

# THE AEGIS & INTELLIGENCER.

"LET US CLING TO THE CONSTITUTION AS THE MARINER CLINGS TO THE LAST PLANK WHEN THE NIGHT AND TEMPEST CLOSE AROUND HIM."

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

BEL AIR, MD. FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1865.

VOL. IX.—NO. 5.

## BIBB & CO. Baltimore Stove House, No. 39 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.

The season is now at hand to buy your STOVES, FURNACES, RANGES, &c. Also look and see what repairs you want done to your stoves, and send in your orders early, that we may execute them at once. Further delay may cause you inconvenience.

Don't forget that we are still selling that matchless Five place Stove the

"GEM," To heat 1st, 2d and 3d stories, at a reduced price, and also the Re-improved "OLD DOMINION" Cook Stove, that has so nobly stood the test over all competitors.

Send in your orders early to  
BIBB & CO.,  
Baltimore Stove House,  
39 Light street, Baltimore.  
N. B.—Old Stoves and Iron taken in exchange.

## Franklinville Store Baltimore County.

KEEP constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of all kinds of Goods adapted to the wants of the public, such as

## Dry Goods, Groceries, HARDWARE, FISH, SALT, SEEDS, NOTIONS, CHINA AND GLASS WARE,

In fact any and every variety of articles necessary to a well assorted stock, all of which will be sold at very lowest Cash prices. The Factory being in operation, it affords a fine market for

**COUNTRY PRODUCE,**  
for which the highest prices will be paid. The public are invited to call.

## NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned have just received a large and well selected stock of Goods suitable for the season. They are constantly making up the neatest work, and the newest and most fashionable style of Bonnets for the FALL and WINTER, to which they invite the attention of the citizens of the town and the surrounding country. They also desire an occasional call from their Baltimore friends, when they want something of extra style and finish, as they are aware that the undersigned can and will take pleasure in putting up work of that description.

In addition to all styles of Bonnets, they keep constantly on hand a variety of

## LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SMALL WARE,

Such as Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, and many other articles in the Notion line.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore given the firm, they expect by strict attention to business to merit its continuance.

M. J. WRIGHT & MITCHELL,  
Washington street, two doors north of the Railroad, and next door to Nixon's Hotel, HAVRE-DE-GRACE. sep25

## FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE! WE are at all times paying in cash Port Deposit prices for

## GRAIN, AT OUR WAREHOUSE IN Lapidum, Harford County, Md.

Have also on hand a large and well selected stock of

## LUMBER, Well seasoned and of good quality.

## FINE BONE, GUANO, PHOSPHATE, PLASTER & SALT, Constantly on hand.

Farmers will find it to their interest to give us a call.

ANDREW ABELS,  
Agent for Davis & Pugh.  
ju26

## LIME! LIME! LIME!

THE subscribers, successors to Cook & Hillis, take this method of informing the public that they are prepared to furnish with a superior quality of UN-SLACKED LIME, delivered at any of the accessible landings on the tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay, during the navigable season, and respectfully solicit their patronage.

Orders should be given thirty days in advance, and addressed to the firm at HAVRE-DE-GRACE, MD.  
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G. MERRYMAN. E. F. KEECH, D. D. S.  
MERRYMAN & KEECH,  
DENTISTS,  
No. 50 North Calvert Street,  
BALTIMORE.

## THE AEGIS AND INTELLIGENCER

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No subscription taken for less than a year.

## Poetical.

For the Aegis and Intelligencer.  
HEART THOUGHTS.

Some where amid the stars to-night  
My spirit seeks for thine,  
Seeks thro' the trailing clouds of white,  
And through the pale moon shine;  
Flies o'er the tangled skeins of mist,  
O'er sea-weed floating wide,  
O'er rocks the treacherous waves have kissed,  
And o'er the shifting tide.

At midnight, weary thought still flies  
Where dark'ning waters roar,  
And foam-capped waves in fury rise  
To dash upon the shore  
Some pallid corpse—a broken spar—  
Sole messengers to prove  
To watching hearts that wait afar  
The end of so much love!

The end! ah, yes! Stoop down and lay  
Your hand upon his brow;  
Tears fall and bright but yesterday,  
"Thou cold and icy now!"  
Smooth out each clustering wave of hair,  
And close the soft brown eye,  
Pray God to keep you from despair,  
Until you, too, may die!

AMSDEN, Jan. 20th, 1865.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Legend of the Bleeding Cave at Pendine.

