



J. S. TODD, Editor & Publisher.

WEDNESDAY DEC. 24, 1862

A Good Chance.

We propose to take Beef, Corn, Pork or Cord Wood from such of our patrons as wish to pay their subscriptions in that way; provided they do so before the first of January.

What is all this For?

Were the last words of a dying soldier as he lay gasping in the agonies of death, in one of our unfortunate battles. We repeat the interrogatory, What is all this for? Who is responsible for the late fearful disaster? Who precipitated our brave army into a useless encounter? Who marched Gen. Burnside across the Rappahannock, against his better judgment and the wishes of every experienced officer under his command? Who is Commander-in-Chief of our armies? President Lincoln holds the destinies of this country in the hollow of his hand. He and his cabinet alone are responsible for this wholesale murder. Abraham Lincoln is endeavoring to sever himself and to free his skirts from the blundering strategy which so remorselessly hurled thousands of brave soldiers to a premature grave; but the redned hillsides of Virginia, the ghosts of slaughtered legions, the agonies of the suffering wounded and the wailings of countless orphans, rise up in judgment against him, and like a huge fingerboard point surely and steadily to the President in unmistakable terms, signifying, "thou art the man." Abraham Lincoln through the agency of Gen. Halleck and Secretary Stanton, has desolated the homes and sent death to thousands of our brothers, and causing a needless, fruitless butchery. We write not in anger nor with feelings of revenge upon the imbecility of them whose overweening vanity has brought this deep grief upon the nation; but while we in common with many others, mingle our tears over the graves of the fallen, may we not ask, nay, demand of the administration a strict account of the many failures which have decimated our armies? Why were the necessary supplies kept from the army of the Potomac which prevented an immediate advance into Virginia after the battle of Antietam? Why was General McClellan removed just on the eve of a great battle, when he had his plans laid to attack the rebel Gen. Lee? Why were the pontoon bridges delayed from Gen. Burnside until the enemy had fortified the entire surrounding country, and then a command given to him to march his entire army directly across the Rappahannock, in the face of those fortified ramparts, to be remorselessly slaughtered? These are momentous questions which an outraged people demand shall be fairly answered. If the President in his vanity be determined to annihilate our brave soldiers for the sake of his Abolition job of negro emancipation, the sooner the people know it the better; for they may then seek a remedy. But as it is, it is folly to expect success to crown the efforts of our armies, while such imbecility points the way.

The remains of Maj. Geo. W. Todd were brought home on last Monday, and on yesterday afternoon, were interred in the graveyard of the Independent Church, along side of his deceased mother. His body was followed to the grave by his relatives and friends escorted by a large procession of Old Fellows, to which order he belonged, headed by a platoon of soldiers who kept step to the plaintive beat of muffled drums.

CHANGES IN THE CABINET.—William H. Seward, Secretary of State, Fredrick W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Chase, Secretary of Treasury, have offered their resignations, but have not yet been accepted. The cause of their resigning is not yet made known. It is rumored that other cabinet changes will take place also.

Dr. Belford is in town and will remain a short time.

Obituary.

Our paper goes forth in tokens of sadness, to mark the festive scenes of Christmas, with lamentations of woe. The gloomy intelligence from the late terrific scene at Fredericksburg, brings with it the familiar names of many of Cambodia's brave sons in the obituary of killed and in the list of wounded. While a nation mourns over that terrible disaster, we, in common with many bereaved relatives, mingle our sorrow with their tears, as a last tribute to departed worth; whose places at home can never again be filled, and whose services to their country too, will be sadly missed: for

"A bold peasantry, their country's pride, When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Who will raise the curtain from the southern bank of the Rappahannock and not faint at the horrid spectacle? What heart does not sicken at the thought of carnage and bloodshed which redden the plains about Fredericksburg?—miles of entrenchments, strown thick with the slaughtered forms of thousands of the sacrificed brave, who sleep that deep sleep that knows no waking.

