THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1869. NO. 7.

KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S EXCURSION
TO ANNAPOLIS.

The subscribers having chartered the swift and commodious steamer *Isaac P. Smith*, Capt. THOMAS H. REEVES, respectfully announce that they will give an excursion *from Chester River to Annapolis*, on

WEDNESDAY,
The 7th day of July next.

The steamer will leave Chestertown at 7½ o'clock, A. M., *touching at all the Landings on the River*, and at *Corsica, Spencer's* and *Gray's Inn Creek Wharves.*

A FINE BAND OF MUSIC,
BOTH MARTIAL AND COTILLION,
Has been engaged for the occasion.

Dinner and Refreshments

Will be prepared on board by an experienced caterer, and no efforts will be spared to make this one of the most pleasant excursions that ever went from Chester River.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as Managers:

Col. Edward Wilkins,	Lloyd Tilghman, Esq.
Geo. Davidson, Esq.	Wm. A. Johnson, "
Horatio Beck, "	Thos. A. Embert, "
Dr. W. Finley,	Chas. E. Cockey, "
Chas. McCollister, Esq.	Sam'l. Ringgold, "
Mordecai Price, "	Col. Joel Thomas.

☞ The Bar will positively be closed. For particulars see handbills.

JOHN M. HARPER and others,
June 19, 1869—3t. Charterers.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!
Hardware! Hardware! Hardware!

BROAD AXES, Choping Axes, Post Axes, Shingling Hatchets, Lath and Half-Hatchets, Draw Knives, Framing Chisels, Firmer and Socket Firmer Chisels from ¼ to 2 in.; Augers, Post Augers, Post Spades, Cook's, Biddle's and Pugh's Auger Bitts, Wood, Iron and Steel Braces, Spear and Jackson Hand Saw, Henry Diston's Hand Saw, Meat, Back, Kitchen, Compas, Key Hole, Wood, Pruning, Pannel, Webb and Fellow Saws, Fore, Jack and Smoothing Planes, single and double Plane Irons, Loose Joint and Fast Butt Hinges, Lull and Gorter Hinges, Parliament Hinges, Brass Butt Table Hinges, Hooks and Hinges, Strap and T. Hinges, and a large assortment of Screws Hinge Nails, Rivets and Burs, Hasps and Staples, Hooks and Staples, Rim Knob Locks, Plate, Dead, Pad, Chest, Wardrobe, Cupboard, Till, Drawer, Box and Sash Locks, Barrell Bolts, Shutter, Tower, Square, Flush and Spring Bolts, Prunning Shears, Compases, Dividers, Callipers, Chalk-Lines, Glue and Glue-Kettels, Single and Double Nut Hand Rail screws, Saw Sets, Punches, Hooks and Eyes, screw rings, Picture Nails, Axle and Frame Pulleys, Wardrobe Hooks, Hat and Coat Hooks, Drawer Pulls, Shutter and Blind Fastenings, Shutter Stays, Hammers, Levels, Level Viles, Mill Saw Files, Bastard, Taper, Half-round and Rat-tail Files, Horse Rasps, Spoke Shaves, Screw Drivers, Molasses Gates, Tap Borrers, Iron, Lead, and Brass Spiggots, Twine Boxes, Foot Scrapers, Tacks, Clout and Finishing Nails, Galvinized Tacks, Bed Casters, Pegging Awls, Sewing Awls, Sprig Awls, Thumb and Sash Guages, Awl Handles, Chisel, Saw, Auger, Plane, Fork, Shovel and Spade Handles, Toats, Pad Lock Keys, Cabinet Keys, Door Lock Keys, Key Hole Escutcheons, foot and two foot Rules, Try Squares, Iron and Steel Squares, Nails by the pound and Keg, Window Springs, Cupboard Ketches, and a large assortment of Knives and Forks, Scissors, Shears, Pocket Knives, Pruning Knives, Tea and Table Spoons, Childrens Knives and Forks, Basting Spoons, Wrenches, Pincers, Coffee Mills, Tea Scales, Droanes, Mallets, two, three and four prong Forks, Grain Scoops, Haulter Chains, Breast, Back and Trace Chains, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Plow Bolts, Carriage Knobs, Thumb Latches, Rim Night Latches, Curry Combs, Horse Cards, Plasterers and Brick Layers Trowels, Garden Trowels, Sad Irons, Bramble Scythes, Hay Knives, Ox Balls, Sash Cord, &c., by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, April 17, 1869.

