

The Spring Campaign.

The Spring campaign in the Southwest opens with moves of a bewildering complexity. We have the news of no less than three grand columns which are either already under way or on the point of moving.

Gen. Sherman's corps, comprising the corps of Hurlbut and McPherson, started from Vicksburg two weeks ago, moving eastward across the Big Black. A powerful cavalry column, under General Smith, Grant's Chief of Cavalry, has taken its departure from Corinth and Holly Springs.

Signs of speedy activity, military and naval, also show themselves in the Department of Gen. Banks. If we suppose, as we ought, that the movements of these several columns are in execution of a well conceived military combination, there is one course open to Sherman's column which would seem to be consistent with the line of advance it has taken up.

Death of Stephen C. Foster.

We have been furnished the following for publication, taken from the Philadelphia Age. Mr. Foster's father, Wm. B. Foster, represented this county in the State Legislature, several years ago, and was well known to many of our old citizens.

The death of Stephen C. Foster, a musical composer of more than ordinary merit, deserves a passing notice at our hands. Mr. Foster was a native and resident of Pittsburgh in this State, and belonged to one of the most respectable families of that city.

His taste for music was early developed, his first, and one of his most popular songs, "Uncle Ned," having been composed at the age of eighteen. This was about twenty years ago; and from that time until within the last two or three years a flood of song music has flowed from his pen that has met with a popularity almost unrivalled.

It was a sight long to be remembered to see Gen. Bryan, at the head of the column, leading and cheering his men, giving his orders in a calm and self-possessed tone. Indeed, he seemed to bear a charmed life. While hundreds around him were killed and wounded, he was untouched, and when the assault failed, walked away crying, "Rally, boys, rally; we are not whipped; we could not climb the fort, that's all!"

How to do it.—The following appears in the Louisville papers: "INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 5, 1864. Jason Ham, Indiana Military Agent: I have arranged with Samuel H. Patterson, of Jeffersonville, to furnish all veteran regiments from this and other States, with hot coffee and a lunch at Jeffersonville. See him and co-operate. Make arrangements to notify the regiments as soon as they arrive at Louisville. Also notify that free entertainment will then also be given at Indianapolis.

O. P. MORTON, Governor of Indiana."

The new State of West Virginia has been divided by her Legislature into townships, like other Free States and unlike the Slave States, which had no civil division below counties. She has also adopted a free school system. They say West Virginia is unconstitutional; but she don't act like it.

Of General McClellan's report, the Cincinnati Gazette speaks in no smooth terms: "It is the whimpering plea of a lubberly lout, accusing others of the nuisances in which he has been detected. It is no military report. No such document ever emanated from a soldier. And it is false as a military history."

GEN. BUTLER has started free schools, on the Massachusetts plan, at Fortress Monroe and Norfolk.

The Assault on Knoxville.

A correspondent of the Augusta Constitutionalist writes an interesting description of the gallant charge of the Confederate troops upon the enemy's works at Knoxville. He says:

"To the left of Knoxville, on a high hill, is a large dirt fort, mounting six guns, which commands all approaches to it, for more than a mile. In its front and flanks was once a thick field of pines, which were cut down by the enemy, the tops falling in all directions, making a mass of brush and timber almost impassable. In addition to this they had wires netted all around their works, and a ditch from four to six feet deep, corresponding with the irregularity of the ground, the extreme slope of the parapet wall making an acute angle with the fall of the ditch. Immediately in their front, for two or three hundred yards, all brush and rubbish were removed, in order that the grape and canister might have a clear sweep at the attacking column. This fort, Bryan's, Humphrey's and a part of Wofford's brigades, were ordered to assault at daylight on the morning of the 29th of November.

"Through the rugged fields of obstacles, before day, Bryan's brigade felt its way, with many a fall and many a bruise, yet quietly, uncomplainingly, the men followed the dark figure of their leader guiding us through the gloom, to the line of the sharpshooters stationed at the edge of the clearing. Each man pressed his cap more firmly down his brow, and with lips compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move, while Gens. Bryan and Humphrey glided noiselessly through their commands carefully examining the ground before them.

