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VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER, SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 16, NO. 38. SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1863. OLD SERIES, VOL. 24, NO. 12.

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G. W. HAUPT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office on south side of Market street, four doors west of E. Y. Bright & Son's Store,
SUNBURY, PA.
Will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to his care, the collection of claims in Northumberland and the adjoining counties.
Sunbury, May 23, 1863.—1y

J. E. HELLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to his care, the collection of claims in Northumberland and the adjoining counties.
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GRANT & DIETZ!
LOWER WHARF, SUNBURY, PA.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
WHITE ASH COAL,
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Orders solicited and filled with promptness and despatch.
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(Formerly Freeburg, Snyder county.)
OFFICE, Market street, one door east of Filling Frost's Store, and nearly opposite the Court House.
All professional business, collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.
April 18, 63.

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Office, Market street, 2 doors west of Depot,
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Sunbury, May 2, 1863.—

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THE subscriber respectfully informs the people of Sunbury and vicinity, that he has opened an entire new stock of clothing and Furnishing goods, at his new store in the building of Charles Pleasants, Esq., in Market Square. His stock consists in part of
MENS CLOTHING,
BOYS' CLOTHING.
Such as Coats, Over Coats, pants, vests, shirts, undershirts, drawers, stockings, neckties, handkerchiefs, gloves, &c. Also, Hats and Caps of all kinds.
BOOTS AND SHOES,
of all kinds. TRUNKS and Valises, umbrellas, and notions of all kinds, besides numerous other articles. The public are requested to give him a call and examine his stock.
LEVI BECHT.
Sunbury, Oct., 19, 1863.

H. C. GRAEHARTE'S
Confectionery, Toy and FRUIT STORE,
Market Street, Sunbury, Pa.
CONFECTIONERY OF ALL KINDS,
TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
FRUIT, &c., &c.,
CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale at the above establishment at wholesale and retail at reasonable prices.
He is manufacturing all kinds of Confectionaries to keep up a full assortment which are sold at low rates.
Tobacco, Segars, Stationery, Nuts of all kinds, and a variety of other articles, all of which are offered wholesale and retail.
☞ Remember the name and place.—☜
H. C. GRAEHARTE.
Market street, 3 doors west of E. Y. Bright & Son's store.
Sunbury, Sept. 19, 1863.—tf

ISAAC K. STAUFFER.
Watch Maker and Jeweler,
MANUFACTURER OF
SILVER WARE & Importer of WATCHES
No. 148 North Second St., Corner Quarry, PHILADELPHIA.
HE has constantly on hand an assortment of Gold and Silver Patent Lever, Lepine and Plain Watches; Fine Gold Chains, Seals and Keys, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Miniature Cases, Medallions, Lockets, Pencils, Thimbles, Spectacles, Silver Table, Dessert, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons; Sugar Spoons, Cups, Napkin Rings, Fruit and Butter Knives, Shields, Combs, Diamond Pointed Pens, etc.—all of which will be sold low for Cash.
M. I. TOBIAS & CO'S best quality full jeweled Patent Lever Movements constantly on hand; also other Makers of superior quality.
N. B.—Old Gold and Silver bought for cash.
Sept. 5, 1863.—1y

PRIVATE ACADEMY.
NORTHUMBERLAND.
THE REV. JAMES DICKSON, will re-open his Academy on Monday, the 17th day of August, 1863.
The following branches will be taught:
Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Logic, Book Keeping, Vocal Music in theory and practice. Also, Geography, Grammar, History, Composition Writing.
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For Quarter of 11 weeks,	$5 to $
In the above branches without the languages	6 00
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For further particulars apply to
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TRUSSESS, SHOULDER BRACES.
ELASTIC STOCKINGS FOR ENLARGED VEINS
OF THE LEG, &C.;
Instruments for all deformities.
DR. GLOVER'S
New Lever Truss
has taken the place of other Trusses for the retention and cure of Hernia or Rupture. Acting upon the principle of a lever, it never loses its strength. It is coated to prevent rust. It has no pad on the back, which is so liable to injure the spine and sinews and chafe the wearer. It is sure to retain the Rupture, giving ease and comfort, and effecting radical cures. It is warranted to give satisfaction.
The improved Shoulder-Brace expands the chest and prevents the wearer from becoming round shouldered.
Ladies Belts and Abdominal Supporters, Bandages, and Belts of all kinds, and instruments for all Deformities of the Body.
DR. GLOVER'S Office is No. 4 Ann Street, two doors from Broadway, New York.
Strangers should particularly note the name and No.
April 11, 1863.—

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

The Fight at Tunnel Hill, and Assault on Mission Ridge.