In one of the beautiful caverns which perforate the cliffs at Pendine, and form one of the natural defences against the inroads of the blue waters of Caruarthen Bay, the visitor is somewhat startled by finding huge drops of what has all the appearance of clotted blood. Looking upwards he sees the crimson fluid oozing out of the stone roof, sometimes trickling down the side of the cave, sometimes dropping, and bespattering the stones with an ugly stain. Of course there is a legend connected with it, a sad enough one to, and not much to the credit of the inhabitants in the days of old. The story runs thus:—

During the days of the Commonwealth, and just when the protector had begun to breathe after his fight for the liberty of his country, a strange old man made his appearance at Pendine, and established himself in a vacant cottage upon the side of the hill. This cottage he repaired, and finally furnished on a scale of grandeur utterly unknown to the primitive inhabitants. The garden began to bud and blossom in a manner unheard of in these parts, and, by the time autumn came, had become such a marvel of beauty, that the country folks came from far and near, just to get a peep at the blooming mass of flowers. More than a peep they seldom had, as the inner garden was completely hidden by the hedges of creepers; but although curiosity is a strong characteristic in the Welsh character, it is restrained and modified by an innate courtesy and deference; so the gazers were fain to content themselves, and only talked; that you may be sure they did (as all Welshmen do) with a will, filling up the gaps in the story by drawing largely upon their remarkably fertile imaginations.

No one could say any harm of the old man, simply because nobody really knew him; and yet he was not liked. The only servant who was admitted was an old woman, who went to clean, scrub, and cook, and being deaf and dumb, she could give her neighbors no satisfaction on the score of curiosity.

Nothing could be quieter or more inoffensive than the life led by this mysterious old gentleman, and he rarely showed himself beyond the wall of his garden, until September came, when he erected a flag-staff upon what was called the "Bracon." He passed almost every hour of daylight at the place, now hoisting one colored flag, now another, all the while watching the distant horizon (where lay the Devon coast) with a telescope.

One night a party of fishermen noticed a boat lying off Murvybaehen Bay; but darkness coming on, nothing more was seen of it until next morning it was found lying upon the sands, left, as it was said, by the tide. Where it had come from was a mystery, and served the people to talk for many a day.

About a month went by, and then a young and sad looking woman was seen in the cottage garden. After a time she extended her walks to the beach, and, morning or evening, sometimes at midnight, she might be seen pacing slowly along, never looking at or speaking to anyone, but keeping her beautiful face, so hopeless in its misery, turned to the sea.

At first the little children, with that instinct of pity inherent in their innocent hearts, would creep up to her; but, when they heard their mothers talking mysteriously of the "lady," they began to look at

her with shy, wondering eyes, and keep far away; grouping together for protection as she walked by; yet in spite of this, the green hill below the cottage garden was the favorite play-ground, and continued so, until one day they all rushed shrieking down wild and pale with affright, some of the elder ones positively affirming that they had seen and heard the devil himself in the cottage garden, and that he was killing the "lady," a fact strangely corroborated by the unearthly and terrible cries that were to be heard proceeding from the garden.

It was not difficult in those days to rouse the superstitions of the Welsh, and the country round soon echoed with the children's adventure; the story being proportionately increased, according to the narrator's feelings or passions. So the villages sent their children to play far away from the cottage, and nothing would have tempted the bravest man among them to approach it after night-fall. At length an old hag fell ill, and, in her delirium, made sundry raving assertions, that she had seen the "lady" dancing with the witches round the flagstaff on the Beacon Hill, and changing into a black cat, scale the steepest cliffs, and moreover that the old man had sold himself to the devil for the love of the "lady."

The consequences of these wild ravings, working as they did upon minds unweakened by superstition and ignorance, were likely to be serious enough; when matters were brought to a crisis: a young, weak headed girl, frightened by the woman's words, went off in a fit, and therein denounced the stranger as having bewitched her, for selling him butter with a cross upon it.

This news spread like wildfire, and the credit of every illness, loss, or misfortune that had occurred in the neighborhood during the year, was laid at the stranger's door; the people gathered in crowds, exciting each other by their mutual superstition. They rushed up the green hill to the cottage, a mad, infuriated mob, thirsting for vengeance; and demanding of the old man to come out and heal those he had stricken.

The door, however, resisted their efforts, and they were surging wildly about seeking another entrance, when the owner himself appeared, and, pointing to the trampled flower beds, asked what they meant by it. The answer was a yell of derision and rage; and some of the maddest seized the old man, swearing they would find out whether the devil was his master or no. Up the cliffs they scrambled, scarcely knowing what the end was to be, or how the test was to be given, but ere they had gone far a very spirit of hell must have broken loose among them; they pressed round upon the old man; one wretch made a blow at him with a stone and knocked him down; then, like wild beasts at the sight of blood, they grew drunk with it, and literally stoned and beat the hapless old man to atoms, bathing and strawing the cliff with his blood and flesh.

