

# Saint Martin

&c.

VOL. XVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1880.

NO. 24

Children's suits and boys' suits and overalls. Our Lanes and Howard St. Hosiery Dress Suits, \$1.00 to \$2.00. In an entirely new and improved style. Call on us to select from. Fit guaranteed.

**W. O. CHAS.**

280 W. PRATT ST.  
55 HANOVER ST.

N. B.—We now occupy the new building on the corner of Pratt and Hanover.

**The Voyage.**

"Friend, why goest thou forth  
When the wind blows from the north,  
And the ice-bills crash together?"

The work that we do  
Is not for the world's sake,  
Nor for the world's sake,  
Nor for the world's sake.

"But, friend, the light is black,  
Behold the driving wind,  
And wild seas under!"

My straight and narrow bark  
Fears not the driving wind,  
Nor storms nor thunder."

"But oh, thy children dear!  
Thy wife—who is not here?  
Let me go bring thee home."

No—'tis too late!  
Hush—hush! I may not wait,  
Nor weep, nor linger."

"Hark! Who is it that knocks  
With slow and dreadful shocks,  
The very walls to ever!"

"It is my master's will!  
I go, where'er he will!  
Farewell, farewell!"

sought by almost every soldier. I expected it was true, but I feared war would soon be declared between the States, in which even I preferred to be in a situation to act with entire freedom. He acceded to my request; before the expiration of my leave of absence hostilities were inaugurated, and my resignation was tendered to the United States government.

"Shortly before the accession of the Southern States, I returned to Camp Wood, and although still on leave, accompanied the regiment to Indianola, where I bade my comrades a reluctant farewell. Kentucky being the land of my nativity, I deemed it right I should visit my friends and relatives there. But Kentucky remained 'neutral,' and Hood decided to enter the Confederate service from Texas, a State whose magnificent resources had once inspired him with a resolve to quit the army and make Texas his home for life. So Hood went to Richmond and reported to Lee, then a Confederate major-general. Hood writes of Lee: "His office was in the third or fourth story of, I think, the Mechanics' Institute, and he had around him, it seemed to me, every cobbler in Richmond, giving them instructions as to the manner of making cartridge boxes, haversacks, bayonet scabbards, etc. He was studiously applying his great mind to this apparently trivial, but most important work. The Confederacy was destitute of such equipments at that hour, and it may be safely asserted that his labor in this regard and in the organization of our troops was the source, in a great measure, of the success of our arms, in the engagements which soon followed."

All Gettysburg Gen. Hood was wounded, and, on the retreat, he occupied the command of the army. Hood's book is a portion of his book Gen. Hood devoted to a reply to the attack upon him made by Gen. Johnston, in his "Narrative." Hood summarizes in a few words the plan of the campaign, the failure of which led to trouble between him and Johnston. "The war department had long been active that an offensive campaign in Tennessee and Kentucky be initiated in the early spring of 1862, and my proposition to Gen. Johnston to force him with Polk's army to the Mississippi, and to the Gulf of Mexico, was previously laid down. In dressing-gown and slippers, he came to my room, and we had a long conversation. He was in a very good humor, and he took his cup of coffee and a cigar. He writes rapidly and in a clear, firm hand until nine. Then he reads his official letters and finishes his military toilette. At eleven he hears his adjutant's daily reports and takes his simple luncheon. The rest of the afternoon is occupied with work in his study, official military duties, and a walk, after which he dines. His favorite wine at dinner is Moselle. After his meal he takes coffee and a cigar in his study, where the members of his family or friends generally find him ready to engage in a cheerful conversation on the topics of the day. From five to seven o'clock in the evening, however, the field-marshal is again at his books and papers, writing letters and finishing up his official work of the day. Between seven and eight o'clock he looks at the evening papers, and at 8 p. m. tea is served in the family circle after which Count Moltke is very fond of joining in a rubber at whist. Then, toward the close of the evening, there is a little music, and at ten o'clock p. m. the field marshal retires to rest, to rise again at half-past six for a similar day's work on the morning. During the summer months Count Moltke spends most of his time on his estate at Kreisau, near Schwednitz, in Silesia. In the park there is the tomb of his wife, to whom he was greatly attached."

another, down into the very heart of the Confederacy.

The book is written in a soldierly and often picturesque style, and will make an important addition to the literature of the civil war.

**FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.**

Field-marshal von Moltke, the hero of the Franco-Prussian war, is interested in the household affairs being managed by his wife's death by his sister-in-law. In dressing-gown and slippers, he came to my room, and we had a long conversation. He was in a very good humor, and he took his cup of coffee and a cigar. He writes rapidly and in a clear, firm hand until nine. Then he reads his official letters and finishes his military toilette. At eleven he hears his adjutant's daily reports and takes his simple luncheon. The rest of the afternoon is occupied with work in his study, official military duties, and a walk, after which he dines. His favorite wine at dinner is Moselle. After his meal he takes coffee and a cigar in his study, where the members of his family or friends generally find him ready to engage in a cheerful conversation on the topics of the day. From five to seven o'clock in the evening, however, the field-marshal is again at his books and papers, writing letters and finishing up his official work of the day. Between seven and eight o'clock he looks at the evening papers, and at 8 p. m. tea is served in the family circle after which Count Moltke is very fond of joining in a rubber at whist. Then, toward the close of the evening, there is a little music, and at ten o'clock p. m. the field marshal retires to rest, to rise again at half-past six for a similar day's work on the morning. During the summer months Count Moltke spends most of his time on his estate at Kreisau, near Schwednitz, in Silesia. In the park there is the tomb of his wife, to whom he was greatly attached."

**The Reminiscence of Harrison.**

It is customary to ascribe the nomination of General Harrison, says Charles Congdon in his reminiscences, to the tact and foresight of Richard Haughton, the editor of the Boston *Atlas*, and to the vigorous way in which his plans were supported in that newspaper by Richard Hildreth. It is curious that the cherished aspirations of Mr. Webster should have been thus blighted in the house of his friends. But Mr. Haughton was a man, as he has been described to me, of remarkable energy of character; and moreover he was not a Boston man, for he had received his education in New York. He was a writer, but he had the faculty of getting and of keeping about him clever men. The strong articles, in which Mr. Webster was thrust aside as a candidate, and General Harrison put prominently in his place, were mainly written by Mr. Hildreth, but undoubtedly they were inspired by him. He did what I think few editors would think necessary to do now, he took a proof-sheet of the first article in which he indicated the course which he intended to pursue to Mr. Webster himself. There was a stormy interview, of which I have heard several versions, but I shall follow the traditions current in the *Atlas* office when I was one of the editors of that newspaper. When Mr. Webster had read the article his rage was boundless, and I have heard it intimated that he ordered Mr. Haughton out of his house, a command which he had said what he had come to say. He waited until Mr. Webster had grown calmer. He then set forth the political situation with great plainness of speech. "You cannot be President," he said; "but you can have an office quite as important and honorable as you can be Secretary of State. This article is to be published to-morrow morning. You know how it will irritate your friends in Boston. I do not ask you to say to them that you approve of it, nor that you disapprove of it. I merely ask you to say nothing." Mr. Webster was finally persuaded that this course would be at least the most dignified. So when the *Atlas* appeared on that vented day, great was the commotion in State street, down which Mr. Webster walked with more than his usual stately dignity. Out rushed respectability from many doors. "Mr. Webster, have you seen the *Atlas*?" cried one. "Have you read that shameful article?" asked another. People who saw the scene have told me that Mr. Webster's bearing under this fire of questions was magnificent. "I have not seen the article," he said, "nor do I care to see it. I suppose that the editor of the newspaper expresses his opinions, as he has a right to do." This was precisely what Mr. Haughton wished Mr. Webster to say. The great man who was also a great orator had taken himself out of the way; and I do not suppose that the editor of the *Atlas* would at that moment have given anybody sixpence to insure the nomination of General Harrison—perhaps not a shilling to secure his election. Mr. Webster swallowed this indignity, as he did others, when recent would have got him too much, and made more than one speech during the campaign, though none of them were particularly good ones.

**A MESMERIST'S JOKE.**—Several well-known citizens were talking together yesterday in the billiard room of the United States Hotel, when Carpenter, the mesmerist, came in to see if the bill-poster had left any of his programmes. Two or three gentlemen began to poke fun at the professor, and intimated that there was some trickery in his performance.

Finally the mesmerist operator got upon his dignity, and offered to give a free exhibition, then and there, of his skill. He said he would so place one of the party, when under his influence, that when he (Carpenter) had caused the subject to grasp his own nose, he could not leave the room without being accepted, and one of the party, a gentleman from Windsor, gave himself up to the influence of the mesmerist, who placed him by the side of an iron post or pillar, told him to close his eyes, and made a few passes over his face.

He then took the gentleman's arm, brought it around the post, and put his nose between his fingers. A few more passes, and Carpenter said, "Now, sir, you cannot leave the room without taking your fingers off your nose." The victim opened his eyes and at once saw the point, not of his nose, but of the joke—for he was obliged to let go the hold of his nasal appendage in order to let go his embrace of the iron post.

