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THE WAR NEWS.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG

THE BATTLE OF SATURDAY.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Dec 13 1862.

The occupation of Fredericksburg having been success fully accomplished, the next move was to drive the rebels from their strongholds in the rear of the city. The lines of the rebels, which extended in the form of a semi-circle from Port Royal to a point about six miles above Fredericksburg, were strongly fortified and protected by a range of high hills. Stonewall Jackson occupied the right wing, extending from Port Royal to Guinney's Station (a station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad); Gen. Longstreet the centre, extending to the telegraph road, and Generals Lee and Stuart the left, west of Massaponax creek, while Gen. A. P. Hill's corps acted as a reserve. Lee's reason for occupying the left was because he could be on his guard against Sigel, who threatened to outflank him by way of Culpepper. The entire rebel force was estimated at 200,000 men and occupied a front of not less than twenty miles. The troops were for the most part veterans who had fought through all the peninsular campaign, while the officers were the ablest that the South could produce. It was no mean enemy we had to contend with, I assure you.

The disposition of the Union forces occupied the whole of Friday night and Saturday morning, and as General Burnside was anxious to commence the attack at as early an hour as possible, there was not much chance for the troops to rest themselves. A few stragglers, it is true, managed to sneak away for the purpose of pillaging; but the great mass of the soldiers were constantly under arms. Gen Burnside was in the city all night, personally inspecting the troops and directing their movements. It was arranged that General Franklin's corps should cross the river two miles below the city, with the view of turning the enemy's position on Massaponax creek, while Hooker would engage the rebels nearest the centre, and Sumner would turn their right. By this arrangement it will be seen that Franklin was opposed to Stonewall Jackson, while Hooker and Sumner attacked the centre and left of the rebels under Longstreet and Lee.

The eventful morning came, and with it a dense fog, which obscured the movements of the enemy. The balloon was sent up just before daylight, but in consequence of the fog no observation could be had. However, the disposition of the Union forces had been made, and General Burnside determined to commence operations, fog or no fog.

THE LEFT.

Franklin moved his column, consisting of the First and Sixth corps, just before sunrise, his right resting on the outskirts of the city, his centre advanced a mile or so from the river, and his left resting on the Rappahannock about three miles below. Skirmishing commenced a few minutes after daylight on the extreme left.—A rebel battery opened on our troops, and the fire became so annoying that the Ninth regiment New York State Militia were ordered to charge and take the cannon at the point of the bayonet. The order was obeyed with alacrity, but after a fierce struggle the charging party were compelled to fall back. At this critical moment General Tyler, perceiving the disorder into which the Ninth New York were thrown, came to their aid with a brigade. The Ninth were quickly rallied, and, assisted by Tyler's brigade, another attempt was made to storm the rebel batteries, but without success. The fight now became general on the extreme left, and another desperate effort was made to capture the rebel battery by General Tyler's brigade; but the fire of the rebels was so withering in its effect that our brave fellows were unable to gain any advantage. Each charge thinned the ranks at a fearful rate, and the chance of capturing that much coveted battery appeared no better than at first. By noon the whole of Franklin's corps was engaged with the enemy, and a desperate effort was made to turn the enemy's position on the Massaponax and drive him beyond the creek. Gen. Franklin commanded the movement in person, and handled his troops with remarkable judgment. The rebels maintained possession of some small hills with their usual stubbornness, but gradually fell back as the Union troops evinced a determination to go forward. During the afternoon the rebels came to a stand, and for a time assumed the offensive; but as they advanced to meet us they were bravely met and repulsed with heavy loss. It was at this time that some three hundred of Hill's command fell into our hands and were conducted to the rear as prisoners. Still the enemy contested every foot of the ground, and it was only by dint of the hardest kind of fighting that he could be compelled to change his position.

It was during the heat of this engagement that the gallant Bayard was mortally wounded. He was conversing with Gen. Franklin, when a cannon ball struck him in the hip and threw him clean out of the saddle. Poor Bayard, he never dreamt of danger in the thickest of the battle, and never lost his courage, even when his leg was amputated. The surgeons say that he cannot survive many days, and that the operation they have performed can only prolong his agony a short while. But I am digressing from main facts.

