

THE LOVELY DISCIPLINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF JEST AND EARNEST.

Four months had flown swiftly away since Edward Somerton had married Rose Bland. One summer evening, towards sunset, as they sat together at a window opening on to a garden, enjoying the welcome coolness, and talking over various matters, with that interest in each other which people generally evince four months after marriage, Rose, for the first time, began to pout. Edward had, she said, flirted shamefully with Mrs. Harding on the preceding evening. He had spoken to her in a low tone several times, and had been heard publicly to exclaim that Harding was a fortunate fellow. If this were the way he meant to go on, she should be wretched, and no longer place any confidence in his affection.

"My pretty dear, said Edward, placing his arms around the waist of his wife, and accompanying this action by another trifling performance, "don't be jealous. Believe me there is no cause. On one of the occasions when I addressed Mrs. Harding in so low a tone, I remarked that the room was very warm, and on another, if I remember rightly, I observed that the last new novel was rather dull; so, you will perceive, our conversation was really of a most innocent description. And, Rose, because I said Harding was a fortunate fellow, it is not to be inferred that I must endeavour to render him an unfortunate fellow."

"This mild answer failed to turn away the wrath of Rose. She coquettishly refused to be convinced, became every instant more and more violent and unreasonable, and finally retired precipitately from the room, with her handkerchief applied to her eyes."

Edward quietly put his feet upon the chair she had left vacant, and leaned back in meditation.

Here was the decisive moment which would most likely determine whether they were to dwell together happily or miserably. Rose was a dear girl—a sweet girl; but she had black eyes, and they were dangerous. She had been an only daughter, too, and perhaps a little spoiled; but with fewer faults might she not have been less charming? It is worth studying how to live lovingly with such a creature, especially when you know that she mars, by her capriciousness, her own happiness as much as yours.

Edward felt that the charge of his wife was totally unfounded, and he half suspected that she believed so herself, but had resolved to be, or seem, out of humour without any particular cause. One thing was evident—that she would not hear reason. Something else must therefore be tried, in order to allay any future storm—for this was probably the first of a series. Edward resolved to try music.

He was an amateur of some pretension, and he set himself immediately to call over in his memory the melodies most likely to calm the passions and exert a soothing effect on the temper. He made choice of three, which he arranged in a graduated scale, to be used according to the urgency of the occasion: gentle, more gentle, and most gentle, as the outbreak was, or became, violent, more violent, or most violent. The scale contained only three degrees. As the heat rose, this conjugal thermometer fell; but below the third and lowest degree all was zero and undefined mystery. Patience acted the part of mercury reversed.

The melodies were the following, and were arranged in the following order: "In my cottage near a wood," "Sul margine d'un rio," and "Home, sweet home!" They were all of a pleasing touching character—the last purely domestic, and under the circumstances, conveying a delicate satire likely to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute; but he proposed now to execute them in a graceful, apparently unpremeditated, whistle. Not such a whistle as may be heard in the streets proceeding from the lips of vulgar and coarse-minded butcher boys, but a superior sort of thing, such as no gentleman need be ashamed of. In fact, the original wild production cultivated and improved, as the crab is changed into the pippin.

His plan thus settled, Edward felt his mind easy, and he awaited the re-appearance of Mrs. Somerton with a gratified consciousness of being ready for whatever might occur.

In due time came coffee. The injured lady came too, and with a placid countenance, betraying no lingering evidence of its late unamiable expression. Neither husband nor wife made any allusion to their misunderstanding, and they passed a delightful evening made up of conversation, the pianoforte, and chess.

But the next morning—the very next morning, Rose favoured her dear Edward with number two of the series. She wanted him to walk out with her, and he declared that, unfortunately, he should be too busy to go out all day. This was quite sufficient raw material for a girl of spirit to work upon.

"I'm sure you don't want to go, Edward," said she, pouting in exact imitation of fit number one. "At least you don't want to go with me."

Edward plunged both hands into the pockets of his dressing gown—threw himself indolently on the sofa—gazed abstractedly at a bronze bust of Shakespeare on the mantelpiece—and began whistling in a low plaintive melody; it was "In my cottage near a wood."

