

nequent pursuit of another branch of our army to the very gates of the National capital, were comparatively light and evanescent."

The Springfield *Republican* pronounces the bloody reverse "one of the worst defeats of the whole war;" that "the universal feeling is that if our volunteers are to be thus uselessly sacrificed and our strength wasted, no superiority of men and means can ensure final success." The Boston *Statesman* alludes to the battle as a wanton destruction of human life by order of the Government, despite Burnside's reluctance to act as executor-general; and, in retorting to the *Independent's* indifference regarding the slaughter, says that, instead of a preacher, nature evidently intended Beecher for a butcher.

The N. Y. *Sun* says that, "in it are concentrated all the bitterness of Bull Run—the Peninsular campaign—the disaster of Pope—the surrender of Harper's Ferry, and the fatuity that left McCLELLAN without aid so many times when victory might have been achieved." "It will be hard to convince posterity," concludes the *National (Washington) Intelligencer*, "that so much of hazard and, as it now appears, so much of assured misfortune, need to have been entailed on the Republic if wise counsels had presided over our military destinies."

The New Haven (Conn.) *Register*, in its mild comments, declares that "the author of such a fault, whoever he may be, deserves the whole credit of his plunder. History should leave nothing dubious on that point. The parents and friends of the brave young men who were blindly thrown into the jaws of death, at the heights of Fredericksburg, will need no reminder of the fatal day, while they can never cease to wonder at its temerities!" One army letter of the 27th says, "it was cruel enough to be marched against such an impregnable place—but to be armed with Austrian rifles, of which four out of six refused fire, was putting it to us a little strong." Another eastern writer says that "the massacre on the heights of Fredericksburg, was only prevented from degenerating into the annihilation of our army, by the friendly storm which Providence intervened between our devoted soldiers and the victorious foe." Still another voice from the same quarter echoes the people's woe, saying, "words fail to convey the universal indignation felt and expressed under the smart which this last disaster has inflicted. We have written language mild, compared with what we every hour hear of the Administration, from its friends. The cry is everywhere, 'For mercy's sake, let us have an end of this thing!'"

The Columbus (O.) *Crisis* comments thus: "The deed is done and the great promised victory is nothing but a horrible butchery of men who bravely obeyed the order which led them to the jaws of an inevitable death;" and, "at the last hour, when the greatest promises of all were made us, we find our gallant army not only compelled to turn back from its last march to Richmond, but under a defeat as horrible for its bloody character, as monstrous in its consequences upon our future."

The special correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* pointedly alleges that "the responsibility for the murder of our soldiers and for the horrible 'deadlock in the campaign,' went beyond the general commanding in the field or the General Commanding-in-Chief! One or the other of them might have ordered the ill-fated movement; but Abraham Lincoln was Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy! From that sad fact and from its logical sequences there was no escape!"

In reference to the responsibility, so promptly shouldered by Burnside, the N. Y. *Express* shrewdly observes that "no sane man here believes for an instant that Gen. Burnside voluntarily assumed the crushing weight of responsibility which the late disaster at Fredericksburg imposes."

The N. Y. *World*, in a heart-burning "appeal to the President" charges upon him alone the signal failure and its lamentable consequences. "Again have you, Abraham Lincoln," it avers, "by the hands of Henry W. Halleck and Edwin M. Stanton, sent death to thousands upon thousands of our brothers and friends, again desolation and anguish to the homes and hearts of the people;—death that gives no life to the perishing nation, and sorrow which no patriotism can console, or the consciousness of a needful though costly self-sacrifice assuage. By the banks of the Rappahannock there was slaughter which was fruitless, and by twenty thousand firesides

tears to-day are shed which God alone can wipe away."

The N. Y. *Herald*, in an article on the "State of the Country—What are our Prospects?"—printed soon after the mortal sting of the Fredericksburg defeat, holds forth thus:

"What is the state of the country? What are our prospects? We are approaching the end of the second year of the war, the government has expended over a thousand millions of money; two hundred thousand [It would doubtless be within bounds to have said five hundred thousand.—news.] loyal soldiers have been sacrificed in their heroic devotion to the Union cause; we have, in round numbers, an army of a million of men in the field, a navy numbering between three and four hundred vessels of war, and employing thirty thousand men; we are spending hardly less than three millions of dollars a day, and while a bill provided for another thousand millions of public debt is pending before Congress, our taxpaying people, in contemplation of all these heavy burdens, and disheartened by repeated disasters and failures, are earnestly inquiring, what are our prospects?"

Under the existing condition of things, we can only answer that our prospects are gloomy enough. We have fought many battles; the Union forces have effected a lodgement here and there in every rebellious state; several doubtful states, by hard fighting, have been reclaimed, and yet we have hardly accomplished more than a break here and there through the crust of the rebellion. Its heart, only one hundred and twenty miles from Washington, remains untouched, and each succeeding effort to reach it has thus far only resulted in disappointment, disasters, and disgrace."