The obstinacy with which the rebels held possession of their ground rendered General Franklin's task a very difficult one indeed. He had to cope with Stonewall Jackson and the veterans of Cedar Mountain, Bull run and Antietam—troops who understood their business thoroughly, and were not to be scared by trifles.—Hence the task of turning the rebels' position on the Massaponax was no ordinary one. Still the Union commander was not discouraged; he had driven the enemy back several rods and was determined to drive them farther. Old Stonewall had met his match this time, and, notwithstanding his troops fought with their usual bravery, they were gradually pushed southward. At sundown Franklin had succeeded in driving the enemy nearly a mile, and his troops occupied the field during the remainder of the night. The movement on the left was a complete success, although to-morrow is required to finishing up the job. The casualties on both sides were very numerous, as the list of the killed and wounded which I have forwarded to you will show.

Reynolds' corps advanced ere the dense fog had lifted itself from the river banks, and about nine o'clock the enemy's infantry were engaged. The opposing columns had fairly got to work when the rebel artillery commenced playing upon us through the fog. The shots were all aimed at random, however, and produced but little effect. Notwithstanding the view was unobscured, the rebel artillerists kept up the cannonade for several hours, and, as peal after peal rang through the air, the effect was terribly sublime. The fire was returned by our batteries in gallant style, and for hours nothing but the roar of artillery could be heard on all sides.—Up to noon, when the fog cleared off and the balloonists were enabled to get a glance at the enemy's works, the fight was an artillery one, and productive of no very important result on either side. As soon as the sunshine showed itself, however, the infantry were brought into play and the work commenced in real earnest. Generals Mead and Gibbon's divisions encountered the right of General A. P. Hill's command and Longstreet's veterans.

The fight raged furiously during the entire day, and our troops suffered terribly from the enemy's artillery. The enemy were posted behind hills of great strength, and at one time it seemed impossible to dislodge them. About noon Gen. Gibbon was relieved by Gen. Doubleday's command. Gen. Mead, who was fighting superior odds, was also reinforced by Gen. Stoneman's command, which had the effect of checking the rebels and driving them back a short distance. It was in the midst of this struggle that General Gibbon was wounded and partially disabled. He kept the field, however, during the remainder of the day, and won many laurels by his brilliant conduct. Gen. McClellan's endorsement of Gibbon's dash and ability has been fully borne out by the result of the day's fighting. During the afternoon Gen. Newton's division was moved up to the left of the centre, when the firing, which had ceased in that part of the field, broke out again with redoubled fury. Our troops were here exposed to a plunging fire from the enemy's artillery, which was posted on the neighboring hills, and for a short time the Union soldiers were opposed to a destructive fire. Our artillery returned the fire with deadly effect, and immortalized themselves by their accuracy of aim and unwavering courage.

THE RIGHT.

Consisting of the Seventh and Ninth corps, under Gen. Sumner, earned imperishable honors, and, as the list of the killed and wounded will testify, the laurels were won at a fearful cost. The action on the right commenced about ten o'clock and raged furiously all day long. The enemy occupied the woods and hills in the rear of the city, and in point of advantage the odds were decidedly in their favor. The courage of the Union troops was unbounded, however, and every inch of the ground was hotly contested. It soon became evident that the first ridge of hills on which the enemy were posted behind earthworks could not be carried except at the point of the bayonet, and accordingly, General Sumner ordered French's division to charge upon the batteries. General Howard's division acted as a support, and the troops sprang forward to obey the order with much enthusiasm. By this time the atmosphere was clear, except from the smoke of artillery, and a good view could be had of the rebels position and the country adjoining. It was a grand sight to see the devoted column

Seeking the bubble reputation e'en at the cannon's mouth.

Steadily they marched across the plain, and never faltered until they were within a dozen yards of the ridge, when suddenly they were met by a galling fire from the rebel infantry, who were posted behind a stone wall. For a few moments the head of the column exhibited some confusion; but, quickly forming into line, they retired to a ravine within musket shot of the enemy. Here the Union troops were reinforced by a fresh body of infantry, who advanced to the assistance of their comrads in splendid style, notwithstanding large gaps were made in their ranks at every step. The reinforcements having arrived, and the line of assault being again formed, the order "Double quick, with fixed bayonets!" was given, and once more the column advanced to dislodge the artillery.

