

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

VOL. VII—NO. 35.

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THE OREGON SENTINEL.

HENRY DENLINGER, Proprietor and Proprietor.

Office over Clungey & Drum's Stables.

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Advertisements—One square (10 Lines or less), first insertion, Three Dollars; each subsequent insertion, One Dollar. A discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.

ADVERTISERS. By application to Postmaster and Mail Carriers, you can learn that the OREGON SENTINEL has by far a larger circulation in the counties of Jackson, Josephine and Douglas, Oregon, and Del Norte, California, than any other paper. This fact should command the SENTINEL to you as a superior medium for advertising.

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Advertisements and notices published for the Oregon Sentinel, and for the principal papers on the Pacific coast. Advertisements forwarded to paper published in any portion of the Atlantic States.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. REED, J. GASTON.

REED & GASTON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

J. H. REED having determined to continue the practice of his profession, has a second Mr. Gaston with him in business, and they will give prompt attention to any legal business entrusted to their care, in any of the Courts of this Judicial District.

Office in same building formerly occupied by Mr. Reed. August 18th, '62.

ORANGE JACOBS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Will attend to business in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court. Oct. 25th '61.

WAR SCRIP, WAR SCRIP.

D. F. DOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal.

He has an agent at Washington, and expects to visit that city and the Atlantic States this Summer and Fall, and any business will receive prompt attention. my25:19

E. F. RUSSELL, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office with B. F. Dowell, Third Street, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. 29

JAMES M. PYLE, DEVER MALLORY, PYLE & MALLORY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Roseburg, Douglas County, Oreg.

Will attend to any business confided to them, in the several Courts of the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court. Oct. 1st 1861

L. H. DEWEY, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

Keeps constantly on hand a fine assortment of Clocks and Jewellery, which he offers for sale at very low prices, for cash.

REPAIRING—Clocks, Watches and Jewellery repaired with promptness and warranted.

Shop on California street, two doors west of Love & Bilger's. Jacksonville, July 26, '62

DAN'S Barber Shop,

Bar of "New State School" on Third St.

SHAVING, Hair-cutting, Shampooing Curly and Hair Dyeing.

Also a genuine article of Fish's Hair Restorative and Cristoforo's Restorative Hair Dye for sale. Jacksonville, Jan. 25, '62

PETER BRITT, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of the Art, with all the latest improvements. He is also a

PHYSICIAN. Do not give satisfaction, no charge will be made. Call at Bank's Cigar Store, or at the Gallery on the Hill, and see his Pictures. 111

County Treasurer's Office,

BRADBURY & WADE'S, E. S. MORGAN, Treasurer, Jacksonville, August 10, 1862

REDUCTION OF PRICES

Stoves & Tinware.

G. B. DORRIS

At his

Stove and Tinware Shop

On Third Street, between the Express Saloon and Dowell's Law Office, Jacksonville, Oregon.

Keeps constantly on hand the best patterns of COOKING STOVES, PARLOR STOVES, SALOON STOVES, And every kind of

Tin, Iron and Copperware,

Besides a great variety of Culinary articles, too numerous to mention

Persons wishing anything in my line are respectfully invited to call and examine the quality and prices of my wares.

Every kind of JOB WORK done to order. My own Ware Repaired without Charge

GEORGE B. DORRIS, Jacksonville, Nov. 9, 1861. 43

HARNESS

AND SADDLERY

THE undersigned, would respectfully inform the citizens of Jackson and adjoining counties that he has on hand and will manufacture to order

All kinds of Saddlery & Harness

Heavy Drafting Harness (long and short top) General Harness, Buggy Harness (single and double)

Spanish Saddles, trees and rigging complete; Ladies' Saddles, Jockey Saddles, Saddle bags, Bridles, Surching, Halters, Spurs, Currioches, Whips, Whip-lashes, And all other articles usually found in a first class stock of

SADDLERY.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Store in "Sentinel" Building, California street. HENRY JUDGE, Jacksonville, Dec. 21, 1861. 49-1

Wanted in Exchange!

AT THE HEADQUARTERS

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY

At Phoenix, OATS, WHEAT & BACON

FOR

Harness, Bridles and Saddles,

Of all kinds, and all kinds of Saddle rigging.

Best Boots and Shoes made and repaired to order in a neat and workmanlike manner. Inquire of

E. E. CHAPIN, Phoenix, Feb. 14, '62

I. D. HAINES & BRO.

Are now Closing Out their entire stock of Goods, Groceries & Liquors, at the Very Lowest Rates, FOR CASH!

Give us a call, at the Post Office Building, corner of California and Oregon streets, April 19, 1862.

NEW STOCK!

J. NEUBER

HAS recently received a large and choice assortment of SILVER AND WEIGHT CLOCKS, SILVER WATCHES, DIAMOND JEWELRY, PEARL, EMERALD, and CAMEO SETS. Together with a splendid lot of other

JEWELRY

Breast-Pins, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Finger Rings, Lockets, Buckles, Clasp, Bracelets, Sleeve Buttons, Necklaces, Watch-Chains, Chains, and Seal's

All of which will be sold at low prices and warranted.

