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### THE MAIDEN'S WISE THOUGHT. AN IRISH STORY.

BY S. C. HALL.

"My minnie does constantly leave me, and bid me beware of young men; they flatter, she said, to deceive me; but who can think so of Tam Glen?"

*Burns.*

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donnivan; look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top of the great hill of Howth, as to make father and mother agree about any one thing. They have been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years, and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied hand some Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darling! that would not be the way with us Sure it's one we'd be in heart and soul and example of love and!"

"Po ly, interrupted the maiden, laughing. 'Morris, we've quarrelled score o' times already; and to my thinking, a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil K. nedy, or repeat what Mark Duolen said of me to Mary G. y!—eh—eh, Morris?"

The long dark lashes of North Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low, but delicately pencilled brows, as she looked archly up at her lover; her lips curled with a half playful, half mischievous smile; but her glances were soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek, glowing with a deep and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm around her waist, and pushed the clustering curls from her forehead gazing upon her with a loving but mournful look.

"Leave j-king now, Norah; God only knows how I love you," he said in a voice deep and broken by emotion; "I'm your equal as far as money goes, and no young f-r in the country can tell a better stock to his shere than mine, yet I don't pretend to deserve you, for all that; only I can't be paying that when we love each other, (how don't go and contradict me, Norah, because you've as good as owned it over and over again) and y'er father agreeable and all, to think that y'er mother, just out of divilment, should be putting betwix us, for no reason upon earth only to spite her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows me to be a good for!"

"Stop, Miss Morris!" exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; "it's my mother y'er talking of, and it would be ill bred to hear a word against an own parent. Is that the pattern of y'er manners, so, or did you ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"Fax y'er pardon, my own Norah," he replied neckly as in duty bound; "for the sake of the lamb we spare the sheep. Why not? and I'm not going to gausay, but y'er mother!"

"The least said is the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris; and God bless ye; they be after missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where I am."

"Norah, 'bave all the girls at wake or pottien, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and since ye were the height of a rose bush, ye have been dearer to me than any thing else on earth. De, Norah, for the sake of your young heart's love, do think if there's no way to win y'er mother over. If ye d take me without her leave sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss of thousands, let alone what ye've got Dearest Norah, think since you'd do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious and don't laugh."

It is a fact equally known and credited in the good barony of Bargo, that Morris Donnivan really possessed an honest, and sincere, and affectionate heart—brave as a lion and gentle as a dove. He was, more over, the priest's nephew—understood Latin as well as the priest himself; and better even than that, he was the beau, the Magnu-Apollo of the parish;—a fine, noble looking fellow, that all the girls (from the house-keeper's lovely English niece at Lord Gott's down to the little deaf Best Mortican, the laze dress maker) were regularly and desperately in love with; still I must confess, (perfectly certainly was never found in man,) Morris was at times a little—the least bit in the world—stupid,—not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention,—would fight his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get peaceably out of one. No wonder, then, that where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest, of all the Irish girls—the light of heart, light

of foot, light of eye; now weeping like a child over a dead chicken, or plundered nest,—then dancing on the top of a hay rick to the music of her own cheering voice; now coaxing her tergastant mother, and anon cursing her hen peck father. Do not let my respected readers imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Clary were contemptible Irish bog trotters, with only a plot of potatoes, a pig and a one roomed cabin. No such thing; they rented an hundred good acres of bright meadow land, and their comfortable, though somewhat s'ovenly farm yard, told of abundance and to spare.

Norah was their only child, and had it not been for the most ungentle temperament of Mistress Clary, they would have been the happiest as well as the richest family in the district.

"I am not going to laugh, Morris!" replied the little maid at last after a very long pause; "I've got a wise thought into my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it. I wonder (and he a priest) that he hadn't more sense. Sure, mother was the man;—but I've got a wise thought. Good night, dear Morris; good night."

The lass sprung lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover perdu at the other side, without possessing, an idea of what her wise thought might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in glorious style as cross-her husband muttered) "as a bag of weasels."

"Ye're a pair of lazy huzzies!" she exclaimed to two fat, red armed, stockinged handmaids; "ye think I can keep ye in idleness? Ten cuts to the d'zeal!—Why that wouldn't keep ye in praters, let alone salt—and such illigan fix too! Bony Leary, ye dirty ne'er do good, can ye find no better employment this blessed night than looking turf ashes in the cat's face? Out ye'll be more for the ravens yet, that's one comfort! Jek Clary, addressing herself to her husband who sat quietly in the chimney corner, smoking his doozien, "tis well ye've got a wife God help me; I've little good of a husband, barring the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?" The sparrow hooted. "The cow and the calf—had they fresh straw?" Another nod. "Bid sees to ye, man slave, can't you use your tongue, and answer a civil question?" continued the lady.