The deed was barely over,—a few were looking pale and shuddering at the red stain upon their guilty hands—when a terrible cry rang up the hill, and immediately after the "lady" was among them. "My father? my father?" she cried.—"What have you done with my poor old father?"

No one answered, but many grew pale, and a shudder ran through the crowd as the girl stooped down, and lifted a mass of grey hair from the blood-stained grass.

"O my God!" she said, in a low, fierce tone, as she turned upon them. "You call yourselves Christians, and this is a Christian land!" Then springing upon a projecting rock, she went on, "Listen, murderers, and hear what you have done: the blood that is crying out from the earth for vengeance is my father's; he chose his king, rather than one he called a usurper; he lost all save life in the cause, so fled. My husband too was a soldier in the king's army; he was wounded and tried to escape, but they hunted him to worse than death, they drove him mad; and it was to give us a refuge, and to let him die in peace, my father came here.—When he was ready for us he signalled across the Channel, and I brought my poor mad husband over the waters in the boat you found upon the beach. The cries your children heard were those of my husband; but they would have troubled you no more, he died to-day, and is now at the footstool of the great God, and with the poor old man you have murdered, is crying for God's judgments on you.—And hear my curse: O Almighty God, curse these men: may they ask for rest and find toil and trouble; may they go forth beggars and branded from the land they have disgraced, driven forth by the spirits of their forefathers; dying may they find mercy neither from man nor from Heaven." As the last words were upon her lips, she threw herself from the rock, down the sheer precipice into the foaming water now raging in a storm, and her last curse actually seemed to rise from the ocean itself.

The crowd shrank away speechless and stricken, not a word was uttered as they crept back to their homes, carrying with them the terrible burden of the curse.

By next day the ravens and carrion crows had cleared away every trace of the deed of blood from the cliff above! but the earth which had drunk up the red flood would not hide the witness, and in the cave beneath, gave and still gives testimony to the murder—the dead man's blood still remaining as a memorial of his fate.

I. D. FENTON.

## The Revolutions of Costume in the course of a Century.

Revolutions in costume are periodical, as are almost everything else in this world. From the beginning of this century, when dresses were reduced to their narrowest proportions, they have gradually increased in size till they have become so unbecomely and uncomfortably distended that it is neither safe nor possible to wear them.—Of course this applies more to feminine than to manly costume; but both are progressing in a parallel line on the racing ground of fashion. Singularly enough, the tendency towards distension regularly coincides with the progress of the century.

When a century, for instance, is in its first years, civilized humanity seems to feel young, and in no way eager to conceal under a pile of garments the beautiful forms granted to the "lords of creation." As the century advances in years, fashion assumes matronly ideas and stately notions quite unknown to the preceding generation of *beaux*. And when the century approaches towards its completion, then all the resources, all the craft of millinery, tailoring and pertumery are brought to bear on the means of dissimulating old age and decrepitude. In the beginning of a century man is not ashamed of himself. With the sunny confidence of youth, he walks in the streets and appears at assemblies dressed as nearly as possible as the man of nature. In the latter part of the century youth itself seems to delight in assuming the appearance of old age.—The examination of any book of costumes affords numberless illustrations of this inscrutable law of revolutions in dress, from the middle ages down to our own time.

Writing and preaching against fashion have, in all cases, not only been perfectly useless, but made the wearer more determined to persevere in it, however unbecomingly, ridiculously, or even dangerously to wear. Some days ago, three of the demimonde, dressed in the light garments worn at the beginning of the present century, appeared in the garden of the Tuilleries, and caused, as it may be imagined, an immense sensation. But they were not allowed to enjoy long the benefits of being stared at in wonderment, by the promenaders of the Parisian garden. Authority, under the form of a three-cornered-hatted serjeant de ville, expelled them from the fashionable garden. It appears that each of them had adopted one of the colors of the French tri-color. The question is to know if the ladies were expelled for want of respect for the French flag, or for their bold protestations against the prevailing fashion introduced by the Spanish lady who reigns at the Tuilleries. There is no fear that such an attempt will be repeated in Hyde Park, for the simple reason that no lady would dream of making such experiments in public.