J. NEUBER still continues REPAIR WATCHES, JEWELRY and CLOCKS, as heretofore, in the best manner and with dispatch. All articles in his line manufactured promptly and with neatness. Call and see his stock at the old stand, corner of Third and California streets, Jacksonville. 441.

PACK-SADDLES constantly on hand at my Harness and Saddlery establishment. HENRY JUDGE.

Three Hundred Thousand More.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;

We have our plows and work-hops, our wives and children dear,

With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;

We do not look behind us, but steadfastly before—

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,

Long moving lines of dust your vision may devour;

And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,

And flits about our spangled flag in glory and in pride;

And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and hand-bayonets gleam,

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,

You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;

And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's need;

And a far-off group stands weeping at every cottage door—

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,

To lay us down for freedom's sake our brothers' Jones beside;

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murder's bloody blade,

And in the face of foreign feet its fragments to parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

Senator Chandler's Assault on McClellan.

The editorial correspondent of the Bulletin writes from New York under date of August 1st, as follows:

I did not in my last say anything in regard to the violent diatribe uttered against General McClellan during the closing hours of the late session of Congress, by Senator Chandler, looking upon the Senate as little less than a rocky man, more familiar with down-poker and whiskey than the duties of a soldier or statesman. I gave little consequence to his ravings of a man who has staked his fortune, fame and very life on his country's cause. But the enemies of the General have taken so much pains to distribute Chandler's poison, that justice compels us to require public notification of his calumnious ravings. I do not see when I say that no man in the Senate makes more humane and judicious remarks, and influences in that body than does the Senator from Michigan. His bitterness towards Mr. McClellan, if I mistake not, originated in the failure of his own efforts to get a political opponent out of the army.

McClellan's lead was turned in the wrong direction by the failure of M. C. Chandler to gratify the Senate's malignity; and so far as politics are concerned, what little time he could spare from playing poker to abusing the man whose presence never fails to inspire the widest confidence among his troops.

If Chandler's speech against G. M. McClellan and any readers in California, let me in addition to the foregoing, simply remind them that the testimony before the Senate Committee on the Conduct of the War was a *requisit*, and not a *requisit*, and therefore false in the inference and deductions drawn from it. Its published facts are in no measure more than fairly stated; but the manner of its presentation can never be corrected publicly if the war is over and the historical subject the subject in hand. Mentioning Mr. Chandler's only looking after the public enemy is only time to repeat the essential of the answer to his reputation. To illustrate the character of Chandler's speech, let me refer to the statement that G. M. McClellan left Washington for the Peninsula with 120,000 men. It is well known that the Senate desired this result from the testimony of Assistant Secretary F. X. that *that* the transportation for 120,000 men 160,000 men was required. That is exactly true; but the estimate was based upon the expectation that Gen. McDowell's corps *de* *four* *divisions*, or *forty-eight* *regiments*, was to go on to the Peninsula, and, as all the world knows, after McClellan left for Fortress Monroe, McDowell's corps was diverted from the work that the former had assigned it. Had McClellan's plan been carried out, transportation for just about 160,000 men would have been required; we would have had Rebel, mud and powder today, and McClellan would have stood so far above the reach of Chandler's evil diatribe that the latter could not find audience for his injudicious slanders, this side the camp-fires of the enemy, whose hearts they must rejoice.

But Chandler echoes the exploded assertion that only 120,000 men were retained for the defense of Washington—all the rest having been sent to McClellan. Admit this to be true for argument's sake, and the answer is, that a large portion of the reinforcements sent to the Peninsula were not sent until too late for the plans of McClellan—plans which required accuracy and celerity quite as much as men. But Chandler's statement is not true. 11,000 dis-

cessionists in the Free States.

Can any creature be so despicable on the globe as a Secessionist in a loyal State. Yet what a forlorn creature he is! Ought we not rather to pity him? He has no country. He can't open a book of American history or of history and feel pride in it. Every bright page in it evidences him. He has cut himself off from the heritage of his country's memories—from his divided honor in the fame of Washington and his supporting staff of patriots, who saved their country by their valor, and built a grand polity in it by their genius and the help of God. He isn't an Englishman, nor a German, nor an Italian, nor yet an American. Even a Mexican stands off from him, more noble than he, for a Mexican runs to the support of his flag, forgetting all sectional animosities, and feels his blood stir at the banner of France righteously gone down before it. A Secessionist in a Northern State is an orphan, forlorn and pitiable.

No, he is despicable, rather. He has not the manliness to go and fight for the flag he helps will triumph. He stays and nominates his wretched brethren where it is safe. He stays in the flag he hates, which generally protects him, to plot against by undermining patriotism. He is a petty spy, cunning and cowardly. He is usually accurately the precise and fervent of public sentiment in it, and he is against the Government that blesses him just to the limit of serious peril. His face is just a luridly radiant when news of disaster comes. He taps the public men as a wood pecker does a tree for decay and worms, and finds who have the rotten spots in their hearts that make them fit for him to vote for. And he votes this month after month leading his tribe and perhaps filling his coffers with the bounty that flows to him under a flag whose banners he would like to see, whose power he would like to hamstring—a traitor without the one gleam of nobleness which the open conspirator shows who at their own peril "stand" and "stand the hazard of the die."

