

# 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, JANUARY 12, 1866.

VOL. X.—NO. 2.

## 100,000 SHELTER TENTS 10,000

Wall and other Large Tents.  
10,000 PIECES

NEW AND OLD CLOTHING.

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BLANKETS!

NEW BLANKETS—HEAVY—\$5 PER PAIR.

NEW SHIRTS & DRAWERS,

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ALSO,

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Men's and Boy's Jackets,

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Shirts, Drawers, Pants,

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100,000 SHELTER TENTS, suitable for shoe-makers, mechanics and housekeepers for different purposes.—These tents are in excellent order, being nearly new.

The Wall or larger Tents are also in excellent order, suitable for wagon-covers, awnings, window cloths and many other purposes.

All persons wishing to purchase any of the above articles are requested to call and examine them.

**FOR SALE LOW,**

Wholesale and Retail.

JOSHUA HORNOR,

Corner Chew and Stirling streets,

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**T. KERR,**

Manufacturer of

**Tin and Sheet Iron Ware,**

Main street, nearly opposite Post office,

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THE subscriber having located in Bel Air, respectfully informs the citizens of Harford county that he will manufacture and keep on hand every variety of

**TIN WARE**

AND

**HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES,**

Of a superior quality, which he will sell on reasonable terms.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING attended to, in the best manner and with dispatch.

FOR FURNACES AND FIRE-PLACES STOVES put up and repaired at short notice.

MILK CANS of superior quality manufactured to order. GIVE ME A CALL!

**T. KERR,**

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**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 newest work, and the newest and most fashionable style of

**BONNETS,**

For the Fall & 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 season line.

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

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Washington street, two doors north of the Railroad, and next door to Nixon's Hotel, HAYNE-DE-GRAVE. sep25

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**STONEBRACKERS**

**Rat, Roach and Mouse**

**EXTERMINATOR!**

WE invite the attention of the public to the above preparation, as being one of the most effectual preparations ever introduced for the destruction of the above vermin. We warrant it a DEAD SHOT FOR RATS! Try it—only 25 cents a box.

For sale by A. H. GREENFIELD, Agt., corner Main street and Port Deposit avenue, Bel Air, Md. sep15-6m

**Stray Sow.**

CAME to the farm of the subscriber, on the first of December, a white SOW, no mark in the ear; a cut on the hind leg. The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away.

**OTHO W. MAGNESS,**

Near Emmorton, Harford Co., Md. dec29-3t

**CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, HAND-7 BILLS, &c.,** neatly printed at this office.

## THE AEGIS AND INTELLIGENCER

IS PUBLISHED

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BY

**A. W. BATEMAN,**

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Business cards of six lines or less, \$5 a year.

No subscription taken for less than a year.

**Poetical.**

**MEMENTO MORI.**

All streaked with shining threads of gray,

I hold within my hands, to day,

A little lock of hair;

Of one who, while we sadly weep,

Is sleeping his long dreamless sleep

Beyond the reach of care.

It cannot be that he is dead—

That rests within its narrow bed

The head from whence this came,

That he is lying in the ground,

And that there is on earth no sound

More empty than his name?

'Tis bitter to believe it so,

It seems so short a time ago

That he was with us here;

We did not think that God would send

So soon a summons to the friend

Who was to us so dear.

Forgotten he will never be,

His voice we hear—his form we see

In each familiar scene;

And in the future's coming years

Will tell a story of friendly tears

To keep his memory green.

And holding in my hands to-day,

This lock of hair all streaked with gray

Of him who is at rest;

Through sighs and tears I truly pray,

That God will at the last great day

Raise him among the blest.

**Miscellaneous.**

For the Aegis and Intelligencer.

**DRESS.**

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich not gaudy,

For the apparel proclaims the man."

Such was the advice given by "Polonius" to his son, when sending "Laertes" forth into a foreign land. Advice, which we all may profit by, in our outward appearance, and our social happiness. No adventitious circumstance has so much influence on mankind, as the mere fact of being well dressed. Take two persons of equal attractions, yet if one be negligent, the other particular in his dress, it needs no seer to predict which of these persons will exercise the greater influence in their respective stations. The reader may start at this reflection, and deny its application to him. A little consideration will, however, convince him of its reasonableness.

Dress has a moral influence. It assists man in that elevation of thought, from which flow refinement of manner and delicacy of language. Look at this unshaven—this specimen of humanity—whose collar is like the shades of "Erebus," he looks coarse, repulsive, and his manners are similar to his looks. Meet this same man again, when his beard is shaven, and his linen spotless; he is another being. His dress don't make him feel mean—so he don't act meanly. His dress is not repulsive—so his manners are not beastly. Dress has renovated the man—has conferred on him the dignity of knowing that he does not appear to the world a mere animal.