"All was quiet as the grave, suddenly the stillness was broken by the sharp crack of a Minie rifle, when 'Up boys! charge!' was given by our commanders. The brave fellows springing up with a shout, on they pressed to the fort, through a murderous fire of shot and shell. Owing to a rain the day before, and frost on the night of the attack, the earth gave away from under our gallant men as they climbed upon the shoulders of each other, endeavoring to reach the parapet, and down they would tumble into the ditch. Hand grenade after hand grenade were thrown upon them, and yet they still remained climbing and falling for over an hour, while the air sparkled with whistling fuses and incessant rolls of musketry from the walls. Finding all attempts to scale the sides of the fort impossible, (only one man, Sergt. Maj. Bai-ey, of the 10th Georgia, reached to the top; he, poor fellow, was killed immediately,) we slowly withdrew, under a terrible fire from the enemy.

"It was a sight long to be remembered to see Gen. Bryan, at the head of the column, leading and cheering his men, giving his orders in a calm and self-possessed tone. Indeed, he seemed to bear a charmed life. While hundreds around him were killed and wounded, he was untouched, and when the assault failed, walked away crying, 'Rally, boys, rally; we are not whipped; we could not climb the fort, that's all!' The men all stopped at his command, and pressing forward to shake hands in grateful delight at his safety. One of the Colonels scolded him severely for exposing himself so recklessly.

"Many sons of our Sunny South reddened the fields with their hearts blood, while not a Yankee, I could see was slain! Oh! it was a sad sight to see those two old warriors—Gens. Bryan and Humphrey—who essayed to speak to each other after the fight, but could not. They turned their heads and wept—yes, wept bitter tears to the memory of their gallant dead. Never did men go so boldly up to death. The enemy run up a flag of truce, and acted very humanely to our wounded, sending all who could be moved, to us. The Yankees say it was the charge of the war, and none but Longstreet's corps would ever have made it."

The American Citizen.



THOMAS ROBINSON, CYRUS E. ANDERSON, Editors. BUTLER PA.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24, 1864.

"Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."—D. Webster.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1864: ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"We find the inquiry in the Citizen of the 10th instant: Wonder if the Herald could not furnish its readers with an expose of the Knights of the Golden Circle. A comparison between it and the Loyal League might be interesting.

No the Herald could not. We never have been connected with any secret political organization.

Perhaps the Citizen could give its readers a knowledge of the oaths or obligations of an Irishman on his admission into the Know Nothing order.—Herald."

Never having had any knowledge of, or connection with the secret workings of the American party, we cannot give the Herald the information required; nor is it likely that the editor of the Herald would consider the Citizen's account entirely reliable if we did. But if it is desirable to have light on that subject, we can give the name of an Irishman, in full communion with the Democracy, who knows all about it, and will, of course, enlighten his brother Copperhead. And, as we suppose the obligation would be the same with all foreigners, we can give a second reference to an "Irishman," also an official member of the Copperhead persuasion, who can corroborate our Irish deponent.

Can't See It.

The Editor of the Herald alleges that we must be "entirely ignorant of the rules by which publishers are governed," or we would not have given that paper the credit of the article which appeared in it entitled "Radical Union Leagues." And says that "credits are always given to the papers or publications in which the article originally appears."

To this rule we have no objection; but its introduction here reminds us very much of the Clergyman who, on a certain occasion, preached a very fine funeral sermon; after the service was ended, one of the congregation inquired of a venerable Elder, how he liked the discourse; to which the Elder replied, that the discourse was very good, but (as he thought) rather out of place, as there was nobody dead.

The first paragraph of the article in question informs us that "The Boston Traveler" says, &c. The next paragraph introduces information from a very different source—the St. Louis Republican. The information taken from the Boston Traveler don't compose one quarter of the article in question.

What paper collected and rewrote the information derived from two sources so wide apart? Either the Herald or some other paper. And as we had no desire to charge the Herald with plagiarism, we charitably gave it the credit of the article. A similar article appeared a short time since, in the National Intelligencer, but whether the Intelligencer copied from the Herald or the Herald from the Intelligencer, we leave for the Editor of the Herald to say. If the latter should be the case, we cannot admire the source from whence that paper gets its copy, without any knowledge of the book; and judging only by its title, we would even prefer "Sears' Guide to Knowledge," to that ancient fable.

