Independent Republican.

H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher. "Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong." $2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1865. NUMBER 1.

Business Directory.

CHARLES HOLES,
DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY. Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms. Shop on [illegible] side Public Avenue in F. B. Chandler's Store.
Montrose, Pa., Nov. 7, 1864.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tends his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the house of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's.
Friendsville, July 27, 1864.—tf

E. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lea's Drug store.
Susquehanna Depot January 25, 1864.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
OFFICE in Post, Cooper, & Co's old Banking House, opposite Lathrop, Tyler, & Riley's Store. SURGERY in particular. REFERENCE.—Thirty Years' experience. Boards at Hatch's Hotel.
Montrose, June 1, 1864.—1y

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 23, 1864.

W. E. & J. R. KIRBY,
KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment of GROCERIES; also, a good assortment of FRESH MEAT. Shop under W. H. Boyd's Tin Shop.
Montrose, February 8, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's.
Montrose, Febuary 1, 1864.—Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Lord's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—feb17y1 1863.

S. S. ROBERTSON,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Owego Street, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, January 28, 1864.—tf

CHARLES MORRIS,
FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. R. Week's Shoe Store, Montrose. Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, and Shaker Coloring done in the BEST STYLE. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION.
Montrose, Sept. 23, 1863.—tf

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,
KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fairness in deal, they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is attached to the Grocery, where bivalves, in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public may dictate. Remember the place, the old Mott Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice.
Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17, 63—tf

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's.
Montrose, October, 1863.—tf

D.-A. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa.
Great Bend, August 10, 1863.—1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,
DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Tin Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the Methodist Church.
Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. Having had a Year's experience in the United States Army, as Surgeon, especial attention will be given to SURGICAL OPERATIONS.
Residence on Maple Street, East of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.—tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in his usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. J. ROGERS,
MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the best style of workmanship and of the best materials. Also, keeps at the well known stand of E. H. ROGERS, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line.
Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLDEN,
DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

WILLIAM W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER. Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of CABINET FURNITURE, or CHAMBER SUITS. Shop and Ware Rooms foot of Main St. Finished at short notice.
Montrose, Pa., March 8, 1863.—tf

F. B. WEEKS,
PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

JOSEPH RICE,
MANUFACTURER and DEALER in all kinds of CHAIRS. Shop four miles east of New Milford Borough.
New Milford, October 1, 1863.—tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,
PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all business that may be entrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
E. PATRICK, JR.,
E. L. GARDNER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties.
Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

BENTLEY & FITCH,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNCELORS AT LAW. Office west of the Court House, Montrose, Pa.
D. S. BENTLEY, ... L. F. FITCH.
Montrose, January 1, 1860.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers.
Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1864.

J. LYONS & SON,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware Tinware, Books, Melodeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches.
J. LYONS, T. A. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines.
Montrose, January 1, 1861.

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa., Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised.
Montrose, April 1, 1861.—tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st. third door below Searle's Hotel. N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

B. R. LYONS & CO.,
DEALERS in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Paper, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue.
B. R. LYONS, J. D. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose.
C. F. READ, ... A. WATROUS ..... H. C. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite the Republican Steam Printing Office.
Montrose, Pa., October 25, 1859.—tf

WILLIAM H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS, Office in A. Lathrop's brick building, on the south side of Turnpike street. Office hours from 10 o'clock a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m.
WM. HUNTTING COOPER.
HENRY DRAKER.
Montrose, December 29, 1859.

D. A. LYONS,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Salt, Crockery, Hardware, &c. Store on Main Street.
Susquehanna Depot February 11, 1862.—tf

BEAUMONT & WARD,
WOOL CARDING, Cloth Dressing, and Manufacturers, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the wool is brought.
JOHN BEAUMONT.
ALEX. S. WARD.
Jessup, May 20, 1863.—tf

THE LESSON OF THE WATER-MILL.

Listen to the water-mill!
Through the live-long day,
How the clinking of its wheel
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves!
From the [illegible] the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell it cast—
"The mill it cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that once are shed;
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gathered.
And the ruffled stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again
To the water-mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart, and true!
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances thrown away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
Unless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou can'st call thine own
Lies in thy "to-day."
Power, and intellect, and health,
May not always last—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good *that might have been*,
Lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, and hold it fast—
"The mill cannot grind.
With the water that is past."

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

Complete Description of the Grand Expedition.

[We copy from *The New York Evening Post*, the following very interesting account of Sherman's march, by an officer who accompanied the expedition.]

NEAR ATLANTA, Oct. 14th, 1864.