"My de r," he replied, "sure one like you has enough talk for ten!"

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father and whispered in his ear. "I don't think the stable door is fastened?" Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. "I'll go with father, myself and see," said Norah.

"That is like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it isn't altogether about the stable I wanted ye—but—but—the priest said something to ye to day about Morris Donnivan."

"Yes, darling, and about yourself, my sweet Norah."

"Did ye speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling she's been so cross all day. Sure I go through a dale for peace and quietness. If I was like some men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in sin—but that's neither here nor there. As to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she found that I liked him; and then my jewel, she turned like milk all in a minute—I'm afraid even the priest'll set no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round."

"Out of opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day then!—that could be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up. "No, I won't."

"Father, dear, you do not understand," said the cunning lass; "Sure ye're for Morris, and when we are—that is if—I mean—sup-pose—father, you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the deepening twilight concealed her blushes—"if that took place, it's you that would have ye're own way."

"True, for ye Narry, my girl—true for ye; I never thought of that before!" And pleased with the idea of tricking his wife, the old man fully espoused for joy. "But stay awhile—stay, say, say!" he recom-mended—"how am I to manage?" Sure the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early, and he is out upon his station now—so there's no speaking with him; he's

no way quick either—well he'll be betrayed entirely if he comes in on a sudden."

"Leave it all to me, dear father—leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl; "only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all ye're heart, father—only from the teeth, out."

When they re entered, the fresh boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out in to a wicket dish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; muggins of butter milk were filled on the dresser, and on a small round table, a cloth was spread, and delph plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, employing her fairy foot in whirling it round.

"Plaguy snipes," she replied, "but o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for.—Barney Leary kill them himself."

"So I did," said Bony grinning; "and that stick with a hook of Morris Donnivan's is the finest thing in the world for bringing 'em down."

"If Morris Donnivan's stick touched them they shan't come her," said the farmer striking the poor little table such a blow with his clenched hand as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into this house," replied Clary; "he is not to my liking, any how, and there's no good in his buttering there after what he wout get."

"Excellent," thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary as she placed the grilled snipes on the table. "what's come to the man? Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savory 'birds,' when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw the dish and its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a moment aghast.

The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and with blazing face and fiery tongue, thus commenced hostilities. "How dare ye, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and I to the fore! What do ye mean, I say?"

"I mane that nothing touched by Morris Donnivan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking at the same side of the road he walks on, by the powers, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to the nunnery."

"You will! and dare you say that to my face, to a child of mine? You will—will ye—we'll see my boy. I'll tell you what, if I like, Morris Donnivan shall come into this house, and what's more, be master of this house; and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, ye poor old snail." So saying, Mistress Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother; but Mr. Clary lightning her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren in its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped, and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing not only Morris, but Morris's uncle, Father Donnivan, until at last the farmer's help, mate swore, ay, and soundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donnivan. I wish you could have seen Norah's eye, dancing with joy and exultation as it peeped through the latch hole; it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in a monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning was clear and frosty; long slender icicles hung from the branches of the wild Hawthorn and holly, and even under the light footsteps of Norah the pazed footsteps cracked like leathery glass. The mountain rill murmured under a frost-bitten covering; and the poor sheep in their warm fleeces, gazed mournfully on the landscape, beautiful as it was in the healthy morning light, for neither on hill nor dale could they discover a mouthful of grass. The chill December gale rushed unheeded over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary, for her 'wise thought' had prospered, and she is hastening to the trysting tree, where, 'by chance,' either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donnivan. I don't know how it is; but the moment that the route of true love runs smooth, it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now only left for me to say, that the maiden after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, (a practice, by the way, which I strongly recommend as the best mode of discovering

the temper, &c., of the gentleman,) told him her soney plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love—which I beg my readers to understand, are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country—to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be, to say nothing of the wedding supper and the profits arising in-reform, too well, not to aid their every-just.

What haste, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folks enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride of course, looked lovely and sheepish; and the bridegroom—but (shaw! bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, was worth recording. When Father Donnivan concluded the ceremony, and before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up seized a shillelah or stout oak and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted—"Carry me out! Ould Ireland forever! Success, boy! she's he's—she's he's!" The priest seemed vastly to enjoy the extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether it a good wife discovered the plot or no, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that joyous Norah never has reason to regret her "wise thought."

enter in's disagreements which are the roughly mutual. If the wife be in debt before marriage, the husband, in making love to the lady, has been actually courted the cognovis she may have entered into; and if the wife is under an obligation for which she might be legally attached, the husband finds himself the victim of an unfortunate attachment. A wife cannot be sued without the husband, unless he is dead in law, and law is really enough to be the death of any o. o. A husband or a wife cannot be witness for or against one another, though a wife sometimes gives evidence of the bad taste of the husband in selecting her.