But gamblers and cheats often are most particular in their dress. Yes, and they are known to the wise by their dress.—The Cape May diamond may glitter, but connoisseurs can distinguish it from that precious gem which, formed in the depths of the sea, the diver has perilled his life, that it may adorn the human form. So, gamblers are known by their tiesel.—And, pray, what do you call being well dressed? That is the very question I made provision for, when I placed those lines of Shakespeare at the head of this article. In the first place, the length of the purse is the invariable criterion we should take, of the costliness of our dress. No exhibition of costly dress, however tasteful, is pleasant to the beholder, if it suggests the thought, "How could he afford this?"

Every one can dress well, in the sense in which I use the word. Perfect cleanliness, *quietness* in the selection and combining the colors of our dress—these are the two essentials of dressing well, which we all may reach. The sempstress, in her calico and spotless linen collar and cuffs, I call as well dressed a woman as you heiress in her delicate silk and point lace. But reverse the dress—give the sempstress the silk, and the heiress the calico, and the property of dress is overthrown; they are the objects of ridicule and contempt. It is only "fine birds" that become "fine feathers." The man of wealth and leisure is expected to present in his dress the most faultless elegance. He is not *well dressed*, unless he is fashionably dressed. Of the farmer, we only expect clean clothes and clean linen; not that he should look as if he spent every other day, except Sunday, in a pig pen.

The great men of the world, with a few exceptions, were well dressed men. I will merely mention Aristotle, who was a notorious fop. Alexander Pope, in one of his letters, tells us what a neat gentleman he was, and the reason he always dressed in black. He thought it made want of height less conspicuous. Gen. Washington was the perfection of a well dressed man.

All celebrated authors have recognized the effect of dress and have always used it, in painting their heroes and heroines. Mark how one of Maryland's (Ed. Pinkney,) sweetest poet's describes "The Indian's Bride":

"Look on her leafy diadem,  
Enriched with many a floral gem;  
Those simple ornaments about  
Her candid brow, disclose  
The loitering Spring's last violet,  
And Summer's earliest rose;  
But not a flower lies breathing there,  
Sweet as herself, or half so fair."

Now, you will notice that the image thus presented to the view, is that of a woman who knows and uses the appropriate "ornament" of her station to enhance her loveliness. In "Ivanhoe," "Rebecca" is always presented to us, in all the Oriental splendor of dress, except in that scene where she is tried as a sorceress.—We are told the Templars had robbed her in a white coarse gown, which took away from the magnificence of her beauty, though it could not destroy it. Who that has read the closing scene in this greatest of novels—"Rebecca's" visit to "Lady Rowena," when the latter has become the bride of "Ivanhoe," who does not notice, that much of its beauty is owing to the impression Scott gives, of the characteristic beauty of their dress. "Rebecca's" noble form, we are told, was partially concealed by the veil she wore—yet could not hide its superb proportions. When the two raise their veils, and "Lady Rowena" blushes with the consciousness of her own charms, who must not see, that if Scott had not conveyed to us an idea of her queenlike style of dress, we should not have had a true idea of the character of "Rowena?"

All great painters have recognized the influence of dress even on canvas.—"Tintoret" or "Rubens," or "Claude," or "Reynolds," or "Raffaello," would never have become famous, if they had not paid attention to the appropriateness of the costume of their human portraits.—They would have painted a "Queen's" dress different from a beggar's; a shepherd from a nobleman; an apostle's dress would have differed, in their pictures, from an alderman's. And this attention to the dress of the subject of their portraiture, would be founded on their knowledge of the influence of dress.

Let no man, therefore, think it the sign of a weak mind, to notice dress, and to be personally particular about it. It betrays the greatest vanity in a man, to think it does not add to his influence, whether he is dressed well or badly.—True, "we cannot add a perfume to the violet," nor can we conceive a shade of purple more suitable to its delicate beauty. If we considered the loveliness in which God has clothed the flower, "which to-day is, and to-morrow trodden under foot," we cannot but reason from it, that the human form should have the benefit of any decoration that will make it more lovely. Nothing in the pathetic character, which Shakespeare has drawn of Catherine of Aragon, has so moved me, as that direction of the unhappy Queen to her servant—

"When I am dead, good wench,  
Let me be us'd with honor; strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave.  
—lay me forth; although unknown'd yet like  
A queen and daughter of a King, inter me."

