

BY D. W. CRAIG.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Argus will be furnished at Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance.

The Oregon Argus.

-A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.-

Vol. VIII.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, APRIL 4, 1863.

No. 51.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One square (twelve lines, or less, brevity measure) one insertion \$3 00

The number of insertions should be noted on the margin of an advertisement, otherwise it will be published till forbidden, and charged accordingly.

Obituary notices will be charged half the above rates of advertising.

Details of Eastern News.

Fayetteville, Ark., March 17.—A gentleman just arrived from Texas, represents the rebels in that State as in a most deplorable condition, colonies being made up to go to Mexico.

Washington, March 18.—Rear Admiral Daily commanding the eastern blockading squadron, reports to the Navy Department the return of the Sangamon from up the coast of the Mesquito Inlet Expedition.

Trenton, N. J., March 18.—The peace resolutions passed the House, 35 to 13, after an exciting debate.

Jefferson City, Mo., March 18.—A bill passed the Senate to-day providing for calling a new State Convention to take into consideration the gradual emancipation of slavery in Missouri.

Sixteen more iron-clads are to be finished in New York by New Year's. 30 vessels have been added to the Navy since the new requisition, which had just been published, making nearly 500 vessels in all.

Memphis, March 18.—The Yazoo Pass expedition consists of the Chillicothe, De Kalb, 5 small gunboats of the mosquito fleet, and 18 transports.

On Friday one of the enemy's guns was dismounted. The Chillicothe received 64 shots, one of which entered a port hole, killing 3 and wounding 14.

Gold in Richmond is 400 per cent.

Eastern News continued on next page.

METHUSELAH ONLY A YOUNGSTER.—Most people have been accustomed to regard Methuselah as rather an old man, as the Good Book says he lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years old, when he died.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.—If a man commences at the age of twenty years to pay a barber twenty-five cents per week, to shave him, and continues until he is seventy years old, the money so spent, with interest added, would amount in fifty years to \$3,998 62.

MAKING A TOTAL OF \$7,997 24.—From an old subscriber, who can appreciate the enjoyment of having something saved up for old age.—North American.

LONG DUNBERRY ON THE WAR.—There's one thing we-welcome to the w-war now w-waging in America th-that I-I could n-never un-nderstand. They call it a civil war. Now, if several th-thousand fellahs think proper to go out into a field to t-t-wy which fellah c-can cut the other fellah to pieces, c-can any w-w-rea-sonable fellah be brought to th-think it a civil action? If the A-A-m-e-r-i-c-a-n-s consider this civil, w-what on earth m-must they be w-when they get in a w-w-arg?

THE NEW YORK EXPRESS HAS HAD its feelings greatly outraged by the fact that the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung in Dr. Bellows' church after the sermon, on Sunday last.

THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY OF ENGLAND are memorializing their Bishops on the dreadful heresies of Bishop Colenso, and the Bishop of Rochester has gone so far as to request Dr. Colenso to take no part in the religious services of the church within the limits of his (Rochester's) diocese.

COL. LUDLOW, our Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners of war, is of the opinion that the rebel Congress will not endorse Davis's retaliation or murder order. The balance of officers is on the wrong side for the rebels.

THE LEGISLATURE OF OREGON AND GEN. HOOKER.—At the late session of the Oregon Legislature, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the Legislature Assembly of the State of Oregon, are gratified to be able to express their just appreciation of the dying deeds and heroic achievements which have so constantly marked the brilliant course of Gen. Joseph Hooker, late a resident of this State, and to acknowledge their deep obligations to Gen. Hooker for the very distinguished services he has with in the past year rendered to his country.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State be, and is hereby requested to forward to Gen. Hooker a copy of the above resolutions.

ANNEXED IS GEN. HOOKER'S REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Camp near Falmouth, Va., Feb. 1, 1863. J. Samuel May, Secretary of State, Salem, Oregon.—Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge through your distinguished Senator, J. W. Nesmith, the receipt of your letter of the 29th of October, ultimo, transmitting an official copy of resolutions adopted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, at its second regular session.

It is impossible to receive without emotion the distinguished compliment conveyed in these proceedings; nor can this kind expression of your regard fail to remind me of those happier days when our fellow citizens beyond the mountains were employing all their energies in exploring and developing the matchless resources of that famed territory. The recollection of my own employment upon one of your great works of internal improvement will always have a place among the most cherished associations of my life.