The brief but very accurate and interest-in account of Grant's victory, telegraphed by Quartermaster General Meigs, give a far better idea of the battle than any report yet published, if we except the extended and spirited narrative of Mr. Shanks, to the New York Herald. The concluding portions of this description will supply a wanted interest to the reader. We publish the profactory remarks as an intelligent tribute to the skill of Gen. Grant:

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1863.

PREFATORY.

If it be the confirmation of victory to sleep in the beds of the conquered, then are we victorious. If to have utterly broken and routed the enemy and driven him in disgraceful rout from a position whose natural strength cannot be over-estimated, with heavy loss to him and but little loss to us, is to have won a victory, then I may repeat the words of my first telegram, "We are completely victorious." Two nights ago the enemy's fires burned brightly on Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Last night, at dusk, the Union camp fires made the ridge one great glow-worm, and crimsoned the sky above till the great, full moon, which had risen just as the day and battle were won and ended, looked pale but smilingly. The allusion may create a smile; but there was more than one on the ridge yesterday afternoon, who, as they saw the enemy flying and the moon rising, thought of the "sun of Austerlitz." I remember watching Grant, as he rode along the ridge, with head uncovered, receiving the plaudits of his men, and I wondered if he did not think of the same incident.

THE PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

Although the admirably-conducted and highly-successful operations of Gen. Hooker, in conjunction with W. F. Smith ("Baldy") a month ago, brought great relief to the army and saved the country the humiliation of seeing its army evacuating the important position of Chattanooga, the increased facilities of transportation afforded by that success were not sufficient to supply and provision an army reinforced to the extent it was deemed necessary to strengthen the Army of the Cumberland. The railroad to Chattanooga became an imperative and immediate necessity, and, with this as the primary object to be attained, Gen. Grant devised a plan to raise the siege of the place and get possession of all-important Lookout Mountain. This plan was submitted to his general officers by General Grant, and finally adopted. On last Friday I had an opportunity of seeing a copy of Gen. Grant's letter to General Thomas, detailing this plan.

Now that it has be carried out to a highly successful issue, I feel at liberty to use the substance of the letter of Gen. Grant, which has reference to the execution of the plan.—Not only was the principal object to be attained a tempting reward for the operations intended, but an examination of the enemy's line showed very plainly that he had deliberately exposed himself to great danger. His exterior line upon Mission Ridge was something near seven miles in extent, while his inner line of rifle pits and similar defences running through the valleys was not less than five miles long. There was upon the line two points of importance to him; the first, Tunnel Hill, being they to his position, and Lookout Mountain—a position important to Bragg as a barrier to the purposes of Grant. It was supposed the enemy would defend Tunnel Hill with vigor, Lookout could be held by a small force. General Grant held that, to attack his flanks vigorously, in order to force him to keep his line lengthened, and thus weakened, would afford a favorable opportunity to test the strength of the centre.

It was therefore decided that Gen. Sherman with three divisions of his own army, and General Davis, of Palmer's corps, should move north of the river, to a point opposite the mouth of the Chickamauga, and at an early hour on the following morning throw a pontoon bridge across the Tenessee, and, under the cover of General Branan's artillery, cross and carry the heights of Missionary Ridge, as far, at least, as Tunnel Hill. On the left rebel flank Gen. Hooker was to operate with Geary, Asterhaus, and two brigades of Stanley's division, his primary object being to hold the rebels there, but authorized, in case of an opportunity presenting itself, to take possession of Lookout Mountain. In the centre, Gen. Thomas was ordered to hold Granger and Palmer's corps well in hand, to await an opportunity to strike at the centre, whenever, in the opinion of Gen. Grant, the suspicious moment presented itself. Gen. O. O. Howard's corps was to be moved to the north side of the river, so as to aid either Sherman or the centre. But, subsequently, at the suggestion of Gen. Thomas, Howard was crossed into Chattanooga, and held as a movable column in reserve. Such was the general plan of operations, subject, of course, to such modifications as the movements of the enemy might necessitate.

