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The First and Last Quarrel.

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John Thompson's wife had a bad fashion of getting out of patience with her servants at meal times, and looking cross and talking cross to her domestics when her husband came home, with the pleasing hope uppermost in his mind of a quiet retreat from the toils and troubles of business. John Thompson, like many of the John Smiths and John Jones, had rather a troublesome business to manage, and it cost him many hours' sad thoughts each day in pondering over the ways and means of getting safely over three o'clock. But all these perplexing cares were locked up in his own bosom, and when he turned his face homeward, it was always with a strong resolution to be cheerful, and make, as far as he was concerned, home a pleasant spot to all.

But he was often sadly grieved to find that from some cause or other, his wife had sundry and great troubles with her domestics. Things hardly ever went right, and she was often in a very unhappy humor. Patient as another Job, John Thompson never protested against the domestic prerogative of being cross and scolding. True, whenever Mrs. John Thompson would cut short, and say things to him in an unkind tone of voice, he would have his own thoughts about the matter. But he said nothing. He would not, for the world, have wounded the feelings of Mrs. John Thompson, although she seemed to have, at times, little regard for his.

Now the reader must not, for a moment, suppose that John Thompson's better half was not a loving wife. She was affectionate to a fault, when in the humor, and would kiss, and "my dear," and talk love to him by the hour. True, she would feel a little annoyed at his phlegmatic temper, for he was always as even as a lake, over whose bosom no breeze ever stirred. Her little endearments he would receive as patiently as could be, yet all the while he would be thinking of some exhibition of wrong temper, of which, may be, a day or an hour before, she had been guilty. But we must introduce them more in form to the reader.

One morning in May, and it happened to be a very sultry morning, Mr. Thompson examined his bank notices, and found that he had three thousand dollars to pay. He did not look at his bank book, for he remembered too distinctly that he had checked to within five dollars the day before.

"And now what is to be done?" he said aloud, as he sat down in a chair to collect his thoughts.

"Any thing over to day, Mr. Thompson?" said a neighbor advancing towards the desk, near which he was seated.

"Short three thousand dollars!" replied Mr. Thompson mechanically.

"No chance for me, then," said the neighbor, withdrawing on the instant.

"Hum! I should think not," soliloquized Mr. Thompson, with an ironical smile. "But what must I do? Borrow of course; that's the only remedy. But where shall I borrow? That's the question. I owe two thousand dollars borrowed money now, and to borrow half of that must be paid. I'm hard up with all my borrowing friends except such as are hard up themselves. What shall I do?"

But Mr. Thompson, like a philosopher as he was, readily came to the conclusion that sitting there was not getting his note out of the bank; so he sallied forth, still undetermined as to how he should raise the money. Being in the dry goods line, he took the south side of Market street, and commenced a line of calls from Frederick street up.

"How's the money market to day?" was his first salutation to a young man he had often accommodated.

"Tight enough. I want five hundred dollars."

"Nothing to spare of course?"

"Not a dollar."

"Then I can't stop here. Good morning!"

"Any thing over to day?" he asked next door.

"Twenty dollars, if that'll help you any."

"Can't you spare a hundred by one o'clock?"

"Very likely; call about that time, and if we take in as much, you shall have it."

"Very well," said John Thompson, entering it upon his memorandum book.

"Can you spare five hundred dollars to day?" was asked at his next place of entry.

"Not but we can two hundred."

"That'll help a little."

"But it is in Ohio funds."

"Ah! that is another matter. But stay, keep it for me until two o'clock, if I can't do better, I'll take it."

"Very well, it is at your service."

After entering this in his memorandum book, Mr. Thompson went on his way.

"Easy as an old shoe, here, I suppose. How much can you spare to day?" he said

carelessly, as he entered a store where he knew money was always plenty, but hard to get at.

"Tight as a boot to day. We have ten thousand dollars to pay."

"Good morning," said Thompson, who understood the evasion.

