

THE SOUTHERN ÆGIS,

AND

HARFORD COUNTY INTELLIGENCER.

Devoted to the News of the Day, Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General Information.

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

\$1 PER ANNUM.

BEL AIR, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1862.

VOL. VI.—NO. 15.

THE SOUTHERN ÆGIS
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
A. W. BATEMAN,
AT
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE, OTHERWISE
One Dollar and Fifty Cents,
Will be charged.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square, (twelve lines or less,) three insertions, \$1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cts.
One square three months \$3.00; Six months \$5.00; Twelve months \$8.00.
Business cards of six lines or less, \$5 a year.
No subscription taken for less than a year.

Poetical.

For the Southern Ægis.

I Love Sweet Summer Best.

BY LAURA A. M.

O, welcome thy bright beams sweet spring time,
Thy soft, radiant rays I adore;
O, how I have longed for thy coming,
To view thy green landscapes once more.

Adieu to the cold, cheerless winter,
And yet you seem loth to depart,
I have marked how you longed to linger,
To chill all and each to the heart.

I love thy bright sunbeams, sweet summer,
I love to inhale thy cool breeze;
It is pleasant to watch the bright song-birds,
And hear their sweet songs in the trees.

Last summer, when flowers were blooming,
I thought it a heaven of bliss,
But the frost came only to chill them—
Ah me! what a cold world is this!

It seemed to me summer had faded,
And then with a tear and a sigh,
The sad autumn breeze seemed to whisper—
Bid it for a season good-bye.

Ah me! how I long for the season
When roses will bloom once again,
When violets will sparkle with dew-drops,
And verdure wave over the plain.

Yes, the flowers will bloom, but they wither
Before autumn's cold chilling breath;
They remind me of mortals when passing
Through the dark valley of death.

I hope when my life here is ended,
When summer can cheer me no more,
That angels will beckon me onward,
On to a heavenly shore—

To a region with winter not blended,
Where summer can ne'er take its flight,
To a heaven celestial ever,
How I long to be there to-night!

PLUMBERY, Harford Co., March 17th.

For the Southern Ægis.

TO H. J. W.

Dost thou think because I love thee
That I'll brook thy every frown?
And thy slights I'll pass unheeded,
And in silence lay them down?
No, ah! no; for hearts that love best
Are the first to feel the dart,
That may pierce and ever leave
A pang within the heart.

Dost thou think because I love thee
Thou canst have with me no fault?
Believe it not, for love will quickest
Pierce within the hidden vault.
Yes, I love thee, fondly, truly,
And for aye will ever do;
Yet thy smile can make me gladdest
When thine actions smildest too.

M. A. H.

Miscellaneous.

The Letter R, or Mary and Marry.

"I am surprised at you, Jane," said the Widow Allen to her daughter, near the close of a pleasant summer afternoon; "I thought you had more sense. I can't imagine what possible objection you can have to Squire Jones? Isn't he respectable?"

Pretty Jenny Allen raised her soft blue eyes timidly to her mother's face.

"Yes, mamma," she said, hesitatingly. "And kind-hearted?"

"Yes."

"And don't he love you? And isn't he the richest man in town?"

"I know all that, mamma, but—"

"But what?" said the widow, impatiently. "If you have a tongue in your head, do pray use it! Rich, kind-hearted and respectable, what more can you ask in a husband?"

"But then he is so old, mamma, he is more than twice my age."

"And twice as sensible, I'll be bound! Is that your only reason for refusing an offer in every other respect unexceptionable?"

"No, mamma, I have a better reason," said Jenny in a low voice, and blushing deeply; "I do not love him."

"How ridiculous! When you have reached my age, you will find out that marriage and love have very little to do with each other. I am really out of all manner of patience with you, Jane. I can't conceive where you got such strange notions; not from me, that's certain.—There is no earthly reason why you should not love him. I only wonder why a man like Squire Jones can think of marrying a silly young thing like you, when he can have so many other ladies for the asking."

Jenny drew her needle through her work with so much energy as to snap the thread, while quite a perceptible pout curved her rosy mouth.

"I wonder too, mamma," she said; "I am sure that it would look a great deal more sensible in him to choose a wife somewhere near his own age. You, for instance."

