bring up one chicken's drum-stick. My host kept urging me to drink, with the assurance that his wine was not strong, but had a very rich flavor, and was perfectly innocent. I took his word readily enough for the last qualification, as the taste led me to suspect that my economical landlady had made two bottles out of one.

My charming little neighbors annoyed me not slightly during the dinner.—Charles amused himself with kicking my shins under the table; and Louis, with imperturbable coolness, wiped his fingers upon my clothes. The catastrophe of the family party at length approached: Charles, in endeavoring to take a bone which his brother was gnawing, knocked down his own plate, and spilled the greasy water, which was substituted for gravy, over my new blue coat. Mamma instead of assisting me, began to bewail her broken plate, and ran after the child to beat him, while he took refuge behind his father: the father rose to appease his wife—the dog howled—Louis grinned: Charles screamed—the lady scolded—and the starling quietly perched himself upon my head, and began picking my hair.

At last my friend resumed his seat, and said laughing:—"This you see, my friend, is my way of life; and I feel myself more happy under my lawful roof than a king in his palace." He asked me if I was accustomed to take coffee after dinner; for though there was none ready, he had a machine which would make it in five minutes. I thanked him, saying that coffee made me ill, that I had taken a most excellent dinner, and was obliged to go. "Farewell, then," said my friend: "I hope I shall see you again soon. You know the way to my house now—you know my family, and the fashion we live in—as it is to day, so it is every day; I hope you will often come and take a family dinner with us." I hardly know what I said in return; but I hastily seized my hat, muttered some compliments, ran out of the door—and shudder still at the recollection of the "Family Dinner."—*Lon. Lit. Gaz.*

There is a very useful and appropriate philosophy in the following from the Boston Transcript. Rich men in general do not think enough of the miseries of the poor. Theirs is a hard lot, and the rise in prices, and the depression in trade which sweep harmless by the former, fall upon the latter with relentless severity.

"The rich man may pay as exorbitantly as he pleases for luxuries peculiar to the rich, but if he be a good citizen he will not pay exorbitant prices, in time of scarcity or wicked combination, for the luxuries of the poor. He may pay, if he please five dollars a bottle for wine, and his humble neighbor is not effected by this extravagance—but when he pays eight cents a quart for milk, he both by example and encouragement injures the poor man, to whom milk is not only a luxury, but as a cheap sustenance—a necessity—especially if he have a family of children.

"It is right that we should think of this. We heard a father complain that the two cent roots were so small that his little ones could hardly see them, and to diminish the size of the milk bowl, would vex their stomachs most terribly.

"We believe a good many of our citizens have been served with a notice by the milkmen of an intended rise in their lactial compound. We should not mind the price of milk; but the idea of paying eight cents a quart for water is horrible. We do not see why milk should rise, unless it be to keep company with every thing else but newspapers."

NEW YORK!

Great City—Columbia's boast and pride, O'er land and sea, thy name spreads far and wide; In ev'ry clime thy stately barques appear, And distant shores resound thy seamen's cheer. Thy merchants, too, unrival'd honors claim—For enterprize, have earned a deathless name; Though rich at home, to foreign lands they stray, For foreign gewgaws trade their wealth away. Safe from the winds, and crowded to the shore, A thousand vessels wait' increase thy store; And splendid steamers catch the admiring eye, And o'er thy sparkling waters gaily fly. It was thy Clinton, whose aspiring soul, Bade Erie's flood to noble Hudson roll; Who wav'd his hand, and Mountains lowly bow'd, The rocks divided, and the waters flow'd. Go on—and may thy classic temples rise, And lofty domes ascend thy temperate skies; Thy matchless name shall sound from pole to pole, Till Hudson's kingly waters cease to roll.

ON TALKERS.

