

The Oregon Sentinel.

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JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 59.

O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge
No. 10. Regular meetings on Friday of the first week in each month, and on a Saturday of each intervening week, at the Masonic Hall, at 7 o'clock, P. M. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
W. H. RAY, N. G.
W. J. Day, R. Sec'y.
Trustees—Jas. M. Bolton, Henry Denlinger and Geo. R. Durbin.

Warren Lodge No. 10. A. F. & A. M.
HOLD their regular communications the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
ALEX. MARTIN, W. M.
H. Brown, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4, OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will hold its regular communications on the First Saturday Eve. of Every Month.

All sejourning Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
G. W. GREER, H. P.
L. Smith, Sec'y.

DOUTHITT & FAY, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will practice in the Supreme and other Courts of this State. March 4, '63.

R. B. MORFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will practice in the several Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court. October 20, '62.

B. F. DOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promptly collected. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Special attention given to collection cases. June 10, 1863. 40

G. W. GREER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office at his Residence on Oregon St. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Where all those knowing themselves indebted to him, on note or book account, will please call and settle up, or their account will be placed for collection in the hands of my attorney.
My old patrons will still find me, as ever, ready to attend to my professional duties. May 6, 1863. mystif

PETER BRITT, Photographic Artist,
Is prepared to take pictures in every style of the art, with all the late improvements. Pictures do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at his new Gallery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and sit for your likeness.

DUGAN & WALL, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Brick Building, Cor. Front & F streets. CRESCENT CITY, CAL.

Will attend to the Receiving and Forwarding of all Goods entrusted to their care, with promptness and dispatch. Consignments solicited. Merchandise received on storage.
Crescent City, April 11, 1863. 15
S. B.—No goods delivered until the freight and charges are paid. D. & W.

J. ROW, DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO, FRESH FRUITS, STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERY, FIREWORKS, ETC.
Next door to Bradbury & Wade.

I have just opened a new store and stock it with a choice variety of the above mentioned articles, and offer them for sale at the lowest living prices. The best of cigars and chewing tobacco will be kept constantly on hand. Those desiring any article in my line will save money by giving me a call.
J. ROW,
Jacksonville, July 1, '63. j11f

ILLUSTRATED PAPERS—Harpers Weekly, Frank Leslie's, Yankee Notes, etc., regularly received and for sale at the VARIETY STORE.

PACK-SADDLES constantly on hand by Harpers and Saddlery establishment. 15
HENRY JUDGE.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

HENRY DENLINGER, Pub'r and Prop'r

SCRIPTIONS—One year, in advance, Five Dollars; Six months, Three Dollars.
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Legal Tenders received at current rates.

ADVERTISERS.

By application to Postmasters and Mail Carriers, you can learn that the Semi-weekly Oregon Sentinel, has by far a larger circulation in the counties of Southern Oregon and Del Norte county, California, than any other paper. This fact should commend the Sentinel to you as a superior medium for advertising.

LIST OF AGENTS, who are authorized to transact any business concerning this paper, in the name of the publisher:

L. P. Fisher, San Francisco; Wadsworth & Raynes, Yreka; Eber Remy, Ashland; S. C. Taylor, Eugene; W. W. Foster, Applegate; R. S. Dunlap, Williamsburg; John R. Prindle, Korbysville; A. B. McMillan, Waldor; R. J. Forbes, Waldor; W. M. Evans, Althouse; Joel Thora, Canyonville; A. H. Elliot, Roseburg; Isaac R. Moore, Salem; J. B. Underwood, Eugene City; F. Charman, Oregon City; D. W. Wakefield, Albany; Benjamin Cook, Corvallis; J. H. Smith, Crescent City; Albert Doolittle, Happy Camp.

BY OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

(TELEGRAPHED TO YREKA FOR THE SENTINEL.)

Dates to August 12th.

Washington, 12th.—Colonel James, of Mariposa, has been appointed collector of the Port of San Francisco. Colonel James leaves for California to-day. Sale of five-twentieths, during the last two weeks, average over 1,000,000 dollars per day.