"If it were any one but your wife," continued Mrs. Somerton with pointed emphasis, "you would be ready enough to come; but the wives are always neglected."

"Mr. Somerton continued whistling."

"I beg, Mr. Somerton," exclaimed Mrs. Somerton, with a withering look, "that you will not whistle in that disgraceful manner whilst I am speaking. If I am not worthy of your love, I trust I am worthy of common attention."

Edward plunged his hand deeper into his pockets—removed his eyes from the bust of Shakespeare—and fixed them in intense regard on a bust of Milton. He paused suddenly in the air he was whistling, and commenced another: it was "Sul margine d'un rio."

Mrs. Somerton retired hastily, with her pretty face buried in a white cambric pocket-handkerchief.

For five whole days after this scene all was halcyon weather. Doves might have been beheld and envied. Honey was still to be found in the moon, and no impolite reference to either of the two foolish quarrels gave any, the slightest, dash of bitter.

But—on the sixth day, there appeared clouds. Edward had been into town, and had promised to bring a pair of new bracelets for Rose. He arrived home punctually at dinner time, but without the bracelets—he had forgotten them. I put it to you whether this was not enough to try the temper of a saint? They were going the next evening to a large party, and Rose had intended to inspect the important ornaments this evening, & take Edward's opinion; so that there might be time to exchange them if not approved of. Now she could not do so—and all from his horrid forgetfulness! She must either go in stupid, old-fashioned things, or put on new ones in a hurry, good or bad, just as they happened to be. It was most annoying—that it was!

Edward made many apologies. He was sincerely sorry to have disappointed her, and even offered to return to town after dinner and repair the neglect. Oh! no! she would not hear of his taking so much trouble for her. What did he care whether she were disappointed or not? His forgetfulness showed how much he thought of her.

Edward again essayed the soothing system; for he loved her, and was conscious that he had given her cause for some slight chagrin. However, she became so perverse that but one course was left him to pursue; he left off talking and took to whistling.

I tremble for the future peace of Rose whilst I relate that he considered himself justified in descending at once to the second degree of the scale. He commenced, *andante ma non troppo*, "Sul margine d'un rio."

"To leave me in such a situation!" exclaimed the ill-used wife, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "when I had so set my heart on those bracelets! It is very, very unkind, Edward!"

Edward appeared wrapped in meditation and music. He whistled with great taste and feeling, accenting the first note of each bar as it should be accented. But, upon another still more cutting observation from Mrs. Somerton, he stopped short—looked sternly at her—and began "Sweet home!"

"Heavens! what was to follow? He had reached the last degree, and all else was at random. Should this fall, the case was indeed hopeless. Shadowy demons hovered around, holding forth, temptingly, deeds of separation. The bright gold wedding-ring on the lady's finger grew dull and brassy."

Edward Somerton stood in the centre of the room, with his arms folded, gazing with a steady gaze into the very soul of his wife, who, under the strange fascination, could not turn away her head. With a clear and untremulous whistle he recited the whole of that beautiful Sicilian melody from the first note to the last. Then, revolving slowly on his heel, without saying a word he left the room, shutting the door punctiliously after him. Mrs. Somerton sank overpowered on the sofa.

Rose, though pretty, was not silly. She saw clearly that she had made a mistake, and like a sensible girl, she resolved not to go on with it merely because she had begun it. Bad temper, it seemed, would only serve to make her ridiculous instead of interesting—and that was not altogether the effect desired.

In half an hour the husband and wife met at the dinner-table. Mrs. Somerton sat, smilingly, at its head, and was attentive in helping Mr. Somerton to the choicest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a more happy small party could scarcely be met with.

From that day (which was ten years ago) to the present time, Mrs. Somerton has never found fault without cause. Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to look serious about nothing; but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle, in a low tone, as if unconsciously, the first few bars of "In my cottage near a wood."