DURYEAS'
Satin Gloss Starch

HAS established a world-wide celebrity for being the Purest, Whitest, Strongest, and Most Glossy and Economical Starch known. Disinterested judges pronounce it the "Perfection of Starch."

The Messrs. Duryea have no occasion to personally assert the superiority of their goods. A discriminating public and the decision of the following scientific and disinterested judges establish it.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED
Duryeas' Starch and Maizena

For their "Perfection of Quality," at Grand Paris International Exposition, 1867. Great London International Exposition, 1862. Great Internat, Exposition, Hamburg, 1863. Great Internat. Exposition, Cologne, 1865. Also at States', Agricultural, American Institute and Maryland Institute Fairs.

Inferior Starch is sour, musty, or has a golden or yellow tinge, a color not desirable in one's linen. (It is absurd for the laundress to cleanse and bleach, and then discolor linen with impure yellow starch.)

Maizena

Is a pure flour, from the choicest Indian corn, and is used for all the purposes of Corn Starch and Arrowroot, to which it is superior. Put up in the same style of packets, and at same price, with directions for use.

For culinary purposes, call for Duryeas' Maizena. For the laundry, call for Duryeas' Satin Gloss Starch.

For sale by all grocers. Be sure you get our goods. Our name is on all our boxes.

H. H. BURNETT,
No. 3, Exchange Place, Baltimore,
Agent for Maryland, Dist. Columbia and Va.
September 5, 1868—y.

SILVER PLATED FORKS, SPOONS and a large stock of Table and Pocke Cutlery for sale at the TIN, STOVE & HARDWARE STORE of

J. K. A.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with rum, Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" to be not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JABEZ—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a most valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be a benefaction to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,*
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to Dr.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

FOR SALE BY
S. Wickes & Son, Chestertown.

simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement.

Circulars with full particulars and samples of work done on this machine, can be had on application at the sales room of

FRED. W. WILD,
78 *W. Baltimore street,*
Over Eisenbrandt's Music Store.
AGENTS WANTED.
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

NEW HARNESS STORE!
JOSEPH W. EDWARDS

RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and public generally that he has again removed to Chestertown, and has commenced the **SADDLE & HARNESS** business at his "OLD STAND" opposite the Voshell House. He has now in his employ good Workmen, and has now in store a fine assortment of

Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Horse Blankets, Sleigh Bells,

all kinds of Oil for Harness, and all kinds of BITTS.

HARNESS of all kinds manufactured to order. REPAIRING done at short notice.

Having had some 18 or 20 years experience in the business, I flatter myself that I am able to give general satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

Give me a CALL.

JOS. W. EDWARDS.
Dec. 26, 1868—tf.

C X, WARDEN & MERRITT
SUCCESSORS TO
Cox & Brown,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.,
Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 16, 1868—y.

H. McCoy. *Wm. A. Rasin.*
McCOY & RASIN,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 79 South Street,
OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,
BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

☞ We refer to the following among our patrons in Kent:

Judge Joseph A. Wickes,
Hon. William Welch,
Hon. Samuel Comegys,
George D. S. Handy,
William B. Wilmer,
George T. Holyday,
Dr. Samuel A. Beck.

Feb. 13, 1869—y.

Selected Poetry.

For the Transcript.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

To the wayworn Pilgrims, who at the foot of the hill, "are waiting by the river," etc.