But it will be seen that the enemy had no choice of movements, but forced to assume the defensive, was controlled almost entirely by General Grant's movements. Never have operations in war better or more fully shown the vast advantages of the offensive. The battles of Chattanooga have been the only ones ever fought by this army on purely offensive principles, and I have thought since these battles that the secret of Grant's success may be discovered in the fact that he has always taken the offensive. I have heard men call him "the lucky Grant," and the newspapers speak of his good fortune. I tell you it is not luck, it is not good fortune. It is "*Le genie de la guerre.*" He does not depend upon circumstance of good fortune, but controls both. One such illustration from Grant, as we have just had, shows more forcibly and graphically the vast advantages of offensive warfare, than all the maxims of Napoleon or Jomini can.

This plan was to have been put in execution on Saturday, November 21; but Gen. Sherman failed to get into position on Friday, his delay being caused by heavy rains and the partial destruction of the pontoon bridges by rafts floated down the river by the rebels. Indeed, he was prevented from getting up until the night of Monday, and only reported himself ready for his work on Tuesday morning. On Monday, however, a trival circumstance brought about a development of interest, and which, without changing the plan in the least, rather advanced it and increased the chances of success.

THE BATTLE OF TUNNEL HILL.

On reaching the summit of the semi-circular-shaped hills which Gen. Sherman had occupied on Tuesday afternoon, I found he had strengthened his position by strong rifle-pits, and had put four guns of the 1st Missouri Artillery, Battery D, Lieutenant Callender commanding, on the right of his line on the hills, and a section under Lieut. Hood, 6th Wisconsin, on the other extreme, thus getting in an enfilading fire on Fort Buckner, I asked Lieutenant Callander the distance from his position to Fort Buckner, and he, having been previously engaged, was enabled to calculate the distance by the elevation given his guns. It was a fraction over nine hundred yards. A short time after my arrival, this battery again became rather seriously engaged with a rebel Battery in Fort Buckner, which was kept up for half an hour to the evident discomfort of the rebels. With the exception of the artillery, the line was as quiet and composed as if in camp, or as were three of our high privates whom I saw sitting in a cluster to the left of Lieutenant Callender's battery making entries in their diaries. Three private soldiers under fire, entering in diaries, in plain, legible chirography, the events of the day, is a spectacle only seen in the army of the Union. It is one of the sights which causes one to reflect, and which will long retain hold upon his memory.

The operations of the day, on Gen. Sherman's part, began by an attack on his right by Colonel Loomis' brigade of Ewing's division upon the enemy posted behind the railroad bank at Glass Station. This attack was made at ten o'clock, and resulted in a repulse of the brigade, after a short fight, so weakly made and so early dropped that I imagine it was intended to develop the enemy and his strength for the benefit of the artillery on the hill, which began to pour upon the enemy a very destructive fire of shells, which exploded above them in handsome style. Colonel Loomis recalled his troops after they had fully drawn the fire of the enemy, and awaited further developments on the left.

On going to the left of the ridge I found Generals Sherman, Blair, M. L. Smith, and Lightburn, watching the reinforcement by General Corse's command of three regiments of General Lightburn's brigade, which had succeeded in effecting a lodgment on Tunnel Hill, and upon which the enemy was still at work on Fort Buckner. Gen. Blair pointed out the situation to me, remarking, "When we take one hill it looks as if there was another to be taken." But, after a moments pause and silent observation of Tunnel Hill, he added, "When we've got that we'll be done." I don't know that General Blair thought we should be repulsed; but I imagined he did when he made that last remark.

General Corse, with his command, mounted the hill in good style, and reached the crest without any difficulty or opposition, as Col. Jones had also succeeded in doing; for you must understand that Fort Buckner was not built immediately on the edge of the hill. That is you reached the top and the plateau before you got under the fire of the fort; but the moment you began to move over the plateau the fire of the enemy was likely to open on you. General Corse, taking command, formed the whole force under the crest of the hill, his own immediate command on the right, with Col. Jones' three regiments— the 37th and 39th Ohio, and part of the 4th Virginia—on the left.—It was just eleven o'clock, when a tremendous volley from the enemy revealed the fact, patent only to good field glasses, that Corse had marched over the crest, was on the plateau, and was charging on Fort Buckner. The opening chorus was well worthy to be the prologue to the day's drama, for it had all the merit of brevity and briskness. It lasted but ten minutes. The men fell back under the crest of the hill, but they left their dead and wounded in the enemy's rifle-pits. As they retreated Lieut. Callender opened upon the pursuing enemy, who appeared in heavy force, and covered the retreat so well that the enemy were unable to pursue to the crest of the hill.