JO SACABASIN'S RECEIPT.—Jo, one of our Penobscot Indians—not long since was sued for the sum of \$5, by a white man, before squire Johnson.—On the day of the trial Joe made his appearance and tendered the requisite amount for debt and cost, and demanded a receipt in full. Why, Jo, it is not usual—it is entirely unnecessary, said the Squire. "O yes, we want um receipt, sartin." "I tell you Jo, a receipt will do you no good," said squire Johnson. "I want um." "What do you want it for, Jo?" "O, suppose me die, and go to Heaven—then suppose they say, 'Well, Jo Sacabasin, you owe any man now?' Then me say, 'No.' Very well—did you payum Ben Johnson?" "O yes, me payum." "Well, then's pose you showum receipt." Then me uave to go way down—and run all over hell, to hunt um up squire Johnson!"

THE MERCURY.

OXFORD, N. C.

Friday, October 20, 1843.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

HENRY CLAY,

OF KENTUCKY.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having become the proprietor of the Oxford Mercury, the subscriber most respectfully solicits, at the hands of its former patrons, a continuation of the support lately bestowed upon that journal. As he will be situated almost in the centre of the District, it is his intention, through the assistance of intelligent correspondents, to make himself acquainted with every movement of interest, which may be made in any portion of it; thus enabling him to make a vehicle of intelligence, so general in its character, as will, he trusts, cause it to meet with corresponding encouragement. Altho' the 'Mercury' has changed hands, yet its relation toward those who formerly sustained it, will be virtually the same; it being the wish of the subscriber that each one who again receives it, may feel as though he were welcoming an old and tried friend. In a political point of view, the 'Mercury' will undergo no change; the proprietor deeming it amply sufficient for the present, to state that he will support the election of Henry Clay, with his whole heart and soul, believing him to be the perfect embodiment of all those great principles, for which it is the pride and glory of the Whigs to contend.

Apart from politics, it will be the endeavor of the subscriber to lay before his readers, a periodical which shall prove a valuable acquisition to every family into which it may be introduced; the general prices current of the staple articles of our district; together with the various improvements in Agriculture and Mechanical Science, will all be carefully chronicled; while the sunny stream of literature, as it glances by, will be closely scanned, and its richest treasures culled to minister to their entertainment.

Unaided, and unsupported, save by a determination to succeed if possible, he has engaged in this enterprise, trusting alone to an enlightened and liberal public to aid him in carrying that determination into effect.

Our bark now leaves the strand once more,
To battle with the sea,
Its light sail spread to woo the breeze,
If breeze for it there be—
And if no favoring gale should rise,
To wait it on its way—

Why we'll e'en shorten sail again, and with the best east of countenance we can command, sit down with our pipe and our philosophy, and marvel that the age should be so blind and tasteless, as not to see and appreciate our merits.

Yours, &c.

JOHN CAMERON.

N. B.—For the present, and until I shall be enabled to remove my family to Oxford, it will not be in my power to devote much attention to the paper, in the mean time, however, the Editorial Chair will be far more ably filled, through the kindness of Maj. WILEY, the old incumbent.

TO THE FORMER PATRONS OF THE

"MERCURY."

It will be seen, by reference to another Column, that this paper will be continued, under the Editorial charge of JOHN CAMERON, Esq. In making this announcement, which is the first official declaration of my withdrawal from the Editorial charge of this Journal, I deem it proper, to say a few words to those whose patronage has hitherto sustained the paper.

When I consented to take charge of the Mercury, I promised that it should be continued for one year, at all hazards, but longer than that I did not think it would be in my power to bestow much attention on business of this sort, though I believed, the undertaking would still be kept up.—This pledge was redeemed, and at the end of the year, Mr. Mitchell, the publisher, became Co-Editor, and for the last six months of the second year the whole burden of this department was devolved on him, I having determined to apply myself exclusively to my profession. Mr. Mitchell, continued the paper till the year was out, and finding political matters not congenial to his taste, and modestly supposing that he was incompetent to the task of Editing a paper which took part in such matters, he determined to publish a Temperance Journal, in a neighboring County. At this crisis of affairs, Mr. Cameron, proposed to buy the "Mercury" establishment; his proposal has been carried into effect, and Mr. Mitchell has been engaged as his publisher.