A wife cannot execute a deed; which is perhaps the reason why Shakspere, who was a first rate lawyer, made Macbeth do the deed, which Lady Macbeth would have done so much better had not a deed done by a woman been void to all intents and purposes.

By the old law, a husband might give his wife moderate correction; but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman had bestowed her hand, to bestow his fist upon her at his own discretion. The common people, who are much attached to the common law, still exert the privilege of beating their wives; and a woman in the lower ranks of life, if she falls in love with a man, is liable, after marriage, to be good deal struck by him.

Such are the chief legal efforts of marriage, from which it's evident, says Brown, that the law regards the fair sex with peculiar favor; but Smith maintains that such politeness on the part of the law is like amiable from a hyena.—London Chaitvari.

### THE COMIC BLACKSTONE—OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We now come to treat of Husband and Wife, and shall inquire, first, how marriages may be made, which will be interesting to lovers; secondly, how marriages may be dissolved, which will be interesting to unhappy couples; and lastly, what are the legal effects of marriage, which will be interesting to those who have extravagant wives, for whose debts the husbands are liable.

To make a marriage, three things are required: First, that the parties will marry; secondly, that they can; and thirdly, that they do; though to us it seems that if they do, it matters little whether they will, and if they will, it is of little consequence whether they can; for if they do, they do; and if they will they must; because where there is a will there is a way, and therefore, they can if they choose, and if they don't it is because they won't, which brings us to the conclusion, that if they do it is absurd to speculate upon whether they will or can marry.

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry unless they are unable, and the five old constitutional maxims, that "a man may not marry his grandmother," ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions. There are some legal disabilities to a marriage, such as the slight impediment of being married already; and one or two other obstacles, which are too well known to require dwelling on.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age is no remedy, but a stony guardian may be macadamed by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, here would be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

A considerable deal of the sentiment attaching to a love affair has been snatched by the 6th and 7th of William IV. c. 85. explained by the 1st of Victoria, c. 22—for one act is always unintelligible until another act is passed, to say what it means. This statute enables a pair of ardent lovers to rush to the office of the superintendent register, instead of to Gretna Green; and there is no doubt that if Romeo could have availed himself of the wholesome section in the act alluded to, Juliet need not have paid a premature visit to the "tomb of all the Capulets."

Marriages could formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce; but the New Poor Law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parochial Union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money, called alimony; to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven, but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary can come under the category alluded to.

A husband and wife are one in law—though there is often any thing but unity in other matters. A man cannot enter into a legal agreement with his wife, but they often

### WHO CAN SUPPORT HIM?

The following evidences, showing that JAMES K. POLK, voted against the bill granting Pensions to the surviving Soldiers of the Revolution, must convince the most incredulous, that he does not possess the feelings of a Patriot. Facts, like these, exhibit a man in his true character. Here is the Record, which is copied from the Congressional Debates. Read it!

### POLK AGAINST THE OLD PATRIOTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

March 13, 1828, on the passage of the bill for the relief of surviving officers of the Revolutionary War, Mr. Polk voted IN THE NEGATIVE Cong. Deb., vol. 4, part 2, page 2670.

March 18, 1830, he voted AGAINST the Revolutionary Pension Bill.—Same, vol. 6, part 1, page 629.

March 19, Mr. Polk spoke some time against the bill," and voted against it.—Same, page 685.

Feb. 17, 1831, he voted AGAINST the bill for the relief of Revolutionary Soldiers. Same, vol. 7, page 730.

May 2, 1832, he voted AGAINST the Revolutionary Pension Bill.—Same, vol. 8, part 3, page 2713.

In the language of the Albany Evening Journal, "we ask for no better evidence that a man is WITHOUT A TRUE AMERICAN HEART than is furnished by such Votes as these. Nor would we vote for such a man for President, even if we had the misfortune to belong to the Party that nominated him. There is something so cold, so unfeeling, so heartless, and withal of such black ingratitude in the refusal to smooth the pillows of the Soldiers of the Revolution, that we can never forgive men who refuse them a mere pittance from our abundance. We owe all we possess to the patriotism and gallantry of men who served through a long War, enduring hardships and privations to which we are strangers, and then received pay in a currency utterly valueless. And the idea of making an ingrate, who has readily opposed the payment of a portion of the debt we owe to our Revolutionary Fathers, President of the United States, is absolutely revolting. It ought not to be endured for a moment. Give us a man for President who has so no heart, who can feel for others, and who is not, all for himself.—R. Register.

The democrats some weeks past boldly asserted that they were defeated by dishonest means and humbuggery in 1840, and that it was necessary to try the issue over with the same man, that the honor of all concerned might be retrieved. But they have now abandoned the disgraced man and the disgraced principles, and started upon a new issue with an untried man—which is a virtual acknowledgment that both their leader and their principles are unfit to go again before the people.