The Bedford Inquirer.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

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Poetry.

[Original.]

Address to the Soldiers of the First Cavalry Brigade.

The following, sent us by our correspondent, Albert Smith, is an address to the soldiers of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, 6th Division, 16th Army Corps, written by Edwin W. Andrews, Chaplain 2d New Jersey Cavalry. We publish it with pleasure, and commend it to our readers.

My Brother Soldiers, of the First Brigade,
Encamped awhile beneath this cooling shade,
I wish you joy while waiting for the word
That calls you forth with carbine and with sword.
Behold this grove, this grass, the waving trees;
How nature smiles, the sons of men to please,
And every prospect, to the eye how fair,
The sky, the leaves, the ground, or breathing air!
The woods! Aye, "God's first temple," they were built,
All pure and lovely; only *man* has guilt,
Who rests beneath their shade. O, brothers all,
Reflect how sin hath reigned e'er since the Fall.
Though Nature's dress would point us up above
To Him who reigns supreme, the God of love,
And tho' His goodness surely ought to lead
Our souls in penitence to Him they need;
Yet, love of evil reign within the heart,
O, from that evil why so loth to part;
And why do you the heavenly vengeance dare,
And challenge God when e'er you curse and swear.
From birds, or trees, or flowers do you learn
Your causeless oaths? O, quickly turn
From curses which would make the devils blush,
To prayer and praise, that do the passions hush.
Your country calls for men of purest life
To fight her battles in a holy strife;
Maintain her prestige and historic fame,
And shield the honor of her glorious name!
Such men were worthy to uplift those types
Of future glory—the old Stars and Stripes—
To shout: "Hurrah for victory and the doom
Of Treason in the land!" while cannon boom
The glory of our arms, and over all it waves—
OUR STARRY FLAG, o'er living or the SLEEPING BRAVES.

While here surrounded by the charming gove,
Send forth your thoughts to those you ought to love.
Ah! when the storms of battle shall be o'er,
And you will homeward go to fight no more,
Shall Father, Mother, who your childhood nursed,
Be grieved to hear that you have learned to curse?
To talk obscene and taste the drunkard's bowl,
And peril thus, for naught, your priceless soul!
But stop and listen: heed that distant prayer,
That comes from *Home* so softly through the air!
"Great God, protect, I pray, my absent son,
That by these sins he may not be undone.
Give him to feel a patriotic thrill,
To serve his country with a heart and will—
To scorn corruption, bribery and shame,
And thus preserve his honor and good name.
O, keep his life from every foul disgrace,
And grant we may not, when we see his face,
And gather round, as in the days of yore,
As parents, brothers, sisters, then deplore
That he is not, as once he used to be,
Upright, and pure, and honest, frank and free!
O, may he hear the Savior's gentle voice,
So that with him we may ere long rejoice,
Restored into our arms, both saved from death
And saved from sin. Then shall our latest breath
Give praise to Thee, O Lord, the king of kings,
Who rulest over Heaven, and earthly things."

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

Journal of an Eye-Witness.

A Description of the Incidents.

The Fights on the Way.

Thanksgiving--Turkeys Plenty.

Destruction of the Railroads.

Talks with the Whites and Blacks.

Capture of Fort McAllister.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.]

NEAR ATLANTA, Oct. 14, 1864.

The last few days have been full of excitement and deepest interest. The strategic combinations of General Sherman, which have mystified many and called forth the anxiety and curiosity of all, are beginning in part to unfold, revealing a plan of operations conceived upon the broadest scale which, it is not extravagant to say, has ever been known in military science. We begin to understand now why the army was in our late campaign moved to Rome after passing through the Allatoona hills, instead of marching directly on Resaca. Hood at that time was three days march in advance of us. General Sherman knew very well that in no event could Hood be overtaken should he continue to advance, and he much preferred that his swift-footed foe should pass to the left rather than to the right. If Hood would have gone east he would have damaged the railroad again near Atlanta, and then kept to the southward, when he would have been in our present front, offering obstacles serious enough, perhaps, to have defeated the movement now in progress.

HOW HOOD WAS BAITED.

Sherman's rapid wheel to the left, through Snake's Creek Gap, forced Hood either to proceed directly south towards Montgomery, or westward.—The conquerer of Atlanta, prodigal in his well-won wealth, offered the golden apple of West Tennessee, with its richly stored cities, as a prize easily gained, with a vista of glorious possibilities opening up in Kentucky, and it might be, beyond the line of the Ohio.

Well might the Rebel General gladden his heart with the anticipations of riot and plunder, and he thought he saw clearly in the immediate future the fulfilment of the promise and prophecy of his master, that Atlanta should be evacuated in thirty days, and the dreaded Sherman, with his Yankee horde following fast in his footsteps, to save the North from invasion and pillage. And thus, giving no rest to the naked, weary feet of his soldiers, he moved at once in the direction of Florence, on the Tennessee river.