"The M'Callister Post office has been re-established, and Enoch L. Vernon, living about one mile south of Unionville, has been appointed Post Master. Considerable dissatisfaction exists among the citizens of the neighborhood about this appointment. We are told that those interested in the office, both Democrats and Republicans, signed a petition for the appointment of John Davis, of Unionville, but he being a Democrat, the Postmaster in Butler opposed his appointment and secured that of E. L. Vernon, in opposition to the wishes of the people. If this history of the case is correct, and we have it from different reliable men in the vicinity, the conduct of the Postmaster in Butler, and of the Post office Department can only be regarded as a high handed outrage on the rights of the people."—Herald.

This Postoffice got its name, we believe, from the fact that it was opened by the appointment of John M. McCallister, Esq., Postmaster. Mr. Vernon lives about ninety rods south of Mr. McCallister's office, therefore, is only moved that distance from where it was first opened, while Unionville (where Mr. Davis lives) is about half a mile north of the original location of the office.

We know Mr. Vernon to be a good Republican, and a responsible man. Gen. Jackson first recognized the correctness of the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils"—it was hailed as a sound one by every Democratic Administration from that day to this; and had they the power they would still adhere to this rule, but "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be, When the devil was well the devil a saint would be." If we are not mistaken, the Democracy went so far, while in power, as to discriminate officers altogether, simply because they could not find one of the faithful competent to keep them; such a party are not in a position to complain if a similar rule were adopted by their successful opponents. But we are inclined to believe that there were other reasons for the appointment of Mr. Vernon. He was, as we have already said, responsible, this, it seems, was not the case with his opponent. Of Mr. Davis we know nothing personally; we understand he keeps a public house in Unionville. We are informed that it was, at least indirectly, admitted that he was an irresponsible man,—that some of his political friends offered to assume a share of the responsibilities of the office—thus making it a partnership concern; this, in itself, would have been sufficient to justify the appointment of Mr. Vernon.

It would have been more convenient to some had the office been opened at Unionville, but it would have been correspondingly inconvenient to others; we have no doubt that the general public are accommodated. At any rate, if our friends in the village wish a postoffice there, they must offer to the Postoffice Department a responsible individual, and one of known loyalty.

But the Herald cannot let this opportunity pass without giving the public a fresh evidence of its Chronic ill feeling towards our very worthy Postmaster here. We think it is too complimentary to him to give him the whole credit of securing the result of which the Herald complains. He is a happy public officer against which there can be no graver charge made.

The Work Goes Bravely on.

As the time for filling up the quota of our county by volunteering under the late act of Congress, which allows such liberal bounties, draws to a close, it is gratifying to know that so many of the Townships have availed themselves of its liberal provisions. From the best information we have on the subject we feel safe in saying that the following districts will have made up their full quota (some of them had given an excess). Buffalo, Clinton, Middlesex, Adams, Cranberry, Jefferson, Penn, Forward, Jackson,boro, Butler, Butler tp., Connoquenessing, Lancaster, Oakland, Centre, Franklin, Muddyk, Clay, Brady, Worth, and Mercer.

There are others that we would fain add to this list, and hope yet to hear from some of them. The only reason now urged for non action is want of time. We would still urge them to take hold of this matter in earnest—with six good men to lead, every township in the county, might be saved from the hardships of a draft.

There is, it is true a difference of opinion as to the policy of volunteering. We have not time to examine all the arguments pro and con, there is one matter, however, to which we wish to call the attention of all; and that is the comparative number of men obtained by the process of the draft and that of volunteering! In the borough of Butler for instance, there were three obtained by the draft last summer, and it has now put twenty three into the field. A similar comparison may be made in other districts. When we consider the fact that our armies should at once be filled up to overflowing, it is hard to determine which mode is most likely to effect this patriotic object? We feel safe in saying that any township can report to the Provost Marshal on next Monday evening that they are ready to report their quota will be allowed time to complete it even though it should take another day or two to fill out the necessary papers &c.

Our last appeal therefore to all, is work while it is called to day, for the night cometh in which no man can work.