Men's costume is naturally less exaggerated in form than the dress of the fair sex. It is also slower in its secular development. Hats, for instance, although from time to time slightly modified in type, keep during a century the same general form. The 18th century was condemned to the ridiculous three-cornered hat; the 19th is doomed to the still uglier chimney pot. Gen. Foy, writing on military costume, considered it an immense boon for the soldier the superseding of the breeches by the trousers. He held that the suppression of the garter gave much more easiness to the movements of the leg. But the opinion of Foy is no longer partaken by the French military authorities, since irresistibly drawn in the circle of revolving fashion they have come back to breeches and leggings for French Infantry.

A similar attempt made by the volunteers in England is very likely to lead our sons, in a given time, back to the costume of fathers. As it is, we may fairly expect that the prevailing fashion of enormously distended dresses is to prevail during the rest of the century in spite of all its perils and its ugliness. Our grandmothers had the doors of their houses raised and enlarged to allow the introduction of their head-dresses and their hoops. Until such alterations have been largely practiced in our constructions, carriages, theatres, ball rooms, &c., there is no chance of seeing the taste for the present bell-shaped dresses diminish or begin to disappear.—Observer.

A BUCKEYE STORY.—The Columbus (Ohio) Journal tells a queer story about a married couple in that place. The husband is a tyrant. One evening during a recent severe storm, his wife was visiting a neighbour; and when she applied for admission on her return, her husband pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump into the well if he did not open the door. Having no idea that she would do so, he obstinately refused to recognize her; so she took a log, plunged it into the well, and simultaneously with the splash it made, she placed herself by the side of the door; and as soon as her husband darted out she darted in, locked the door, and declared that she did not know him! She froze him till he was penitent, and then let him in.

A Western editor whose wife was absent at the East, was deprived of his usual doughnuts. He therefore advertised that he would send his paper one year to the lady who sent him the best pack of home-made doughnuts, and would also mention her name in large type. He had two barrels full furnished, and the mean fellow, not content with this speculation, announced that none of the samples came up to his home standard, and advised the ladies to try again in a month.

## Sighting a Trunk.

Old Governor H— has many laughable stories told of him. I remember seeing him once in a state of mind usually called wrath. The circumstances were as follows:

The Governor, returning home from a tour to the northern part of the State, put up for the night at a hotel in the flourishing and beautiful village of Princeton, situated on the Fox river. The next morning, after arriving at home, he discovered that he had left his trunk at the hotel, twenty miles away. He just then saw one of his neighbors going to Princeton, and in his most pompous style requested him to "call at the hotel and see if there was not a little trunk there belonging to him."

"Yes, with pleasure," replied the kind and obliging neighbor.

When ready to return, he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk proved to be a large and well-filled travelling trunk, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, on the principle of antecedent probabilities, that he would never get a cent for his trouble; so, seeing it was safe at the hotel, he drove home. As he approached the residence of the Governor the latter went out and opened the gate, expecting the trunk would be taken in and left at the door. The farmer told him he was not coming in.

"But, says the Governor, "did you not get my trunk?"

"No, you didn't ask me to get it."

"Did not?" What would you call it I asked you?" thundered the exasperated Governor.

"Why, you asked me to look and see if it was there. I did so, and you will find it safe there any day by just driving over to Princeton. Good day, Governor, good day."

Suffice it to say, the Governor did not ask that neighbor to do any more errands for him."

## Dullness of Great Men.

Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher, and Buffon, the naturalist, were singularly deficient in powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friends said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

As to Corneille, the great dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society, so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from the play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warned him.

THE DANGEROUS PET.—An English gentleman had a tame young lion, which seemed to have become a lamb in gentleness, and was a favorite pet in moments of leisure.

One day, falling asleep, his hand hung over the side of his couch. The lion came to his side and commenced licking his hand. Soon the file-like surface of the animal's tongue wore off the cuticle, and brought blood to the surface. The sleeper was disturbed, and moved his hand, when a savage growl startled him from his dreaming half-consciousness, to realize the terrible fact that the pet was a lion after all. With great self-possession, with the other hand he carefully drew from the pillow a revolver, and shot his pet through the head. It was no trivial sacrifice to his feelings, but a moment's delay might have cost him his life.

A striking illustration of the folly and madness of men in their moral experience. A vice which men call harmless, in the face of conscience, reason and history, is creased until it gains the mastery. The pet sin at length eats its way so deeply into the soul that its wages of pain begin to be felt. The victim starts up, resolved to escape; but how seldom has he the will power left—the moral courage to slay the disguised destroyer of his immortality.