What follows is a list of the killed and wounded from this county, gathered from various sources, as we have no direct news to govern us in making such a statement:

Maj. Geo. W. Todd, of the 51st; Adj. Gen. C. Nease, Capt. John M. Jones, Lieut. John B. Hay, Wm. A. Scott, and privates John M. Jones, John Fox, Daniel B. Kallender, Levi Moore and David Morgan of the 133rd, were killed. Among the wounded in the same regiment are: Hugh J. Humphreys, since dead; John P. Wiggins, wounded in the abdomen; Joseph Miller, in breast; Nathan Sanders, in thigh; David Long, in back; Eben E. Evans, Hugh E. Evans, head and arm; Christ Shinnfeldt, in head; Sergt. John N. Evans, shoulder; Geo. W. Burkey, shoulder; Wm. Makin, Demetrius Weakland, in head; Peter Mallory, in face and shoulder; Wm. Evans, in head; Eschel Stiles, in thigh; Robert Deaverux, head and shoulder; Geo. C. Fisher, J. Williams, H. Evans, Richard J. Bennett, Corp. N. Saunders, Morris Lewis, and Daniel Burket; also killed, Sergt. James Moore and private H. Pike, of the 36th; wounded Jacob Ottiger, J. M. Barclay, Corp. G. A. Markle, Joseph Hamilton, John Jones, Capt. Rutland, David Howard, Daniel Howard, James Sheenan, John Laussen, A. J. Lape, Richard Mahler, Noah Knouton, Geo. R. Morris, Richard Williams, J. Mackhill, Nimrod McElear, of the 133rd. Sergt. John Roberts, of the 11th Reserve, killed, Mason McCallister, wounded, and Wm. Evans, wounded and taken prisoner, and Richard M. Jones, of Co. F, 133 Regt., killed.

A beautiful gold medal has been presented to Powell Sharp, the engineer on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, who so heroically saved the lives of a large number of passengers, while crossing the Allegheny mountains, at the risk of his own life. Within a laurel wreath on the obverse is the following inscription:

"Presented to Powell Sharp, Engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, by the passengers on the train from Pittsburg, November 14th, 1862, in testimony of their admiration of his noble and heroic conduct in saving their lives at the risk of his own."

On the reverse is a handsomely engraved picture of a locomotive, within a laurel wreath.

It is stated by the London Morning Herald, that twenty-four French guillotines were shipped to a confidential friend of President Lincoln in the city of New York. We may yet see the Jacobin days of France upon this continent.

This week ends the letters of "Victor," which we hope have proved both instructive and interesting. Although they were not published at the time they were written, yet their subject matter is of such a nature as not to spoil by age.

Hon. A. McAllister will please accept our sincere thanks, for special favor and compliment to us. May success crown his efforts in public life; and may the most sanguine expectations of his constituency be more than realized.

An effort was made, which as yet proves fruitless, to procure the bodies of Adj. Noon, Capt. Jones, Lieut. Scott and others, which are in possession of the rebels.

The Battle.

The great movement at Fredericksburg, on Saturday the 13th, resulted in another disastrous defeat of our army, that has shaken the confidence of the few who still have faith in the present Administration, which alone is responsible. Since the President called Gen. Halleck from the West to assume command of our armies, says the N. Y. World, he has organized two campaigns, each of which has resulted in disaster and disgrace. The last of these catastrophes is the worst, inasmuch as it is a more stunning and fatal blow to public confidence. Our earlier discomfitures did not lower the tone of the public mind or shake its confidence. The immeasurable superiority of the North in every kind of military resources, made doubt absurd and discouragement pusillanimous. But after two such enormous war blunders as the President and Gen. Halleck have put on the national altar, what can we further expect from the combined stupidity and imbecility of these officials but fresh accumulations of national disaster? Of what avail is the bow of Achilles in hands that cannot bend it? Of what advantage are our unimpaired resources if they are to be thus squandered by administrative and military incapables, who, as often as they send our brave soldiers to battle, send them to a fruitless butchery? Soldiers who fall in a noble cause under worthy and skillful leaders count it joy to die on the field of battle; a grateful country consecrates the graves in which their ashes repose. The sorrow of their relatives is a purifying, ennobling sorrow, nurturing the worthiest inspirations, waiting and fructifying the seeds of self-sacrificing patriotism. But when a whole nation is put in mourning because of blundering incompetence and charlatanism direct the movements of armies and deluge the land with blood shed to no purpose, the point is reached beyond which further forbearance would be a crime. The bitterest curses of history will fall on the inteciles and fonatics who have thus brought their country to the verge of ruin. The slip is on the breakers, and nothing short of the summary removal of the ignorant and faithless pilots can save it from total wreck.