THE ASSIGNMENT OF VETERANS.—A good deal of difficulty has been encountered by the several bodies of veteran troops of this State, in making an assignment to the credit of any particular sub-district, with the view of reducing the liability of such district under the impending draft, and also of obtaining the local bounty for the veterans.

A gentleman who has recently visited Washington, for the purpose of ascertaining the necessary step to be taken to secure such assignment of veterans who have reenlisted in the field, to any sub-district, informs us that the Adjutant General of the army had instructed Lieutenant Colonel Bomford, Provost Marshal of Pennsylvania, that in cases where the muster-rolls of veterans re-enlisting in the field were deficient, in not showing the particular district to which such men desire to be assigned, the Provost Marshal of the State, at Harrisburg, had full authority to prepare duplicate assignment rolls, on demand being made by any body of veteran troops so situated, through their commanding officer. The proper credit will be given through the Adjutant General's office, on such assignment rolls, and no difficulty need be apprehended.

With a view to the need he apprehended, Ward, borough of township, provided prompt steps are taken by their commanding officer, as above indicated. We publish this for the information of all interested. We are informed that one entire company of veterans have already been assigned, and receive their bounty, under this arrangement. As but a few days remain before the government bounty will cease to be paid, we hope all veteran volunteers in our State will be properly credited, before the time is up for making credits under the draft.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We congratulate the inhabitants of Butler county that the Citizen has located itself permanently among them. As it proposes a weekly call upon all who extend to it an invitation, we have deemed it expedient to acquaint ourselves with its moral and literary character, ere we welcome it as a guest at our fireside. We have an exceedingly high appreciation of intelligence, but paramount to the most exalted intelligence, is morality; and as intemperance, like an overwhelming flood, seems to be engulfing all classes of society, whirling onward in its eddying circles the rich and the poor, the aged and the young; we have determined to close our doors against everything which is not right on this question. It is not sufficient that the habit of drinking elicit a censure now, when "ten cents a drink" finds no response in an empty purse. We must be satisfied that, although it could be obtained at the lowest figures, or even without compensation, example as well as precept, should be turned with all its force against this crying vice. These being our sentiments, we were gratified by perusing the article "Somebody's Son," in the Citizen of Jan. 20. Mothers read it, one and all, (if you have not already), and then decide. Would you prefer your son (upon whom you look with so much pride) to read an article like this, or a glowing description of a grand ball at somebody's hotel, where wine, the very same that your babies declare "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," received its full meed of praise for contributing to the pleasures of the entertainment. And so seared are their consciences that they have unblushingly published their crime all abroad. We have abundant evidence that the Citizen will wield its influence to counteract this growing evil. Repeatedly the Citizen has made repeated visits at our fireside, not one evening has been lost in the narration of sickening tales. This trait we cannot too highly appreciate, as juveniles have an insatiable desire for this kind of mental aliment and devour all indiscriminately that falls within their reach. Parents and guardians should carefully exclude all fictitious reading which has not a moral tendency and a healthful influence on the heart and intellect. The young who innocently desire something to excite their bums of mirthfulness, will find themselves amply repaid by perusing the column devoted to "Wit and Wisdom." The literary character of the Citizen needs no eulogy. Its intrinsic merit will carry conviction to all who are favored with its calls. Families who wish for the weekly visits of a moral, literary and political friend in the form of a county paper, send at once for the Citizen. We had almost forgotten to notice the beautiful type—so perfectly legible that we, who have accustomed to suffer from the dimming effect of years upon our vision, might almost imagine we had renewed our age. We would just observe before we close, that no advertisement or other reading matter, has been obtruded upon our attention since the same paper. Again we say, let every lover of morality, intelligence, or high toned politics, subscribe at once for the Citizen. A MOTHER.

Army Correspondence.

From the 78th Pa. Volunteers, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, Feb. 10, 1864.