Let us hope that this war will not much longer intercept the progress of the nation, and disturb the tranquility of our people. With a good cause, unbounded means, adequate forces on land and sea, and a firm reliance upon Divine power, our success is not to be doubted, and should not be remote.

Soon after the close of the war with Mexico, when my profession was relinquished for the congenial pursuits of civil life, I chose my home among the hospitable and generous people who have established American empire on the Pacific. It is my earnest prayer that the day may soon come when a restored Union and a vindicated nationality will entitle all of us who took up arms for the suppression of this rebellion to an honorable discharge, and secure to every loyal household the enjoyment of an honorable and lasting peace.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, Your obedient servant, JOSEPH HOOKER, Major General Commanding.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE MILE.—By constructing a canal about three-fourths of a mile in length, from Big Stone Lake Travers, steamboats from St. Paul could navigate both the Minnesota river and the Red river of the North, to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of 700 miles. The country traversed by these rivers is surpassingly fertile, and capable of supporting a dense population. Lake Winnipeg is larger than Lake Ontario, and receives the Saskatchewan river from the west. The Saskatchewan (Horne) near the Rocky Mountains, 700 miles west of Lake Winnipeg, and only 150 miles east of the celebrated gold diggings on Fraser river, in British Columbia. The digging of that one mile of canal would therefore enable a steamboat at New Orleans to pass into Lake Winnipeg, and from thence to Edmonton House, some 5,000 miles! Probably in the world there cannot be found a spot across which the digging of so short a canal would effect a result so prodigious. And what is almost equally remarkable, the ground between the two lakes is so low and so level that it is said the water flows in times of freshets from one to the other.

DEPLETION OF THE ARMY.—We have heard a great deal about the loss of life in the army. A year ago we sent out full regiments, which now are reduced to a handful of men. We jump at the conclusion that they have nearly all fallen in battle or by disease. Now for the facts in regard to two New Hampshire regiments. I have official statements. The Second Regiment from the Granite State reached Washington in June, 1861, before the first Bull Run fight. It was in that battle; it was in nearly all the battles on the Peninsula and at Fredericksburg, and yet there are about eight hundred of its original members alive! The Fifth Regiment from that State joined the army in the fall of 1861, was in nearly all the Peninsula engagements, at Antietam, and at Fredericksburg in the hottest of the fight, and yet I am informed by the Hon. Mr. Mason, the State Agent, that out of eleven hundred and forty-one members nine hundred and forty are yet alive! It has nearly six hundred now enrolled. You wonder what becomes of the soldiers! Some are discharged, some are in hospital, some have been deserted, some are on furlough. I take it that from these two cases we may draw legitimate conclusions that our estimates of depletion have been too great.—Boston Jour.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER has gone so far as to request Dr. Colenso to take no part in the religious services of the church within the limits of his (Rochester's) diocese.

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our faltering column and the multitude of rebel dead and wounded convinced Braxton Bragg that a great error had been made in his calculations. To him there was surely some point from whence we were being reinforced. Elated with the work of Wheeler in destroying our trains, and the arrival of a reserve of ten thousand from Shelbyville, he could give no reason why he should not succeed. It was true the enemy had changed their front, and hours would be consumed before he would dare venture another general engagement. But no time was to be lost on his part that day. He watched for a sign, but it did not appear.

THE SECOND DAY. Friday was a disagreeable day, for our soldiers endured all the privations as well as the dangers of war. The rich soil of the land, wet with heavy rains, had been trod into deep mire mud, and such was the resting place of the troops of both armies.

Nature's ratio was the issue; and though the elements did not favor the renewal of hostilities, Bragg saw our phantom reinforcements and heard to his never-ending wonder of the rail of Gen. Carter into East Tennessee. The great artery of the Southwest failed to bring the expected relief, and now every moment lost was the shadow of defeat. He knew the chances of success were waning, and another day must not pass without measuring strength with his formidable opponent. He resolved to attack our lines again on the decisive point of our position by concealing the design until the moment of execution and then to execute it with the greatest rapidity. Bragg forgot that Rosecrans was once the teacher of this art at West Point. It was true the peril was now greater than in the first attempt, and the demonstration to discover it attended with more risk; so most of the day was spent in reconnoitering.