An eyewitness of the battle states that, if the Federal army had remained in Fredericksburg another day, the city would have been filled with our dead. The rebel batteries were so arranged that from both extremities of the arc they could open enfilading fires and sweep the entire length of our lines of battle. In the morning, when they came down to destroy their victim, he had escaped.

Nor has the West kept silence, in the midst of such a series of distressing revulsions. We have room for but a few extracts. The Lafayette (Ind.) *Journal* admits that "the battle of Saturday was one of the most bloody and disastrous reverses we have experienced since the rebellion commenced. Keeping back the news will not alter the fact, nor remove from the minds of the people the belief that we were badly defeated at Fredericksburg." The Crawfordsville (Ind.) *Review* grows perfectly rampant on the subject, averring that, "to appease the spirit and devilish designs of the Wilson's, the Greeley's, the Lovejoy's and Sumner's, thousands of our brave soldiers lie cold and stark in death in the fatal trap set for them at Fredericksburg by a cunning and remorseless enemy. No wonder a cry of horror rang through the land when the truth of this unparalleled butchery became known in all its terrible realities. Like sheep in the shambles, our troops were led to the slaughter—into the jaws of hell where they marched, where—

"Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon to front of them  
Volled and thundered."

The Confederate leaders, says another writer have acted with the usual williness in this whole matter. They did well to let us so easily into Fredericksburg, firing but half a dozen guns when they could have brought a hundred to bear upon us. The city itself was the veriest trap that ever was laid, and we have walked into it.

Webster's unabridged has evidently been more violently besieged by eager consultation than ever before, to find words of indignation, grief, disappointment and epithets of anathema to hurl upon the heads of the corrupt and imbecile instruments of the country's disgrace and probable ruin. To what purpose it remains for time to disclose.

Mr. Lincoln, if possible, to re-assure the confidence of the army and pacify the frightful apprehensions of the people, issued from the Executive Mansion, Washington, Dec. 23, 1862, the following non-committal, non-responsible letter of condolences:

"To the Army of the Potomac:

I have just read your Commanding General's preliminary report of the battle of Fredericksburg. Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor the failure other than an accident. The courage with which you, in an open field, maintained the contest against an entrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you crossed and recrossed the river in the face of the enemy, show that you possess all the qualities of a great army, which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of popular government. Condoling with the mourners for the dead, and sympathizing with the severely wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively so small, and I tender you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* having at least a partial vision of the ill-omened present and prospective state of the nation, urgently appeals to the merchants of New York city to go to Mr. Lincoln and tell of their wasted treasures and vainly-sacrificed sons; of the charaters of rotten ships; of the manufacturers of shoddy blankets; of the vice contractors who prey on the government vitals; of the tables that groan with piles of evidence of fraud on fraud, with accounts of the manner in which their money is squandered and their blood wasted; the slaughter of thousands in the seven days' battles; the disasters before Washington; the sacrifice of Burnside and his hosts—eighteen thousand men—on the plain of Fredericksburg, the agony of which story is not yet over, the sounds of which battle have not yet ceased to echo; and demand that "the men who have controlled the policy of the war, who have led the President to the fearful position he occupies, must not be allowed to ruin all that has been so glorious."

Gen. Burnside, sometime after his skedaddle from Fredericksburg, dispatched a letter to Gen. Halleck, which the N. Y. *Sun* characterizes as "a forced and indirect method, concocted by Halleck, of furnishing to the public that information of the late battle which should have been free as air within two hours after that occurrence." In Burnside's report he magnanimously informs the country that, though completely and badly whipped, "none will ever believe how near we came to having a success."

The report of the Senate Committee sent to investigate the disaster was but little calculated to compose the intensely aroused elements of fiery indignation bursting forth from all directions. It served only to show how signally and destructively even well-laid plans may fail where there is not executive ability to carry them out—and "nobody to blame." "They hasten to investigate," says the N. Y. *Sun*, "in order to appease the popular indignation; but before their inquiries are complete, sober second thoughts and party influences check them in the midst, and they whitewash the whole affair."

When the sad details of the disaster was at length laid before the people, through the accounts of multitudinous correspondents, leading editorials, eye witness statements and the more tardy channel of official reports, the feelings of the masses could no longer be restrained. They clamored, as though in one loud, unanimous, inexorable and agonizing cry, for a new Cabinet, a new President, new military leaders; and the settled conviction was unblanchingly heralded that, without a new era of government, the days of the nation were numbered.

The Hon. L. W. Coe, one of the Republican committee sent to Fredericksburg by the Connecticut Legislature, to look after the dead and wounded from that State, in a published letter, frankly avows, as to the causes of the disaster, it may be an open question; but that "one thing is certain, there will have to be different management, or we shall not be a nation much longer, and shall have Jeff. Davis to rule over us."