"Can you let me have that hundred dollars to day? I shall need every cent I can raise," he said as he went into another store.

"Not if you can spare it longer."

"You should have it longer in welcome, but I must raise three thousand dollars to day, and don't know no more than the man in the moon where it is to come from."

"I will let you have it then by one o'clock."

"This was also entered among the memorandums."

"How are you off for metal to day?" was asked of another retailer.

"Nothing over to day, Thompson; sorry for it!" and the man turned to his desk and went to writing.

"Have you a thousand dollars out of town money to day?" he asked of a partner in a large domestic house near Sharp street, for he had got up this high.

"Come in, and I will see."

After running over a large bundle of notes, and selecting from them a pretty respectable quantity, the merchant turned to Thompson and said: "Here is one thousand dollars Wheeling and Pittsburgh, which you can have for a week—and five hundred Louisville, which you may have for two weeks."

"Can't you say anything better than that?"

"These are the best terms. We can usually work it off even better. But if it will accommodate you any, you are welcome to it."

"I will take it, then," said Thompson, eagerly clutching the money, and passing his two checks, dated one and two weeks ahead.

He was now pretty well through with all the business friends upon whom he could call, and he returned to his store to take soundings. The day had proved intensely hot, and on his return he found himself completely exhausted. It was past twelve o'clock, and as he fixed his eyes upon the face of the large clock, ticking away in one corner of his store, the minute hand seemed to move with strange rapidity.

"What is to be done now?" he said, half despairing. "O, there is my friend G— in Howard street, who is generally pretty easy. I must see him." So off he hurried up street, and to his great disappointment, found G— was not in.

After waiting for a quarter of an hour he came back; without having seen him. He looked now but a quarter to one. The second person upon whom he had called, promised to let him have one hundred dollars at one o'clock, so he went in there.

The store was full of customers, and his friend seemed to care more about attending to them than loaning money. After waiting ten minutes, Thompson moved towards the door, saying, as he passed out, "I'll drop in again!"

"Very well," said the man, without alluding to the known cause of Mr. T.'s errand.

He next called upon his friend who was to have returned the borrowed money, but he found it impossible to raise over fifty.

The two hundred dollars that had been promised—Mr— had gone to dinner, and left no word with his clerk about it.

Thompson was still twelve hundred and fifty dollars short, and in one hour the bank would close. His bill book showed the existence of several bills receivable, amounting to seven or eight thousand dollars, maturing in short dates, drawn by business men, good and true. All the banks had ceased discounting, and these, consequently, had been turned down at the board, and handed back to him. Visions of three and four per cent. a month now began to float before his mind, and rendered desperate, he selected notes to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars, and proceeded to the office of a noted broker, who received him with a cold nod.

"I want to get these notes done, Mr. P. P. went over them very slowly, remarking, as he went on, or rather dropping a few words at a time, as if talking to himself—rather weak—too long to run—another name,—&c. &c."

"If you can get another good name on these, I think I can get them done for you."

"It's too late to talk about another name. I must have the money at once."

The drawer of these three notes is rather ticklish, it is thought. If they were stronger there would be no difficulty.—Don't you think you could easily get your friend to put his name on it?"

"No—he is gone to his dinner, and I have no time to lose. If you think you can't get them done, I must go to Mr. C—"

"I'll try my best for you. Come in half an hour."

In the interim, Mr. Thompson went to an exchange office and got his money discounted. This was done at the loss of fifty dollars.

True to the minute, a quarter before three, Mr. Thompson was at Mr. P—'s

office. Mr. P— was not there. He sat for five minutes in a state of mental torture which few can imagine except those who have suffered a like infliction, when Mr. P— entered.

"Have you got them done for me?" said Mr. Thompson, eagerly.

"No I have not," said the broker, coldly. "I could find but one man who would do them at all, and his charge was higher than I felt willing to contract to pay, before I saw you."