A little while, so dark, no trace
Through all the gloom, no gleam of light;
Patience, the morrow comes apace;—
A little while "There's no more night."

A little while, the raging blast
With anguish keen the heart-strings thrill,
"Fear not;" its fury may not last;
A little while, then "Peace, be still."

A little while may sorrow's touch
Awake its agonizing spell;
But joy it cannot long be such;
A little while, and, "All is well."

A little while oppression's chains
So rudely bind and fetter thee;
A little while, and, hark the strains
Triumphant: "Shout the Jubilee."

A little while, the din and roar,
The terror of the battle cry;
Courage! the strife will soon be o'er;
A little while, its "Victory."

A little while, as strangers roam,
A little while by death are riven,
A little while, then, "Safe at home;"
A little while, 'tis "Heaven, sweet Heaven."

S. T.

The Wife.

Here is the best tribute to woman we ever read:

Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his hearty attentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be beloved, honored and cherished, in the fulfilment of her marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children and society, a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain and toil and anxiety, for her husband's love to her is a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, and adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed by words and looks and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in that love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, a penetrating kindness to which the former is an entire stranger. The deep happiness of her heart shines out in her face. She gleams over. It is airy and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence; she is full of devices and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the poetry and romance of life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and graceful melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high; and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

Instantaneous Death.

Jerome Carden relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by, approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers, to all appearance, continuing their repast.

One still held his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, a third had his hand in the dish. Death had come upon them suddenly whilst in these positions, when the thunderbolt fell.

Ten reapers who had taken shelter under a hedge, were likewise killed all together, during a violent storm.

Like those mentioned above, they had profited by necessary suspension of labor to enjoy a frugal meal. A touching detail, related by the Rev. Mr. Butler, who narrowly escaped being a victim to the same storm, shows with what rapidity the whole of this joyous group had been deprived of life. One of the unfortunate beings had a dog in his lap at the moment the lightning fell. Whilst he caressed the animal with one hand, with the other he offered it a piece of bread. Both the man and dog were petrified, as it were, in this position. The paralyzed hand still held the piece of bread, and the expression on the animal's face seemed to say, "Give me some more!"

To die with the rapidity of lightning is to die as rapidly as thought itself; for the flash which kills so quickly lasts a time as brief as that which but shows us the spokes of a locomotive—as that which but enables us to see immovable in the air the ball which flies through darkness from the cannon's mouth!

☞ A Wisconsin paper having exulted over the fact of its coming out in a new dress, a rival sheet remarks: "In this, as in everything else, they are an age behind our office, which was supplied with new material years ago."

☞ Grant has made a thousand appointments. The number of his disappointments is set down at one hundred thousand.

THE SNOW FORT BATTLE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

The memory of man, even that of the oldest inhabitant, runeth not back to the time when there did not exist a feud between the North End and South End boys of Rivermouth.

The origin of the feud is involved in mystery; it is impossible to say which party was the first aggressor in the far-off ante-revolutionary ages; but the fact remains that the youngsters of those antipodal sections entertained a mortal hatred for each other, and that this hatred had been handed down from generation to generation, like Miles Standish's punch bowl.

I know not what laws, natural or unnatural, regulated the warmth of the quarrel, but at some seasons it raged more violently than at others. This winter, both parties were unusually lively and antagonistic. Great was the wrath of the South Enders, when they discovered that the North-Enders had thrown up a fort on the crown of Slatter's Hill.

Slatter's Hill, or No-man's-land, as it was generally called, was a rise of ground covering, perhaps, an acre and a quarter, situated on an imaginary line making the boundary between the two districts. An immense stratum of granite, which here and there thrust out a wrinkled boulder, prevented the site from being used for building purposes. The street ran on either side of the hill, from one part of which a quantity of rock had been removed to form the underpinning of the new jail. This excavation made the approach from that point all but impossible, especially when the ragged ledges were a-glittes with ice. You see what a spot it was for a snow-fort.