Meanwhile Sherman had arrived at the foot of the Chatooga valley in pursuit. Retaining his main force at Gaylesville, throwing out strong reconnoissances in the direction of the enemy, until, ascertaining beyond a question, that Hood had gulped down the bait, he detached Stanly with the Fourth Corps, sending him to the north towards Bridgeport.

"Aha," chuckled Hood, "this is as I hoped; my strategy succeeds." Following the departure of the Fourth Corps the entire army was moved back to Rome; Schofield, with a portion of the Army of the Ohio, was at once sent to Chattanooga. These, with Stanly's troops, furnished General Thomas, who held supreme command, and who had full instructions from General Sherman covering every contingency, with a veteran army of some thirty thousand men, which, with those already in the department, and recruits coming into the field, composed a force sufficient to demolish Hood, if they should meet; an event which will take place at General Thomas' option, and not at Hood's, if that person remain much longer at the river's bank, where he has halted his columns, as if doubtful what course next to pursue.

It was at this moment that the grand project of our Captain arose in uncertain yet gigantic proportions; the precise point of destination was not known, but all felt certain that it was southward further in the heart of the enemy's country, and the blood bounded in our veins at the thought. Officers and men met each other with proud and glad faces. All were impressed with a consciousness of the truth that the march of Union soldiers to the Ocean or the Gulf meant that we were to take the life-blood of the rebellion.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE MARCH.

General Sherman had called to him from Atlanta his Chief Quartermaster, General Easton, and Chief Commissary, Colonel Beckwith; men of great conceptive and executive capacity. In four days all that Rome contained, of sick and wounded, stores and machinery, was removed, and the city evacuated; a few days more, and the vast amount of provisions, forage, machinery, stores of all kinds, with the invalids and incompetents, which had accumulated at Atlanta and along the railroad, the surplus artillery, baggage and other useless wagons, everything, in truth, which would impede the celerity of movement of the army, was gathered up and sent safely to the North.

On the 12th instant the last train of cars whirled rapidly past the troops moving south, speeding over bridges and into the woods as if they feared they might be left helpless in the deserted land. At Curtisville the last communications with the North were severed with the telegraph wire. It bore the message to General Thomas, "All is well." And so we have cut adrift from our base of operations, from our line of communications, launching out into uncertainty at the best; on a journey whose projected end only the General in command knows.—Its real fate and destination he does not know, since that rests with the goodness of God and the brave hearts and strong limbs of our soldiers. The history of war bears no similar example, except that of Cortez burning his ships. It is a bold, hazardous undertaking. There is no backward step possible here.

As for the army, they do not stop to ask questions.

Sherman says "Come," and that is the entire vocabulary to them. A most cheerful feature of the situation is the fact that the men are healthful and jolly as men can be, hoping for the best, willing to dare the worst.

Behind us we leave a track of smoke and flame.—Half of Marietta was burned up, not by orders, however; for the command is that proper details shall be made to destroy all property which can ever be of use to the Rebel armies. Stragglers will get into these places, and dwelling houses are leveled to the ground. In nearly all cases these are the deserted habitations formerly owned by Rebels, who are now refugees.

Yesterday, as some of the men were marching towards the Chattahoochee river, they saw in the distance pillows of smoke rising along its banks—the bridges were in flames. Says one, hitching his musket a bit on his shoulder in a free and easy way, "I say, Charley, I believe Sherman has set the river on fire." "Reckon not," replied the other, with the same indifference. "If he has, it's all right." And so they pass along, obeying orders not knowing what is before them, but believing in their leader.

From Kingston to Atlanta the rails have been taken up on the road; fires built about them, and the iron twisted into all sorts of curves; thus they are left, never to be straightened again. The Secesh inhabitants are in agony of wonder at all this queer manœuvring. It appears as if we intended evacuating Atlanta, but our troops are taking the wrong direction for the hopes and purposes of these people.

Atlanta is entirely deserted of human beings, excepting a few soldiers here and there. The houses are vacant; there is no trade or trafic of any kind; the streets are empty. Beautiful roses bloom in the gardens of fine houses, but a terrible stillness and solitude cover it all, depressing the hearts even of those who are glad to destroy it. In your peaceful homes at the North you cannot conceive how these people have suffered for their crimes.

BURNING OF ATLANTA.

ATLANTA, Night of the 15th November.—A grand and awful spectacle is presented to the beholder in this beautiful city, now in flames. By order, the Chief Engineer has destroyed, by powder and fire, all the storehouses, depot buildings and machine shops. The heaven is one expanse of lurid fire; the air is filled with flying burning cinders; buildings covering over two hundred acres are in ruins or in flames; every instant there is the sharp detonation of the smothering burning sound of exploding shells and powder concealed in the buildings, and then the sparks and flame shoot away up into the black and red roof, scattering the cindars far and wide.

These are the machine-shops where have been forged and cast Rebel cannon, shot and shell, that have carried death to many a brave defender of our nation's honor. These warehouses have beeu the receptacle of munitions of war, stored, to be used for our destruction. The city, which next to Richmond has furnished more material for prosecuting the war than any other in the South, exists no more as a means for the enemies of the Union.