It is as true now as when it was first written, that—  
"The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,  
Because we see it; but what we do not see,  
We tread upon, and never think of it."

**OUR NEW PRESIDENT.**—We have had a President Taylor, and now we have a President Lincoln. Little did the present incumbent think, when following the peaceful profession of his youth, that his goose would one day hang so high, and that he, who once aided in dressing up his southern patrons, would one day be called to assist in dressing down the same individuals, and in giving particular fits to so many rebellious customers. The war has come to its close (clothes). The "re-possession" of the southern forts has left enough dead men in the breaches—let all breaches now be mended. Our President's previous life has been but sew, sew; but if he pants for fame, he is vested with sufficient authority to clothe the naked and bleeding South with the garment of woe, so that our peace may not prove to be a patched-up one, but a blessing to all parties. Although not of a character so benign as his predecessor, may conduct his administration with such vigor as to make it appear that there be nine men in the Presidential chair, instead of only the ninth part of one.—*Puck: San Francisco Paper.*

**THE REASON WHY.**—The wedding ring is put upon the "fourth" finger of the woman's left hand, because, it is said, in the original formula of marriage it was placed first on the top of the thumb, with the words:—"In the name of the Father;" then on the next finger, with the words:—"And of the Son;" then on the middle finger, with:—"And of the Holy Ghost;" and finally on the fourth, with the "Amen."

## A Malay Wedding.

As marriages are events which create no small degree of excitement even among those not immediately concerned, so that people of all ages and sexes are seen rushing to their doors and windows to view a wedding cortege as it passes, some readers may possibly feel interested with the description of a Malay wedding at which I happened to be present several years ago.

Feeling rather tired of the somewhat monotonous occupation of walking about and seeing little new at Singapore, I was heartily glad when one day meeting with a friend, he told me that he had been invited to a native wedding and asked me to join him.

Not having witnessed anything of the kind before, not even an English one—for I had entered the navy when very young—I was much pleased with the opportunity thus afforded me of gratifying my curiosity, and therefore gladly accepted the invitation.

Accordingly, at six o'clock in the evening, my friend and I started on our expedition. The bride's house was situated in the country, about two miles from the town. The evening was fine, and a cool breeze had succeeded to the intolerable heat of a tropical mid-day sun. We jogged on quietly together, smoking our cheroots and enjoying the balmy fragrance of the breeze, which brought with it a pleasant odor of tropical flowers and fruits.

My companion, who had been for some years a resident on these islands, gave me a little information respecting the marriage ceremony of the Malays.

"Marriages amongst these people," he said, "are conducted in quite a different manner from those of Europeans. There is no religious service performed, excepting that the bridegroom has to pay to the chief priest a certain sum of money, according to his means, in return for which he receives a written document, which is equivalent to a marriage certificate.—There is neither outward show nor procession of gaily decorated carriages and gaily dressed people. The bride remains at home, where she awaits the appearance of the bridegroom, who in due time is escorted by her house by his friends.

As we approached the house we could hear the sounds of festivity; the native gongs and tambourines were heard intermingling their discordant notes with those of the more civilized violin, on which instrument the Malays are expert performers.

The house was large, built of wood, and erected some few feet above the ground on piles or posts, as is the prevailing fashion with Malay houses.

On entering we were ushered into a spacious and well-lighted room, in which a mixed company had already assembled, consisting of Europeans, Malays, half-castes, and a small sprinkling of Chinese. I was introduced to the host and hostess, and of course apologized for my appearance, I being an uninvited guest; but I was immediately placed at my ease by their assurance of hearty welcome.

I looked round the room for the bride and bridegroom, but none could I see who came up to my imaginary ideas of a happy newly-married couple. I was disappointed at not seeing them, but was soon reassured by the host, who had evidently observed my inquiring glances, and told me that I should be presented to them in due time.

Tables and chairs are articles of luxury not much indulged in by Malays, their favorite mode of resting being to squat down cross legged on mats spread on the floor. A few chairs, however, were there for the accommodation of the half caste ladies of the party, who in their white muslin dresses, disdained the before mentioned primitive mode of repose. On tables there were two or three, spread out with various kinds of fruit and sweetmeats. The Malays and Chinese, staid money making persons, were squatted on the mats, chewing the betel-nut, (without which both Malays and Chinese seem out of their element,) and talking over their different bargains, or quoting the prices of opium, silks, and other articles of trade.