From the time the storming party left the ravine up to the time they reached the foot of the hills they were exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy. The concentrated fire of Lee's artillery and infantry rained upon their devoted heads in a manner truly terrific. No troops, however disciplined and brave, could withstand the shock, and after suffering terribly our soldiers were thrown into disorder and brought to a sudden halt. At this juncture the centre of the column gave way and fled in dismay, but they were afterwards rallied and brought back. A second and third attempt was made to dislodge the rebel artillerists, but in vain, and at each attempt the ranks of the storming party grew thinner and thinner. Sumner now brought all his available artillery into play, hoping to shell the rebels out, and from that time until dark the roar of cannon was incessant. The rebels, who had been driven back a short distance during the day, returned to their original position when night came, so that we were unable to remove our dead.—Several attempts were made to remove the bodies during the night but the enemy opened upon us with their infantry and compelled us to desist. All our wounded were removed, however, and such of the dead as were not within musket range of the rebels were burried.

Among the wounded is General Meagher, of the Irish brigade, and Colonel Nugent, of the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers. The latter is said to be badly injured, but will probably recover. A large number of the officers of Meagher's brigade were wounded and many of them killed.

THE CENTRE.

The Third and Fifth army corps, under General Hooker, formed the centre and co-operated with Sumner's column during the battle. General Burnside was anxious that a movement should be made as early as possible, and accordingly at the break of day the troops commenced to move towards the enemy's earthworks. The men were full of hope and confident of success, and they filed out of the city in splendid order. Skirmishing commenced shortly after daylight, and in a short time afterwards the rebel artillery commenced playing upon us through the fog. The firing was so inaccurate, however, that our troops paid but little attention to it, and kept pressing on, regardless of the deadly missiles which were flying through the air. By and by, our artillery responded, and for hours the most terrific cannonade was kept up on both sides. The enemy's position was one of exceeding strength, and appeared to be invulnerable to our artillery, notwithstanding our guns were excellently handled. About noon the infantry, who had been waiting for the fog to clear off, advanced for the purpose of storming the enemy's position on the hill. Confident of victory, the troops marched steadily up to within musket shot of the batteries; but a murderous fire from the rebel riflemen, added to the fury of the cannonade, compelling our men to fall back with heavy loss. The attempt to carry the rebel batteries was repeated again in the afternoon, and the attacking party, strongly reinforced, started on the "double quick;" but the enemy, who was also strongly reinforced, proved too much for us. All along the line the battle raged with unusual fierceness, and when night came it was hard to say who were the victors. Of the killed and wounded there were probably as many on the side of the rebels as on ours. No correct estimate can be formed of the loss in Hooker's corps, but it was pretty heavy. The firing of musketry ceased about half past five o'clock but the rebels continued to cannonade the city till long after dark.—They evidently intended to shell us out of our position in Fredericksburg; but thus far they have been unsuccessful.

THE RESULT

of the day's fight proves conclusively enough that the enemy's position is one of great strength, and that it will require a desperate effort on the part of General Burnside to drive him from his strong hold. Gen. Franklin appears to have been the only one who has effected any important result, and to-morrow he may succeed in turning Stonewall Jackson's position on the Mattaponax. General Burnside is confident of success, and is busily engaged in making arrangements for the renewal of the battle to-morrow. During the fight nothing was seen of Gen. D. H. Hill's command and much anxiety was created as to its whereabouts. It is supposed by many that Hill has gone to intercept Sigel, who is probably on his way to Culpepper, and by others that he may be working around to our rear.

Evacuation of Fredericksburg.

Full Particulars of the Affair.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, December 17, 1862.

Yesterday morning when daylight appeared the enemy seemed to be, as they no doubt were, perfectly astonished that our army had succeeded in returning to this side of the Rappahannock.

We returned without losing a single man or a gun in the retrograde movement.

A few soldiers who had straggled off made their appearance on the river bank after the pontoon bridges had been removed, but they were brought over in small boats.

A few cavalry men who were guarding a house inhabited by a private family were not during the night aware of our crossing, but in the morning they safely swam the river.