We have no words of unkindness for Gen. Burnside. He is a very different style of man from the blaggart Pope, and deserves commiseration rather than censure in his heavy misfortune. Gen. Burnside acted under great orders; he was compelled to move on Fredericksburg by temporary directions from Washington, which diminished over his judgment and extorted his obedience. When he was ordered to Fredericksburg he had the promise of Gen. Halleck that his pontoons should meet him there. Gen. Halleck forgot to give the order;—and they were delayed so long that the enemy occupied the heights. In this emergency a council of war was held; all the corps commanders opposed an advance; but Burnside said, in conclusion that he was compelled to advance by orders from Washington. If General Lee himself had dictated the dispatches of Gen. Halleck they would not have been different. If Burnside had found his pontoons at Palmarth when he reached there, and Sumner's corps, which was in the advance, had immediately crossed and taken possession of the heights, this last great sacrifice, this crowning disgrace, would have been spared. But when the forgetfulness and inattention of Halleck and the feigning imbecility in the departments at Washington had detained Burnside a whole month, the crossing was simply a foolhardy blunder. Lee had concentrated his army and fortified an impregnable position; his traps were set; there was nothing he so much desired as that Burnside would walk into it. When Burnside found that he was permitted to cross with so little resistance, he ought to have suspected that he was marching into the jaws of destruction; but no matter; his orders were peremptory, and as a soldier he could only obey, as McClellan did in withdrawing from the Peninsula. Halleck had said last week, "I mean to make the Army of the Potomac go to Richmond, if they have to go on crutches." He succeeded in making twenty thousand cripples; but he will never have another army so near Richmond as McClellan's was when he removed it. Providence sent a heavy, blinding rain-storm on Monday night, under whose protecting cover Burnside withdrew his shattered army and rescued it from otherwise certain destruction. This is a more terrible humiliation

than the bringing of Pope's broken army within the fortifications of Washington, which was the catastrophe to Halleck's other campaign. Clouds and darkness now settle like a pall over the national hopes; no eye of faith can desery what lies beyond.

The hour has struck when we must have an immediate change of measures, and of men, or the next sound which greets our ears will be the knell of the Union. The public patience is exhausted. This stupendous juggernaut of an Administration crushes hundreds of thousands of brave Union soldiers beneath its bloody wheels; but it makes no impression on the rebellion. With a new army of six hundred thousand men brought into the field since August, we are worse off today than on any preceding day since the rebellion broke out. Every leading measure of this administration has been a mistake. It has strengthened the determination of the rebels by compelling them to fight for their property, their homes, and their rights, for the security of their dwellings, and the sanctity and honor of their wives and daughters, instead of fighting for mushroom and demagogue government, established in opposition to revered traditions, and at its outset without any secure hold on southern sympathies. This administration has consolidated the South by an issue policy which has extinguished and obliterated the Union feeling widely prevalent in every State except South Carolina at the beginning of the war. It has wasted prodigious resources, squandered precious lives, tried the hearts of loyal men, and exhausted the long-suffering patience of the country. It stands before the world as the most gigantic and humiliating failure in history. Never before was there such a contrast between the goodness of a cause and the badness of its management: between promise and performance; between professions of liberty and the practice of tyranny, as has been exhibited by the administration of Mr. Lincoln.

If anything is to be saved from this wreck, we must have an immediate change of measures and of men. It is hardly possible that a reconstruction of the Union may be secured by an immediate and radical change; but if Mr. Lincoln now turns a deaf ear to the remonstrances of an judgment and justly incensed country, the hour of the final dissolution of the Union is at hand, and the country must bid: "Farewell! a long farewell! to all its greatness."

Letters of a Traveller. To the Democrat & Sentinel. No. 10.

On account of the difficulties that now distract the Republic, Sumner is not so well as it is generally at this season of the year, yet there are a larger number of fashionable than might be expected. It is a very handsome place. The hotels are numerous and splendid, among them are the United States, the Union Hall, the Chatham, the Columbia, American and Marlborough. There are some apartments on the side walls, and if you would give credence to these boards and the rumors for these houses each house is the best in the country. From thence we proceeded to Troy, along a line well cultivated part of the State of New York. This place is at the head of the navigation of the Hudson, and was said to be one of the loveliest spots in the State, but it looks very hard now, about the one fourth part of it was burnt down last spring. The Rail Road bridge caught fire from the locomotive and a vast amount of houses and property were consumed before they got the fire subdued. They are however building it up rapidly, workmen such as bricklayers, masons, carpenters, hod-carriers, are in great demand and command the highest kind of wages. Here we remained till seven o'clock in the evening at which time we embarked for New York. It was pretty dark when we passed Albany, but still we could discern that it was rather a fine looking place. It is astonishing the vast amount of freight and passengers that are daily carried by these Hudson river boats. We arose pretty early next morning, and enjoyed the scenery of the Hudson vastly. There is not much appearance of cultivated land on either side, bold rocks and projecting cliffs are to be seen on each side except once in a while, a town or city springs into view, generally placed on some tributary of the Hudson. Coming close to New York, the towns grew thicker until finally they lose themselves in the city itself. We took passage from New York to Philadelphia, by the boat to Anchoy, and from thence the Camden and Anchoy Rail road. We had a beautiful sail across the bay, we sailed over schools of fish, passed through oyster beds, stalked out by the owners. It appears that each owner has his chain marked out by notes and bounds, and no other dunt intrude on him. To the right lay Staten Island, an island of great wealth and magnificence, where a great many of the millionaires of New York have their private residences, and live there a portion of their time wallowing in wealth.