"What does he ask?" said Mr. Thompson, eagerly.

"Three and a half per cent. a month."

Mr. Thompson groaned aloud. He looked at his watch; it lacked eight minutes of three. "Can you get it in time?"

"I will give you the money at once, and can get it from him myself."

"Then let me have it quick."

The calculation was made; and as the notes had an average of two months to run, the discount was seven per cent., which added to the broker's commission of one per cent, took off from Mr. Thompson's fifteen hundred dollars, the round sum of one hundred and twenty dollars.

The clock struck three just as Mr. Thompson set his foot upon the steps of the bank. His note safely in his possession, he retired to his store, and after entering up the cash and making the necessary memorandums of borrowed money, started for home. His head ached, and he felt feverish. Visions of home, and an hour's quiet retirement, then came up in his thoughts. He remembered the pleasant smile with which his wife had parted with him in the morning, and the sweetly uttered "come home soon, dear father," of his little prating boy. If ever home is sweet to a man, it is in after the racking anxieties of such a day as that through which Mr. Thompson had passed; and he turns toward it with a feeling akin to that of the tempest-tossed mariner, when he turns his prow towards the land of his nativity. Nothing is so calculated to sour the mind of a man, thus circumstanced, and make home unpleasant to him, as to find the little domestic trials all operating to make his wife irritable and out of temper. His own anxieties have been of a character so important to the peace and well-being of his family, that the troubles incident to domestic duties seem like "trifles light as air" in comparison, and to find his home made unpleasant on account of them, is more than he had looked for, and more than he can well bear. For the sake of his wife's peace of mind, he breathes not his own difficulties, and puts on a cheerful face, while his feelings are under a cloud. To find her unwilling to bear her part, and constantly marring his domestic comforts by complaints, or sour looks, tends to irritate and discourage him. It is not to be wondered that some men under such circumstances, become cross, or neglectful of their families. But let us follow Mr. Thompson home to dinner.

On entering the parlor, he saw, at a glance, that something was wrong. There was a dark scowl upon the brow of Mrs. Thompson. She rang the bell for dinner without uttering a word, and after sundry delays, it was served up in about half an hour from the time Mr. Thompson came in. Seats were taken at the table in profound silence. On the part of Mr. Thompson there was no desire to speak, for he knew that all that was wanted was but a single word, when the avalanche would break through all its barriers, and he had no desire to witness its fury. But his heart felt like lead in his bosom. His silence, however, was not to prove an antidote. There was no salt upon the table.

"No salt on the table. I declare," said Mrs. Thompson, in a high pitched voice, ringing her table bell violently, "I never can get the table set right."

The salt cellars were brought, and Nancy received a sound beating for her carelessness. Scarcely had she got fairly back into the kitchen, when it was discovered that there were no large spoons upon the table, and with sundry exclamations of disquietude of mind, the bell was rung again.

"I can tell you what it is, Nancy," began Mrs. Thompson, as the domestic entered.—"I've no notion of having things done after this fashion. Here's not a single spoon upon the table; nor no water either, as I live. Nancy, this is too bad! I won't put up with it." Nancy disappeared, and Mrs. Thompson continued:

"The fact is, Mr. Thompson, I'm over done, and completely worn out. I don't see a bit of peace of my life. You don't seem to think it any thing, but I only wish you had it to do. Men think our work nothing."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear? It was easy enough to get the salt, and the spoons and the water, without getting into a fever about them."

For the first time in his life, Mr. Thompson spoke in a reproving tone, and on the instant his better half took fire.

"Getting into a fever about it? Who's getting in a fever? Mr. Thompson what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Mrs. Thompson. That it was easy enough to get the things wanted without losing temper."

"Who lost temper? I'd like to know

that. I don't like such insinuations, and won't put up with them. You men think we never have any trouble. You get up in the morning, and have every thing to your hand, and go off to your business, and come home again and every thing is done for you."