A brigade of Massachusetts soldiers are the only troops now left in the town. They will be the last to leave it. To-night I heard the really fine band of the 33d Massachusetts playing "John Brown's soul goes marching on," by the lights of the burning buildings. I have never heard that noble anthem when it was so grand, so solemn, so inspiring.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 24.—We are in full possession of the Capital of the State of Georgia, and without firing a gun in its conquest. On Friday last the Legislature, which had been in session, hearing of our approach, hastily decamped without any adjournment. The Legislative panic spread amongst the citizens to such an extent as to depopulate the place, except of a few old gentlemen and ladies and the negroes, the latter welcoming our approach with ecstatic exclamations of joy: "Bress de Lord! tanks be to Almighty God, the Yanks is come! de day ob jubilee hab arribed!" and then accompanied their words with rather embarrassing hugs, which those nearest the sidewalks received quite liberally.

General Slocum, with the Twentieth Corps, first entered the city, arriving by way of Madison, having accomplished his mission of destroying the railroads and valuable bridges at Madison. The fright of the Legislators, as described by witnesses, must have been comical in the extreme. They little imagined the movement of our left wing, hearing first of the advance of Kilpatrick on the extreme right towards Macon, and supposed that to be another raid. What their opinion was when Howard's army appeared at McDonnough it would be difficult to say; and their astonishment must have approached insanity when the other two columns were heard from—one directed towards Augusta and the other swiftly marching straight up on their devoted city.

It seemed as if they were surrounded upon all sides except toward the east, and that their doom was sealed. With the certain punishment for their crimes looming up before them they sought every possible means of escape. Private effects, household furniture, books, pictures, everything was conveyed to the depot and loaded into the cars until they were filled and heaped, and the flying people could not find standing room.

Any and every price was obtained for a vehicle.—A thousand dollars was cheap for a common buggy, and men rushed about the streets in agony of fear lest they should "fall victims to the ferocity of the Yankees."

Several days of perfect quiet passed after this exodus, when, on a bright sunshiny morning, a regiment entered the city with a band playing national airs, which music had many a day since been hushed in the capital of Georgia.

WHAT SHERMAN DID AT MILLEDGEVILLE.

But few of the troops were marched through the city. Some two or three regiments were detailed under the orders of the engineers to destroy certain property designated by the the General commanding. The magazines, arsenals, depot buildings, factories of one kind and another, with storehouses containing large amounts of Government property, and some seventeen hundred bales of cotton were burned. Private houses were respected everywhere even those of noted Rebels, and I heard of no instance of pillage or insult to the inhabitants. One or two of the latter, known to have been in the rebel army, were made prisoners of war, but the Surgeons at the hospitals, the Principal at the Insane Asylum, and others, expressed their gratitude that such perfect order was maintained throughout the city.

General Sherman is at the Executive Mansion, its former occupant having with extremely bad grace fled from his distinguished visitor, taking with him the entire furniture of the building. As General Sherman travels with a *menage*, (a roll of blankets, and haversack full of hardtack,) which is as complete for a life out in the open air as in a palace. this discourtesy of Governor Brown was not a serious convenience.

General Sherman's opening move in the present campaign has been successful in the highest degree. At first, moving his army in three columns, with a column of cavalry on his extreme right, upon eccentric lines, he diverted the attention of the enemy, so that he consentrated his forces at extreme points, Macon and Augusta, leaving unimpeded the progress of the main body. In this campaign—the end of which does not yet appear—it is not the purpose of the General to spend his time before fortified cities, nor yet to encumber his wagons with wounded men. His instructions to Kilpatrick were to demonstrate against Macon, getting within five miles of the city.

A FIGHT.

The roads each column were to follow were carefully designated, the number of miles each day to be travelled, and the points of rendezvous were given at a certain date. All of these conditions were fulfilled to the letter. Slocum, with the Twentieth Corps, arrived at Milledgeville on the 22d instant, preceeding Davis, with the Fourteenth Corps, one day. On the same day Kilpatrick struck the Macon and Western road, destroying the bridge at Walnut Creek. The day following, Howard, with the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, arrived at Gordon, and began the destruction of the Georgia Central railroad.

It was near here that the most serious fight of the campaign occurred to this date. General Wolcot, in command of a detachment of cavalry and a brigade of infantry, was thrown forward to Griswoldville, towards Macon, for demonstrative purposes merely. The enemy, some five thousand strong, advanced upon our troops, who had thrown up temporary breastworks, with a section of a battery in position. The cavalry fell slowly back on either flank of the brigade, protecting them from attack in flank and rear. The rebels are composed of militia chiefly, although a portion of Hardee's old corps was present, having been brought up from Savannah.—

With that ignorance of danger common to new troops, the Rebels rushed upon our veterans with the greatest fury. They were received with grape shot and musketry at point blank range, our soldiers firing coolly while shouting derisively to the quivering columns to come on, as if they thought the whole thing a nice joke. The rebels resumed the attack; but with the same fatal results, and were soon in full flight, leaving more than three hundred dead on the field. Our loss was some forty killed and wounded, while their killed, wounded and prisoners are estimated to exceed two thousand five hundred. A pretty severe lesson they have received.