There are as many varieties of talkers as there are of tulips; to classify them would require the nice discernment and patient perseverance of an ethical Linnaeus. But the most insufferable class, are the exclusive talkers. One of these will undertake to talk for all the company present. If you impatiently throw in but one little word, it is like flinging a large stone into a quick current—it disturbs, but cannot impede it, and rather impels it still faster onward:—or like striking a spark into a barrel of gunpowder—a fresh explosion of words spreads a hubbub and confusion all around it. Though he tells you every thing you already know, you cannot tell him any thing that he does not know. He can tell you what a new book contains that is to come out next Tuesday, as well as if he was himself Wednesday; or anticipate the merits of a great picture on the easel. If you mean to see the new tragedy, he has seen it, and he destroys all the delight you would have in its newness, by repeating the best points of it, and by unravelling its plot. If you set out with an anecdote, he snatches it out of your mouth, as a covetous dog would a desired bone from his best boon companion and dearest puppy-friend, and tells it for you. You object that yours was a different version of the same story, and gently persist in telling it your own way—he knows the other version as well as you do, and re-relates it for you, but thinks his own the best. If you persist, after all, in telling it for yourself, he will insinuate to-morrow that you are in your anecdote, and declares that you are the worst teller of a good thing since Goldsmith. You could not have done a worse thing than start an anecdote in his hearing, for that one is too sure of reminding him of a hundred others; and the last one of that first century of good things is so nearly related to the first of the second century, that he cannot choose but relates it, and you dare not choose but hear it. If you commence a favorite quotation, he takes up the second line, goes on with it, and ends by quoting twice as much as you intended. This invariably leads him to recollect another poem by the same author, which no doubt you have heard, but Mrs. Jones, who is present, would perhaps, like to hear; and then he begins it without further prelude, and you can, if you please, go to sleep ad interim, if you have no fear of his reproach for want of taste, &c., before your eyes, to keep them open. You have been to Paris, and he informs you of your expenses on the road;—or you are going to Scotland, and he narrates most pathetically the miseries of a German inn. Of all talkers these are the worst.

Anecdote of the Mayor of Tiverton.—During the time when Wesley and Whitefield were gaining so many converts in many parts of England, the former came one day to Tiverton. This created great excitement in town, and the mayor, fearing some riot might ensue issued a proclamation commanding Wesley to desist, as it was dangerous to the peace and good order that he should preach in that place. On being remonstrated with, he made the following laconic reply; "I can't see what reason there can be for any new religion in Tiverton? Why do we want another way of going to heaven when there's so many already? Why sir there's the Old Church, and the New Church, that's one religion: there's Parson Kiddell's at the Pitt meeting, Parson Westcott's in Peter street, that's three; and old Parson Terry's in Newport-street, is four. Four ways of going to heaven! if they went go to heaven by one or the other of these ways by—they shan't go to heaven at all from Tiverton while I am Mayor of the town."

Mike insists on our publishing the following, although we tell him the ladies will be in our hair for it.

Why are the majority of women like facts? Because they are 'stubborn things.'

OFFICE
A few doors from the Court House, South St.



GREENSBOROUGH:
FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 31, 1836.

* The PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION will take place throughout the State on Thursday the 10th day of November.

MICHIGAN.

From Michigan we learn that at the Convention assembled at Ann Arbor on Monday the 20th ult., to decide on the question of assent to admission into the Union on the terms proposed by Congress, the proposition to admit Michigan on condition of her assent to the boundary line as fixed by act of Congress was *negated* by a majority of seven votes. Michigan, therefore is not a State; and here therefore several votes will be lost to Mr. Van Buren, which were thought safe.

The Surplus Revenue.—The Secretary of the Treasury has published an official statement, showing the money in the Treasury on the 1st instant, to amount to \$41,283,564; and the amount "standing to the credit of disbursing officers," \$5,326,476 79; making in all \$46,610,130 79.

Under the head "regularity of the mails," the Mobile Morning Chronicle says that on the 27th ult., they received complete files of the Baltimore papers from the 31st of August to the 7th instant inclusive; and adds, "this now is a straight forward way of doing business—let the same system be adopted generally, and we shall not have to go to the post office more than once a week."

The Louisville, Charleston, and Cincinnati Rail-Road.—The Hon. John C. Calhoun, in company with Col. Gadsden recently spent some eight days in examining a route across the Alleghany, about 35 or 40 miles to the northwest of the Rabun Gap; and from the account given, would appear to present even less obstacles than those of either of the other routes which have been examined. It appears that the elevation to be overcome is not greater on this route than 25 or 30 feet to the mile, and by piercing the ridge with a tunnel not exceeding 200 yards, it would give a beautiful run of 16 miles nearly level on the summit of the Alleghany. This partial examination, will probably result in a full explanation of the route, and perhaps it may be the one finally selected.

SALISBURY INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT CONVENTION.

According to previous notice, this body assembled in Salisbury on the 10th instant, and as we learn from the Watchman, continued in session three days. BARLETT SHIPP, Esq., of Lincoln, was chosen President, and JAMES R. DODGE and WARREN WINSLOW, Esqs., were appointed Secretaries. Delegates to the number of 131 were in attendance from 19 counties. As neither of the Salisbury papers have as yet furnished full accounts of the proceedings, we have not been able to procure them for this weeks paper. It is stated there was no attempt at oratory or flourish, but much sensible discussion, and many sound statistical views were taken of the various matters submitted. "The members," says the Watchman, "seemed to have come together with a fixed determination to act; and the impression made, we think, is most favorable to the hopes of the friends of Internal Improvement—the success of the proposition to recommend the three fifths and two fifths principle for the adoption of the Legislature, was most signal and complete: without the least halting or hesitation, one hundred and thirty, among the most sound and respectable gentlemen of 19 Counties, selected from all political parties of the State, gave the proposition a full, sonorous, and unanimous AYE."