A private letter reached here yesterday, from a prominent officer at Winchester, saying that a rebel Lieutenant, who deserted from Lee's army into our lines, reports that great dissatisfaction exists among North Carolina, Tennessee and Mississippi troops—particularly the former. The condition of affairs in North Carolina is such that the State threatens to mutiny unless the troops are sent back home. Once there they say they will throw down their arms, and abandon the rebel cause, of which they are heartily sick. It is with great difficulty that officers can restrain expressions of dissatisfaction that extends to some of the officers, and is increasing among rank and file of the troops of the Southern States, who argue that there is no use of further resistance now that Vicksburg and Fort Hudson have fallen, and the national troops have possession of the Mississippi river. The Missisippians and Louisianians are also clamorous to go home. The defeat of Lee's army at Gettysburg seems to have broken the spirit of the army, and great apathy exists among the officers and men.

The rebels are making desperate efforts to organize another cavalry force, and are impressing all the horses they can find in Virginia.

New York, 12th.—The Herald's Morris Island dispatch reports our position stronger and safer than ever. The confidence of our troops is unexamined, although the rebels keep throwing shells from Wagner, Sumter and other fortifications. The protection of troops is so complete that our casualties are hardly worth mentioning.

PRINTING WITHOUT INK—A gentleman a large capitalist, and one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp, during the process of manufacturing printing paper in such a manner that when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types, the chemical particles are crushed, and a purple-black impression is the result. The advantage sought to be obtained is the discarding of ink and rollers; and by revolutionizing printing machinery, and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is calculated that the time occupied in impressing large quantities of paper will be nominal in comparison to the requirements of the present day. Cleanliness in the printing office would thus become proverbial, and the time now wasted in making and distributing the rollers is obviated. We have been assisting this gentleman in some parts of his experiment, and further information is withheld, at his own request, until letters patent shall be obtained.—London Typographical Advertiser.

On board the rebel steamer Atlanta, when she was captured by the Washawken, there was a chicken. When the rebel Captain Webb gave up his sword, the chicken set up a lively crow, which so amazed Capt. Rodgers that he gave orders for the fowl to be looked after in future.

A Touching Scene.

I was conversing not long since with a return volunteer.

"I was in the hospital, as nurse, for a long time," said he, "and assisted in taking off limbs, and dressing all sorts of wounds; but the hardest thing I ever done was to take my thumb off a man's thigh."

"Ah!" said I, "how was that?"

Then he told me. It was a young man who had a severe wound in the thigh. The ball passed completely through and amputation was necessary. The limb was cut off close up to the body, the arteries taken up, and he seemed to be doing well. Subsequently one of the small arteries sloughed off. An incision was made, and it was again taken up. "It is well it was not the main artery," said the surgeon, as he performed the operation; "he might have died to death before we could have taken it up." But Charley got on finely, and was a favorite with us all.

I was passing through the ward one night about midnight, when suddenly, as I was passing near Charley's bed, he spoke to me: "H—, my leg is bleeding again."

I threw back the bedclothes, and the blood spouted in the air. The main artery had sloughed off.

Fortunately I knew just what to do, and in an instant I had pressed my thumb on the place, and stopped the bleeding. It was so close to the body that there was barely room for my thumb; but I succeeded in arousing one of the convalescents, and sent him for the surgeon, who came in on the run.

"I am so thankful, H—," said he, as he saw me, "that you were up and knew what to do, for he must have bled to death before I could have got here."

But on examination of the case he looked exceedingly serious, and sent for other surgeons. All came that were within reach, and a consultation was held over the poor fellow. One conclusion was reached by all. There was no place to work save the spot where my thumb was placed; they could not work under my thumb, and if I moved it he would bleed to death before the artery could be taken up. There was no way to save his life.

Poor Charley! He was very calm when they told him, and requested that his brother, who was in the same hospital, might be called up. He came and sat down by the bedside, and for three hours I stood, and by the pressure of my thumb kept up the life of Charley, while the brothers had their last conversation on earth.

It was a strange place for me to be in, to feel that I held the life of a fellow mortal in my hands as it were, and stranger yet to feel that an act of mine must soon cause that life to depart. Loving the poor fellow as I did, it was a hard thought; but there was no alternative.

The last words were spoken, Charley had arranged all his business affairs, and sent tender messages to absent ones, who little dreamed how near their loved one stood to the grave. The tears filled my eyes more than once as I listened to those parting words. All was said and he turned to me: "Now, H—, I guess you had better take off your thumb."

"Oh, Charley! how can I?" I said.

"But it must be, you know," he replied cheerfully. "I thank you very much for your kindness, and now good by."