NEAR TONAILLE STATION, ON THE GEORGIA CENTRAL RAILROAD, Nov. 27.

Since writing the above the army has moved forward all along the line. The rebels seem to have understood, but too late, that it was not Sherman's intention to make a serious attack upon Macon.—They have, however, succeeded in getting Wheeler across the Oconee at a point below the railroad bridge. We first became aware of their presence in our front by the destruction of several bridges across Buffalo Creek, on the two roads leading to Sandersville, over which were advancing the Twentieth and Fourteenth Corps.

We were delayed but a few hours. The passage was also contested by the rebel cavalry under Wheeler, and they fought our front all the way, and into the streets of Sandersville. The Twentieth Corps had the advance, deploying a regiment as skirmishers, forming the remainder of a brigade in line of battle on either side of the road. The movement was executed in the handsomest manner, and was so effectual as not to impede the march of the column in the slightest degree, although the roll of musketry was unceasing. Our loss was not serious—twenty odd killed and wonnded.

As the Twentieth Corps entered the town they were met by the Fourteenth, whose head of column arrived at the same moment. While these two Corps had met with the obstructions above mentioned, the army under General Howard were attempting to throw a pontoon across the Oconee at the Georgia Central Railroad bridge. Here they met a force under the command of General Wayne, which was composed of a portion of Wheeler's cavalry, militia, and a band of convicts who had been liberated from the penitentiary upon the condition that they would join the army.

The most of these desperadoes have been taken prisoners, dressed in their State prison clothing.—General Sherman has turned them loose, believing that Governor Brown had not got the full benefits of his liberality. The rebels did not make a remarkably stern defence of the bridge, for Howard was able to cross his army yesterday, and commenced breaking railroad again today. In fact all of the army, except one corps, are engaged in this same work. Morgan, with his army, was hardly able to reach this point when he met General Hardee, who has managed to get around here from Macon. Our troops struck the railroad at this Station a few hours after the frightened band escaped.

THANKSGIVING DAY KEPT.

We had been told that the country was very poor east of the Oconee, but our experience has been a delightful gastronomic contradiction of the statement. The cattle trains are getting so large that we find difficulty in driving them along. Thanksgiving day was very generally observed in the army the troops scorning chickens in the plentitude of turkeys with which they had supplied themselves.

Vegetables of all kinds, and in unlimited quantities, were at hand, and the soldiers gave thanks as soldiers may, and as merry as only soldiers can be. In truth, so far as the gratification of the stomach goes, the troops are pursuing a continuous thanksgiving.

In addition to fowls, vegetables and meats, many obtain a delicious syrup made from sorghum, which is cultivated on all the plantations, and stored away in large troughs and hogsheads. The mills here and there furnish fresh supplies of flour and meal, and we hear little or nothing of "hard tack"—that terror to weak mastication. Over the sections of country lately traversed, I find very little cultivation of cotton. The commands of Davis appear to have been obeyed, and our large drove of cattle are turned nightly into the immense fields of ungathered corn to eat their fill, while the graneries are crowded to overflowing with both oats and corn.

We have also reached the sand regions, so that the fall of rain has no terrors; the roads are excellent, and would become firmer from a liberal wetting. The rise of the rivers will not bother us much for each army corps has its pontoon, and the launching of its boats is a matter of an hour.

THE COUNTRY PEOPLE.

Frequent occasions occur for conversation with the people. In the upper part of the State, not meeting with any but the poorer, more ignorant class, I was led to believe that the rich and refined class had fled further south; but although I have made diligent search for the intelligent, intellectual aristocracy, I have met only with failure and disappointment. Rich men there are, whose plantations line the roads for miles; men and women who own, or did own, hundreds of slaves, and raised every year their thousand bales of cotton; but their ignorance is only equalled by that twin sister of ignorance intolerance. I can understand, as I never did before, why it was that a few persons, who every year represented the South in Congress, able to wield that influence as a unit. To be sure the interest of slavery was all-controlling, yet it never would have brought this people to the pitch of civil war, had they received the most common benefits of education. The solemn truth is, that the Southern people have never had any conceptions of the nation as we did. They do not know what it is to be an American.

It must not be supposed that we do not meet many persons who claim to have been Unionists from the beginning of the war. The vote of Georgia was undoubtedly given by a large majority against secession, and most every old man when he sees his pigs and poultry killed in his very barn yards and gazes with mournful eyes upon the wagons that are filled with his corn, protests that he always was a Union man. It seems hard sometimes to strip such men as clear of all eatables as do our troops who have the art cultivated to the most eminent degree, but as General Sherman often says to them: "If it is true that you are Unionists, you should not have permitted Jeff. Davis to dragoon you, until you are as much his slaves as once the niggers were yours."

