A private letter from a brave soldier in the 154th regiment, has been handed us for publication. It shows that the boys have had a hot time since Sherman's advance commenced. The writer is a son of Morgan L. Rice, Esq., of Arkwright.

Camp near Shell Rock Mountain, Ga. May 10, 1864

Dear Friends: - Thank God, I have once more a chance to write to you. - We left our old camp in the valley, on the 4th. Had a hard march, and have once more passed through the "leaden hail." When we were about two miles from Shell Rock Mountain, we formed a line of battle, sent out skirmishers, and then we followed them up. Our skirmishers met no opposition until they got to the foot of the mountain; then the Rebs let them have it, and they waited till we came up. The hill was very steep and covered with loose stones and scrub oaks, and our men were nearly tired out when they got there. Well, we started up the mountain. At a short distance from the foot, Henry Munger was shot in the neck; he was not three feet from me at the time. We advanced slowly, and kept concealed as much as possible, for every time a man showed himself, the Rebs were sure to shoot, at him. At last a few of us got to the top ledge and lay there. Not a man dare show himself.

Col. Allen, who was with us, ordered us to charge. He gave the word and up we went. When we rose up they fired a terrible volley into us. I succeeded in reaching the top and ran to a little tree a few feet in advance. The color bearer came up and was shot through the

head. A corporal who lay by the side of me caught the colors and jumped back behind the ledge of rock. In a few moments I looked around and saw that the line had broken, and was retreating down the hill, the Rebs pouring down a shower of lead after them. I got down the hill as quick as I could. I fell and hurt me some, but not a bullet touched me. The regiment is now in the breast-works, and the report is that the 14th Corps is in their rear. - Our regiment lost 65 killed, wounded and missing; Co. A lost 10 killed, wounded and missing.

H. J. Rice