The pickets of the contending armies being separated by only a few yards, rendered it necessary that everything on our part should be conducted with the utmost caution. Those on the outpost were unaware of the movement until just daylight, when an officer went to each individual man and in a low tone ordered him to fall back.

After they got sufficiently far off to be out of danger they were ordered to quicken their pace and reach the bridges.

At about nine o'clock yesterday morning, the enemy advanced their skirmishers along the entire line, and by noon had established their pickets near the river bank.

We had a large number of dead on what was regarded as neutral ground, and as soon as it was known that our forces had evacuated it, the soldiers of the enemy commenced robbing the lifeless bodies.—This was plainly seen through a field glass as well as indistinctly with the naked eye.

About ten or eleven o'clock females neatly dressed were seen walking the streets of Fredericksburg. They had doubtless been concealed in their houses during the time the city was occupied by our troops, and had availed themselves of the first opportunity to make their reappearance.

On Monday the pickets in front of the left wing agreed upon an armistice among themselves and freely intermingled, exchanging their dead comrades who lay on neutral ground during the time. A general of our army rode by and put an end to these proceedings.

The result was that both parties immediately commenced firing, when nine of our men were killed.

After the General had left, the friendly relations of the pickets were renewed and butternut and blue uniforms freely mingled.

About this time Gen. Franklin dispatched a flag of truce, which the enemy immediately recognized, and the exchange of dead bodies was resumed and continued until completed.

Yesterday afternoon Gen. Lee sent a flag of truce to Gen. Burnside, asking him to detail men to bury his dead in front of Gen. Sumner's grand division. This was done.

The wounded, with the exception of those whom the enemy obtained, have all been brought to this side of the Rappahannock, and as rapidly as possible are being sent to Washington.

During the flag of truce, Gen. Stuart of the rebel army, in answer to a question, stated that the Banks' expedition had gone south, but he did not seem to know exactly where.

The entire army is now encamped on the same ground which they previously occupied. They are as comfortable as the present as they can be in shelter tents.

Our army has been considerably reinforced since the battle, and no danger whatever is attached to their present position.

It is the opinion of military men that had we ever succeeded in taking the first ridge of works, the opportunity for slaughter by the enemy would have been far greater than previously.

Our men, it may be repeated, behaved with great gallantry, but no troops in the world could withstand such a concentrated fire of heavy ordnance and musketry under cover of their fortifications.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Dec. 16, 1862, 8 o'clock p. m.

Major General Halleck:—The army was withdrawn to this side of the river, because I felt the position in front could not be carried, and it was a military necessity either to attack or to retire. A repulse would have been disastrous to us. The army was withdrawn at night without the knowledge of the enemy and without loss either of property or men.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major General Commanding.

An Aged Couple.

The Girard (Pa.) Union gives the following interesting account of a couple of old eagles, their troubles and their constancy. It says:—

"Sixty years ago, when the township was first settled, a pair of eagles, the whiteheaded or bald species, had a nest on the farm of Mr. Kelly. They were not disturbed, and for twenty years they occupied the nest annually rearing and sending forth a brood of eagles, when a violent storm overturned the tree, and of course destroyed their habitation. Then they built their nest on a lofty and inaccessible sycamore, on the farm of Richard Fetterhoof, adjoining Mr. Kelly's, and enjoyed happiness for forty years longer, raising to eaglehood two or three chicks yearly.

"A few weeks ago a high wind wrenched off a limb containing the nest, and threw it on the ground with such energy that it was torn all to atoms, and a very young and a very bald eagle killed. The nest was very large, being made of about ten bushels of sticks and leaves. This aged and persevering couple are now making a third nest on another sycamore near the one lately destroyed. How old these birds are, is not known, but that they are the same pair found there by the earliest settlers, there is no doubt. They are so long familiar with the presence of men, that they can be approached within a few feet; and their great age, constancy and friendliness have given them the respect of the neighbors, who would turn out *en masse* and mob the unlucky sport who should attempt to shoot or despoil this royal family."