HOWELL COBB'S PLANTATION.

Just before his entrance into Milledgeville General Sherman camped on one of the plantations of Howell Cobb. It was a coincidence that a Macon paper containing Cobb's address to the Georgians as General Commanding was received the same day. This plantation was the property of Cobb's wife, who was a Demar. I do not know that this Cobb ever claimed any great reputation as a man of piety and many virtues, but I could not help contrasting the call upon his fellow-citizens to "rise and defend their liberties, homes, etc., from the step of the invader, to burn and destroy everything in his front, assail him on all sides," and all that, with his own conduct here, and the wretched condition of his negroes and their quarters.

We found his graneries well filled with corn and wheat, part of which was distributed and eaten by our animals and men. A large supply of syrup, made from sorghum (which we have found at nearly every plantation on our march), was stored in an out-house. This was also disposed of to the soldiers and the poor decrepid negroes, which this humane, liberty-loving Major General left to die in this place a few days ago. Becoming alarmed, Cobb sent to that place and removed all the able-bodied mules, horses, cows and slaves. He left here some fifty old men—cripples, and women and children—with clothing scarce covering their nakedness, with little or no food, and without means of procuring any. We found them cowering over the fire-places of their miserable huts, where the wind whistled through the crevices between the logs, frightened at the approach of the Yankees, who, they had been told, would kill them. A more forlorn neglected set of human beings I never saw.

General Sherman distributed to the negroes with his own hands the provisions left here, and assured them that we were their friends, and they need not be afraid that we were foes. One old man answered him: "I spose dat you'se true; but massa, you'se 'll go way to morrow, and anudder white man will come." He had never known anything but persecutions and fears from the white man, and had been kept in such ignorance of us that he did not dare put faith in any white man.

REBEL LIES TO NEGROES.

The terrorism, which forms so striking a feature of slavery, has had marked illustrations ever since we left Atlanta. The negroes were told that as soon as we get them into our clutches they were put into the front of the battle, and we killed them if they did not fight; that we threw the women and children into the Chattahoochie, and when the buildings were burned in Atlanta, we filled them with negroes to be roasted and devoured by the flames. These stories, which appear absurd to us, are not too extravagant for the simple, untutored minds of the negro. They are easily frightened, and full of superstition. In most any other instance, such bloody tales would have frightened them entirely out of our sight to the woods and other hiding places, but they assert with much earnestness and glee, that "massa can't come dat over we; we know'd a heap better.—What for de Yankees want to hurt black men? Massa hates de Yankees, and he's no fren' ter me; so wem de Yankees bl's frens." Very simple logic that but it is sufficient for the negroes.

General Sherman invites all able-bodied negroes (others could not make the march) to join the column and he takes especial pleasure when they join the procession on some occasions telling them they are free; that Massa Lincoln has given them their liberty, and that they can go where they please; that if they earn their freedom they should have it—but that Massa Lincoln had given it to them anyhow. They all seem to understand that the proclamation of freedom had made them free, and I have met but few instances where they did not say they expected the Yankees were coming down sometime or other, and very generally they are possessed with the idea that we are fighting for them, and that their freedom is the object of the war. This notion they got from hearing the talk of their masters.

"Stick in dar," was the angry exclamation of one of a party of negroes to another, who was asking too many questions of the officer who had given them permission to join the column. "Stick in dar it'll right; we'se gwine along, we'se free." Another replied to a question. "Oh yass, massa, de people hereabouts were heap frightened when dey heard you'se coming; dey dusted out yer sudde'"

DESTRUCTION OF RAILROADS.

On the way, the destruction of railroads in this campaign has been most thorough. The destruction of such long lines of road necessarily requires time, which in an expedition of this kind is valuable in the highest degree. The ordinary method of destruction was to place the rails across a pile of burning sleepers, their own weight bending them. But this does not injure the rail so much but that it may be heated and straightened again. Instruments have been made, one is a clasp, which locks under the rail. It has a ring in the top, into which is inserted a long lever, and the rail is thus ripped from the sleeper. When the rail has become heated a wrench is applied, which fits close over the ends of the rail; by turning them in opposite directions the rail is so twisted that even a rolling machine could not bring it back into shape. In this manner have been destroyed some thirty miles of rails which lay the city of Atlanta, and also all the rails on the Augusta and Atlanta Road from the last named place to Madison; and thus far the Georgia Central R. R. from a few miles east of Macon to Tonville Station, where I am now writing.

NEAR JOHNSON'S, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF GEORGIA RAILROAD, November 29.