The latest "oil story" is that of an old lady in West Virginia, who took the advice of a visitor and poured some petroleum along the streams which watered her farm. The report spread abroad of surface indications on the land, and a brigade of oil hunters came, who bought the land at a fabulous price, the owners agreeing to give the old lady one-eighth of the oil.—The purchasers set up their derrick and put down an auger, and in a short time struck a well which yields one hundred barrels of oil per day.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—Washington visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little girl, to give you trouble." "I wish, sir," she said, "it was to let you in."

A bankrupt was consoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all; it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

## On the Square.

"Do you make calls on New Year's?" "Never," said my friend Tom. "I used to, but I'm cured."

"How so?" said I, anxious to learn his experience.

"Why, you see," said Tom, feelingly, "as I was making calls, some years back, I fell in love with a beautiful girl—that she was. Well, sir, I courted her like a trump, and I thought I had her sure, when she eloped with a tailor—yes, sir, that lovely creature did."

"She showed bad taste," said I, compassionately.

"More than that," remarked Tom, nervously. "Downright inhumanity is the word. I could stand being jilted for a down-town broker, a captain with whiskers, or anything showy, that I could—but to be cut out, like a suit of clothes, by the ninth part of a man—that was brutality. But I swore vengeance—that I did."

"Vengeance?" I nervously inquired.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with earnestness, "and I took it. I patronized the robber of my happiness, and ordered a full suit of clothes, regardless of expense. The tailor laid himself out on the job. I tell you, they were stunning, you may believe it."

"But your vengeance?" said I, promptly.

"I struck that tailor in his most vital point—that I did; I never paid that bill—no, sir, I didn't. But those infernal clothes were the cause of all my future misfortunes, that they were."

"How so?" said I, with a smile of compassion.

"Wearing them, I captivated my present wife. She told me so, and I haven't had a happy day since. But I am bound to be square with that wretched tailor, in the long run. I've left him a legacy, on condition that he marries my widow."

PRECOCIOUS PEITY.—A Michigan lawyer tells the following story: "Several years ago I was practicing law in one of the many beautiful towns in Wisconsin. One very warm day, while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy, the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town six miles, in a blazing sun, for the purpose of procuring a Bible. He had been told, he said, that there was a place where they gave them away to people who had no money; he said he had no money, and said he was very anxious to get one of the books, and asked me to go with him to the place they were kept. Anxious to encourage him in his early piety, I left the brief on which I was and went with him over to the stand of a Presbyterian deacon who had the much coveted books in charge. I introduced him to the deacon, telling him the circumstances. He praised the boy very highly; was delighted to see a young man so early seeking after the truth, etc.; and presented him with the best bound Bible in his collection. Bubby put it in his pocket, and was starting off, when the deacon said:

"Now, my son, that you possess what you desired, I suppose that you feel happy?"

"Well, I do, old hoss; for between you and I, I know where I can trade it for a plaguesy good fiddle!"

THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.—The California editors are a queer set. A sample of their treatment of McKean Buchanan proves it. When announced to visit a certain up-country town, one of 'em spoke of him in this wise:

"The Legitimate Drama.—We are happy to state that the talented American tragedian, McKean Buchanan, supported by a talented stock company, will shortly pay our town a visit, etc."

On the return trip, Mr. Buchanan having failed to "come down" as magnificent as was expected, or having exhibited evident partiality for a rival newspaper, we have:

"Buchanan Buchanan, with his one-horse show, was here a few nights ago, we understand. As usual the attendance was slim. Buchanan is about played out with our intelligent and discriminating community."

THE STATUE OF HERCULES.—Cavaliere Righetti, the fortunate owner of the gigantic statue of Hercules, lately discovered at Rome, has begged the Pope's acceptance of it, and his holiness has been graciously pleased to accept. The magnificence of the gift may be imagined, when only a few days before a Roman nobleman offered two hundred thousand scudi (over forty thousand pounds) for this splendid work of art, and M. Schenzt made even a higher bid for it on behalf of the French government.

"The world repeats itself" is an old saying. When one visits the modern shoddyites and petroleumocracy, one is reminded of the remark made by Plato, who was so struck with the luxury of the citizens of Agriguntum, both in style of their houses and their tables, remarked: "They build as if they were never to die, and eat as if they had not an hour to live."

We returned home on Thursday, says an editor, after a trip of six hundred miles, in about three and a-half days, having, in that time, passed over four states, nine rail-roads, four oxen and a barouche. Any person who has done more in that time, will please forward his address, and the small balance he owes us.

Travellers inform us that in Ceylon the marriage ceremony is performed by tying the couple together by the thumbs.