CLEANING PIGS HEADS AND FEET.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says:—Permit me to send you a recipe for cleaning pigs' heads and feet, which I have never seen in print, and have proved to be an excellent one, saving at least half the time usually occupied in cleaning them, and performing the work in a more perfect manner. Chop off the snout from the head, and divide it into four pieces, after cutting off the cheeks to salt, saving them to bake with beans; wash all thoroughly, and put into a suitable vessel, covering them with water in which a little salt has been dissolved, merely sufficient to draw out the blood, let them soak two days, changing the water each day. The third day take them from the water; scrape them well, but without attempting to remove the bristles; if they do not seem pretty dry after scraping, wipe the skin side; then light a spirit lamp (I mean simply a fluid lamp, with alcohol in it,) and singe off the bristles in the flame; it will take them off so completely leaving them white and smooth after a slight scraping, that you will not be able to find a vestige of them.

[From the New York Freeman's Journal.

Death of A Baltimore Lady.

A lovely, and accomplished daughter of Gen. Charles Howard, one of the distinguished citizens of Baltimore, died recently. Her father, who was one of the Baltimore Police Commissioners during the 19th of April mob, and was consequently sent a State prisoner to Fort Warren, where he has been incarcerated for eighteen months, by special permission, got leave to go home temporarily, arriving in time to see his daughter die. Her brother, Frank Howard, Esq., who was editor of a paper published in Baltimore, called the *Exchange*, who was also sent to Fort Warren, more than a year ago, on the charge of treason. He could not obtain a permission to go home, and his sister goes to the grave unseen by him.

Newark Daily Journal.

Charles Howard, mentioned above, and so well known in Baltimore, is the son of Col. John Eager Howard, the hero of the Revolutionary battle of Cowpens, to whom the Continental Congress voted a medal as an acknowledgment. Charles Howard's offence was—not that he had broken any law, but he held office under the State of Maryland. No trial has been granted him. Detained by caprice, and against law. Some degree of respect, it may be supposed, was shown him, for his father's sake, as well as for his own high character. Nothing of this kind! The first day of his arrival at Fort Lafayette, with Mr. Gatchell, Col. Kane and Mr. Davis, half-cooked pork was sent to their cell in a dirty, [illegible] candle box. These gentlemen, dragged away from their homes and business, without warrant of law, were thus treated. They were subjected to other indignities, not forgotten, nor possible, hereafter, to be hushed. These things they suffered at the hands of men that their fathers would not have trusted "among the dogs of his flock."

Frank Key Howard, above mentioned, is not permitted to visit his dying sister, happens to be the grandson at once of John Eager Howard and of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner"—Frank Key. It is a very curious fact, mentioned to us by Gen. Charles Howard, that the night on which Frank Key Howard was arrested was the anniversary of the very night on which his grandfather, Frank Key, detained on board the British man of war in the bay below Baltimore, wrote that patriotic ode. That was the night of the 13th or 14th of September. In less than fifty years thereafter, on the same night of the year and month, his grandson and namesake was, without warrant, without accusation, conscious of breaking no law, invaded in that *home* that the law calls a man's castle, and rudely taken from his bed, and from beside his young wife. We leave this simple statement, for the moment, without comment. It tells its own story.

But these things shall be written and told hereafter. The people who are responsible for such things, and their children's children, shall be made a hissing and a reproach, so that they shall fly the country to escape the ignominy of their names.

DESAIX.—Seeing that Desaix is one of the three Generals named as pattern warriors in the letter of Gen. Scott, just given to the public, we reproduce Napoleon's estimate of that celebrated officer: "Of all the Generals I ever had under me," said Napoleon to O'Meara at St. Helena, "Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory, inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised every thing else. Desaix was wholly wrapt up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasures were valueless—nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little black looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort and convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete field equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honorable in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs the Just Sultan. He was intended by nature for a great General." There are features in this picture of a great General by a greater one, that we would fain commend to the especial study of some of our Generals.