One evening, twenty or thirty of the North-Enders quietly took possession of Slatter's Hill, and threw up a long line of breastworks. The rear of the intrenchment, being protected by the quarry, was left open. The walls were four feet high, and twenty-two inches thick, strengthened at the angles by stakes driven firmly into the ground.

Fancy the rage of the South-Enders the next day, when they spied our snowy citadel, with Jack Harris' red silk pocket handkerchief floating defiantly from the flag-staff.

In less than one hour it was known all over town, in military circles at least, that the "Puddle-doctors" and the "River-rats" (these were the derisive sub-titles bestowed on our South-End foes) intended to attack the fort that Saturday afternoon.

At two o'clock all the fighting boys of the Temple Grammar School, and as many recruits as we could muster, lay behind the walls of Fort Slatter, with three hundred compact snow-balls piled up in pyramids, awaiting the approach of the enemy. The enemy was not slow in making his approach,—fifty strong, headed by one Mat Ames. Our forces were under command of General J. Harris.

Before the action commenced, a meeting was arranged between the rival commanders, who drew up and signed certain rules and regulations respecting the conduct of the battle. As it was impossible for the North-Enders to occupy the fort permanently, it was stipulated that the South-Enders should assault it on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, between the hours of two and six. For them to take possession of the place at any other time was not to constitute a capture, but on the contrary, was to be considered a dishonorable act. The North-Enders, on the other hand, agreed to give up the fort whenever ten of the storming party succeeded in obtaining at one time a footing on the parapet, and were able to hold the same for the space of two minutes. Both sides were to abstain from putting pebbles into their snow-balls, nor was it permissible to use frozen ammunition. A snow-ball soaked in water and left out to cool was a projectile which in previous years had been resorted to with disastrous results.

These preliminaries settled, the commanders retired to their respective corps.

The interview had taken place on the hillside between the opposing lines.

General Harris divided his men into two bodies: the first comprised the most skillful marksmen, or gunners; the second, the reserve force, was composed of the strongest boys, whose duty it was to repel the scaling parties, and to make occasional sallies for the purpose of capturing prisoners, who were bound by articles of treaty to faithfully serve under our flag until they were exchanged at the close of the day.

The repellers were called light infantry; but when they carried on operations beyond the fort they became cavalry. It was also their duty, when not otherwise engaged, to manufacture snow-balls.—The General's staff consisted of five Templars (I among the number, with the rank of Major,) who carried the General's orders and looked after the wounded.

General Mat Ames, a veteran commander, was no less wide awake in the disposition of his army. Five companies, each numbering but six men, in order not to present too big a target to our sharpshooters, were to charge the fort from different points, their advance being covered by a havy fire from the gunners posted in the rear. Each scaler was provided with only two rounds of ammunition, which were not to be used until he had mounted the breastwork and could deliver his shots on our heads.

The thrilling moment had now arrived. If I had been going into a real engagement, I could not have been more deeply impressed by the solemnity of the occasion.

The fort opened fire first,—a single ball from the deterous hand of General Harris taking General Ames in the very pit of his stomach. A cheer went up from Fort Slatter. In an instant the air was thick with missiles, in the midst of which we dimly descried the storming parties sweeping up the hill, shoulder to shoulder. The shouts of the leaders, and the snow-balls, like shells about our ears, made it very lively.

Not more than a dozen of the enemy succeeded in reaching the crest of the hill; five of these clambered upon the icy walls, where they were instantly grabed by the legs and jerked into the fort. The rest retired confused and blinded by our well directed fire.

When General Harris (with his right eye bunged up) said, "Soldiers, I am proud of you!" my heart swelled in my bosom.