"And with a very bad grace, sometimes," rejoined Mr. Thompson. "This was too much for Mrs. Thompson to bear; and burning into tears, she left the table and retired to her chamber. It was some time before Mr. Thompson's irritated feelings would allow him to follow his wife, but he soon yielded to better thoughts, and slowly ascended the stairs that led to the chamber. He found his wife lying upon the bed sobbing hysterically. What to do, he did not exactly know; but his better feeling had returned, and as it was necessary to do something, he first of all called her tenderly by name, but she made no answer. This again irritated him; he had no idea of being trifled with. He was himself a straight forward kind of a man, and when he so offered terms as to speak first, he very naturally thought Mrs. Thompson ought to meet him half way.

"Sarah!" he said once more, in a tone slightly modified from its peculiar expression of tenderness. But there was no reply. "Sarah!" he again repeated in a voice still less affectionate, and a little louder. But still there was no answer. Again his evil genius overcame him, and he said roughly—

"Sarah, if you think to play the fool with me, you are mistaken. I have borne your ill humors long enough, and now you must change a little for my accommodation, or there will be trouble in the wigwam. I have spoken out at last what has been boiling up a long time. Home has ceased to be a pleasant place to me, and all because of your cloudy brow, and continual fault finding. Send your servants in the kitchen, and wear your frown to them if they do wrong; but don't punish me for their misdemeanors. And now I am going to the store—I shall expect, when I return at night, a pleasant reception than I generally get. So, good bye."

Mrs. Thompson had remained silent, when spoken to by her husband, for the purpose of punishing him, by exciting his sympathies to a painful degree in her behalf; but in this he had failed her. And now that he had really gone, for she heard the street door bang after him, she began to think a little soberly of the consequences of such a state of things, if continued. She really loved her husband although often disposed to be fretful towards him when things went wrong in her domestic concerns.

Pride whispered many spirited thoughts in her ear, but the grand work of real good sense that was at the bottom of her character, hushed into silence the insidious suggestions. To win her husband back from this strange mood, had become her ruling desire, long before the hour for his return had arrived; and when the door bell rang at dusk, she was instant to answer it, and received him with a calm, affectionate, but sad smile; for she could not banish from her heart that he was angry with her, and not without cause.

Mr. Thompson was evidently taken by surprise. He had not prepared himself for such a reception. He had expected coolness for two or three days, and he never resolved, also, to conquer at all hazard. He did not speak, at the moment, but took her hand, and with a kind pressure, led her into the room, and seated himself beside her on the sofa.

"Sarah," he said, in a tone of great kindness, "you have no doubt thought my conduct to day strange. Let me explain it to you. I have great troubles in my business, and often distressing anxieties. Particularly in these times of unexampled commercial difficulties, I find it almost impossible, even with the greatest sacrifice, to get along. But with none of these things have I wished to trouble you. But you have acted differently towards me.—Your difficulties with your domestics have irritated you, and you have, too often, allowed your feelings of irritation to expend themselves upon me. Often when a little attention on your part, would have made every thing go right, you have trusted to servants you knew to be careless, and then disturbed the pleasure of a meal by scolding them, or grumbling through it on account of your difficulties. My dear Sarah, this is all wrong. This morning I had greater difficulty in getting my note out of bank than ever, and after rooping through the hot sun, and enduring all kinds of mortifying denials, in my attempts to borrow money, had, in the end, to sacrifice one hundred and seventy dollars, more than I now make in a month, to get money from a heartless broker. The clock struck three as I entered the bank. Two minutes later, and my note would have been protested and I ruined.—

With a violent head ache, and burning with a fever, caused by great mental excitement, I came home at dinner time, anxious for a little quiet of mind, to recover myself. But when I found you ready to annoy me about some trifling neglect of the servant, I could not endure it. I should not have spoken if I had reflected a moment, but it may be as well."