The route for the Rail-Road fixed upon is, from Fayetteville to the Yadkin river about the Narrows, at which it is to branch, one road running direct to Wilkesborough, and the other to intersect at some point with the Cincinnati rail road, when finished. Maj. McNeil, engineer, who was a member of the Convention, highly approves of the charter, and is decidedly favorable to the undertaking; and has himself offered to take stock to a very liberal amount. The Report made to the Convention by a committee appointed at a Rail-Road meeting in July for that purpose, throws rays of light on this matter, and is well calculated to inspire our citizens with confidence, and induce them to engage freely in this great work—great for the prosperity of our State. We are favorable to all works of the kind, but especially interested in this central Rail-Road, which cannot possibly fail to be of immense benefit—the invigorating effects of which will be felt throughout this, as well as in neighboring States.

Expeditions for Africa.—The African Repository announces two expeditions for Africa, with emigrants for the present and next months, one from Wilmington, N. C., for Liberia, in November, by the American Colonization Society; the other from Cape Palmus, by the Maryland Society, on the 15th instant.

THE ELECTIONS.

In Pennsylvania great interest is manifested in the result of the election; the Whigs are however going ahead, it is thought. The city of Philadelphia has given a considerable majority against Van Buren.

In Maryland things "won't work right somehow,"—one of the 19 refractious Vannites had returned, and it was hoped, if not expected, that at least two out of the remaining 18 would give way to attend and follow his example.

In Georgia the Whig cause is almost every where gaining ground.

Michigan Delegates.—Austin E. Wing, Andrew Mack, and Robert Clark, are appointed delegates from Michigan to repair to Washington during the session of Congress, for the purpose of sustaining and guarding the rights of Michigan.

SMALL MATTERS.

It is certainly amusing, though it should rather excite pity, to view the pleasure and seeming satisfaction with which some persons will employ themselves for hours, for days, and perhaps even for weeks, in the accomplishment of purposes, many times the most low and degrading, and so far from reflecting the least credit on their author or inventor, affix upon him a stigma of reproach not easily cast off, and debar him perhaps the society of respectable individuals. That such conduct bespeaks a weakness of mind—a mind unrefined, not actuated by any of the higher attributes of human agency—groveling in darkness, and delighting in low and vulgar pursuits, is no less true than that there are such characters in existence. A specimen of some such person's ingenuity, has recently come under our cognizance through the post office in the form of a communication, the author of which if he has thought in the least degree to discompose us by his mighty production, has widely failed in effecting his object—we look upon all such trash with as much scorn and contempt as we do upon the miserable *erriches* who can possibly kill time with such employment. The author, notwithstanding he may think to the contrary, is not entirely unknown to us; and to him we would say—beware, lest we "should say that he would be sorry for."

As we anticipated, (says the N. Orleans Bulletin of Thursday,) Indian difficulties are likely to arise on our Western borders.

The Governor of Arkansas found it necessary to call out the able bodied men of the state, in order to be organized into companies for the protection of the inhabitants, from some threatened proceedings on the part of the Creeks and Choctawes, who have recently emigrated west of the Mississippi.

We fear that we have just entered upon our Indian disturbances, and until the Government acts with energy and promptitude in securing our western frontiers by proper defences, we shall regard the borders of the Western and South Western States, as in the vicinity of worse than volcanic eruptions.

The Georgia papers announce the death of Gen. John Coffee, a Representative in Congress from that State. The Governor has ordered an election to be held on the 7th of November to fill the vacancy in Congress.

THE GREAT EXPRESS MAIL.

The following paragraph contains a good deal of truth, and we cannot but believe, that with one half the expense of conveying an express of this description, the speed of the principal stage routes might well be increased to ten miles per hour, which would certainly we think, be preferable.

The Express Mail.—We learn from Washington that the express mail may be expected to start in about a month, to leave Washington at 4 P. M. and arrive here at 2 P. M. of the next day. The express mail will therefore travel at the furious rate of ten miles an hour, and come through from Washington to New York almost as quick as the regular lines with passengers. Taking the delay incident to sorting at the Post Office into account, we shall still be able to get our despatches by the passenger lines two hours sooner than they would reach us by this famous express—a word by the way, which, if it should continue to be used as it has been lately, will soon be considered a mere nickname, and some other word must be manufactured to mean "go ahead." We learn that the contracts south are also at the rate of ten miles an hour. The whole mail might well be carried at this rate.—*Journal of Commerce.*

NEWS FOR THE "EXPRESS MAIL."