W. W. Weeks, Secretary of State for California, thus ventilates his opinion of Northern dough faces:

God Almighty! Mr. President—now I'm not swearing, of that I am low, mean, vulgar, degraded, contemptible and utterly disgusting and offensive to the sight, smell and touch of all the most honorable republics that exist on our globe and earth, nothing in earth, air or sea, even in hell itself, is half so low, half so vile, half so dirty, half so disgusting, half so contemptible, half so disgusting as a Northern sympathizer with rebellion. [Loud cheers and yells and cries of "Give it 'em!"] All the elements of such leathens still exist in him. There is a cloud of feeling still left for an out and out Southern rebel—something. I could weep, pray for him; but a Northern dough-face like the wagner who went up hill in one of the mountain regions with a load of charcoal; he will give it all out, until when they reached the top of the hill, the wagner, turning round, saw what had happened and stood perfectly still. A friend who knew what an awful blasphemy he was said "Why don't you swear?" The fellow shook his dejected head and said, "I'm a mouse—I can't do justice to the subject."

Now there's the Reverend and honorable D. O. Stuart, who was born in Connecticut, where he used to make a living by whitening wood in nutshells, and afterwards teaching a Connecticut school. Why he stood with one eye on Heaven and one eye on Satan, and left his last home in Mississippi for California half Yankee, half priest, all rebel? It is just such Yankees as that I speak of—low, black, market-catching, real-life Yankees. Now, I can forgive Charles T. Hays—but D. O. Stuart, never!

Secessionists in the Free States.

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Official Report of the Battle of Cedar Run.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, CEDAR MOUNTAIN, AUG. 12—5 P. M.

To Major General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief: On Thursday morning, the enemy crossed the Rapidan at Barret's Ford in heavy force, and advanced strong on the road to Culpepper and Madison Court House. I had established my whole force on the tangle between Culpepper and Springfield, ready to concentrate at either place as soon as the enemy's plans were developed.

Early on Friday it became apparent that the move on Madison Court House was merely a feint to draw the army corps of General Sigel to Springfield, and that the main attack of the enemy would be at Culpepper, to which place I had thrown forward part of Banks and McDowell's corps. Brigadier Gen. Bayard, with part of the rear of McDowell's corps, who was in advance near the Rapidan, fell slowly back, delaying and embarrassing the enemy's advance as far as possible, and capturing some of his men.

The forces of Banks and Sigel, and one of the divisions of McDowell's corps, were rapidly concentrating at Culpepper during Friday and Saturday night. Banks' corps being pushed forward five miles south of Culpepper, with Sigel's division of McDowell's corps three miles in his rear. The corps of General Sigel, which had marched all night, was halted in Culpepper to rest a few hours. On Saturday the enemy advanced rapidly to Cedar Mountain, the side of which they occupied in heavy force.

General Banks was instructed to take up his position on the ground occupied by Crawford's brigade of his command, which had been thrown out the day previous to observe the enemy's movements. He was directed not to advance beyond that point, and if attacked by the enemy to defend his position and send back timely notice. It was my desire to have time to give the corps of General Sigel all the rest possible after their forced march, and to bring forward all the forces at my disposal.

The artillery of the enemy opened fire in the afternoon, but he made no advance until nearly five o'clock, at which time a few skirmishers were thrown forward on each side under cover of the heavy wood in which his force was concealed. The enemy pushed forward a strong force in the rear of the skirmishers, and General Banks advanced to the attack. The engagement did not truly open until six o'clock, but for one hour and a half was furious and unceasing throughout. The commanding, which was at first desultory, was directed mainly against the cavalry.

I had continued to receive reports from General Banks that no attack was apprehended, and that no considerable infantry force of the enemy had come forward yet.

Toward evening the increasing of the artillery being having satisfied me an engagement might be at hand, though the lateness of the hour rendered it unlikely. I ordered General McDowell to advance. He directed General Sigel to bring his men on the ground as soon as possible. I arrived personally on the field at seven P. M., and found the action raging furiously. The infantry fire was incessant and every foot of ground was held by the morning. His loss was heavy. Sigel's division was being pushed forward, and occupied the position of General Banks, the brigade of General Sigel being directed to change their position from the right and mass themselves in the center.

Before this change could be effected, it was dark, although the artillery continued at short range without intermission. The artillery fire at night, by the Second and Fifth Maine batteries, in Sigel's division of General McDowell's corps, was most destructive, as was readily observable the next morning in the dead men and horses and broken gun carriages of the enemy's batteries, which had been advanced against it.

Our troops rested on their arms during the night in line of battle—a heavy shelling being kept up on both sides until midnight.

At daylight next morning the enemy fell back two miles from our front and still further up the mountain. Our picket at once advanced and occupied the ground.