Mrs. Thompson made no answer, but

twining her arms around the neck of her husband, and looked up into his face with mild repentant eyes, that were running over with tears. It was their first and their last quarrel.

"LUCKY PETE."

"One pleasant day in '27, while sitting in our editorial sanctum in Detroit, a strapping, dirty, ragged, but merry-eyed Irish boy gave us a call, and presented the picture of saucy independence. After gazing at us some time, he burst into a hearty laugh, clapping his hands on his side like a rooster just ready to crow, and roared out—

"Och, I've St. P. thrick's own luck this time. Such a blessed countenance, Murther Kingsbury, as covers your head!—sure yess wants a devil and I'm the very by to make a good honest devil to yess."

"What is your name?"

"Good luck to me, I'm called after swate Saint Peter."

"Well, Peter, have you a character?"

"The best of characters I left in Ould Ireland; but sure didn't I forget to bring that same wid me?"

We liked the looks of Pete, and though he was a great vagabond in appearance, we thought it would do no harm to try the experiment—and we sent him up stairs to be the "devil," of the printing office.

There was a striking peculiarity about this boy—he was always in "good luck." When he commenced his career with us, he made about as many mistakes as "Handy Andy," but he had an inimitable way of turning them over so as to show their best face, and finally making us see some capital "good luck" in them. As a specimen, he once by accident knocked over an open ink keg, and came running down to our office, with his face gleaming with joy. "Arrahnow, Murther Kingsbury, I've had the nearest good luck this mornin! My foot hit itself against the ink keg and it ran all over the floor, but—

"Hal—what!—you blundering—"

"But, my good luck, it did'n't touch the paper that's piled up—an' if it had, would'n't it have been ruined entirely?"

We don't design to tell a series of anecdotes of this singularly happy character—our object is rather to refer to him by way of illustration to a moral. Whatever happened, he drew something good from it. In what would dishearten others, he saw only hope. He recognized no clouds to his sky, it was all sunshine. Consequently he encountered no obstacles that he could not overcome.

That boy, before we left, had become one of the most valuable hands in our establishment. By his indomitable good luck he had learned to read and write with us, and managed in true Irish style to get into fight on our account. It was owing to his good luck that he did'n't have his breath knocked out of him in some of his manual exercises. He entered our office one day laughingly, with his eye well blackened, and some money in his hand. He handed it to the book keeper, with the name of a new subscriber. It struck our ear at once, for the person named was a bitter political enemy. We asked Pete how it happened. He burst into one of his rich laughs, and replied.

"I met the 'by by the market, and he talkin' agin yess, my jewel. I guv him an argiment betwens his peepers, and he guv me this ornament over my own. Thin we grappled, and it was myself that got the top of the blackguard. I just seared myself comfortably, and thin showed the creature with argiments until he sid 'enough!' By my darlin' good luck, I reasoned the baste into subscribin', and thin before I unseated myself I coaxed him with another settler betwens his teeth to hand over the fee for that same. Och, now you've got him, it'll be you, Murther Kingsbury, that'll make a good dimmiat or 'im and a dacint christian."

Whipping a man into subscribing for a paper is, beyond all dispute, a new method. Whether we would advise its general application we have no time to say.

A year ago last summer, we visited Detroit, and were stopped in the street by a well dressed gentlemanly looking young man who began to cut some extravagant antics. It was Pete—now by common consent, Peter Mc—, Esq. His good luck and honest labor had, within a few years, put him into the undisputed possession of some three or four thousand dollars, an "illigent" wife two swate children. He was one of the democratic City Committee, and will ere long be of the Common Council. He had a large store, and was spoken of as a substantial and rising man. We found, in conversation with him, that Hope was still as large as ever, and his old phrase rolled as oily from his tongue.