As the war drags on, the faint hearted begin to fear that it will be interminable. They forget that the events of a single day often decide the fate of nations, as well as the destiny of individuals.—History abounds in examples. Pompey, the master of half the world one pleasant morning, was a panting fugitive ere twilight's hues faded in the glowing west.—Belshazzar, the mightiest of Oriental potentates, spent the early hours of a memorable night in revelry, from which he was aroused by a terrific warning to find the sceptre snatched from his grasp.—Napoleon's dream of a great eastern empire faded speedily as morning shadows, because his ambitious admiral fought the battle of Nile contrary to his orders. After succeeding in a hundred desperate encounters, he staked and lost his throne at Waterloo. The ruler of the continent perished on an inhospitable isle, to which he was treacherously consigned. As a gorgeous scene it often quickly succeeded by sombrous shadows, so fall mightiest monarchies.

Rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor, because all men's expectations grow faster than their fortunes.

"It's a shame husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes." "Don't say a word about it, wife, the least said the soonest mended."

THE WALLED LAKE.

The wonderful Walled Lake is situated in the centre part of Wright county, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length and one wide, in the widest part, comprising an area of some 2000 acres. The wall enclosing this area is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stone varying in size from boulders of two tons weight down to small pebbles, and is intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side according to the unevenness of the country from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and from four to six at the top, inclining each way outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the wall. The lake at the deepest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, &c. The water is as clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate any large spring or feeders. Wild fowl of all kinds are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rocks in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action; the bed being perfectly smooth and the border of regular form. The lake is seventeen miles from Boon river on the west, eight miles from the Iowa on the east, and about one hundred miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West and has already been visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.

A CAMP LETTER—NIGGERS BETTER THAN WHITE SOLDIERS.—A member of Captain Brown's Company, in the Thirty third N. Y. Regiment, has written a letter from camp, near Aquia Creek, dated the 1st instant, to the Rochester *Union*, from which we take the following interesting extracts:

"I have changed my opinion somewhat since going into the army and coming down into Virginia where one can see the 'show.' That is just what will change a man's mind. We have some men in our company, who, when they left Rochester, were the bluest Republicans you ever saw—chock full of patriotism, going to die for their country with the star spangled banner floating over them, and all that sort of thing. Now they are the very men who are 'mustered' to loyalty. The star spangled banner is 'played out' with them now. You ask an old soldier if he is going to enlist again when he gets his discharge, and in the most emphatic terms he will tell you that all the [illegible] in New York would not again place him in a position where he is used worse than the niggers.

We went to the mouth of Aquia Creek the other day as wagon guard. *There were about 250 negroes there, who were having dealt out to them fresh bread—brought from Alexandria, fresh and warm. One of our boys stepped up to an officer and asked him for a piece. His answer was, 'no! I you take bread away from the government nigger?'* A soldier eating hard crackers full of grubs, and mouldy at that, while the nigger is eating hot fresh bread from Alexandria! That is where the bug lies.' This war is carried on for the benefit of the nigger, and if it is kept agoing the nigger will come out 'bunk.'"

AN EPITAPH.—It is stated that Tom Moore, one night while stopping at an inn in Scotland, was continually troubled by the landlady with the request that he would write her epitaph. Accordingly at night he gave impromptu as follows:

"Good Susan Blake in royal state,
Arrived at last at her Master's gate,"

and stopped, promising to finish it in the morning. The good lady was in transports at the inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the lady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. "That's so," said he, and immediately added—

"But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Beelzebub!"

It is said that Mr. Moore's horses were in motion just as he had finished the last line.

THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD.—The Lindell Hotel, at St. Louis, is finished, and is the largest in the world. It is equivalent to eight stories high, contains 515 rooms, twenty one parlors, twenty-seven acres of plastering, seven acres of flooring, thirty two miles of bell-wire, [illegible] and a half miles of [illegible], twelve miles of gas, steam and water pipe, [illegible] and a third miles or 1,[illegible] yards of [illegible] sill windows, and 14,000 feet of [illegible] imitation of cornice. The number of bricks used in the building is [illegible]. In the basement there is a railroad running the entire length for the transportation of heavy articles, and above are two steam elevators for lifting fuel and baggage from the ground to the floors above.

Death is but the burning out of a match which lights an immortal lamp; the extinguishing of a light on earth, to be resumed in Heaven.

Somebody has written a book "The art of making people happy without money." We are in an excellent condition to be experimented upon.

"Matchless misery," is defined as having a cigar, and nothing to light it with.

Second thoughts are best; man was God's first thought; woman his second.