## Regulations for Lent.

Archbishop Gibbons has issued the following regulations for the observance of Lent, which begins on Ash Wednesday, February 11:

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the fast of Lent.
2. They are to make only one meal a day, excepting Sundays.
3. The meal allowed on fast days is not to be taken till about noon.
4. Flesh meat and fish are not to be used at the same meal during Lent.
5. A small refreshment, commonly called collation, is allowed in the evening, not to exceed the fourth part of a meal.
6. It is permitted to use bread, butter, cheese, eggs, milk, all kinds of fruits, salads, vegetables and fish at the collation.
7. General usage has made it lawful to take in the morning some warm liquid, as tea, coffee or thin chocolate made with water, and a mouthful of brandy.
8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of hog's lard, instead of butter, in preparing permitted food.
9. The following persons are exempted from the obligations of fasting:—Persons under twenty-one years of age, the sick, nursing women, those who are obliged to do hard labor, all who through weakness, cannot fast without great prejudice to their health.
10. By dispensation the use of flesh meat will be allowed at all meals on Sundays, and once a day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, with the exception of Holy Thursday and the second and last Saturdays of Lent.
11. The faithful are reminded that, besides the obligation of fasting imposed by the Church, this holy season of Lent should be, in an especial manner, a time of earnest prayer, of sorrow for sin, of seclusion from the world and its amusements, and of generous almsgiving.
12. The Paschal time extends from the first Sunday of Lent till Trinity Sunday, during which time all Catholics who have attained the use of reason are bound to prepare themselves to receive worthily the Holy Communion. The holy season of Lent is a very proper time, also, for children to go to their first Confession, which they ought to do generally when about seven years of age. Parents should see to this.

## ADVANCE AND RETREAT.

The military autobiography of Lieutenant Gen. J. B. Hood of the Confederate service is soon to be published at New Orleans, under the editorial supervision of General Beauregard. The book will take its place among the authoritative annals of the war, a class embracing such books as Sherman's "Memoirs" and Joseph Johnston's "Narrative." Gen. Hood's book, upon which he labored for five years prior to his death, will be entitled "Advance and Retreat," and is to be published for the benefit of the "Hood Orphan Memorial Fund." The following brief and necessarily imperfect synopsis of the book is made up from advance sheets.

At the age of 17, young Hood received an appointment as cadet at West Point through a maternal uncle, then a member of Congress. Hood's father was a physician and desired that his son should study his profession, but the martial instincts inherited from revolutionary ancestors impelled him to a soldier's career. He entered the military academy in 1849 and he graduated in the class of Sheridan, McPherson and Schofield in 1853, when he was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth infantry, stationed in California. The quartermaster of the regiment was none other than Captain Ulysses S. Grant.

The cost of living in California was excessive, and Hood and his brother officers were compelled to replenish their larder by hunting and fishing. He also joined with Lieut. George Crook (now a full-fledged brigadier general and famous as an Indian fighter) in raising wheat. The crop was abundant, and netted Hood \$1000 in gold. In 1855 Hood was made a full second lieutenant in the Second cavalry, a newly organized regiment. The colonel was Albert Sidney Johnston, the lieutenant-colonel Robert E. Lee, and the majors George B. Thomas and W. E. Hardee (the tactician.) At Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, the rendezvous of the regiment, Lieut. Hood met, for the first time, in his bank, Wm. T. Sherman, who possessed the same piercing eye and nervous, impulsive temperament as at present. "Little indeed," writes Gen. Hood, "did I anticipate at that period the great theatre of life upon which I was destined to soon be thrown as a humble actor with him and others just mentioned, and who have since become so distinguished and prominent as American soldiers."

Subsequently, while on duty at Camp Cooper, Texas, Lieut. Hood became intimate with his commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Robert E. Lee. One day, while out riding in quest of a suitable location for a permanent military post, Lee said to young Hood: "Never marry unless you can do so into a family which will enable your children to feel proud of both sides of the house." On this Hood comments: "He perhaps thought I might form an attachment for some of the country lasses, and therefore imparted to me his correct and, at the same time, aristocratic views in regard to this very important step in life."

It was while in Texas that Lieut. Hood had an encounter with a formidable band of Indian warriors, and barely escaped a fate like that which befell, in later years, the gallant Custer. For his gallantry on that occasion Hood received the official commendation of his superior-general.