Mr. Kendall are you not ashamed of yourself, to let an Oyster Cart beat Uncle Sam's swift line? Read this from the Richmond Compiler, an honest print:

We learn from the Wheeling Times, that the oyster season has fairly begun in that place. It only requires forty-nine hours to convey fresh oysters from Baltimore to Wheeling, and strange as it may seem, the oyster carts beat Uncle Sam's mail.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

Dissolution of the French Ministry.—An express has reached Liverpool from Paris, announcing the dissolution of the French cabinet in consequence of a difference of opinion relative to a direct intervention in Spain. The proposition was supported by five of the ministers and opposed by Louis Philippe, owing to the remonstrance of the Northern Powers.

The affairs of Spain are in a very confused state skirmishes were taken place.

Accounts from Constantinople of Aug. 3d, state that an insurrection was discovered just on the eve of breaking out, and that it was suppressed with appalling severity.—So much only had transpired, that a number of officers of high rank, among whom are Generals and Colonels, have suddenly disappeared.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival at New York of the *Samsen*, Capt. Chadwick, from London, whence she sailed on the 12th ult. and the *St. Andrew*, Capt. Thompson, from Liverpool, sailing on the 10th, we have European papers to the day of the ship's sailing. The French have succeeded in forming their ministry as follows:—

Count Mole, Peer of France—President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Persil, Member of the Chamber of Deputies—Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice and Worship. Vice Admiral De Rosamel, member of the Chamber of Deputies—Minister of the Navy. M. De Gasparin, Peer of France—Minister of the Interior. M. Guizot, Member of the Chamber of Deputies—Minister of Instruction. And M. Duchatel, member of the Chamber of Deputies—Minister of Finance.

Count Mole, if we remember correctly, is not regarded as a strong man.

Mr. Green's immense balloon, containing 70,000 cubic feet of gas, went up from Vauxhall on the 9th of September, carrying nine persons and 336 pounds of ballast.—After remaining about an hour in the air, the adventurers descended in safety at Cliffe, in the county of Kent. Two of them were ladies.

The king of Naples has sailed from Toulon for his own capital. Previous to his departure he had an interview with his brother, the runaway prince of Capua, at a post-house near Avignon, and a perfect reconciliation took place between them.—The prince was not accompanied by his Irish princess.

The iron steamer *Tigris* had been recovered, and found to be not much injured. The expedition was expected at Bussora toward the end of June.

There is nothing particularly interesting this week from either Florida or Texas—such as we have, however, we have given. See other columns.

Mr. McCulloch's Gold Mill.—During the past week we treated ourselves to a ride of some eleven or twelve miles south-west from our town, to view the operations of an extensive steam gold-mill, built by Mr. McCulloch some few years back, and which has since been quite successfully and profitably employed upon the ore of the neighboring mines. The engine is of a very large class—the ore is first crushed by large circular stones, propelled around in beds of solid rock, and after being thus literally ground up, undergoes the usual process of washing with quicksilver. Mr. McCulloch gives it as his opinion that by this process of cleaning, but a small proportion of the pure metal is saved; and in order if possible to obviate this, he intends introducing the process of smelting the ore in furnaces. The preparations at this establishment are very extensive, and it is only to be hoped that the mines will prove sufficiently rich to warrant its enterprising proprietor fully to complete his undertaking, and repay him for the vast trouble and expense he has undergone. Our visit was necessarily a short one, and we were not able, in the few hours we enjoyed the hospitality of the worthy proprietor, to make any particular examination of the ore or the mines worked.

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENTS.

We notice frequent very serious rail-road accidents of late, and it is truly deplorable to perceive that in most cases they have been caused by a reckless carelessness on the part of the superintendent, or some person concerned, failing properly to attend to his duty. The two following, which occurred on the Columbia Rail road, in Pennsylvania, will serve to show the danger and the injury which may be expected on Rail-roads by inattention, which otherwise are in the general quite free from danger.

FAIRVIEW, Sunday, about 3 o'clock.
This afternoon, as the train for Lancaster was approaching Fairview, the axle of the forward car, or car next to the baggage broke, which immediately precipitated the body of the car upon the railway, the fragments of the axle ripping up the bottom of the car in which was a Mr. Gibson of Philadelphia, bound to Cincinnati with his wife and child. His wife and child fell through and nearly the whole train passed over her body. I cannot picture to you the heart rending scene that ensued when Mr. Gibson was called to the spot where his wife lay a mangled corpse, with the child, about 18 months old, by her side, covered with the blood of its dead mother. The top of her head was cut off, and the brains lay on both sides of the rail; the body, feet arms