The victory, however, had not been without its price. Six North Enders, having rushed out to harrasss the discomfitted enemy, were gallantly cut off by General Ames, and captured. Among these were Lieutenant P. Whitcomb (who had no business to join in the charge, being weak in the knees,) and Captain Fred Langdon, of General Harris' staff. Whitcomb was one of the most notable shots on our side, though he was not much to boast of in a rough, and-tumble fight, owing to the weakness before mentioned. General Ames put him among the gunners, and we were quickly made aware of the loss we had sustained, by receiving a frequent artful ball, which seemed to light with unerring instinct on any nose that was the least bit exposed. I have known one of Pepper's snow-balls, point-blank, to turn a corner and hit a boy who considered himself absolutely safe.

But we had no time for vain regrets. The battle raged. Already there were two bad cases of black eye, and one of nose-bleed, in the hospital.

It was glorious excitement, those pell-mell onslaughts and hand to-hand struggles. Twice we were within an ace of being driven from our strong-hold, when General Harris and his staff leaped recklessly upon the ramparts and hurled the besiegers heels over head down hill.

At sunset, the garrison of Fort Slatter was still unconquered, and all the South-Enders, in a solid philanx, marched off whistling "Yankee Doodle," while we cheered and jeered them until they were out of hearing.

General Ames remained behind to effect an exchange of prisoners. We held thirteen of his men, and he eleven of ours. General Ames proposed to call it an even thing, since many of his eleven prisoners were officers, while nearly all our thirteen captives were privates. A dispute arising on this point, the two noble generals came to fisticuffs, and in the fracas, our brave commander got his remaining eye badly damaged. This didn't prevent him from writing a general order the next day, on a slate, in which he complimented the troops on their heroic behavior.

On the following Wednesday the siege was renewed. I forgot whether it was on that afternoon or the next day that we lost Fort Slatter; but lose it we did, with much valuable ammunition and several men. After a series of desperate assaults, we forced General Ames to capitulate; and he, in turn, made the place too hot to hold us. So from day to day the tide of battle surged to and fro, sometimes our arms, and sometimes those of the enemy.

General Ames handled his men with great skill; his deadliest foe could not deny that. Once he out-generaled our commander in the following manner. He massed his gunners on our left and opened a brisk fire, under cover of which a single company (six men) advanced on that angle of the fort. Our reserves on the right rushed over to defend the threatened point. Meanwhile, four companies of he enemy's scalers made a *detour* round the foot of the hill, and dashed into Fort Slatter without opposition. At the same moment General Ames' gunners closed in on our left, and there we were between two fires. Of course we had to vacate the fort. A cloud rested on General Harris' military repution until his superior tactics enabled him to disposess the enemy.

As the winter wore on, the war-spirit waxed fiercer and fiercer. At length the provision against using heavy substance in the snow-balls was disregarded. A ball stuck full of sand-bird shot came tearing into Fort Slatter. In retaliation, General Harris ordered a broad side of shells; i. e., snow-balls containing marbles. After this, both sides never failed to freeze ammunition.

It was no longer child's play to march up to the walls of Fort Slatter, nor was the position of the besieged less perilous. At every assault three or four boys on each side were disabled. It was not an unfrequent occurrence for the combatants to hold up a flag of truce while they removed some insensible comrade.

Matters grew worse and worse. Seven North-Enders had been seriously wounded, and a dozen South-Enders were reported on the sick list. The selectmen of the town awoke to the fact of what was going on, and detailed a *posse* of police to prevent further disturbance. The boys at the foot of the hill, South Enders, as it happened, finding themselves assailed in the rear and on the flank, turned round and attempted to beat off the watchmen. In this they were sustained by numerous volunteers from the fort, who looked upon the interference as tyranical.

The watch were determined fellows, and charged the boys valiantly, driving them all into the fort, which we made common cause, fighting side by side like the best of friends. In vain the four guardians of the peace rushed up the hill, flourishing their clubs and calling upon us to surrender. They could not get within ten yards of the fort, our fire was so destructive. In one of the onsets a man named Mudridge, more valorous than his peers, threw himself upon the parapet, when he was seized by twenty pairs of hands, and dragged inside the breastwork, where fifteen boys sat down on him to keep him quiet.