This column had hardly fallen back to its position when, from the right, again appeared Col. Loomis' brigade, pushing steadily and rapidly across some open fields in a persistent and stronger attack upon the railroad bank at this station. The enemy gave him a warm reception in front, but one of his regiments appearing their left flank, and Lieutenants Callender and Hood opening on them from their right, they failed to stand the assault, and hastily abandoned it, fled up the hill to Fort Buckner. Our men were seen in permanent occupation of the bank, and from it continued to fire on the retreating rebels until the last one found safety behind the mud walls of Fort Buckner.

While this had been going on Gen. Corse was reinforced by a portion, perhaps all, of Giles Smith's brigade, and the position vacated by him was then filled by the 11th Corps of General Howard, which about this time double-quicked across the ridge, and went in position on the left extreme. Gens. Corse and Smith were now ordered to make a second essault with their combined forces, and General Lightburn, who had been anxiously watching the action, joined the portion of his brigade on the hill, and assumed of the whole assaulting column. He ordered the movement to begin immediately, and a more desperate and bloody assault than the former was made. The combat had no salient point to be described. It was simply a steady and slow advance of the whole line to within a few dozen yards of the fort, occupying three-quarters of an hour, and then a rapid retreat to the former position at the crest of the hill, leaving the dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy, and between their their outer rifle-pits and Fort Buckner. Generals Corse and Giles Smith, seriously wounded, were carried into the valley in the rear—the one to lose his leg, and the other probably to die. The tall, slim boys of the 6th Iowa suffered severely; and, on going to the hospital in the valley below, I find that the Germans of the 37th Ohio have fought well and long. Corse and Smith gone, the troops are re-formed in a new line of battle by Lightburn. Colonel Walcot, of the 46th Ohio, assumes command of Corse's brigade, and, by orders, the line lies down to rest and await the attack of the enemy, should he venture to one. He as yet betrays no signs of weakness or of suffering. His occasional shouts reveal that he lies there, and it is very evident he intends remaining on the defensive, and is confident. As yet there are no signs of his being reinforced.

From this time—quarter after twelve was the time at which this repulse took place—until half past one there is a pause in Sherman's battle. This he occupies in inditing a message to Grant, and in preparing for more determined assault. The centre of the line at Orchard Knob notes the time by rapid and vigorous firing, of which I have forgotten to ask an explanation, and which omission I leave to others to supply. I employed the time by examining the hospitals in rear of the lately assaulting party, and finding, to my disgust, only one rebel and not a single Eastern casuality to record. But alas, I found at the old log, hut, which was being used as a hospital, and in the side at the foot of the hill, many a brave heart that had grown suddenly silent to the praises which comrades were murmuring over them.

On leaving the valley and the hospitals I returned to the point on the right of the ridge, where Lieut. Gallender's guns were posted. Here I found that Colonel Loomis' brigade had, disdaining the protection of the railroad bank, rushed forward, and was now skirmishing with the enemy for the possession of an abrupt ledge of rocks, which, outcropping from the hill side, afforded a secure position to an attacking column, at a point not more than fifty yards from Fort Buckner, which, let it be noticed, was near the crest of the west side of the hill, up which Loomis was now moving. The brigade eventually gained possession of this by half past one o'clock, when a second brigade, Col. Mathias, moved upon its left and rear. This brigade got into position without any serious skirmishing. But while this force was moving up, the enemy had continued to pour into Loomis not only a continuous, though harmless fire of musketry, but had devised and put into execution a system of warfare worthy of the ancients. *They began throwing stones.* And this, too, with such an effect, that they soon grew to be as great a terror to our boys as gunboats were formerly to the rebels. These stones—huge in size—partly thrown down the mountain, would leap over the outjutting rocks and fall upon our men with great force and doing much damage. The men at length, unable to bear this fire, demanded to be led against the fort, and did rush forward, but met with such a heavy fire that, in their temporarily disordered state, they were unable to stand it, and, breaking, turned and fled, only the color bearer of one of the regiments remaining in position. Here he continued, waving his flag, until the brigade, having met in descending the advancing brigade of Gen. Mathias, it turned rallied, and again marched in good order to the position formerly held by it, and rescued their colors from the enemy, who was making a charge for their possession. The color bearer remained unhurt. The two brigades now laid down again, when the enemy began again his fire of stones, but failed this time to break the line, though the troops were much harassed by this novel expedient to dislodge them.