Having heard the results of heavy skirmishing along the whole line, and examined in person the movements of our army, Bragg now concluded to concentrate and direct the next effort upon our left. It was about 3 P. M. when the entire rebel strength was precipitated upon the corps of Gen. Crittenden. Every struggle has incidents from which the imagination can color a picture of misery more horrible than the conception of West; but what now passed has no counterpart in the battles of any country. The irresistible force of the Union was against the epicurean force of the rebellious horde. The collision was awful. The terrific salvos of a hundred cannon welcomed the rebel advance, and the quick successive volleys of musketry knit the air into a leaden sheet. The big gaps caused by the falling of the slain and wounded were closed only to open again before the unerring aim of our artillery. Vain attempts were made by the enemy to silence the batteries supporting their position, while still onward the infuriated army of Bragg pressed in front to an enfilading fire. Their leader saw the bold presence of the Union General cheering on his men where the flag he once honored still floated in glory. He saw the Southern heroes sacrificed, yet daunted not, he, too, urged on the coast. The recent sons of Kentucky and Tennessee fought on, displaying bravery worthy of Spartan memory. But the strategy and the strength of his last hope utterly failed and night alone confessed the victory, and ended the most sanguinary strife of the engagement.

THE LAST DAY. All day Saturday, Bragg hovered in front of our lines, making the evacuation then going on with feints and dashes.—Rosecrans's imperious conduct the day before had crushed the buoyant mind of Gen. Bragg, and yet before he left there was another chance to redeem him from reproach. Yielding to the belief that our army thought the struggle ended, under the cover of darkness he again endeavored to break our front. But this time the column moved onward, by the bright flash of artillery and the lurid clouds from musketry, driving the enemy from the rifle pits back into Murfreesboro. The din of battle was hushed, the requiem winds no longer heard the messengers of death; the work was finished and the field was ours.

FINIS. Sabbath was a welcome day of rest, the bright sun shedding a flood of light upon our triumphant banners. The golden names of Corbett, Donelson, Sillioh, Corinth, Chaplin Hills, were waiting over the fields of Stone river, just consecrated with the blood of patriots to the roll of victory.

"Tears for the lamented dead"—let the nation mourn the loss of her brave soldiers; and for the hero, as his courage is a thorn to his enemies, let his name be entwined in the garland of liberty.

A CHILD'S IDEA.—A friend related to us recently a characteristic anecdote of a little child. Some months since, at the time the Richmond papers announced the confirmation of Jefferson Davis in the Episcopal Church, when it was reported that his health was failing so that he was probably not long for this world, the little girl having heard the matter spoken of in the family, asked her mother whether Jeff Davis would go to heaven if he died. The mother replied that she did not know anything about it, and declined giving an answer. "Well," said the little girl, "there is one thing that I know." Bring asked what that was, she said—"I know if Jeff Davis goes to heaven, Washington won't speak to him!"

IT IS A coincidence worthy of mention that the 16th Indiana surrendered to Gen. Churchill at Richmond, Ky., in August last, for gallantry at which place Jeff Davis promoted him to a Major General; and at Arkansas Post the 16th had the gratification of witnessing his surrender, with his entire command, at which they cheered lustily.

THESE DAYS. The new plans and purposes of the Gen. were this day moulded into a change of front, the line now only extending three-fourths of a mile, and invulnerable at every point. With this as his centrifugal power, he was ready to illustrate the science of warfare and impress upon the enemy that, as ever, he was invincible. But the day passed without a general conflict, and our men recovered from the fatigues of the works of previous days. Ammunition and provisions were distributed, the small arms cleaned, the dead buried, the wounded cared for, and every preparation made to renew hostilities. The wagon trains which recumbered the field of action were withdrawn and sent to Nashville, the weather unpleasant and the men suffering for shelter and fire.

THE REBEL LEADER was as obstinate as our own. The prisoners taken were hurried South; the stores accumulated for the campaign were shipped to Chattanooga as a precautionary measure. The recovery of

with woods and farms, the advantages of position being in possession of the enemy; although Murfreesboro had no suitable positions for heavy fortifications, the rolling land diverging westerly was all the enemy could wish for the purpose of martial array. Forty-eight thousand men divided into three grand wings, and commanded by a trio of as brave Generals as ever marshaled a host, were confronted by the treble line of Bragg's determined troops. There were many regiments along our line whose ranks had been depleted on the bloody battle-fields of Donelson, Sillioh, and Perryville. Led on by a General whose skill had been tested in three departments, who bore the prestige of three great victories, it is not strange our men had an abiding faith in their commander to complete the trial of Federal victory in Tennessee.