He turned away his head; I raised my thumb—once more the life current gushed forth, and in three minutes poor Charley was dead.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Richmond papers, misled by false reports of rebel victories, manifest a diabolical spirit toward the North. Thus the *Enquirer*, gloating over the reported successes of Lee in Pennsylvania, which represented Philadelphia at the mercy of his army for pillage and destruction, Baltimore waiting deliverance, and Washington, "that foul den of thieves," expecting capture, uses this bitter language: "In Philadelphia, how the quakers quake this day! In Washington, how the whole brood of Lincoln and his rascal ministers turn pale—how their knees smite together, as they hear from afar off the roar of their grand army of the Potomac rolled back in bloody rout and dismay, and seeing flashing through their guilty dreams the avenging bayonets of those they dare to call 'rebel!' Hail! does their monstrous crime weigh heavy on their souls to-day?" Again speculating on the vengeance which the victorious will visit upon the conquered North, it says: "Cincinnati, for example, would, we are assured, burn well. It is the enlightened metropolis of strychnine whiskey, the queen city of fat pork, peopled by us God-abandoned sons of Yankees as ever killed a hog. Our troops have now got a taste of Northern viands, and their fine, healthy appetites grows by what it feeds on. Ohio also has silver and gold, and towns to ransack, and fertile plains to sweep off flocks and herds." The *Enquirer* is the organ of Jeff. Davis, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that he cherishes the same infernal spirit. Such are the feelings of those whom the Copperhead organs delight in softly calling "our erring brethren," whom we ought not to "irritate" by making war upon them.

Battle of Gettysburg—Cemetery Hill.

The center of the Union forces at the battle of Gettysburg was at Cemetery Hill. A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, describes the condition of the Cemetery, after the battle, as follows:

"Monuments and headstones lie here and there overturned. Graves once tended by some loving hand, have been trampled by horses' feet until the vestiges of verdure have disappeared. The neat and well trained shrubbery has vanished, or is but a withered mass of tangled brushwood. On one grave lies a dead artillery horse, fast decomposing under a July sun. On another lie the torn garments of some wounded soldier, stained and saturated with blood. Across a small headstone, bearing the words, 'To the memory of our child, Mary,' lie the fragments of a musket shattered by a cannon shot. In the centre of a space enclosed by an iron fence, and containing a half-dozen graves, a few rails are still standing where they were erected by our soldiers and served to support the shelter tents of a bivouacking squad. A family shaft has been broken in fragments by a shell, and only the base remains, with only a portion of the inscription thereon. Stone after stone felt the effects of the *feu d'enfer* that was poured on the crest of the hill. Cannon thundered and foot and horse trampled over the sleeping place of the dead. Other dead were added to those who are resting here, and many a wounded soldier still lives to remember the contest above those silent graves."

The writer also gives the following account of the effort of the Louisiana Tigers to take it:

"The hill on which this Cemetery is located, was the centre of our line of battle, and the key to the whole position. Had the rebels been able to carry this point they would have forced us into retreat, and the whole battle would have been lost. To pierce our line here was Lee's great endeavor, and he threw his best brigades against it. Wave after wave of living valor rolled up that slope, only to roll back again under the deadly fire of our infantry and artillery. It was on the hill a little to the right of the cemetery, where occurred the famous charge of the Louisiana Tigers. It was their boast that they had never yet been foiled in an attempt to take a battery, but on this occasion they suffered a defeat and nearly annihilation. Sad and despondent they mourn their repulse and terrible losses in the charge."

A TELEGRAPH LINE TROUBLED WITH WORMS.—The *Troy Times* narrates the following: "We believe that the records of telegraphing do not contain so singular a case of imperfect insulation as one that has just occurred between Troy and Waterford. Lately the Saratoga line worked very badly. Although communication was not interrupted, it was almost impossible to send a message—the amount of mechanical labor being rather more than the amount received for the dispatch. The point of the break was found to be between Troy and Waterford—communication being 'all right' above the latter place. Buell, manager of the Troy office, determined to trace out the difficulty; so he started in a hand car from Green Island and made a thorough reconnaissance of the line, by the side of the track, as far as the Waterford office. Within a stone's throw of the latter place the cause of the trouble was detected. The wire passed through the branches of a tree, and in a spot of the glass insulation had been rubbed off—exposing the metal to contact with the wood. This, of itself, would have not made any trouble; but, just above the point where the wire touched the branch, a worm, known as a 'borer,' had commenced operations and deposited the pieces of bark that he bored from the tree in a small pile on the iron, completely burying it, and forming a very nice connection with the ground. On removing trophies of this 'bore,' the line worked in the best possible manner. The question naturally arises—was the telegraph ever before troubled with worms?"