Not content with the strength of the column which now lay resting on the hill, General Sherman ordered two regiments of Colonel Raum's brigade of John E. Smith's division to move up to the left and rear of Mathias' brigade, in order to support it. These regiments, 80th Ohio and 17th Iowa, moved forward and took up a strong position about half way up the hill. He had no sooner gotten into position than Loomis and Mathias moved from their position, and began to advance up the hill, with loud shouts of encouragement. The enemy sprang to their guns, and, from six pieces of artillery and a long line of musketry, a heavy and destructive fire was poured upon them. Instantly Raum, though out of breath in climbing halfway up the hill, pushed forward in support of this perhaps, premature assault. The hill at this time fitfully flashed and flared with flame, and the columns, the flags, the figures of both foe and friend being plainly visible, there was presented the most magnificent vision of war which has yet been vouchsafed me. I cannot and dare not attempt to describe it. If the reader can imagine two hosts thus struggling, his imagination, however weak, cannot fail to draw a sublimer picture than my pen; and, however bright that imagination may be, it cannot fail to fall far short of the sublime reality.

Through a half hour of slow, toilsome ascent did this continue. The enemy continued without intermission to pour canister and musket balls into the column whose success they appeared so much to fear. Our men toiled on slowly, making but one wild dash at the guns, from which they came back maddened with rage at their failure. From their line the fire leaped upward to almost meet that of the enemy they were approaching. Success seemed within our very grasp, and when—

It was a partial repulse, but that momentary episode of the battle will reflect undying honor on the army of which those repulsed troops formed a part. I know not the cause—the rebel artillery may have been concentrated on him, but Mathias broke—broke in utter confusion, I thought, as I saw it, and the men came rushing down the hill. Loomis still stood; Raum still moved forward. But Mathias did not fly to the foot of the hill. Just as the retreating troops reached and were passing Raum's line, an officer sprang forward among them, seized the standard of one of the regiments, and stuck it in the ground. I saw him wave his sword once over his head and point up the hill. I could not hear his voice, but the men did, and as if by a magic—which will be forever a mystery to me—that routed column turned, turned instantly, and in a single second was marching up the hill, as firmly and strongly formed as was that of Raum, and apparently forming a part of it. Fot a man went farther than where Raum's brigade was met, and there all turned and recharged, as if it were a movement they had been practising for years.

And then this whole line pushed forward again—certainly the most wonderful display of human nature under thorough discipline I have ever beheld or imagined. Both Loomis and Mathias, mark you, had broken once; yet now, after half an hours fight, they again returned to the fight by the side of Raum. It is to me, writing it, perfectly incomprehensible, and I turn to my notes to see if my memory is not at fault. But no—the wonderful achievement is there in black and white—the very hour marked and noted and just beneath it is a still more wonderful achievement in the last charge and repulse.

It was just at a quarter after two o'clock that the forces then in line made a last grand charge at the rebel works, fifty yards in front of them. The line was perfect now, though the stream of wounded that straggled to the rear made it look ragged. The order was given, and they pushed forward. It is but a short walk before breakfast, that fifty yards; but it is no child's play to charge over it. Double shotted with canister, the rebel guns thunder upon our men; and, alas! we could see it was fearfully thinning our still advancing ranks. But still our boys press on—stern, right, boldly, grandly. I saw them with my glass draw the blue cap down over their eyes, as if seeking to hide the fearful flame that devoured them. A few more yards and a few more lives, and the rebel battery, the rebel position is ours.

We did not win here. The enemy was forced to call for help—to draw from his centre—and at this moment, when all was ours, they poured in from their left around the hill, and got in upon our boys a damnable flank and cross fire that it was perfectly impossible to oppose. This force proved to be very heavy, and came into the engagement at double quick. Our line crumbled almost instantaneously. A few hundred faced about and fought a running fight to the rear; but the main body turned and retreated. But there was no panic, no despair. They saw they had failed and were overcome. They retreated, but not rushing wildly and furiously far to the rear. The powerful aided the weak, and the strong bore off the wounded.

The west side of the hill was soon cleared of all but our wounded and the rebels. These latter pushed around the hill, under the fire of our guns, until they suddenly, and apparently unexpectedly, came upon Lightburn, who had during all this remained perfectly quiet, but who now sent them howling to their holes.

At this moment I was standing near the bronze figure of Sherman. As our men retreated down the hill, I saw him bite off the end of a cigar, light it, take a puff or two, and then, turning to one of his aids, said, "Tell Lightburn to entrench and go into position." He then sat down to write a despatch. I knew the battle of Tunnel Hill was over.