It is a well settled rule, that those who make most display of gratitude and compliment, are but little penetrated by the feelings of which they speak; and I trust that my former readers will judge me by this rule, and remember, that though I say not much, I do, and ever shall retain a profound sense of all

their kindness. My readers, generally, have done the favour of regarding me in the light of even a personal friend, and we have agreed remarkable well. This good opinion of my poor merits, I should requite, by renewed efforts to make myself worthy of it, and their many favours, I can only repay, by cherishing a high opinion of the generosity, and virtue of the masses of the people. Whatever the individual man may be, the people at large, form the best tribunal, under God himself, to which we can appeal for impartial justice.

I hope I will be excused for expressing here a wish that the same good understanding be kept up between the "Mercury" and its readers; that party feelings and party prejudices, will be kept in proper subjugation, and that the liberal and enlightened Democracy of Granville County will still encourage, a paper published in their midst, and which though opposed to them in political principles, has in all its discussions made truth its object, and will hereafter, as heretofore, exhibit the strongest proofs of its unalterable attachment to the great Whig cause, by showing that neither prejudice, passion, nor interest, has produced that attachment, and demonstrating the sincerity of its convictions, by a patient attention to the arguments of the other side, a liberal construction of their views, and a manly offer to publish their sentiments.

In making my bow of exit, I desire to introduce my successor, as a gentleman well qualified to act a distinguished part in the theatre which he is now entering. He is a gentleman of liberal education, extensive reading, and fine literary taste, and his readers will find he wields a practised and vigorous pen. I am happy that the child of my thoughts is still to live, most happy that it has fallen under the guardianship of Mr. Cameron.

C. H. WILEY.

Oxford, October 20, 1843.

The Oxford Mercury is stopped for want of patronage, &c. &c.—Various papers.

All wrong gentlemen: the 'Mercury' is not stopped for want of "patronage," nor is it stopped at all. The old gentleman had just concluded to rest a spell and "consider," that he might renew his course with more energy and discretion—and that this is true, you may now have ocular demonstration, for, "be garre, here be Monsieur Tonson come again;" the genuine gentleman now stands before you, with a smile on his face, a glad twinkle in his eye, and "news from all nations rumbling at his back." He holds out to you the friendly palm of his dexter hand, and is ready to beguile, instruct, and amuse you with his "quids and quiddities," accounts of storms and explosions, earth-quake, and agulations, for he takes the papers, and is besides, a travelled gentleman. Come, let us take a "cup o' kindness for the days o' auld lang syne;" talk over our perils "by flood and field" since last we met, and all together, have a social chat, as friends should have, after a long separation. Use the old chap kindly and he'll stand by you to the last gasp, but give him a rough work, and you'll find "The De'il is in the Chiel!"

The Steam Frigate Missouri was destroyed by fire on the 25th of August at Gibraltar, where she had put in to take in coal, water, &c. The Missouri left Norfolk on the 1st of August for the purpose of conveying Mr. Cushing the Minister of his accidental Excellency, John Tyler, to China. No lives lost—the loss of the vessel, however, was a considerable one, having cost the Government \$510,000. Lightly rest the remains of the gallant bark, where un-Cushinged they lie 'neath the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

THE ELECTIONS.

Elections for Governor, two Congressmen and members of the State Legislature have taken place in Georgia: In Maryland for members of the Legislature, in Pennsylvania for members to Congress, and in New Jersey for members of Congress, in Ohio for members of Congress and State Legislature. In all there is the most cheering indication of the strength of the whigs: in all, we read "Victory for Clay '44:" in all we have now achieved a victory, except in N. Jersey, where the Whig Ship has received a shot twixt wind and water, which however, has only made a hole which will be easily stopped by Clay.

In Georgia, 84 counties have been heard from; nine yet to hear from. So far, Crawford (whig candidate for Governor) is 4168 ahead, and will come out of the other nine at least 300. Both members to Congress whig; eleven majority in Senate and an overwhelming majority in the House. In Pennsylvania so far as heard from, the whigs have gained every where—10 whigs and 9 locos were elected in the 14 districts heard from.