Anchoy does not seem to be much of a place, but its proximity to New York city, and being the terminus of that great Rail

road gives it life and vigor. As we were to be in Anchoy for some time before the train would start for Philadelphia, a young man with whom I became intimately acquainted on the passage, and myself concluded we would wash the dust out of our throats at the tavern. We took a very palatable guzzle called apple jack. I handed the landlord a one dollar bill, a genuine one, of his own neighborhood, he looked at us as if we intended to impose on him by asking him for change, we declared we had nothing less, and that we would rather the apples had been all used in the raw material as they were by Adam and Eve than we should impose on him. So I offered him a compromise, which he accepted and we became good friends. I told him the day was warm and we would take a breathing spell, and then take some more of his apple juice and that would make it easier for him. He said he then could do it in coppers, so we took the other dose, pocketed our 75 pennies and got into the cars as the engine was giving its last whistle. This road passes through a well cultivated part of New Jersey, and through many of its handsome towns, such as Burlington, Bordentown, Spotswood, Hightstown, and finally gets to Camden and cross the ferry to Walnut street wharf. Here I am now like the surveyor come back to the place of beginning. But ah! what a change in a few short weeks in Philadelphia, and yet there was no change in that city, had it not been for the seventy five pennies brought from Anchoy, we could not had a ride in the street cars, we could not had a cigar, a plug of tobacco or a glass of lager beer, though our pockets were stuffed with money. Had we known where to go I suppose we could have purchased a dollar's worth of cents by giving a premium of 15 or 20 per cent. It was immediately after the reverse before Richmond, the people were noisy and stout, other afraid or unwilling to express their sentiments. Few were seen on the streets except soldiers, contractors and cripples, merchants were afraid to do much business as goods were going up every day and they could not tell when they would stop advancing in price. In this state of affairs I was somewhat afraid that the words of a favorite author might shortly be applied to us.

"Alas! for our country her pride has gone by, And her spirit is broken that never would lie, O'er her ruins, her children in secret must sigh, For 'tis treason to love her, and death to desert; Uproar'd are her wars till they learn to be holy, Untill quiet of thy tree, if they show not these signs, And the torch that would light them to signify away. Now Rise the well, And if 'tis not, still 'tis over, fare the well!"

VIATOR.

The Mardian Battle of Fredericksburg. Saturday, the 15th day of December, must be accounted a black day in the calendar of the Republic.—Correspondence of the New York Times.

The line of battle as it appeared in the morning, was as follows: The sixth army corps, under Gen. Smith, (Franklin's old force,) on the right, composed of these divisions, namely: Gen. Newton on the extreme right and rear; Gen. Burke on the centre, and Gen. Howe on the left. The first army corps, Gen. Reynolds, extending still further to the left, drawn up in the following order: Gen. Gibbons' division on the right, connecting with Gen. Howe's; Gen. Meade's, centre, and Gen. Doubleday, left, fronting to the southwest and resting nearly on the river. This constituted the order in which our forces were drawn up, there being three distinct lines of battle.

Opposed to our right, under Gen. Sumner, was the rebel left, under Gen. Longstreet. Opposed to our left, under Gen. Franklin, was the rebel right, under Gen. Jackson. Lee was in command of the whole rebel force.

The plan of Gen. Burnside, agreed upon in council of war, was to endeavor to pierce the rebel centre. Early on the morning of Saturday the order was given that Sumner's left, composed of the Ninth Army Corps, under command of General Wilcox, should be extended until it reached Gen. Franklin's right;—thus forming a continuous line of battle along the river for two miles, the left resting on the river at the point where the lower pontoons cross, and the right on Fredericksburg. The left wing, comprising the whole of Franklin's command (fifty thousand men), should then be swung round, as on a pivot, formed by Sumner's extreme right, resting on Fredericksburg.