I have not heard from the army north of the railroad since it left us at Sandersville; not from Kilpatrick till to-day, and then indirectly through a negro, who reports that the son of his master rode all the way from Louisville in great haste, reporting that Wheeler was fighting the Yankees, who were advancing on Augusta. General Sherman's second step in this campaign will have been equally successful with the first, if he is able to cross the Ogeechee to-morrow without much opposition. Davis and Kilpatrick's movement was a blind in order to facilitate the passage over the Ogeechee of the main body of the army, which for two days past has been marching on parallel roads south of the railroad. As far we have reason to believe that the Rebels are ignorant of our principal movement, and are trembling with the fear that Augusta is our objective.

Kilpatrick is doing the same work which he accomplished with such high honor when covering our right flank in the early days of the campaign. His column now acts as a curtain upon the extreme left, through which the enemy may in vain attempt to penetrate. He has yet a grander aim in view. If he succeeds, his name will not only stand at the head of our great cavalry Generals, but it will be uttered with the prayers and blessings of the wives and children of the prisoners whom he may liberate at Millen, which is the point he aims for, and where have been incarcerated many thousands of our brave comrades. Kilpatrick started on the same day that our army left Milledgeville, the 25th inst. I have not mentioned the fact before in this diary, for fear that it might, in the casualties of war, get into the hands of the Rebels and interfere with the movement.—Heaven prosper it, say I.

All day long the army has been moving through magnificent pine woods—the savannahs of the South, as they are termed. I have never seen, and I can't conceive a more picturesque sight than the army winding along through these grand old woods. The pines rise, naked of branches, eighty and ninety feet, and then are crowned with a turft of pure green. The trees are wide apart, so that frequently two trains of wagons and troops in double column are marching abreast. In the distance may be seen a troop of horsemen, some General and his Staff, turning about here and there, their gay uniforms, and red and white flags contrasting harmoniously with the bright, yellow grass underneath and the deep evergreen.

TOUCHING INCIDENTS.

The most pathetic scenes occur upon our line of march daily and hourly. Thousands of negro women join the colemn, some carrying household truck; others, and many of them there are, who bear the heavy burden of children in their arms, while older boys and girls plod by their sides. All these women and children are ordered back, heartrending though it may be to refuse them liberty. They won't go.—One begs that she may go to see her husband and children at Savannah. Long years ago she was forced from them and sold. Another has heard that her boy was in Macon, and she is "done gone with grief goin' on four years."

But the majority accept the advent of the Yankees as the fulfillment of the millennial prophecies. The "day of jubilee," the hope and prayer of a lifetime, has come. They cannot be made to under stand that they must remain behind, and they are satisfied only when General Sherman tells them—as he does every day—that we shall come back for them some time, and that they must be patient until the proper hour of deliverance comes.

The other day a woman with a child in her arms was working her way along amongst the teams and crowds of cattle and horsemen. An officer called to her kindly: "Where are you going, aunty?"

She looked up into his face with a hopeful beseeching look, and replied:

"I'se gwine whar you'se gwine, massa."

It was near this place that several factories were burned. It was odd to see the delight of the negroes at the destruction of places known to them as task-houses, where they had groaned under the lash.

STATION OF THE GEORGIA CENTRAL R. R., November 30.

With the exception of the Fifteenth Corps our army is across the Ogeechee, and without fighting a battle. This river is a line of great strength to the Rebels, and they might have made its passage a costly effort for us, but they have been outwitted and outmanœuvred.

We have heard to-day from Kilpatrick and from Millen. Kilpatrick made a splendid march, fighting Wheeler all the way to Wainsboro', destroying the railroad bridge crossing Briar Creek, between Augusta and Millen. It is with real grief that I write that he was unable to accomplish the release of our prisoners. It appears that for some time past the Rebels have been removing our soldiers from Millen; the officers have been sent to Columbia, S. C., and the privates further South, somewhere on the Gulf Railroad.

We have had very little difficulty in passing the Ogeechee. The Twentieth Corps moved down the railroad, destroying it to the bridge. The Seventeenth Corps covered the river at this point, where, a light bridge was only partially destroyed. It was easily repaired, so that the infantry and cavalry could pass over it, while the wagons and artillery used the pontoons. The Ogeechee is about sixty yards in width at this point. It is approached on the northern or western side through swamps, which would be impassable were it not for the sandy soil, which packs solid when the water covers the road, although in places there are treacherous quicksands which we are obliged to corduroy.

This evening I walked down to the river. A novel and vivid sight was it to see the fires of pitch pine flaring up into the mist and darkness, the figures of men and horses looming out of the dense shadows in gigantic proportions. Torch lights are blinking and flashing away off in the forests, while the still air echoed and re-echoed with the cries of teamsters and the wild shouts of the soldiers. A long line of the troops marched across the foot-bridge, each soldier bearing a torch; their light reflected in quivering lines in the swift running stream.

Soon the fog which settles like a blanket over the swamps and forests of the river bottoms, shut down upon the scene, and so dense and dark was it that torches were of but little use, and men were directed here and there by the voice.

SHERMAN'S MANŒUVRES.