Hood became a Confederate on account of his Kentucky birth. In November, 1860, he was granted a leave of absence for six months, but was soon ordered to report for duty as chief of the cavalry at West Point. He went, however, immediately to Washington, and applied to be relieved from the order and to be allowed to avail himself of the leave of absence already granted. It was Col. S. Cooper, adjutant-general, to whom Hood made application. "I shall ever remember," says Hood, "the astonishment of this old and most worthy soldier at my unwillingness to go to West Point. He turned quietly in his chair, saying: 'Lieutenant, you surprise me; this is a post and position

which I would have been glad to accept. I think, the Mechanics' Institute, and he had around him, it seemed to me, every cobbler in Richmond, giving them instructions as to the manner of making cartridge boxes, haversacks, bayonet scabbards, etc. He was studiously applying his great mind to this apparently trivial, but most important work. The Confederacy was destitute of such equipments at that hour, and it may be safely asserted that his labor in this regard and in the organization of our troops was the source, in a great measure, of the success of our arms, in the engagements which soon followed."

In July, after the affair at Big Bethel, Hood, then a lieutenant-colonel, was made a colonel, and ordered to organize the Fourth Texas infantry, at Richmond. Hood's method was to arouse an *esprit de corps*. He told his young Texans that no regiment in the Confederate army should be allowed to go forth upon the battle field and return with more trophies of war than the Fourth Texas; that the number of colors and guns captured, and prisoners taken, constituted the true test of the work done by an command in an engagement. Further, Col. Hood insisted upon the regiment's being its own police, and to see to it that comrades committing a breach of military discipline should be taken in charge by their own associates in arms, and not allowed to bring discredit on the regiment.

General Hood's description of the great battle of Antietam is vivid, and will not bear condensation. "My troops," he writes, "at this period, [after the action] were sorely in need of shoes, clothing and food. We had had issued to us as no meat for several days and little or no bread; the men had been forced to subsist principally on green corn and green apples."

In 1863 the Confederate cause met with a severe blow in the loss of Stonewall Jackson, regarding whom General Lee wrote to General Hood: "I grieve much over the death of Gen. Jackson—for our sake, not for his. He is happy and at peace. But his spirit lives with us, and I hope it will raise up many Jacksons in our ranks. We must do more than formerly. We must endeavor to follow the unselfish, devoted, patriotic course he pursued, and we shall be strengthened rather than weakened by his loss. I rely much upon you. You must so inspire and lead your brave division as that it may accomplish the work of a corps." There never were such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything, if properly led. But there is the difficulty—proper commanders—where can they be obtained? But they are improving—constantly improving. Rome was not built in a day, so can we expect miracles in our favor."

After the battle of Chancellorsville, so disastrous to the Federal cause, the Confederate leaders determined upon an offensive campaign, a campaign which had for its culminating point the battle of Gettysburg. "Soon after the 1st of June," writes Hood, "the Confederate forces crossed the Rapidan, and advanced again in the direction of Maryland. About the middle of the month we forded the Potomac, which was so swollen by recent rain that the men were forced to uplift their cartridge boxes in order to keep dry their ammunition. Nevertheless, they marched in regular order to the northern bank of the beautiful stream, and, as they moved through the deep water, the inspiring strains of 'Dixie' burst forth from bands of music. Never before, nor since, have I witnessed such intense enthusiasm as that which prevailed throughout the entire Confederate army. Shortly afterward we crossed into Pennsylvania, amid extravagant cheers, which re-echoed all along the line. Our forces marched undisturbed, and were massed in the vicinity of Chambersburg, where intelligence was received of Gen. Meade's assignment to the command of the Federal army. My headquarters were again in close proximity to those of Gen. Lee, and, after a few days devoted to rest and quiet, I, as usual, rode to pay him my respects. I found him in the same buoyant spirits which pervaded his magnificent army. After the ordinary salutation he exclaimed: 'Ah, General, the enemy is a long time sending us; if he does not succeed soon, we must go in search of him.' I assured him I was never so well prepared or more willing. A few days thereafter we were ordered to Gettysburg, and to march with all possible speed."

**CLEANING CHIMNEYS.**—Foul chimneys are at this season a source of great danger; soot is very inflammable, a mere spark will set it on fire. No one knows the condition of his chimneys, nor what cracks there may be in the brickwork, nor what lumber there may be near those openings through which the fire may penetrate. Hence it is an indispensable caution for every household to see that the chimneys are swept down, or up, at this season. A chimney may be swept from the bottom by means of a brush made on the end of an elastic pole or rattan cane. The brush may be made of a number of goose or turkey-quills, or splits of hickory or ash, or even small twigs of trees fastened tightly between two round pieces of thin board or sheet-iron. This brush is fixed to the end of a long, slender pole, or rattan, and is thrust up the chimney from the fireplace. A very light brush and pole are only needed as the least touch is sufficient to bring down all the soot and dust that may be adhering to the sides of the flue or resting on the slopes of it. When the chimney has been swept for a length of one pole, a second one is spliced to the first, and this is repeated until the whole of the flue is cleaned. To prevent the entrance of the dust into the room, any more than can be avoided, a cloth or paper kind should be fastened over the fireplace to confine it in the chimney. The sheet may be held upon the mantelpiece by placing sad-irons upon it, and the workman—a small boy is the best for this purpose—may be covered by the sheet, having the nose and mouth protected by a wetted handkerchief tied over them. This method, however, should only be used when it is not possible to get at the chimney from the top of the house. When the work is done, the work is much less disagreeable. It will be found best in this case to get the brush to the bottom before sweeping, and then work upwards, lest by beginning to sweep from the top the dust and soot may choke the flue part way down, and thereby cause much trouble to clean obstruction. *American Agriculturist.*