The last few days have been full of excitement and deepest interest. The strategic combinations of Gen. 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. Gen. 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 had 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 as we thought, 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 toward Montgomery, or westward. The conqueror 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 probabilities 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 Chatanooga 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 Stanley with the Fourth Corps, sending him to the North toward 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 Stanley's troops, furnished Gen. Thomas, who held supreme command, and who had full instructions from Gen. 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 Gen. Thomas's option, and not at Hood's, if that person remains much longer at the river's bank, where he has halted his columns, as if doubtful what course next to pursue.

Preparations for the March.

Gen. Sherman has called to him from Atlanta his Chief Quartermaster, Gen. Easton, and Chief Commissary, Col. 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 by 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 Cassville the last communications with the North were severed with the telegraph wire. It bore the message to Gen. 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.

The Army.

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 toward the Chattahoochee river, they saw in the distance pillars of smoke rising along the 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.

Destruction of the Railroad.

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 maneuvering. 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 traffic 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.

Atlanta Burned.

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 in the morning. Every instant there is a sharp detonation or the smothered burning sound of exploding shells and powder concealed in the buildings, and then the sparks and flames shoot away up into the black and red roof, scattering the cinders far and wide.

These are the machine-chops 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 been thereceptacle 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 Thirty-third 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.

The March to Milledgeville.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 24th, 1864.

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 among 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 de Almighty God, the Yanks is come; de day ob jubilee hab arrived;" and then accompanied their words with rather embarrassing hugs, which those nearest the sidewalks received quite liberally.

Gen. Slocum, with the 20th Corps, first entered the city; arrived by way of Madison, having accomplished the task of destroying the immense fields 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, bearing first of the advance of Kilpatrick on the extreme right toward Macon; and supposed that to be another raid. What their opinion must be of Wheeler'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 toward Augusta and the other swiftly marching straight upon their devoted city.

It seemed as if they were surrounded upon all sides except toward the east, and to 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 general commanding.—The manufactories, arsenals, depot buildings, factories of one kind and another, with storehouses containing large amounts of government property, and some 1,700 bales of cotton 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 as having been in the Rebel army, were made prisoners of war, but the surgeons at the hospitals, the principal of the insane asylum, and others, expressed their gratitude at the behavior of our troops, and this was echoed throughout the city.

Gen. 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 Gen. 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 Gov. Brown was not a serious inconvenience.

Gen. 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 also told by their movements, so that he concentrated 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 incumber 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 was to follow were carefully designated, the number of miles each day to be traveled, 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, preceding Davis, with the Fourteenth corps, one day, on the same 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. Gen. Wolcot, in command of a detachment of cavalry and a brigade of infantry, was thrown forward to Griswoldville, toward 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. It is said, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*"—This first step has been a most expensive one, and judging from the fact that we have not heard from them since they seem to have interpreted the proverb otherwise than in the recognized sense.

Marching On.

NEAR TONNILLE 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 small 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 wounded.

Near the Oconee.

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 Gen. 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 Gen. 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.—Gen. Sherman has turned them loose, believing that Gov. 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 to-day. 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 Gen. 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.

Thanksgivin' Day Kept.

We had been told that the country was very poor east of 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 whith they have supplied themselves.

Supplies Abundant.

Vegetables of all kinds, and in unlimited quantities, were at hand, and the soldiers gave thanks as soldiers may and were 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 obtained a delicious sirup 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 cornfed droves of cattle are turned nightly into the immense fields of ungathered corn to eat their fill, while the granaries 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.

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 bravery and many virtues, but I could not help contrasting the call upon his fellow-citizens to "rise and defend their liberties, homes, &c, 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 granaries well filled with corn and wheat, part of which was distributed and eaten by our animals and men. A large supply of sirup made from sorgum (which we 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 decrepit 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 fireplaces of their miserable huts, where the wind whirled 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.

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Rebel Lies to Negroes.

This 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 got 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 Chattahoochee, 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 so absurd to us, are not too extravagant for the slave population, and ran so much more welcome because bloodless. Macon, Augusta, Savannah or Charleston are of no special value to us, except that each one of the places may be useful as a base of supplies. One and all of them are of the most vital importance to the Rebels, as the source from or through which they draw their stores or ammunition and the largest part of their supplies.

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

The Passage of the Ogeechee.

We have had very little difficulty in crossing 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 easily pass over it, while the wagons and artillery used the ponton. The Ogeechee is about 75 yards in width at this point. It is approached on the northern and western side through swamps, which would be impassable were it not for the sandy soil, which packs solid when the water covers the roads, although in places there are treacherous quicksands which we are obliged to corduroy.