We had been repulsed. I may say bloodily repulsed.

But the enemy had been forced to commit the fatal error.

THE ASSAULT ON MISSION RIDGE.

The imagination of the reader need not carry him from the left to the centre in greater haste than my by no means rapid beast carried me, for I arrived fully in time to see the two assaulting columns, which for two days had been lying in wait for the auspicious moment, launched against the enemy's centre. General Grant had made his headquarters, during the day, on Orchard Knob, and had watched anxiously the result of Sherman's assault. He had seen our men driven back when flanked, and had said with a quiet, sad smile, "They made our boys get down the hill quite lively." But he had also seen the rebel movement to their right, and he also said with a smile of another character, "Now, forward."

Simultaneously and instantaneously the two, or rather four columns, rushed forward across the valley of Citico creek and up to the line of rebel rifle-pits that lined the base of Mission Ridge. These did not even claim their attention, nor did the two or three discharges of musketry which received them call for a reply. On they pushed, with their glittering bayonets signaling back a reply that startled the already dismayed foe. They abandoned the works and their camps, over and through which our men rushed, with headlong speed, and a velocity which of itself, would have secured them a victory. The enemy had opened on these columns a heavy fire from several batteries, which he had massed along his centre, to hide and in some measure remedy his now apparent weakness there. But these were only replied to by the guns of Captain Bridges, on Orchard Knob, and the deep-mouthed monsters of Fort Wood. The foot of the hill was reached by the advancing column in good order, and now began the difficult ascent. Half way up, the line became broken and ragged, and it looked much as if a heavy line of skirmishers were mounting the hill.

When they reached the top, and the rebel artillerists were limbering up their pieces, the front line was no longer preserved, but the men pushed forward indiscriminately. The rebel infantry fled, and yielded up the artillery without further struggle. From below we could see the rebel flag as it entered and passed through Fort Hindman, and gave place to that of the Union. In just three quarters of an hour after the order was given for the assault General Turchin, of Baird's division, occupied Fort Hindman with two of his regiments, and was rapidly moving the others forward to their support. Generals Willich, Hazen, and Waggener were reaping harvests of artillery. The hill was won at four o'clock, the enemy cut in two, and his organization for the time destroyed.

About this hour, Hooker, who had been advancing on the ridge northward, struck the rebel left about Fort Breckinridge, and, sweeping still further north, gathered in fresh hordes of prisoners.

As the hill was won, General Grant, following in the wake of the advancing columns, appeared in their midst on the summit as the white-plumed helmet of Henry IV. had appeared at Ivry. The troops saw and recognized him, and at once there went up a shout such as only victorious men can give to a victorious leader. It must have sounded strange to Bragg, who yet, on this same hill, not half a mile distant, was marching his troops upon the right for a last deperate effort to regain the day.

THE LAST EFFORT OF THE REBELS.

The attack came—came ere Turchin had succeeded in getting forward his reinforcements. It was made in strong force, and in a moment extended along the whole line of the two regiments now in Fort Hindman, and stretched across the ridge. It was evident the enemy was determined to stake all upon that issue. General Grant and his chief of staff recognized in an instant the importance of the moment and urged forward the reinforcements of Turchin. Mingling in the very hottest of what now became the hottest fire of the day, they urged forward the troops and personally gave directions for their disposal. Turchin finding some men moving a piece of artillery to the rear, in his way, raved and swore, in broken English, until he had got his men up to the works, and Lieutenant Turner as heartily cursed the fellows who were retiring the gun, and while doing so got seriously wounded. General Meigs, Quartermaster-General, busied himself in preparing friction primers for the captured guns, which General Grant was ordering into position, but gave the task up in despair to Captain Ross, of General Grant's staff.

But the artillery thus placed was never used. General Turchin pushed forward his troops, and no sooner had they appeared in line of battle in the fort, than suddenly the battle ceased and was over. As if with one accord, the rebels ceased to struggle. They broke in utter and total confusion, and rushed down the hill. Volley after volley followed them as they fled; but they did not halt. On they rushed, struggling and striving, reckless of all now save safety.

