

side, they dodged behind some building or place of shelter. After a little while, they became more used to it, and paid less attention to the messages sent by the enemy through the air. The late Judge Woodward, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Territory, at that time kept bachelor's hall, in a stone building on the north side of Jefferson Avenue, the principal street of the town, running parallel with the river, and situated near the arsenal. Between this house and the river there was a large brick store-house, belonging to the United States, and near it one of our batteries was built. Many of the shots aimed at the battery struck the store-house. A shot passed over the store-house and perforated the stone building in which the Judge had his quarters. He had just arisen from his bed and stood beside it. The shot came through into his room and struck the pillow and bed, and drove them into the fire-place, and the spent ball rolled out upon the floor.

On the evening of the 15th of August, 1812, a large shell was thrown from a mortar opposite where Woodward Avenue now is. As it came careering along, in its circling path through the air, it was watched with an anxious eye by those who saw it, as a messenger of death, perhaps, to some fellow mortal unconscious of his approaching fate. The fuse was burning brightly as swiftly it sped on its errand of destruction. It passed over Jefferson Avenue, and fell upon the roof of the dwelling of Mr. Augustus Langdon, which stood on what is now called the southerly corner of Woodward Avenue and Congress street. Passing through the upper rooms of the house, it fell upon a table around which the family were seated, and then descended through the floor to the cellar,—the fuse burnt down nearly to the powder. The family fled with expedition to the street, which they had just reached when the shell exploded—tearing up the floors, and carrying away a portion of the roof.

None of the citizens of the town were killed during the