If successful in this manœuvre, Franklin would drive the rebel line, take possession of the railroad, (the line of retreat,) and come in on the flank of the rebel works back of Fredericksburg. While this movement was being developed, a division was to be sent up from General Sumner's command, by the plank road, to storm the ridge. If there should be any failure in this, it was hoped the co-operation of Franklin would presently make success certain. Hooker's corps was destined to act as a reserve.

About 11 o'clock I crossed the Rappahannock on the upper pontoon bridge, and passed through the town of Fredericksburg, along the main street. At that time brisk skirmishing was going on the outskirts of the town, the rebel sharpshooters stubbornly contesting every inch of the ground as our skirmishers advanced. Caroline, or Main street, was occupied by General Kimball's General Sturges' and acting Gen. Zoell's brigades, with portions of Hancock's division; the latter, with his artillery, lined the middle of the river in the neighborhood of the middle crossing, which is just below the railroad bridge. Other troops from the corps of General Wilcox and General Slocum occupied the other streets of the town, and the line of advance. Our batteries replied across the river, covering the front of our forces.

In the meantime Franklin had been for a couple of hours briskly engaged with the enemy on the left. The line of Fredericksburg had driven the rebels from the suburbs of the town and toward their column on the canal. The result now came to attempt an advance to the rebel position.

The orders were to move, charge up the hill and lay down at the point of the bay, as easy to give, but, ah! how hard to contain! The line of battle was formed by the divisions of French, Hancock, Howard, the left of the first division of Sturges' division of Wilcox's corps (ninth). The first advanced was the division of Morris and Weber, supported by Zoell's division, consisting of the regiments of Caldwell, Zoell and Morgan.

The moment they exposed themselves on the railroad, earth burst on their head. From the rifle pits came the deadly aimed missiles; the shells, the shells, the shells, fell above their heads, the plumes of fire, from the artillery, distributed on the apex of a mountain in extent, came across the shot and shell.

Across the plain for a while they under this fatal fire. They were moved down. The landing and the great grips in their ranks; but they presently filled by the "clatter" of the line. For fifteen minutes they least they remain under this fire.

Onward they press, though the ground grow fearfully thin. They have now over a great part of the individuals almost reached the base of the hill; the crest and pour in fresh volleys; the battery at short range. To show it through the glass, looked on, a perilous sight indeed. Flesh and iron could not endure it. They fell, shattered and broken, amid shouts yells from the enemy.

Gen. Franklin's division were not fight six thousand strong; but it was told me he could count but fifteen dead!

At daylight, the forces composed of left grand division of the army were drawn up in battle array on the plain below Fredericksburg and on the Rappahannock.

At early morn the Third Army Corps, Pennsylvania Bucktails, and three other regiments, were again in front as skirmishers, between the rebel skirmishers (armed with firing tool peace. Captain Harts (Second Man.) planted at the Gibbons's divisions, opened fire on rebels.

Artillery firing now became along the whole line, which was by the rebels. Orders now came to advance, and about 9 o'clock, Gibbons' Meade's divisions commenced moving slowly forward.

Gen. Meade's command, consisting of the Pennsylvania Reserves, were drawn up in the following order: First brigade, bearing the First, Second, 6th, and Twenty-first and Sixth regiments; the left: Second brigade, Third, Fourth, Seventh and Eighth, centre; Third brigade, (Jackson's) Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth, at the right.

Considerable resistance was met, yet the forces continued to move until at mid-day the line of battle three-quarters of a mile in advance where it had been at the onset now came the reserve fire of the rebels with terrific force. Shot, shell and bullet were poured into our men's faces, while the rebel artillery, opening, fired with rapidity. Several continued to press on. Several moved forward at the same time; troops saw the enemy giving way after cheer rent the air.

About 1 o'clock, Gen. Meade crossed a charge, which was well executed men pressing on the edge of the crest, and skillfully penetrating movement on the flank, an opportunity happened to occur between the hands of A. P. Hill and Early's troops, capturing several hundred prisoners, to the Sixty-first Georgia and Third North Carolina.

While the fight was progressing at that point, the enemy sent four heavy guns down on our left, near the river. They were handsomely repulsed and however, by Gen. Doubleday. Owing to the lack of reinforcements Meade's command was obliged to