A RAPID MARCH.—A correspondent in the Army of the Potomac writes as follows: "The Eleventh Army Corps, which is a German one, on the 26th, and 27th of June, marched fifty-four miles! It was the same ground over which the army moved last fall, on the march from Berlin to Fredericksburg. Then we were seven days on the route. The Corps reached the battle of Gettysburg and immediately plunged into the thickest of the fight. It wholly wiped out the stigma of Chancellorsville, and wrote its name for heroism as high as any corps in the army. Who will now say that Germans are not good soldiers and brave men?"

CONFLICT BETWEEN SECESSIONISTS AND SOLDIERS, IN CALIFORNIA.

Visalia, Aug. 6—2:15 P. M.—A big shooting scrape occurred here about an hour ago, between a few Secessionists and soldiers. It is reported that Jim Wells fired the first shot. About 30 or 40 shots were exchanged. So far as heard from, one soldier was killed and three rebels wounded badly. The soldiers and citizens are in pursuit of those engaged in the fight, and the town is guarded by the Home Guards. They have just captured and placed in the guard-house one of them, named Tilden. Reed, Jim Wells and Dunble made their escape, but the soldiers are in hot pursuit of them.

Visalia, Aug. 8th.—The excitement here is much increased this morning in consequence of Wells' horse having been burned last night. The secessionists declare that civil war has commenced, and loudly threaten retaliation with fire. There is little doubt that Wells' horse was burned by his friends, as his wife removed all the furniture, etc., yesterday, declaring that she would rather see it burned to the ground than see it confiscated by the Black Republicans.

Sergeant Stroble was buried yesterday with military honors. The funeral was very largely attended. The soldiers are naturally very much exasperated, as he was a peaceable, inoffensive man and a great favorite. The evidence shows that he did not speak a word nor make a motion previous to being shot. The verdict was that he was killed by James L. Wells. Unless troops are sent here in sufficient numbers to overawe the secession, within a few days, the chances are that a terrible conflict will ensue, in which hundreds of lives will be lost. If the secession burn one horse, as they threaten, the Union men will drive them from the country or die in the attempt. They will have to do it in self defense.

Gordon Douglas and Tilden Reed, both of whom took part in the shooting, are now in the guard-house. Nothing has been heard of Wells. The horse he rode was found within a mile of town. He had evidently changed horses and gone on, or dismounted and taken to a swamp on foot.

LATER.—2 P. M.—Robert Heston, one of the parties engaged in the shooting scrape, was arrested this morning. The proof is positive against him. The civil authorities will not act unless Col. Jones is empowered to declare martial law. He can do nothing with the prisoners. It is hoped Gen. Wright will see to this.

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[We learn at military headquarters here that a dispatch has been sent to the commandant of the post at Visalia, ordering him to distribute all surplus arms among the loyal citizens; and a company of cavalry was ordered thither at once from Owens river valley, carrying with them all the surplus arms of the command for distribution into proper hands. Undoubtedly the regulars and the citizen soldiery will be able to display a front to overawe and put down all disloyal demonstrations.—Ed. BULLETIN.]

Visalia, Aug. 10th.—2:45 P. M.—Everything in town is quiet. There is a great excitement in the country. A large meeting is being held by the rebels. They are watched closely. Prominent men, both Unionists and Secessionists, are doing all they can to allay the excitement. There is no doubt but that the rebels have Wells secreted near the town.

A petition is going the rounds to have this place incorporated. All the drinking saloons in town are closed for the present, by mutual consent.

HORACE GREELY.—Horace Greeley, over his own signature, in the *Independent*, says:

"We ought now to be near the end of the great struggle, and our Government may, without compromising its dignity, not merely welcome, but openly invite, proposals from North Carolina, Georgia, Texas, and other revolted States, for a peaceful restoration of the Union. Let us all be prepared—nay, we shall, we must already be—to welcome peace whenever it can be achieved without a sacrifice of duty, of principle, of honor, of pledged faith."

A correspondent of the *New York World* writes that on the bank of the levee, opposite Vicksburg, he walked two miles on the new made graves of Federal soldiers, over two thousand of whom died of disease, and were buried there during the short period of high water when no other dry ground could be found even for a grave.

BIRMINGHAM.—The possession of the Mississippi by the Federal troops, cuts the Confederacy square in two, there being about three hundred and thirty thousand square miles in each section.