Maryland, glorious old Maryland, has taken her position in the front line and there she intends to stand till the battle is over. The whigs have carried this State for the first time

in many years. They have tested a majority in both houses of the Legislature.

Few returns have come from Ohio: so far the whigs had gained tremendously.

We are grieved to say, that, noticing the gallantry of the whigs in the late elections, there is one State where there has been a most astonishing supineness. In New Jersey the Democrats have carried 4 out of 5 members to Congress. But the best sales will sometimes "nap." Jersey is safe for Clay '44.

Both political parties in North Carolina, are beginning to look out for Candidates for the Office of Governor, our present efficient and most worthy Executive being ineligible for another Term. We think there can be but little doubt as to the choice of the Democracy; and we think that choice will be a more happy one, than their last. Michael Hoke esq., of Lincoln County, a very worthy and excellent Gentleman, and not a former blue-light Federalist will most certainly be the Democratic nominee: that is if the party are wise, and if Mr. Hoke will consent to be beaten. We should have nothing to urge against Mr. H. except that he is a most decided and rank Sub-Treasury loco focc, which we are sorry for. Among the Whigs, various men are spoken of, each of whom is full worthy of the high office, and any one of whom can doubtless be elected. Charles Manly, Col. Joyner, Rayner, Stanly, Judge Seale and the Hon. W. A. Graham, are those chiefly spoken of: and they present an array from which North Carolina would be proud to choose her Governor. It is honorable to the state to have so many men, of such high character and eminent attainments.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

The question "who shall be the whig candidate for the office of Vice President" is beginning to be discussed, and truly never did a party number among its members more men worthy to fill the highest offices in the country. Doubtless in making a selection, local interests and geographical position will have their influence and it is therefore hard to say now, who will be our nominee. It were to be wished that human nature were pure enough to be trusted, without restraint, and that in appointing our officers we could believe that an appointee from the east, west, north, or south, would be the servant of the whole country and have the interests of all parts of that country in equal estimation. But "lead us not into temptation" fell from the lips of him who is more than man, and experience teaches us, that we can only make perfect characters by removing all inducement to err. It is doubtless, therefore, a safe rule to fill the offices of president and vice president by men from different sections of the Union: and although such a precaution, from the high character of the men, might be unnecessary, it would at least give more satisfaction, and diffuse more general confidence. In the north, Tallmadge, Davis, and Sergeant stand prominent: Bell, Ewing, and Crittenden in the west: Preston, Mangum, Berrien, and Porter in the south. Among all those named we should individually prefer Judge Berrien, of Georgia, tho' we have nothing to urge against any of the others. But there is one not named and not generally spoken of, whom we should prefer to all others: one whom we know, and can therefore trust with more confidence than we can any one with whom we are unacquainted; one who will always be found equal to any office, and whose energetic upright character, whose activity, industry, indomitable perseverance, unflinching honesty: whose fertile and exhaustless genius, and whose practical democracy, would make him the ornament of any station. When one of our citizens was appointed Secretary of the Navy, he astonished the "natives" of Washington City, and they wondered that North Carolina should produce such an intellectual giant. Let JOHN M. MOREHEAD be made Vice-President, and the world will find there were more where Mr. Badger came from. "Henry Clay and John M. Morehead" would be a ticket under which we could glory, even in defeat.

"Not so corn-ed as you, by a criss, you salled old varmint," as the loafer said to Corporal Streeter when he scolded him for being somewhat sophisticated.

How to read the Scriptures.—"I would recommend you," says one, "to pause at any verse of Scripture you choose, and shake, as it were, every bough of it, that if possible some fruit at least may drop down to you. Should this mode appear somewhat difficult at first, and no thought suggest itself immediately to the mind capable of affording matter for a short exhortation, yet persevere, and try another, and another bough. If your soul really hungers, the Spirit of the Lord will not send you away empty.—You shall at length find in one, and perhaps a short verse in Scripture, such abundance of delicious fruit that you will gladly seat yourself under its shade and abide there as under a tree laden with fruit."