The operations were ended in complete victory. The telegraph will tell you officially the glorious result ere this can reach you. We are in possession of everything. The siege of Chattanooga has been raised, and doubtless that of Knoxville will be abandoned by the enemy. We shall have railroad communication with Nashville in a fortnight. Boats are already plying between this and Bridgeport. Our army is now in pursuit, and an attempt is to be made to drive Bragg so far South that a column will be at liberty to move East in time to intercept Longstreet in his retreat from Knoxville. The days are already brightening, and the military horizon promises a reversal of the seasons of nature. Chickamauga was the cold and dismal equinoctial storm which for a time devastated the land. Then followed the bitter, dumb, and sullen October of the doubtful and dangerous siege.—Does it not look as if we were to have an Indian summer under Grant?

☞ INCIDENTS OF HOSPITAL LIFE.—Under this head the New York *Evening Post* contains some interesting incidents from a lady, the wife of an officer in the army. The following is an extract:

NEGRO INCIDENTS.

Speaking of negroes, reminds me of some very funny scenes witnessed from my window during my stay. Every day long freight trains brought in cotton from Tuscumbia, Ala., and other places along the line. I have seen them two hundred yards in length, piled up with miscellaneous articles, while crowning them were old beds, tied in sheets, and all sorts of bundles, through which little negroes swarmed like bees. Look where you would a little black face and woolly head peeped out, while shining black eyes flashed and twinkled in innocent wonder upon all sides.

Yet it was a pitiful sight, too, these poor half-starved, half-clothed creatures. To see them swarming over the place, sleeping upon the ground, and voraciously eating the rations dealt out to them by government officials, was enough to bring tears to the eyes of the hardest. Poor, ignorant, helpless creatures, with no home, and a dark future before them!

People have often laughingly wondered if "Topsy" was not a creature of Mrs. Stowe's prolific fancy. Could they have enjoyed a brief season in Corinth I think they would scarcely have questioned the truthfulness of the character. Topsies might be found here by the hundred.

I had one in my room, a bright, quiet little creature, with a tiny round face as black as the ace of spades. I dressed her up and kept her about to do little errands for me, while the chambermaids in the house found her as much a source of amusement as usefulness. She would dance, sing and act quite as comically as Topsy ever did.

I had to laugh heartily one day at the doleful face of one of the clerks, as he came into my room, his hand covered with blood.

"Please give me a bandage for this, Mrs. S——," he said, laughingly, his tones at the same time full of vexation. "That Nell is a perfect little imp! See what she has done to me!"

"How? Why, your hand looks full of little pricks as if from teeth."

"Pins, you mean! I declare, its too rich! She's a little smart one, you may rest assured It happened this way: We boys love to teaze her, and often get her into the store down stairs to hear her make droll remarks. I got into the habit of tapping her upon the head, pretending to be vexed, just to see her roll up her eyes at me in her comically-deprecating way. Her wool is thick, and I guess I tapped her pretty hard sometimes, relying upon its softness to protect her. Well, the little imp, what does she do but stick about forty pins along, under the hair through the edge of the turban, the points out. They formed a circle around her droll head, and just now I tapped her on the side of the head, so hard as to get a dozen right through my hand. The smart vexed me, and I tapped the other side, then the top—you see the result."

By this time I had finished binding up the lacerated hand, and indulged in a convulsive burst of merriment at his expense. He went away laughing, and a few moments later, when Nell came in, I examined her head, finding, at the least, half an ounce of pins deposited in the curly locks crimped up tightly over her head.

She stood demurely, with her hands folded, during the examination, and in answer to my question as to why she did it, said gravely:

"Why, miss, he was allus a spattin' o' me."

Army News in Church.

A Piqua (Ohio) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing on Thanksgiving day, tells the following story of a fighting parson:

"The glorious news from Chattanooga this morning cheated Rev. Col. Mossby out of the opportunity of delivering his Thanksgiving sermon. We had met at the Green Street Methodist Church, in accordance with the President's proclamation, had sung the 'President's Hymn,' taken up a collection of about sixty dollars for the Sanitary Commission, and our fighting preacher had scarcely got through with his introduction, when the *Gazette* arrived, was brought into the church and handed to him by our patriotic sexton. The preacher stopped, paused a moment, and then shouted 'glorious news.' He read the headings of the telegraphic news and said:

"'The congregation will all rise.' 'Now, three cheers for the old Stars and Stripes.'

"They were given with a will, and the walls of Green Street rang with the shouts of sturdy old stewards and leaders.

"'Now, sing—all sing'—'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' The congregation all joining.

"'Now,' said the preacher, 'I have too much good sense to think that you would rather hear me preach than hear the news.' So he read all the dispatches with the editorial, which was frequently cheered by the congregation.