SCARBORO', GA., Dec. 3.—Pivoted upon Millen the army has swung slowly round from its eastern course, and is now moving in six columns upon parallel roads southward. Until yesterday it was impossible for the Rebels to decide whether or not it was General Sherman's intention to march upon Augusta. Kilpatrick had destroyed the bridge above Waynesboro', and falling back had again advanced, supported by the Fourteenth Army Corps, under General Davis. South of this column, moving eastward through Birdsville, was the Twentieth Corps, commanded by General Slocum. Yet further south the Seventeenth Corps, Gen Blair in command, followed the railroad, destroying it as he advanced.—West and south of the Ogeechee the Ffteenth corps, General Osterhaus in immediate command, but under the eye of General Howard, has moved in two columns.

Until now Davis and Kilpatrick have been a cover and shield to the real movements. At no time has it been possible for Hardee to interpose any serious obstacle to the advance of the main body of our army, for our left wing has always been a strong arm thrust out in advance, ready to put in chancery any force which might attempt to get within its guard.

The Rebel councils of war appear to have been completely deceived, for we hear it reported that Bragg, and Longstreet are at Augusta, with ten thousand men, made up of militia, two or three South Carolina regiments and a portion of Hampton's Legion, sent there for one month. It is possible, now that the curtain has been withdrawn, and as it may appear that we are marching straight for Savannah, their Generals, with their ten thousand, may attempt to harass our rear, but they can accomplish nothing but the loss of a few lives, without checking our progress.

The work so admirably performed by our left wing, so far as it has obliged the Rebels in our front constantly to retreat, by threatening their rear, now becomes the office of the Fifteenth Corps, our right wing, on the bank of the river. Its two columns are moving one day's march in advance of the main body of the army, marching down the peninsula between the Savannah and the Ogeechee rivers. The necessity and value of these flank movements—first of the right wing with Kilpatrick's cavalry, then of Davis and Kilpatrick on the left, and now of Howard on our right, is because we cannot run over and demolish any and all the Rebel forces in Georgia.—They could not for a moment stand before this army upon any ordinary battle ground, but a very small force of infantry or cavalry at a river could delay a column half a day, and perhaps longer, and as our soldiers have got tired of chickens, sweet potatoes, sorghum, &c., and have been promised oysters on the half shell, oysters roasted, stewed, &c.—in short, oysters, they don't care to be delayed.

The railroad which has been receiving our immediate attention within the last week is altogether the best I have seen in the State, though the rail itself is not so heavy as the T rail on the Augusta and Atlanta road. The rail on the Georgia Central is partially laid with the U, and a portion of light T rail, but it is all fastened to parallel stringers, which are again fixed to the ties. The station-houses are generally built of brick in the most substantial manner. The very large depot at Millen was wooden building of graceful form, and admirably made. It made the biggest fire I have seen since we left Atlanta, and delighted the soldiers amazingly. The taste for conflagrations has been so cultivated in this community of late that any small affairs attract very little attention.

GREAT CORN FIELDS

We daily traverse immense corn fields covering from one hundred to one thousand acres. These were once devoted to the cultivation of cotton, and it is surprising to see how the planters have carried out the wishes or orders of the Rebel Government in this respect. There has been a large amount of cotton destroyed in this campaign, but it must have been but a small portion even of the limited crop raised, as the destruction has chiefly been away from the railroads. As near as I can learn two-thirds of this cotton has been sent over the Georgia Central Railroad to Augusta by way of Millen; from thence a limited amount has been transported to Wilmington for trans-Atlantic shipment; the balance yet remains in the vicinity of Columbia, South Carolina.

It is well ascertained that the country west of the Savannah river is expected to furnish supplies for the Rebel armies in the West, although corn and beef are sent from this district to Lee's army, but he draws the bulk of his supplies from the States east of the Savannah, and there is no region which is so prolific as that about Columbia. I have digressed thus far from the history of the Georgia campaign, because I wish to correct the impression which is so general at the North that the Eastern armies are fed from the Southwest. One thing is most certain, neither the West or East will draw any supplies from the counties in this State traversed by our army for a long time to come; our work has been the next thing to annihilation.

THE PRISONERS' PEN AT MILLEN.

As mentioned above, this place is five miles above Millen Junction. A space of ground some three hundred feet square, enclosed by a stockade, without any covering whatsoever, was the hole where thousands of our brave soldiers have been confined for many months past. Exposed to heavy dews, the biting frosts, the pelting rain, without so much as a board or tent even, to protect those poor naked fellows, who were almost always robbed of their clothing when captured. Some of them had adopted a wretched alternative, and dug holes in the ground, into which they crept at times. What wander that we found the evidence that seven hundred and fifty had died there.

From what misery did death release them! I can realize it all now as I could not even when listening to the stories of prisoners who had fled from this hell; escaped the devils in hot pursuit; foiled the keen scent of the track hounds put upon their path. Here is the uselessly cruel pen where my brothers have been tortured with exposure and starvation. God certainly will visit the authors of all this crime with his terrible lightning. Jeff. Davis knew that the Northern people would see the condition of the victims of Belle Island. How fearful must be the treatment of those who are removed far from the hope of exchange! You at the North may not feel the necessity of retaliation, and may continue to clothe warmly, feed plentifully, and comfortably house the Rebel prisoners, who are happier far than if free with their commands, but you must not expect those who have and those who may endure these agonies to feel or act with the same extravagance of generosity.