Dear Sirs:—Shortly after my arrival at this place, I learned that the 78th Pennsylvania Regiment was stationed on the top of Lookout Mountain, which rises in the distance like some mighty giant whose frown terrified the magnificence it attracted. I at once determined upon paying them a visit for the double purpose of seeing "the boys," and obtaining a view of the surrounding country, which alone can be obtained from the crest of this magnificent mountain. Procuring a "pass," in company with a friend, I wended my way up the mountain steep, and after a toilsome march of a couple of hours we reached the summit, which is 2,800 feet above the level of the Tennessee River, which gently meanders along its sides. Here our vision was regaled by the poetry of nature—all around us could be seen towering mountains whose crests seemed to woo the clouds—beneath was a lovely valley, and gently moving its slow length along in serpentine windings was the beautiful Tennessee River, whose sparkling sprays reflected themselves in a silvery light in the mid-day sun; further upon the valley was the remnant of the City of Chattanooga, which, before its partial destruction, contained a white population of 5,000, and about 1,500 negroes, but at the present time, with the exception of soldiers, it does not contain a white population of over 300, and of this four-fifths are women and children. Skirting the borders of the river, and as far as the eye could reach was to be seen, an almost interminable number of Forts, Rifle-pits, &c., which had been thrown up by the Union forces, immediately upon their occupying this Gibraltar of the Rebels. How the enemy was driven from this position is a mystery, but it was taken, and will be held by the Yankees."

On making inquiry for the 78th Pa. Regiment, we were informed that they were encamped about a mile from the summit. Proceeding in the direction indicated, we shortly arrived at a small and beautiful valley called "Summersville," where the southern chivalry were wont to come and amid the beauties of Nature spend the sultry days of a southern summer. But alas! how fallen? where are they now? Echo answers with weeping voice, "in the Confederate army, endeavoring to crush the best government ever given to man by the munificent hand of the Almighty." But "they have sown the wind and are now reaping the whirlwind." With many sad thoughts on the immutability of human events, we proceeded to the camp of the 78th where I met the brave boys who hail from the "Soap mines." They all looked hearty and every inch a soldier as they truly are.

While at the camp of the 78th, I was first informed of your enterprise in the newspaper business, and being presented with a copy of your paper, I was pleased with it, and I was well pleased with the artistic management, and general appearance, but more particularly was I pleased with the sound, unflinching and

unyielding Union Sentiments which it contained. Keep on in the manner in which you have commenced, and success, proud success, will crown your efforts.

I also saw a Union Herald containing an article reflecting on the integrity and tried fidelity of some of the officers, and the Suters of the 78th. Who the author of that article is, I do not know, much less do I care, but one thing is certain: "His evidence, if he were called to law To swear to some enormity he saw, For want of prominence and just relief, Would hang an honest man and save a thief."

Unless like him alike both brain and speech, But having placed all Truth above his reach, And I am afraid if he does not mend his ways, as a correspondent, he never will reach it. All who know the officers and Suters to whom this reviler refers, need no contradiction of his statements, for like Caesar's wife, they are above suspicion.

After spending an agreeable time with those whom I had known in days of yore, we moved over the mountain in search of curiosities. Proceeding about a quarter of a mile from the camp, in the rear of the Regimental Hospital, we came to "the natural bridge, or, ever-flowing fountain." This bridge is formed of a huge rock, about 30 feet in length, and wide enough to suffer a large six horse wagon to pass over; above, and connected with it is a never-failing spring of pure water which flows in a number of streams, and escapes over the bridge, and falls some 10 or 15 feet, forming a beautiful shower-bath. Underneath the bridge is a large cavern, which has been put to practical uses, such as forming spring-houses, cisterns, ice-houses, &c. This bridge is something similar to the natural bridge, in Virginia, but of course, not on so large a scale, otherwise it would have obtained a greater notoriety than it now has.

Passing from the bridge, we passed the quarters of Lieut. Col. A. BLAKELEY, the rays of whose pleasant countenance caused me to think of other and better days, but "My creed is, he is safe that does his best, And Death's a boon sufficient for all the rest," and instead of giving way to gloomy thoughts, I entered into a pleasant conversation with the Colonel. He has commanded the gallant 78th since the 19th of June, 1863, and now has entire command of the forces on Lookout Mountain, adjacent to Chattanooga. A similar command could not be given to a better man, or one better qualified to fulfill the arduous duties which the responsibilities of the post require. The regiment has been in ten engagements, skirmishes and battles, viz: Lamb's Ferry; Noely's Bend; Goodletsville, Whites Creek; Hoover's Gap; Lagrange; Stone River. The above were skirmishes and the following were rather serious engagements: Dug Gap; Chickamauga and Chattanooga. Col. BLAKELEY commanded in the skirmish at Hoover's Gap, and at the three last named battles, and the successful manner in which the regiment was conducted through these engagements, led the approval of the commanding General, and the future historian answer.—The result of these engagements you are long since acquainted with, and I will forbear further comments. The shades of evening coming on, I bid the Colonel, and the boys of the 78th "Good evening," and descended to the valley, when after a sharp walk I reached my own Regiment, the 105th O. V. I., well pleased with what I had seen on Lookout Mountain.