"Then followed some excellent remarks by Rev. Dr. Wheelock, of the First Baptist Church, and the exercises were closed by a benediction—the congregation, by a rising vote, agreeing to meet in the evening to hear the Thanksgiving sermon, and take another collection for the Sanitary Commission."

A mansion, completely furnished, was presented to Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church, in Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving day. The mansion is double, with side parlors, each illuminated with six-light chandeliers, a hall and vestibule in the centre, extensive back buildings, fine library, sitting room, reception room, &c., the whole being warmed by means of improved patent heaters, and is handsomely furnished in all its apartments.

SORGHUM MOLASSES.—The five principal States of the West for the production of sorghum molasses are Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Their estimated production last year was 10,203,728 gallons. This year only 6,070,822 gallons, a decrease of nearly three and a quarter millions of gallons. The amount of ground planted was much greater than in 1862, but the frost destroyed the yield.

The annual consumation of molasses and sugar, prior to the war, was about 45,000,000 gallons of molasses, and about 1,000,000,000 pounds of sugar, the amount for each inhabitant, slaves excluded, being thirty-nine pounds. The increase of the consumption of sugar in the United States since 1840 was 227 per cent., whilst the increase of population was 63 per cent. The Louisiana cane-sugar, this year, will not, it is supposed, exceed thirty to fifty thousand hogsheads, and hence the country must rely on heavy importations to supply its wants.

New modes to supply its own sugar and molasses must be adopted by the country, and hence the monthly report for October very properly directs public attention to the great importance of the first experiment now making by the firm of Geunert Brothers, of New York city, at Chatworth, Livingston county, Ill., to grow the sugar-bed, and to manufacture sugar from it.

A BRIDE WORTH HAVING.—The Rockingham (Va.) Register publishes the marriage of Miss Lucy F. Roller, the daughter of a wealthy farmer in that county, and adds: "She was what we would call 'an independent girl,' sure enough. Her bridal outfit was all made with her own hands, from her beautiful and elegant straw hat down to the handsome gaiters upon her feet! Her own delicate hands spun and wove the material of which her wedding dress and traveling cloak were made, so that she had nothing upon her person when she was married, which was not made by herself! Nor was she compelled by necessity or poverty to make this exhibition of her independence. She did it for the purpose of showing to the world how independent Southern girls are."

The Bedouins, says the Levant *Herald*, have become so numerous and lawless of late in the holy land that it is unsafe to go even the shortest distance from Jerusalem. Jordan cannot be visited, having become a hard road to travel.

AGRICULTURAL.

[By the Agricultural Editor.]

Department of Agriculture.

We are indebted to the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, for a copy of his report for 1862. So far as a cursory examination of the papers accompanying the report allows us to judge, they are far superior to the bulk of matter which used to be comprehended in the report from the Patent office. We recognize carefully-prepared articles on important topics, from some of the best agricultural writers in the country, and the publication altogether is of such a character as to give assurance that the Commissioner and his able coadjutors are making a serious effort to do something beyond what has been attempted heretofore in behalf of agricultural progress.

The commissioner adopts the hints of the late Judge Buell as to the chief purposes to be accomplished by his department. First, Collecting, arranging, publishing and disseminating, statistical, and other useful information in regard to agriculture. Second, Collecting from different parts of our own and foreign lands, such valuable animals, cereals, seeds, plants, slips and cuttings as may be obtained. Third, Answering the inquiries of farmers and others, on all matters relating to agriculture. Fourth, Testing by experiment the value of agricultural implements, &c. Fifth, Analysis of plants, soils, grains, fruits, vegetables, manures &c. Professorships of batony and entomology, and an agricultural library and museum, enter also into the plans of the commissioner.

BEET SUGAR.—We have on several occasion, lately, referred to Beet Sugar. Also to the fact that a large manufactory of it had just been established in Illinois. The following communication, therefore, which lately appeared in the *Rural New-Yorker*, may be of interest:

Beet-root sugar can by made cheaper than maple sugar, even where the farmer has a good sugar orchard, for the cake left after the juice has been expressed from the beet will pay all the expense of raising the beet and making the sugar. An acre of sugar beets will produce not less than fifteen tons of roots. The very lowest yield of sugar is 7 per cent. and of molasses, or syrup, 3 per cent. more. An acre would yield of

Sugar,	1050 pounds.
Syrup,	45 gallons.
Cake,	3 tuns.

The money value would be

1050 p