**RESULTS OF SERRING INCIDENTS.**

The hap hazard of life and death was illustrated in many ways by the Tay bridge calamity, Scotland. One lady, who traveled with her maid, had ordered a cab for the morning train, which reached its destination in safety, but the cabman overlooked, and they were obliged to take the next train—the one which was buried in quicksand at the bottom of the river. Another instance of train-missing turned out more happily. A gentleman was determined to go to Dundee, notwithstanding his wife's entreaties, and that prudent lady took pains to have the cabman behind time, so that her husband lost the ill-fated train. He was angry at the time, but is reconciled to the situation now, and entertains a favorable opinion of his wife's weather wisdom. Another man lost his life through the business shrewdness of the girl to whom he was engaged. He was visiting at her house in Edinburgh, and was anxious to remain until Monday, but she persuaded him to return rather than incur the displeasure of his employers by breaking faith with them.

**A SMALL-POX REMEDY.**—A correspondent of the Stockton (California) *Herald* writes as follows: "I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small-pox, though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small-pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing a cure, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is a recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure the small-pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child smaller doses, according to age. It counties would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease."

## ROUND-SHOULDERED MORALITY.

There is a great deal of morality in the world that would be improved by shoulder braces to make it upright.

The man who has an inexorable rule for others to go by and goes at loose ends himself, has a good deal of a shoulder stoop in his morality.

One hundred dollars given in ostentatious charity by a man who refuses his family the comforts of a loving and charitable disposition, will have to be put down as an asset of round-shouldered morality.

The woman who loves her sister's good name, and who has the good name of her sister, has morality of a round-shouldered tone.

The man who gives all his children to Sunday school, but who may have a quiet day at home, has got a trifling stoop in the shoulders of his morality.

The merchant who assures you that his goods are "pure" and knows just how they are adulterated—he has the same difficulty.

The clergyman who "plagiarizes" or "assimilates" from memory, his sermons, not only has round-shouldered morality, but his religion is humped-backed.

The woman who gives all her attention to dress and allows her children to grow up minus the loving firmness of a mother's hand, has her shoulders weighted with a doubtful morality.

He who allows one virtue to hide many vices is sadly in need of a moral brace.

The young man who does that which would cause his mother to blush for his good name, is growing round-shouldered in morality, and will be doubled-up with age before grey hairs show on his head.

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

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One hundred dollars given in ostentatious charity by a man who refuses his family the comforts of a loving and charitable disposition, will have to be put down as an asset of round-shouldered morality.

The woman who loves her sister's good name, and who has the good name of her sister, has morality of a round-shouldered tone.

The man who gives all his children to Sunday school, but who may have a quiet day at home, has got a trifling stoop in the shoulders of his morality.

The merchant who assures you that his goods are "pure" and knows just how they are adulterated—he has the same difficulty.

The clergyman who "plagiarizes" or "assimilates" from memory, his sermons, not only has round-shouldered morality, but his religion is humped-backed.

The woman who gives all her attention to dress and allows her children to grow up minus the loving firmness of a mother's hand, has her shoulders weighted with a doubtful morality.

He who allows one virtue to hide many vices is sadly in need of a moral brace.

The young man who does that which would cause his mother to blush for his good name, is growing round-shouldered in morality, and will be doubled-up with age before grey hairs show on his head.

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

## ROUND-SHOULDERED MORALITY.

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**Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: 'E—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?' This was the artist's reply: 'E—er, not all of 'em.'**

**A little girl was reproved for paying out doors with boys, and informed that being seven years old, she was too big for that now. 'Why said the little innocent, the bigger we grow the better we like them.'**

**'Money does everything for a man,' said an old gentleman pompously. 'Yes,' replied the other one, 'but money won't do for much for a man as some men will do for money.'**

**There are too few men following the plow in this country, and too many following the women.**