OGEECHEE CHURCH, December 6.—The army for two days past has been concentrating at this point, which is the narrowest part of the peninsula. General Howard is still on the west side of the Ogeechee, but is within supporting distance, and has ample means of crossing the river should it be necessary, which is not all probable. Kilpatrick has again done noble work. On Sunday last, while marching towards Alexander for the purpose of more thoroughly completing the destruction of the railroad bridge crossing Briar Creek, he found Wheeler on his way near Waynesboro. He fought him several times, punishing him severely in each instance, driving his infantry and cavalry before him through Waynesboro and beyond the bridge, which was completely destroyed. He rejoined the main body of our army then marching southward.

KILLING BLOODHOUNDS.

A significant feature of this campaign which was not before mentioned in this diary, received a marked illustration yesterday. Except in a few instances private residences have not been destroyed. Yesterday we passed the plantation of Mr. Stubbs. The house, cotton-gin, press, corn-ricks, stables, everything that could burn was in flames, and in the dooryard lay the dead bodies of several bloodhounds, that had been used to track and pull down negroes and our escaped prisoners. And wherever our army has passed, everything in the shape of a dog has been killed. The soldiers and officers are determined that no more flying fugitives, white men or negroes, shall be followed by track-hounds that come within reach of their powder and ball.

DECEMBER 8.—The army has been advancing slowly and surely, but as cautiously as if a strong army were in our front. The relative position of the troops has not materially changed since last writing, except that we are all further south. From fifteen to twenty miles lies Savannah, it is to be supposed, in some perturbation at the certainty of our approach. If the rebels intend fighting in defence of the city, it will be behind their fortifications, for as yet we have only skirmished with parties of cavalry, and they have not seen the head of our infantry column, and can only judge of our strength through injudicious publications in the newspapers North. It cannot well be conceived by those not in the field operations, the serious injury which ensues upon the publication of the number and contemplated movements of our armies. In a way which it is unnecessary to mention, such injuries have occurred during this campaign.

General Howard has just returned from a very successful movement. Fearing that we should detach a force for the purpose of destroying the Gulf road, which they are now using to its utmost capacity just now, they pushed a force across the Ogeechee. While this body were covered by a strong riverside line, General Corse, of Allatoona memory, shoved his division between the Little and Great Ogeechee, thirteen miles in advance of the main column to the canal, which runs from the Ogeechee to the Savannah river. He bridged the canal, crossed it with his division, and now holds a position out of which Hood's army could not drive him.

This bold step has forced the rebels to evacuate the line of works stretching from river to river, and they have now fairly sought refuge in the fortifications proper of Savannah.

All the afternoon we have heard the signal-guns of our gunboats, supposed to be in Ossabaw Sound. My heart thrills with gladness to think that we are within speaking distance of our brethren of the brave navy, and that we are hereafter to act in unison with, we hope, more purpose than has been the result with most expeditions on the Atlantic coast. The next three days promise to be full of interest, for we shall now seek to establish a base of supplies in connection with our fleet.

CLOSING IN UPON SAVANNAH.

DECEMBER 9.—We are gradually closing in upon the city. General Howard holds the position gained on the other side of the canal yesterday, and has advanced the larger part of his command in its support Portions of our army are now within eight miles of Savannah. General Blair's column lost several officers and men, some of them by honorable fighting, as the rebels withstood the advance with pertinacity.

One officer and several men were severely wounded by the explosion of shells and torpedoes buried and concealed in the road, which was an attempt at cowardly murder. In the entrance of forts, or in a breach made in a line of works such implements may be used to defeat the assault, but the laws of war do not justify an attempt of the kind which has been so disastrous to-day. The prisoners were marched over the road, and removed two of these treacherous death-dealing instruments.

General Davis is to-night at Cherokee Hill, having crossed the Charleston road, partially destroying the bridge spanning the Savannah. He has also been opposed by the rebels, but, as with the other columns, the opposition only accelerated the progress of the troops who hurry forward on the double-quick at the sound of the guns, eager to get into the fight. To-morrow we may expect to have concentrated our army so as to form a continous line about the city.

DECEMBER 10.—The army has advanced some six miles to-day, and have met everywhere a strong line of works, which appear to be held by a large force; with 32 pound guns in position, their line, although extended, is more easily defended, because of a succession of impassable swamps which stretch across the peninsula. All the openings between these morasses and the roads which lead through them are strongly fortified, and the approaches have been contested vigorously, but with little loss to us. General Sherman seems to avoid the sacrifice of life, and I doubt his making serious attack until he has communication with the fleet.

(*Continued on the fourth page.*)