The desultory firing of Tuesday was an earnest of what might be looked for on the following day. There were repeated attempts to unmask the enemy by demonstrations, while the wily rebel was feeling for our weakest point. This work threatened seriously at one time, but night came without a battle.

THE FIRST DAY. The closing day of 1862 will long be remembered in the annals of rebellion. The morning was bright and our troops rose to the work with a coolness which provoked the rage of Southern fire. The combat opened fiercely, the combat deepening until the whole army was engaged. The rebels exerted their strength in mad efforts when the vulnerable point was found and the forces of the enemy massed. At eight or thereabouts they bore down upon us, the vim of the rebel army surging in by narrow waves against the right of our crescent column. With lightning speed the aids and orderlies galloped to Rosecrans bearing the short but world-tale, "The right is giving way, our troops are overwhelmed!" The news spread through the corps of Thomas and Crittenden like an electric shock, thrilling the courage of every man with pain. The great heart of Chaplin Hills was beating against the slender front of a single division posted to check the advance of Breckinridge and Hardee. The king of terrors, a concomitant in every battle, was striking back his wild recruits, when he who restored the line of his broken forces at Corinth appeared in new vigor for an emergency even greater than that, and checked the moody tide of battle at its flood. He knew the strength of the enemy was at its culminating point, and at once sought to disconcert them by turning back the advancing column. How nobly every man tried to redeem the loss of ground, and how certain they finally accomplished the task, was told in the sad numbers of the dead. What though our forces had suffered terribly?—what though one third the army had been driven several miles?—though the life-blood of the General's best friend was clothed on his face?—he did not despair. The crisis had passed; he was not conquered, and the disaster could be retrieved. The heroic reply of Lawrence was not more potent than the brave example of the General to his men. It was not the man, but the voice of the nation cheering them on. The wish of many a brave heart was that day satiated, and no one dare say that Rosecrans will not lead us to victory. What must follow?—desperate, prolonged, and sanguinary strife, leaving a trail of blood from where the aimless line just parted back to the rear of the left wing, leaving the ends of both with the rebel slain. How went the day? As was Monday in the battle of Sillioh.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE. To the rear of where our men rested on their arms, a little to the left of the right wing, was the dilapidated house used by the General as his headquarters. Here he ordered rations to be cooked, enough to last himself and staff a week, and declared to his wing commanders that he would whip the enemy though they came five to one.—To him time was too precious for sleep.—The night was passed in giving orders for the concentration of the lines, in disposing the forces for the coming day, in anticipating the work that was to be done; and thus with the dying year he sealed the fate of his adversary. To many his voice was an early reveille; arousing those around him at 2 o'clock, assuring them that the enemy were up at 1.

NIGHT, cold and clear, hung over the battle ground like a funeral pall, hiding the bivouac of the two armies. The tale of Wheeler's movements in the rear magnified in importance as it passed from lip to lip. The hospitals of the wounded were harassed at every point. The dread confusion of the rout on the right, the thought of heavy reinforcements to the rebel ranks at every sound of the whistle, all these burdened the mind of the Union troops with gloomy forebodings as to what would be the result of the coming contest.

THURSDAY. The new plans and purposes of the Gen. were this day moulded into a change of front, the line now only extending three-fourths of a mile, and invulnerable at every point. With this as his centrifugal power, he was ready to illustrate the science of warfare and impress upon the enemy that, as ever, he was invincible. But the day passed without a general conflict, and our men recovered from the fatigues of the works of previous days. Ammunition and provisions were distributed, the small arms cleaned, the dead buried, the wounded cared for, and every preparation made to renew hostilities. The wagon trains which recumbered the field of action were withdrawn and sent to Nashville, the weather unpleasant and the men suffering for shelter and fire.

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History of the Fight at Murfreesboro.

BRAGG AND HIS FORCES.

For many weeks the rumor prevailed in this city (Nashville) that it was the purpose of Bragg to hold his army in front of Murfreesboro. The picket lines and outposts of the rebel forces described an arc, extending from Lebanon on their right via Lavergne, the centre, to Franklin on their left, a distance of nearly thirty miles. His command embraced full seventy thousand effective men, one half of whom were from Kentucky and Tennessee, fixed in resolution to do these rather than move one step backward; and wherever a transfer could be made the soldiers from these two States were preferred. His army had been reviewed by Jefferson Davis, and by him harangued and ordered to stand firm in the hour of battle, proclaiming this as a great military necessity. The courage of those who were to fight on or near their native soil was to be supported by the veterans of the Southern army.