On the morning of the 8th inst., while eating a late breakfast, the door of my tent was opened, and Sheriff John Scott, Suter of the 78th, informed me that their Regiment was going on a scout the next day, and would go to the "bottomless lake" (not bottomless pit). Having expressed a wish to visit this place, and being, as you know, fond of a little adventure, I at once proceeded to Lieut. J. F. Mansfield, who has command of our company, (B) in the temporary absence of the Captain, and solicited a pass, and the privilege of accompanying the 78th on the expedition. The pass being granted, and being duly signed by the different regimental brigades and division commanders, it was given to me with the privileges I desired. As soon as I could get some rations ready, in company with the Sheriff, I went to Lookout again, and immediately proceeded to "the sutlers," where the rubicund and ever pleasant face of J. Plumer Jack greeted us with a cordial welcome. Partaking of a substantial meal at "Jack's Hotel," I proceeded to the regiment, and saw "the boys." All were lively, and joyous as ever, each and every one giving a friendly shake of the hand as cordially as it was returned.—Night coming on, I partook of a hearty supper at Col. Blakeley's, who extended to me the hospitalities of his ever hospitable roof for the night, but as the Colonel was engaged in his arduous duties, I took lodgings and breakfast at the "Scott and Jack's Hotel."

The morning of the 9th was cool and pleasant, and at 9 a. m., the 78th was formed in line, and we immediately proceeded on our scout, or reconnaissance.—During the march the regiment was drilled in the "skirmish drill." I have seen some skirmishing, and taking the position of the ground, and everything into consideration, I must say it was well done. Having arrived at our destination, a halt was ordered and all proceeded to see the much talked of lake, the name of which is Tullulah Lake, situated in Georgia.—Being unincumbered with accoutrements, I proceeded immediately to the Lake, which was only a few yards from where we halted. The first thing I saw was the waters of Rock Creek, which empties into and forms the Lake. The creek is a small but swift mountain stream, some 20 feet wide, with a shelving rock on the southern side, gently sloping at an angle of about 45 degrees; on the northern side is a perpendicular ledge of rocks some ten or fifteen feet high. The waters of the creek enter the Lake by a fall of some 10 feet. Close to, and on either side of the Lake are stupendous rocks, of curious formation, about 50 feet high. The lake is, by close sounding, 70 feet deep, and the citizen guide who accompanied us, stated that numerous efforts had been made to find bottom, but as often failed; hence the name of "Bottomless Lake." It is about 50 feet wide, and 100 feet long its formation resembling a small pond, the waters of which appear perfectly still no seeming outlet appearing, from the stand point at the mouth of the creek, but below the Lake from another position can be seen, underneath the dam of rocks,

the water escaping, and again forming itself into a creek, which extends for a few rods, and then precipitates over a yawning precipice one hundred and fifty-eight feet high. This may seem a large figure, but it is so by actual measurement. To reach the Lake we had to descend a pair of steep stairs, of 32 steps, each over a foot apart, making the distance about 60 feet, then entering a fissure in the rocks, some 20 feet in length, then climbing over getting rocks, and crossing the stream below the Lake, we arrived at the "Falls." The view was grand, almost beyond description—the small stream of water falling at so great a distance dissolves itself into a beautiful spray, resembling flakes of virgin snow, or the setting of richest dawn, upon the rocks below. Here, "amid the wreck of matter and the crash of water, I saw the ever-smiling face of Sheriff Scott, who was quietly seated on the very verge of the yawning abyss, quietly enjoying his noon-day meal. Joining him in his laudable enterprise, we soon satisfied the inner man. While enjoyed in satisfying our hunger, and discoursing on the grandeur of the scenery around us, we observed, far below us the form of the poet, artist, scholar, gentleman and soldier, Capt. Charles B. Gillespie, industriously engaged in taking a sketch of the Lake and its surroundings. To an imagination as keen and a mind as well stocked with the beauties of nature as his, the scenery around him was a treat rarely to be met with by either a poet or an artist. He has kindly promised me a sketch which, as soon as I receive it, I will send to you to grace your sanctum, until I return home.