At one end of the room was grouped a knot of the Joghut or dancing-girls of the country, who decked out in tinsel and flowers, were dancing to the sound of the tambourine, which they struck as they danced, at the same time improvising songs in praise of the happy pair.

After the guests had all assembled, tea and cakes were handed round to them.—The bride and bridegroom had, however, not made their appearance, and I began to imagine that some unforeseen event had occurred to prevent their appearing.—After a short time, however, I observed that several of the guests had been taken, two at a time, out of the room by the host and hostess, and shortly afterwards returned. At last the host approached me, and speaking in the Malay language, said that he would now introduce me to the hero and heroine of the day; and accordingly I followed him through a side-door into a long narrow room.

Along the whole length of this room were spread mats of various gay colors on which were laid out every description of edible, including even basins of rice, as also the presents brought by the guests, and friends of the bride, and along the whole length of the matting, on both sides, were arranged tall candles.

At the upper end of the room, and at the head of this well-spread banqueting-ground were seated, or rather squatted, side by side, the bride and bridegroom,

not looking particularly happy, but, on the contrary, very wretched, tired, and leery. They were dressed in colored silks, profusely decked with gold and jewels, their hair adorned with jessamine blossoms, and their faces daubed over with white powder, which gave to them a hideous and ghastly appearance. They bowed lightly in acknowledgment of the introduction, but did not speak. They were very young, the bride being not more than fourteen, and the bridegroom about fourteen; but it is usual in those climates to marry at an early period. In Borneo proper I have known girls to marry at twelve; and even the half-caste ladies marry at fourteen; consequently they looked old when a little over twenty years of age.

But to return to my story. I inquired of my host why the very unhappy looking pair did not join in the festivities given in honor of themselves. He replied that it was contrary to their custom; that they had sit there for three days and nights and, moreover, that they were not allowed to speak to each other; that after they had gone through that ordeal, and not until then, they were considered married.—No wonder they looked weary and doleful!

We shortly afterwards returned to the festive hall, where I found the European portion of the company were endeavoring to get up some dances—not a very seemly mode of exhibiting superior civilization! Some had no little difficulty at first in securing partners—for the fair, or I should say the dark beauties, were either very shy, or assumed a stiff, dignified and rather stand-offish demeanor when requested the pleasure of dancing with them, being naturally unwilling to dance with strangers. At last, partners being secured, to the scraping of a violin, which sounded villainously out of tune, they commenced their performances, greatly to the amusement of the beholders. They had not danced long, however, before it appeared that the flooring (whatever it was made of) was giving way under their feet, and before they could make good their retreat it broke through, and but for the matting which was spread over it, they would have been precipitated into the mud, and have disturbed the ducks and fowls from their midnight slumbers, the under part of Malay houses always furnishing an abode for domestic feathered tribe. The plunge and mud-bath were averted by the company hastily removing to the other end of the room.

As the festivities proceeded, the fine night had changed to a wet morning, and the rain was pouring down in torrents.—As no carriages of any sort could be procured at such a distance from the town, this was rather an awkward predicament for those who had a long distance to walk, more especially for the female portion of the company, who in their light and airy garments, were far from being able to resist the encroachments of the rain. They did not seem to mind it, however; for I could hear peals of merry laughter mingling on the silent air as the several parties dispersed in different directions.

**The Emperor Constantine.**

Handsome, tall, stout, broad-shouldered, he was a high specimen of one of the coarse military chiefs of the declining empire. When Eusebius first saw him, as a young man, on a journey through Palestine, before his accession, all were struck by the sturdy health and vigor of his frame; and Eusebius perpetually recurs to it, and maintains that it lasted to the end of his life. In his latter days, his red complexion and somewhat bloated appearance gave countenance to the belief that he had been affected with leprosy. His eye was remarkable for a brightness, almost a glare, which reminded his courtiers of that of a lion. He had a contemptuous habit of throwing back his head which, by bringing out the full proportions of his thick neck, procured for him the nickname of Trachala.

His voice was remarkable for its gentleness and softness. In dress and outward demeanor the military commander was almost lost in the vanity and affectation of Oriental splendor. The spear of the soldier was almost always in his hand, and on head he almost always wore a small helmet. But the helmet was studded with jewels, and it was bound round with the Oriental diadem, which he, first of the emperors, made a practice of wearing on all occasions.

His robe was remarkable for its unusual magnificence. It was always of the imperial purple or scarlet, and was made of silk richly embroidered with pearls and flowers worked in gold. He was especially devoted to the care of his hair, ultimately adopting wigs of false hair of various colors, and in such profusion as to make a marked feature on his countenance. First of the emperors since Hadrian, he wore a short beard.