Perceiving that it was impossible with their small number to dislodge us, the watch sent for reinforcements. Their call was responded to, not only by the whole constabulary force (eight men), but by a numerous body of citizens, who had become alarmed at the prospect of a riot. This formidable array brought us to our senses; we began to think that maybe "discretion was the better part of valor." General Harris and General Ames, with their respective staffs, held a council of war in the hospital, and a backward movement was decided on. So, after one grand farewell volley, we fled, sliding, jumping, rolling, tumbling down the quarry at the rear of the fort, and escaped without losing a man.

But we lost Fort Slatter forever.—Those battle-scarred ramparts were razed to the ground, and humiliating ashes sprinkled over the historic spot, near which a solitary linx-eyed policeman was seen prowling from time to time during the remainder of the winter.

The event passed into a legend, and afterwards, when later instances of pluck and endurance were spoken of, the boys would say, "By golly! you ought to have been at the fights on Slatter's Hill!—*From the "Story of a Bad Boy," in Our Young Folks.*

How the Chinese go to Church.

The congregation is composed principally of men and boys, dressed in their every day clothes. Some of them stare about them or talk with each other. Instead of sitting down paying attention to what is said, many stand up and walk about. Perhaps some will come up to the speaker, and try to look over his book, if he reads from the Bible; or they will examine the foreign stove, if it is cold weather, and there is a fire in it; or they will stand in front of the clock, and watch it for a while. Others have parcels of merchandise, or a fowl, or some vegetables, etc., they have bought, or wish to sell; and if it is warm weather very many will strip the upper part of their bodies naked, and fan themselves so as to be as cool as possible. Oftentimes, unless forbidden to smoke, several engage in smoking little pipes of tobacco, having first struck a fire by means of a flint and a piece of steel and some very dry paper. Almost every Chinaman carries about him his pipe and materials for striking fire. Sometimes a beggar-woman will enter the chapel, and bawl out lustily for cash. It is a very common practice for most of those who come to stay but a short time; and when one goes out, all of his mates and friends usually follow. If an idol procession, or a mandarin and his retinue is passing along the streets, or some sudden or unusual noise is heard outside, the boys and most of the men rush out to see what is to be seen, after which some of them will perhaps come back.

Riches have Wings.

Interesting correspondence from Paris contains the following: "I once used to smile as I passed Baron de Roschchilds' door and observed that the gas lamps were unlit on bright nights when the moon was full. I then thought such economy unworthy the master of so great an estate. I now know that there is no way by which noble fortunes are kept unimpared except by economy. I now know how men's engagements keep pace with the accumulation of wealth; how embarrassed for money very rich men frequently are; and how severe is the struggle to maintain an equilibrium between revenue and expenses. The walls of Paris are at this moment covered with bills announcing the sale of the picture gallery of Count Kouchcleff Besborodko. It is said to be the last remnant left—and it belongs to creditors—of the magnificent estate which he entered into possession of just nine years ago. It was then valued at 11,250,000 in gold. He traveled through the east, southern and western Europe in great state. There was no whim he refused to gratify. He chartered a steamship to convey him from one port to another.—He had special railway trains for his party. He gave princely entertainments.—He was lavish of presents. He had a numerous retinue. It was his sister who married Mr. Douglas Home, the medium. It was he who carried M. Alexander Dumas to Russia. Nine years ago he was master of $660,000 annual income. It was not sufficient for him. He could not live on less than $1,200,000 a year—his expenses for several years are to exceed this amount of money—and now nothing remains of all that wealth but debt."

☞ A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night by one of the ladies of his congregation.

"Well, my poor woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?"

"No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous and can't sleep."

"How can I help that?" asked the parson.

"Oh! sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!"

The parson made tracks.

☞ A doctor detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

Cape Cod is jubilant because fish are so plenty.

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