Now, we have sketched this character for the special benefit of that large class to be found in all communities called GRUMBLERS—who look at the dark side of every thing, and make the most strenuous exertion to render themselves miserable. Heaven has intermingled rays of light with the darkest shades of human life. In the woof of adversity are threads of gold. Complain not, then, but look joyously forward, and when gloom

gathers over your mind, think of our sketch of "LUCKY PETE."

The American.

TO THE FREEMEN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

At the close of the session of the late Legislature of the State, the Whig members thereof, deeming it a duty both to the state and to themselves, to address the people upon the extraordinary conduct of the party then in the ascendancy, did, for that purpose, appoint the undersigned a committee, with instructions to draw up and present a narrative of the principal facts which gave character to the motives and deeds of the party in power. In performing this duty, we have endeavored, impartially and truly, to exhibit the prominent measures of the Democratic policy.

ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens:—The meeting of the representatives of a Free people must, at all times, challenge a deep interest from the constituent body. You have ever shown, at such periods, a lively concern in the public purposes of their convention; and we need not remind you, that the importance of these meetings is greatly increased, by the substitution of the biennial, for the annual session of former times. (Nor need we remind you, that the peculiar condition of the people and their affairs, much more demands, at one time, than at another, the energies, the wisdom and patriotism of their servants. True it is, that in the easiest and calmest times, the honest legislator, devoted to your welfare, will find enough to engage his best talents in improving your laws, enhancing your happiness, ministering to your comforts, and fortifying the guards of public liberty; but, occasionally, the smooth surface of the best settled governments becomes ruffled with the storms of adversity, which human foresight could not discern, or discern but dimly, and against which human prudence has made no adequate provision. The prices of labor was suddenly and unexpectedly fall; the seasons may prove unusually adverse; a general failure of marketable productions may follow, attended by an unusual scarcity of money. All these may happen, just when unprecedented embarrassments press most heavily on the debtor. When such a combination of causes exist, distress must inevitably ensue.

We will not be so rash, as to intimate that, at such a time, your General Assembly can dispel the gloom and restore the sunshine of prosperity; but we believe much may be done to mitigate the blow of such misfortunes. Certainly, nothing should be done to add to their rigors and increase their severities.

In speaking of what might occur to demand the warmest sympathies of your servants, we are conscious of having pictured your very condition, at the meeting of the late State Legislature.

As a means of revolutionizing the Whig character of previous Legislatures, the Democratic candidates of 1842 had portrayed, in the canvass that gave them success, what they were pleased to call, Whig indifference to the interests of the body of the people; wasteful use of the public money; long and useless sessions of the General Assembly; culpable omissions; to investigate the alleged abuses of the Banks, and to regulate their action; Connivance at the alleged private and illegal use of the Literary and Improvement funds; refused to examine the condition of these funds; proscription of Democrats, in appointing the managers of these funds; corrupt partiality, in lending them to the Whigs, in exclusion of Democrats; And, finally, the utter insecurity of the entire fund. How many of these charges have been found to be true—how many of all these evils have been redressed. Let a candid history of the Legislative doings of the past session, be submitted to the people, for the answer.

The session opened on the 21st day of November 1842, and continued till the 28th day, inclusive, of January 1843, making a period of sixty-nine days, and the longest session, we believe, in the history of the state—five days longer than the session of 1836, at which the whole body of your laws was revised and consolidated.

The first and last symptom of economy, which the party exhibited, was the refusal, at an early day, to print five copies for each member, of the Governor's message—a document of great public interest, and designed for the eye of the people. On this occasion, the party allowed but one copy, and avowed its purpose to return to the economy of former democratic times. With what fidelity this pledge has been redeemed, we will appeal to the scores of ridiculous relief bills, and Bank investigating resolutions, printed at the public expense, and laid upon the table, never to be called up. We hazard nothing in saying, that the item of printing expense, during the last session, is heavier than any of former times, be they Whig or Democratic. We will now approach

THE LITERARY AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT BOARDS.

It must be fresh in your recollections, that, during the last canvass, the party di-