He was not a great man, but he was by no means an ordinary man. Calculating and shrewd as he was, yet his worldly views were penetrated by a view of religious sentiment, almost of Oriental superstition. He had a view of his difficult position as the ruler of a divided empire and divided church. He had a short, dry humor, which stamps his sayings with an unmistakable authenticity, and gives an insight into the cynical contempt of mankind, which he is said to have combined, by a curious yet not uncommon union, with an inordinate love of praise. He had a presence of mind which is never thrown off its guard. He had the capacity of throwing himself, with almost fa-

national energy, in whatever cause came before him for the moment. One instance, at least, he showed of consummate foresight and genius.

We have seen from his dress, and we see also from his language, that he was not without the wretched affectation which disgraced the demeanor of the later Emperors. Against one great old Roman vice, that of voracious gluttony, he struggled, but struggled in vain. The Christian accounts all speak of his continence. Julian alone insinuates the contrary. It was only as despotic power and Eastern manners made inroads into the original self-control of his character, that he was betrayed into that disregard of human life in his nearest and dearest relationships, which, from the same causes, darkened the declining years of the Grecian Alexander and the English Henry.

**The "Bernier's Street Hoax."**

The maddest of Theodore Hook's tricks was that known as the "Bernier's Street Hoax," which happened in 1809, as follows:

Walking down Bernier's street one day Hook's companion (probably Mathews) called his attention to a particularly neat modest house—the residence—as was inferred from the door plate—of some decent shopkeeper's widow. "I'll lay you a guinea," said Theodore, "that in a week that pleasant, peaceable dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken, and in the course of four or five days, Hook had written and posted one thousand letters, annexing orders to tradesmen of every sort within the bills of mortality, all to be executed in one particular day, and nearly as possible at one fixed hour.

From "wagons of coals and potatoes, to books, prints, ices, feathers, jellies and cranberry tarts," nothing in any way available to any human being but was commanded from scores of rival dealers, scattered all over the city, from Wapping to Lambeth, from Whitechapel to Paddington. It can only be feebly imagined what the crash and jam and tumult of that day was. Hook had provided himself with a lodging nearly opposite the fated house, where, with a couple of trusty allies, he watched the progress of the melodrama. The Mayor and his chaplain arrived—invited there to take the death-bed confession of a speculating common-councilman. There also came the Governor of the Bank, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Lord Chief Justice and the Prime Minister—above all there came his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his royal highness the Commander-in-Chief. These all obey the summons, for every pious and patriotic feeling had been most movingly appealed to.

They could not reach Bernier's street, however,—the avenues leading to it being jammed up by the drays, carts and carriages, all pressing on to the solitary widow's house; but certainly the Duke of York's military punctuality and criminal livery brought him to the point of attack before the poor woman's astonishment had risen to terror and despair.—Most fierce were the growlings of doctores and surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours.

Attorneys, teachers of every kind, male and female, hair-dressers, tailors, popular preachers, Parliamentary Philanthropists had been all alike victimized. There was an awful smashing of glass, china, harpsichords, coach panels. Many a horse fell never to rise again. Beer-barrels and wine-barrels were overturned and exhausted with impunity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It was a great day for pick-pockets, and a great godsend to the newspapers.

Then arose many a fervent hue and cry for the detection of the wholesale deceiver and destroyer. Though in Hook's own theatrical world he was instantly suspected no sign escaped either him or his confidants. He found it convenient to be laid up a week or two by a severe fit of illness, and then promoted reconvalescence by a few weeks tour. He re-visited Oxford, and professed an intention of commencing his residence there. But the storm blew over, and Hook returned with tranquility to the green-room.

**THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.**—A New England officer, who had been wounded and was dying, sent for an embalmer and enquired what he would charge to embalm and encoffin his remains. "Ninety dollars is the charge for officers." "Can't you take eighty?" "Can't deduct a dollar." "Take eighty five then?" "No." But finally a bargain was struck at eighty seven and a half, the embalmer promising the officer that his body should be sent up by the next morning's boat. And it was sent up—so says a responsible voucher for the truth of this last, last bargain.

It is said that George III. used to confuse his royal intellect very much in trying to solve the difficult problem of the apple darning. He was at a loss to know how the apple got inside of the darning, and to his dying day never arranged the thing completely to his satisfaction.

"What ugly, carrot-headed little brat is that, madam? Do you know his name?" "Why—yes—that is my youngest son!" "You don't say so—indeed! why, what a dear, sweet little dove-eyed cherub he is, to be sure!"