The buxom widow cast a complacent glance in the mirror opposite, which afforded a glimpse of her well preserved beauty. But she said, with a becoming show of indignation, "I wonder at you, Jenny, for suggesting such an idea. Not but we both might do worse, but no one can take the place of your poor dear father to me."

"I don't know why, mamma," responded Jenny, a little mischievously, perceiving her advantage; "it seems that Squire Jones finds no difficulty in selecting some one to fill the place of his companion, who has been in her grave scarcely a twelvemonth."

As Jenny said this, a well known step upon the gravelled walk sent the warm blood to her cheeks; and presently a tall, manly form darkened the open door, and a pleasant, deep-toned voice said, "Good evening, Mrs. Allen. Good evening, Miss Jenny."

As the Widow Allen saw the unmistakable look of love and admiration in Mr. Frederick Sedley's eyes, as they rested upon her daughter, and the half-sly, half-pleased expression in Jenny's, as she raised them for a moment to his face, a new light seemed to break in upon her mind. "Ah," she said to herself, "so that is your objection to Squire Jones, is it? I'll see if I can't remove it."

If these suspicions were correct, and that was the reason, no one could look on that frank, intelligent countenance and not feel that it was at least a sensible one; and the Widow Allen's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

The next morning she was confirmed in her suspicions by a call from Mr. Sedley, who requested a private interview. Mrs. Allen led the way to the parlor, and awaited in solemn silence the errand upon which she well knew he came. As she conjectured, it was to obtain her consent to his marriage with her daughter Jenny.

As she heard it, the widow's countenance wore as austere and forbidding an expression as her round and rosy face could very well assume. Knitting her brows, she gave him what novel writers term a "withering look," which according to that authority ought to have annihilated him.

"Are you aware, young man," said the widow loftily, "that my late husband left his daughter to my sole guardianship, with the express provision that she was to marry no one without my approval?"

"Certainly, madam," returned Mr. Sedley, with unfringed composure. "But I hope to obtain that approval."

"You are very presumptuous, then, let me tell you," said Mrs. Allen, indignant at what she deemed the want of apprehension, "and the best advice I can give you, is that you look out for a wife somewhere nearer your own station in life." (Mrs. Allen was the widow of a retired dealer, who commenced life as an errand boy for the house in which he afterwards became partner.)

It cannot be denied but what our hero looked decidedly abashed at this decided rebuff. But determined not to "give it up so," he said, "I assure you, Mrs. Allen, that my salary though not large is amply sufficient to surround my wife with every comfort, and there is a fair prospect of its being increased. I have spoken to your daughter, and she referred me to you. I have been so fortunate as to win her affections, and—"

"Affections? Fiddlestick's end!" interrupted the widow, in a tone of supreme contempt. "I have the honor to wish you a very good morning." As Mrs. Allen said this, she arose and swept out of the room with as she imagined the dignity of a duchess.

"What is the matter, Fred?" said Harry Gray to his friend Sedley, the following evening, as the latter crushed in his hand, with an ejaculation of impatience, a note that he had just been reading. "What on earth makes you look so blue?"

"Matter enough," responded Fred, ruefully. "This morning the Widow Allen refused her consent to my marriage with Jenny, and now here is a note from her ladyship, politely requesting me to abstain from visiting Ashburne Cottage. The fact is, she is determined to marry poor Jenny to Squire Jones, who is old enough to be her father. She never appeared to have any objection to my visits until he commenced going there. I wish, in the name of common sense, that he would take the mother and leave me the daughter."

"Very likely he had some choice in the matter as well as yourself," said Harry, drily, "but let us see what this precious missive says. According to Shakespeare, 'the course of true love never did run smooth,'" he added, as he ran his eyes carelessly over its contents. As he reached its concluding line, he burst into a laugh. "I don't see how you can ask more than this," he exclaimed; "here you have not only her consent but her command down in black and white."

"What do you mean, Harry," said Fred, getting up and looking over his shoulder. Harry pointed to the signature. Fred looked at it a moment as if puzzled, and then he brought his hand down heavily upon the table. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "She shan't complain of me upon that score."