Acquainted with every foothold of the country and daily learning the movements within our lines—with Morgan in Kentucky, the Cumberland river low, and Forrest in the western part of the State, he would be able to fight without fear of being flanked or overpowered by reinforcements. The only obstacle then was Rosecrans. Bragg knew full well the nature of our troops, but he was to cope with the General whose career had been one series of brilliant victories; the man whose bravery bore McChesnan to his high command, and dimmed for months the fame of Lee. The strength of our army being known, he had reason to hope for success.

EMIGRANTS AND HIS FORCES. It was the strategy of the Cumberland that was to be led against the defiant foe at Murfreesboro. The commanding General had fast two great ends to attain; the comfort of his corps and a supply of stores which would support him in his forward movement. Dependent for supplies by rail, the accumulation was necessarily slow. Nor did the stern tract the valor of his troops until the spirit of subordination had inculcated itself through the rank and file of the 14th army corps. That was a task indeed. The power conferred by the War Department was used with discretion, and the field orders tempered with the strength of a minister. The drangonsism spread before him in panorama the topography of the country; the signal corps were daily instructed, while the chief engineer with his lines was everywhere, building the earth into fortifications, and loading stockades for the railroad guard.

In six weeks from the date of assuming command, Rosecrans warned his Generals of the purpose beyond, and issued the preliminary orders. The character of his troops had been carefully studied. Relying on their patriotism, and the good already effected, he threw down the gauntlet on the rebel lines.

THE SUNDAY OF THE TIMES. The Sabbath preceding Christmas was lively and balmy as the bright spring day. The dull velo of the war horse's clattering hoof, heard in the footsteps of the impending battle, blended in the anthem of the church bells. The Commander-in-Chief with his Adjutant General joined in the service at the Cathedral.

From the hour of noon on that day that Christmas eve everything was active. The sacred day passed, and the 14th army corps moved toward the enemy. There was leaving to and fro, the mustering of troops; the sweet ringing rattle of wagon trains, the arrival of convalescents from the front, and the confusion and bustle incident to a general move. On the afternoon of December 26 Rosecrans left his quarters in the city, and, with his staff and escort, joined the army already in the field.

It is true that nobody sees a battle. The commander learns from aids the various stages of the strife, and plans and orders the fight from the reports of others. The victory of Stone river was not won in that way. The leader of the Army of the Cumberland endangered his life to give his commands in person, and had his whole army raked as much the result would have been far more disastrous to the rebel cause. He went into battle as the mediator of the Eastern and Western armies, determined to break the link of Confederate strength at its centre. The conduct he displayed at this end proved how terribly in earnest he was to conquer.

SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS. Saturday, the 27th, our column halted in front of the rebel line. The first skirmish had taken place, the enemy falling back, opposing our progress only to discover our strength. Another Sabbath found the two armies divided by Stewart's creek. A battle was now imminent. Everybody returning to the city from the front was eagerly questioned as to the intentions of the Confederate General. Many thought he would fall back beyond Murfreesboro without a fight. The leader of the Union forces did not contemplate this, for fight he must, if against his will. On Monday the different divisions crossed the stream and flanked into line of battle. An stream and skirmish power preceded interchange of the enemy's men every receding division of the enemy on the 29th, when, under the cover of the woods and in sight of their fortifications, the artillery of Bragg challenged our forces and the action commenced. The preface of an engagement initiates the soldier into the character of his foe, while it acquaints him for a greater struggle.

The 14th army corps took position, the left stretching along the bank of Stone river. Beyond the ground now occupied, cavalry, holding their ground like veterans, and, when the enemy finally broke and fled, insisting on pursuing them, in spite of their commander's prudent orders to the contrary. The troops, after destroying much rebel property, returned to Hilton Head with considerable spoil.

HOW COLORED TROOPS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING.—Col. Higginson gives a very satisfactory account of the fighting qualities of his regiment of blacks which was organized at Hilton Head. Four companies of this regiment were recently sent on an expedition to St. Mary's, Florida, where they had a severe fight with a squadron of rebel cavalry, holding their ground like veterans, and, when the enemy finally broke and fled, insisting on pursuing them, in spite of their commander's prudent orders to the contrary. The troops, after destroying much rebel property, returned to Hilton Head with considerable spoil.

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