The wide-spread conviction of incompetency and imbecility of the Administration was a chief source of the sadness which oppressed the public heart—more palsying in its effects than the errors of a legion of generals; and, says the N. Y. *Sun*, "as the details of the battle are made known, in defiance of the precautions of the War Department, not a single redeeming feature or extenuating circumstance can be found to relieve the dull, black ground of Washington stupidity."

Washington was in a ferment. There was trouble at the White House. A revolution within a revolution was inaugurated. The President and his Cabinet were arraigned before a self-dignified tribunal of Senators who straightly implicated several of them. In rejoinder, the assailed Cabinet members plead not guilty of the charges made against them. In answer to the charge of criminality in the Fredericksburg disaster, the specious plea of irresponsibility was set up; but their refusal of the charge of incompetency was not so easily engineered and could be made to appear only so far as their individual, trembling protests might counter-weigh against the almost one voice of an outraged, bleeding populace who regarded themselves as the suffering victims of their undeniable incompetency. Through the earnest supplications of the President, however, who is supposed to be unimpeachable, a further probation was allotted, oil was poured upon the troubled waters and, for the time being, the various members resumed, conditionally, their respective posts.

We have not room for comments on this ministerial rupture and imbroglio. The facts we give, allowing our readers, as wisdom may inspire, to deduce their own conclusions.

We close our summary on this memorable and most disastrous conflict, with a few words of criticism from outside sources. Of Burnside's tactics and ability as a commander, the

Richmond *Examiner* says, "It is only necessary to state that from the balcony of the Phillips House, in Stafford county, he sent his troops to the fight in columns of attack, 'doubled on the centre,' thus furnishing ready food for every musket ball, slug, shrapnel, canister and fragment of shell discharged by the Confederate army."

Of the capacity of leading Presidential advisers, the Toronto *Leader* says: "Mr. Seward has done much harm abroad by his ill-timed and offensive dispatches; but Halleck and Stanton have done little else than drive nails into the coffin lid of the Republic."

#### MORE INDIAN OUTRAGES.

We have been provided with the perusal of a letter from reliable parties in Logan to Judge Maughan, now in this city, dated on the 11th instant, from which we learn that on Tuesday, the 6th of January, as a company of eight men, one of whom was David Savage, of Millard county, were coming in from the northern mines, each with a wagon and team, by way of the new route through Cache Valley, they missed the road, and instead of striking Bear river at the ford near Franklin, as they intended, they came to that stream below, and nearly opposite Richmond. Mr. Savage and two others crossed the river by some means, and went to Richmond for some provisions and to procure a guide. On their return they found that the Indians had visited their camp, robbed their wagons and drove off their stock, behaving very uncourtously to the five men, who were there to witness the taking of their property by those plundering nomads.

By some means not stated the Indians were induced to bring back part of the stock, and the party then ferried themselves across the river in their wagon boxes the next day, and one of the men went to Franklin, with Mr. Savage, for an interpreter to go with him to the Indian camp for the purpose of trying to get the balance of the stock, which effort proved fruitless, as the Indians were so saucy that he thought it not advisable to press his suit for the return of the stock, and made but a short visit in the camp of the savages. On his return he found his comrades had got three of their wagons across the river, and soon after all the men being on the east side, the Indians came up on the west bank and fired at them across the river and killed one of the party, named John Smith, of Walla Walla, W. T. The others fled and arrived at Richmond one after another that evening. The Indians subsequently got possession again of the stock which they had before taken and returned. The citizens of Richmond assisted the unfortunate men all that was in their power. A company was sent for the body of Smith. Others went and assisted in bringing away the wagons. Through the intervention of some of the citizens of Cache, who have since visited the Indian encampment beyond Bear river, and had an interview with some of their chiefs and principal warriors, twelve mules and one horse belonging to the company have been recovered; the balance of the property taken could not be obtained. The Indians are said to have been very hostile, and it was with great difficulty that they were persuaded to give up as much of the property as they did. They averred that it was a retaliatory act to avenge the killing of their friends by the soldiers.

A report reached the city yesterday that a company of seven or eight men, who left Bannock City for this place before Mr. Savage and those with him, have not since been heard from; and it is believed that they have been used up by the Indians.

If it was not well known that Indian Agents and Superintendents, in these days, were appointed for other purposes than what those titles would to the uninitiated seem to indicate, and that it is no part of their official duties to see after such matters, we would ask, if within the memory of any of the citizens of Utah, an effort has been made by that class of Federal representatives, or either of them, to dispose of the hostile bands of the Shoshones and Bannocks occupying the region of country between the northern settlements in this Territory and the northern gold fields, to peace.

**SNOW STORM.**—On Friday night there was a slight fall of snow, and during Saturday there was a little more sifted down; making, in all, two or three inches, upon which a few sleighs were put in motion, but not to the exclusion of wheeled vehicles, which were, by far the most appropriate, as the sleighing at best was but poor and of short duration.