We will explain the meaning of these words anon, or rather let the story explain itself.

"Dear me!" said the Widow Allen, the next day, as she looked out of the window, "if there isn't Squire Jones coming up the lane. I shouldn't wonder if he was coming here. Where is Jenny? Kitty?" she said, addressing the maid servant, "do you know where Miss Jenny is?"

"She is gone out to take a walk, mum. She told me if you inquired for her to tell you she'd be back in the course of an hour."

By this time Squire Jones was at the door. The widow received him with her sweetest smiles, and when she chose, she could smile so very sweetly. Squire Jones looked rather nonplussed when he found that Jenny was out, for it happened a number of times of late, but finally concluded to accept Mrs. Allen's invitation to take a seat and wait for her return.

Squire Jones could not have been far from fifty, but his simple and temperate habits, together with a naturally cheerful and placid disposition, made him look considerably younger. He was not, it is true, exactly the *beau ideal* of a young girl's heart; still he was a fine, portly looking man, and the Widow Allen evidently thought so. And as the Squire leaned back in the easy chair that the widow had placed for him near the open window, and looked at the plump, tidy figure that sat opposite him, with her hair banded smoothly across the forehead that looked as fair and placid as in the days of her childhood, he could not help thinking that the widow was still a pretty looking woman, and that her late husband must have been a very happy man.

"The last time I saw your daughter, Mrs. Allen, I ventured to introduce the subject which I mentioned the other day, but I am sorry to say that she did not give it the attention that its importance demands. Indeed, if I may judge from her appearance, she seemed to consider it in the light of a joke."

The widow looked annoyed, for she had set her heart upon Jenny's being the mistress of the new and beautiful mansion that the Squire had just erected.

"Jenny is but a foolish child," she said hastily, "and knows no more what is for her true interest than a baby! After I have talked with her, she will view your proposal in a very different light."

What this conversation would have led to, it is impossible to say, for just at this moment Mrs. Allen, happening to glance out of the window, uttered an ejaculation of surprise and anger. Squire Jones, following the direction of her eyes, looked out too, but discovered nothing very alarming, merely a young and very handsome looking couple coming slowly up the garden walk. It was Fred and Jenny.

"What assurance!" exclaimed his companion, the very bows upon her cap assuming a defiant air.

Squire Jones, seeing Mrs. Allen look so indignant, did so too, though he hardly knew what for.

"I have forbidden him to come to the house!" said the widow, rising from her seat with a solemn air.

"Ah, indeed!" returned the Squire, quite mystified, but shaking his head and assuming a very wise and grave look.

As the reader will readily conclude, they did not extend a very warm welcome to the young man as he entered the door. But seemingly unconscious of this, he bowed affably to Mrs. Allen, and addressed the Squire with a polite—

"Good evening, sir."

"I trust that I am not intruding," he added, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, as the widow made no reply, but stood regarding him with no very amiable aspect.

"As I observed you, while walking up the lane, I judged you to be having some very interesting conversation."

"Indeed but you are, then as you very well know," retorted the Widow Allen, indignant at what she inwardly termed "his impudence." "Didn't you receive a letter from me yesterday?"

"Certainly, madam, and I assure you that I have lost no time in obeying your command."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Mrs. Allen, still more angrily; "but if you call this a joke, let me tell you that it is a very poor one. Didn't I, in that letter, request you to abstain from visiting at my house! Answer me that!"

"I believe there was something of the sort in the fore-part of the letter, and if you will insist upon it, I will never call here again. But I had hoped, as your *son-in-law*, to have met with a kinder reception."

"My son-in-law?" almost screamed the widow. "You don't mean to say that you've gone and married my daughter?"

"I mean to say, madam," replied Fred, quietly, "that I have done as you request me to do in that letter, which amounts to the same thing."

"I said nothing in my letter about your marrying Jenny," quoth Mrs. Allen, in amazement. "If I did, I will—"

"You will forgive us, dear mamma," said Jenny, softly, drawing nearer, and turning her tearful eyes to her mother's face.

"I shall, of course, have nothing to forgive," said her mother, a little more calmly. "But I know that I wrote nothing of the sort."

"This is the letter, I believe," said Fred, taking it out of his pocket and handing it to her.