In a Fog.

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 very little use, and men were directed here and there like ghosts.

"Halt, yer you there?" shouts one.

"Yes, I *am* here," is the impatient answer.

"Well, then, go straight ahead."

"Straight ahead! where in thunder is 'straight ahead?'"

An Original Character.

At this station we came across an old man named Wells, who was the most original character I ever met. He was depot-master in the days when there was a railroad here. He is a shrewd old man, and seemed to understand the merits of the war question perfectly. He said:

"They say you are retreating, but it is the strangest sort of a retreat I ever saw. Why, dog bite them, the newspapers have been lying in this way all along. They allers are whipping the Federal armies, and they allers fall back after the battle is over. If was that ar' idee that first opened my eyes. Our army was allers whipping the Feds, and we allers fell back. I allers told 'em it was a d—d humbug, and now, by ——, I know it, for here you are, right on old John Wells's place: hogs, potatoes, corn and fences all gone. I don't find any fault. I expected it all.

"Jeff Davis and the rest," he continued, "talk about splitting the Union. Why, if South Carolina had gone out by herself, she would have been split in four pieces by this time. Splitting the Union! Why, d—n it, the State of Georgia is being split right through from end to end. It is these rich fellows who are making this war, and keeping their precious bodies out of harm's way. There's Colonel Franklin went through here the other day, running away from your army. I could have played dominoes on his coat-tails. There's my poor brother, sick with smallpox at Macon, working for $11 a month, and hasn't got a cent of the d—n stuff for a year. 'Leven dollars a month and 11,000 bullets a minute. I don't believe in it, Sir.

"My wife came from Canada, and I kind o' thought I would sometime go there to live, but was allers afraid of the ice and cold; but I can tell you this country is getting too cussed hot for me. Look at my fence-rails a-burning there. I think I can stand the cold better.

"I heard as how they cut down the trees across your road up-country and burnt the bridges; why, (dog bite their hides,) one of you Yankees can take up a tree and carry it off, tops and all; and there's that bridge you put across the river in less than two hours—they might as well try to stop the Ogeechee as you Yankees.

"The blasted rascals who burnt this yere bridge thought they did a big thing; a natural born fool cut in two had more sense in either end than any of them.

"To bring back the good old times," he said, "it'll take the help of Divine Providence, a heap of rain, and a deal of elbow grease, to fix things up again."

Sherman's Maneuvers.

SCARBOROUGH, GA., Dec. 3, 1864.

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 Gen Sherman's intention to march upon Augusta. Kilpatrick had destroyed the bridge above Waynesborough, and falling back the again advanced, supported by the Fourteenth Army Corps, under Gen. Davis. South of this column, moving eastward through Birdsville, was the Twentieth Corps, commanded by Gen. Slocum. Yet farther south the Seventeenth Corps, Gen. Blair in command, followed the railroad, destroying it as he advanced. West and south of the Ogeechee the Fifteenth Corps, Gen. Osterhaus in immediate command, but under the eye of Gen. Howard, has moved in two columns.

Until now Davis and Kilpatrick have been a cover 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. Gen. 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 has been 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.

Thus far we have reason to believe that the Rebels are ignorant of our principal movement, and are trembling with fear that Augusta is our object.

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.

The most pathetic scenes occur upon our line of march daily and hourly. Thousands of negro women join the column, some carrying household truck; others, and many of them there are, who bear the heavy burthen of children in their arms, while older boys and girls plod by their side. All these women and children are ordered back, heartrending though it be to refuse them liberty. They went 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 at 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 millenial prophecies. The "day of jubilee," the hope and prayer of a lifetime, has come. They cannot be made to understand that they must remain behind, and they are satisfied only when Gen. 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 kite face with a hopeful, beseeching look, and replied:

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

At a house a few miles from Milledgeville we halted for an hour. In an old hut I found a negro and his wife, both of them over 60 years old. In the talk which ensued nothing was said which led me to suppose that either of them was anxious to leave their mistress, who, by the way, was a sullen, cruel-looking woman, when all at once the old negress straightened herself up, and her face, which a moment before was almost stupid in its expression, assumed a fierce, almost devilish, aspect.

Pointing her shaking finger to the old man crouched in the corner of the fire-place, she hissed out: "What for you sit dar; you spose I wait sixty years for nutten? Don't yer see de door open. I'se follow my child; I not stay. Yes, nodder day I goes 'long wid dese people; yes sar, I walks till I drop in my tracks." A most emphatic shake of her head, and without means of procuring any. We found them cowering over the fireplaces of their miserable huts, where the wind whirled 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.

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