Proceeding in search of something new, I wended my way to the top of the hill, when I was met by the Colonel's servant, who said that he desired to see me. I immediately repaired to his quarters, which was on a large rock, and here again I met the Sheriff, engaged in stowing away rations for the Colonel. Not wishing to see him labor too hard, I turned in and assisted him myself. The Colonel's "cullud passon" had a very light load to "take back to camp," we made "a right smart meal I reckon."

Visiting "Rock city" being part of the programme, we retraced our steps, and reached the "city of rocks" about 4 o'clock. Here is almost a perfect town, with streets and alleys, formed of solid rock. This "town" is two miles from the 78th camp. Here we saw "Lot's wife," the "Elephant," "the squatting Toad," and numerous other rocks, whose name I did not learn.—The rocks are of a peculiar formation, and seem to be washed into their present shape by the action of the water which has receded and left them in their present shape.

Having but a short time to spare, we retraced our steps, and arrived at camp near Summersville, on Lookout Mountain, about sundown, well pleased with the strange sights we had seen.

Lookout Mountain takes its rise in the north at the point overlooking Chattanooga and extending one hundred miles, loses itself in Coosa river, near Gadsden, in Alabama, and its full of iron ore, lime, coal and saltpetre, the wealth of which will eventually be opened by northern labor and northern enterprise.

A few words in regard to company H, of the 78th, will not come amiss, as that company was principally raised in and about Butler. There is but one man sick in the company, and he is now getting better. His name is Joseph P. McCoy. Their strength may be summed up thus: Effective men for duty, 58; absent, 16; on detached service, 9; making a total of 73, and with Capt. Ayres, 1st Lieut. Sam'l J. McBride, with the company, and 2d Lieut. F. P. Wichel, on detached service with brigade ambulance, makes an aggregate of 76. Taking into consideration the arduous labors they have undergone, their mortality has not been great. In this company all is harmony, the men like Captain Ayres, and he likes the men. He is a good officer, and may well feel proud in having command of as good a company as he has. May success ever crown the 78th, and may each and all of them be enabled to return once more to their far-off and much loved northern homes.

Important movements are on foot in this department for an early spring campaign, all are eager for a move, and anxious to crush with one fell swoop, this unholly rebellion. As soon as a move is made, I will endeavor to keep you posted.

A notice on the bulletin board this morning, at Gen. Thomas' Headquarters, stated that a whole brigade of rebel soldiers, officers and all, had come into our lines, and volunteered, thus taking advantage of the President's Proclamation. To-day 30 rebs. came to our front and gave themselves up; took the oath, and express themselves as being disgusted with rebel rule, and well pleased that the old flag once more sheds its ample folds around them, and protects them from the wrong and tyrannical rule of the bogus Confederacy.

While I am writing I am informed 15 more Rebs have come in. About 10,000 have come into our lines in this Department since the Chickamauga battle. When we move we will try and bring a few more over.

We are now under marching orders, and ere this letter reaches you it is more than probable we will have a brush with the enemy. The whole 15th Army Corps is now awaiting the order to move. The 78th is in this corps, and will move with us—Look out for stirring times in this Department.

There are various rumors as to our destination, some think Knoxville, but from what I can learn we will move on to Dalton, in Georgia. As soon as we arrive at our destination, I will drop you a line giving you all particulars.

The boys of the 78th join me in sending their best regards to their friends at home. Hoping to see this "cruel war" terminated at an early day, I will subscribe myself, as ever, Your's truly, Wm. H. JOHNSON, Co. B. 105th O. V. I.

A PORT HUDSON letter says that Bragg has been appointed Assistant Secretary of War by Jeff. Davis and sent to the Department west of the Mississippi. He is reported to have arrived at Alexandria, La.

Cocoanuts are selling in Mobile at \$10 apiece.