The widow took it and read it over carefully.

"Yes," she said, this is my letter, certainly; "but be good enough to point out where I give either command or consent to your marriage with my daughter."

Fred laid his fore-finger upon the concluding line.

Now Mrs. Allen's name was Mary—Mary Jane Allen—and she had inadvertently in signing the letter, written the first name with two r's, which the reader will perceive gives it quite another meaning.

The good lady looked at it for a moment, and then colored, and bit her lips with vexation.

"Very good!" she stammered; "but you must have known—you could not but see that it was simply a mistake."

"My dear madam," said Fred, blandly, "how could I for one moment suppose that a lady of your acquirements would make such a mistake as that?"

The widow looked slightly mollified at this reply; but how the battle would have turned out is doubtful, had not Squire Jones, moved with pity at the evident distress upon Jenny's countenance, stepped forward and said:

"You must not be too hard with the young folks, Mrs. Allen; especially as what is done can't be undone. We were once young ourselves, you know. And not so old now but what—"

Here he added something in an undertone, so low as to be inaudible to the rest of the party. What it was we are unable to say, but it could not have been anything very displeasing, for the widow blushed and looked very smiling.

Then turning to the young couple, she said, vainly endeavoring to assume a gravity befitting the occasion—

"Well, as Squire Jones is so good as to intercede for you, which is far more than you deserve, I will say nothing more about it; though I must consider it to be a most unlooked for and singular proceeding."

However that might be, quite as singular one occurred not many weeks after, and quite as agreeable to the parties con-

cerned, which resulted in the widow's (now a widow no longer) abdicating Ashburne Cottage in favor of her son-in-law, and being duly installed mistress of the Squire's new house.

The Best Sewing Machines.

The following from *Punch* contains an admirable description of an old-fashioned but invaluable sewing machine:

The very best sewing machine a man can have, is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, will go uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming, or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, make pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same.—If it does get out of order a little from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course, sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends, in a vast measure, upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a wife—one, for instance that sings while working, and seems never to be so happy as when her husband's linen is in hand—the sewing machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no makeshift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing machines in the house!

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.—'Twas a fearful night; the storm king, out of humor, let loose the howling wind and pelting rain, and clothed the earth with a pall of darkness as dense and impenetrable as an Egyptian sepulchre. All instinctive life was hushed, save the tempest bird, whose shrill screams mingled with the crasling blast, and made it more terrible in its mighty frenzy.

'Twas dark as midnight; the trees, moaning and sighing piteously, were rudely tossed about, and ever and anon huge masses of mutilated timber fell to the ground. Before an open window stood a beautiful girl; her glossy ringlets waved like streamers in the passing wind; her exquisite form, which bore the impress of nobleness innate, was splendidly erect, and her flashing eyes, full of excited lustre, shone brighter still through the impenetrable darkness. Proudly, she stood there, defying the tempest and its wrath. See her rosy lips separate, like the leaflet of the morning rose, and with one tremendous effort she screams out at the top of her voice—

"Jim, if you don't let go that pig's tail, mam will thrash you like thunder!"

HOW TO FORGIVE A RIVAL.—Resolve that you will love and wish well to the man who has failed. Go to him and get acquainted with him; if you and he are both true men you will not find it difficult to like him. It is perhaps asking too much of human nature to ask you to do all this in the case of the man who has carried off the woman you loved; but as regards anything else, do it all. Go to your successful rival, and heartily congratulate him; say frankly, you wish it had been you; it will do great good to him and to yourself. Let it not be that envy, that fast growing fiend, shall be suffered in your heart for one minute.—*Boyd.*

FILING SAWS.—"Hello, Sam—so you have got to work again?" said a wagging friend of ours, as he entered the shop of an acquaintance.

"No, Jim—nary job yet!" replied Sam.

"Then what are you doing filing saws?"

"Filing saws, Jim? Why I haint been filing anything."

"What were you doing a minute ago as I came in?"

"Nothing—only sitting here and singing."

"Singing? were you singing?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that's it, then!" replied Jim, with an innocent air; "I thought you were filing a saw."

"Very good, but rather too pointed," said the fish said when it swallowed the bait.