

# The Oregon Sentinel.

*Applegate is a rebel*

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 78.

**I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge**  
No. 10 holds its regular meetings on Friday of the first week in each month, and on Saturday of each intervening week, at the Masonic Hall, at 12 o'clock P. M. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.  
**W. M. RAY, N. G.**  
Blas J. Day, R. Sec'y.  
Treasures—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Denlinger and Geo. B. Davis.

**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. BLOOM, 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 sojourning Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
**G. W. GREER, H. P.**  
**L. SACHS, Sec'y.**

**JACOBS & RUSSELL,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.  
Office opposite the Court House.

**DOUTHITT & FAY,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.  
Will practice in the Supreme and other Courts of this State.

**R. B. MORFORD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

**B. F. DOWELL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

**J. GASTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

**GEORGE B. DORRIS,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

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

**DUGAN & WALL,**  
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
North 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.  
N. B.—No goods delivered until the freight charges are paid.

**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.

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## From Hibernia.

Whilst cotton grows and looms its textile weave, "New England" sees the loom of justice cry— "Twas they alone whose brains conceived the gin." By which the seeds were drawn from fibre in. Whilst bright Connecticut flows to Atlantic's main, The name of "Whitney" lives in pleasing strain; And "Yankee" genius, through mechanic skill, Has given the "South" a market great to fill.

*Mr. Editor:*—The so-called Democratic press hardly throws off an issue that does not contain an editorial against the citizens residing in the New England States, distinguishing them as Puritans, one-idea men, shoddy contractors, and the cause of the rebellion; whilst an editorial written by that perjured traitor, McMaster, of the New York Freeman's Journal, and copied into the San Francisco Monitor, a few months ago, asserted that "you might slap a Yankee in the face and he would not resent it"—this, too, after they had sprung to the rescue to the National Capital, cut their way through Baltimore, and at Bull Run, Rappahock Island, Newbern, and other battle-fields, proved to their admiring countrymen that the blood of the sires of the revolution yet coursed through the veins of their grandsons.

There are, to-day, residing in our midst, many citizens from the Slave States who believe that their fellow-citizens of the New England States are remarkable chiefly for the manufacture of wooden clocks, wooden nutmegs, and wooden cheese, and aim to place the colored race on an equality, politically and socially, with themselves, and intermarry them with their sons and daughters; and this false belief is the fruit of the teaching of the pro-slavery Democratic press, and demagogues, to the rank and file of the Democracy, and now stares us in the face in the shape of the most gigantic rebellion the world has ever witnessed, waged in the last half of the nineteenth century, to perpetuate human slavery, with all its untold horrors, in the land of Washington, and to gradually disfranchise free-born Americans and naturalized foreigners of the right of voting, or having a voice in the framing of the laws that govern them, except through a property qualification, and tending in its inception and conception to the odious features of the English Government, under which Ireland has groaned for so many centuries, and by which thirty thousand landholders of the United Kingdom govern with a rod of iron twenty-seven millions of people.

I, sir, do not put myself forward as the champion of the New England States, for their history is blazoned on their country's escutcheon, and their intellectual endowments have permeated all parts of our common country, but as an humble Irish-born citizen, who sees so many of his countrymen misled by the commissioned and paid agents of the slave conspirators, whilst, at the same time, enjoying the protection of our flag, I deem it my duty with what little ability I possess to show the futility of their assertions and premises, although my education under old "Rough and Ready" would have better fitted me for a different field. However, as the sapient warriors of secession amongst us have concluded that "discretion is the better part of valor," and their courage, like "Bob Acres," oozing out at their finger's ends, I will not hesitate to meet them with the pen, as after all it may be mightier than the sword.

I, perhaps, would not have been led into the train of thought that induced me to write this letter, but for accidentally finding a copy of the Marysville Express, of the 10th inst, wherein the pabulum is freely dealt out that inspires the followers of Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy; and as the unnamed editors of that sheet seem to have as holy a horror of Abe Lincoln as Col. T'Vault has for the huge black-snake that is crushing rattlesnakes and Copperheads alike in its contracting folds, I wish to intimate to its proprietors to make sure of their subscription, as the person to whom the copy I found was addressed told me in Jacksonville, two years ago this month, in presence of two respectable wit-

nesses, that "before he would live under the Government of the United States, should the national arms be successful in crushing the rebellion, he would go to Canada and take the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria"—and, "be jabsers" man, if he does, we'll carry the flag there, too.

"Oh! freedom, whose smile we will never resign, Go tell our invaders, the Danes, That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine, Than to live for a moment in chains."

HIBERNIA.  
Applegate, Oct. 21, 1863.

## From "Soger Boy."

BRUNEAU RIVER, I. T., Oct. 1, 1863.  
*Ed. Sentinel:*—"It is a long road that has no turn," says the old adage; and, though I have not seen a SENTINEL with its familiar squares, for near four months, I still hope it will meet me again somewhere with good cheer, as usual, I am loth to believe that the fossil remains of the defunct Gazette have assumed such gigantic proportions as to render obsolete an institution of such long standing, and intrinsic value to the country, as the SENTINEL. Under the direction of its veteran editor, and with its promising antecedents, I should not expect otherwise than that the Intelligent-Sir would launch forth at once with prosperous sails, and, perhaps, "eclipse your commerce" to the extent of the patronage of Josephine county. Unless her county officials have mended their system of payment for their printing, the SENTINEL—"or any other man"—would be far better off without their patronage. Perhaps the hoary editor of the exhumed Gazette—"Standing upon an eminence of an evening overlooking the valley," etc.—will be kind enough to inform you, before he suspends operations, by what manner of financing he makes that kind of patronage pay.

I last wrote you from Boise River. Since that time, our expedition has marched a loug, and in many respects very pleasant, march of 550 miles; making, on the way, many scouts with small detachments from the main command. The scouting parties have contributed largely to our fund of information with regard to the country along the route. The whole of that large region north of Snake River, lying toward the source of Boise and Salmon rivers, and of which but little has been known until very recently, has been thoroughly scouted, and much valuable information obtained, that will prove serviceable hereafter in the development of the hidden resources there treasured. It is already a settled fact that the gold mines of this region are rich, and it will require no great length of time to develop them sufficiently for many to find in these mountains, what they have vainly sought elsewhere, paying diggings. Indeed, there is already a considerable number of miners on South Boise, and their supplies are being packed and teamed from Salt Lake Valley. It is nearer to these mines from Fort Hall than to the mines at Beaver Head and East Bannock; and as the supplies for the latter mines, except an occasional train from the Missouri River, come from Salt Lake Valley, by way of Fort Hall, the same teams that load for Beaver Head, on their arrival at Fort Hall will be directed to South Boise by the difference in distances to the markets.

Camas Prairie will afford good homes for a large number of settlers, and these will be supplied from the emigration attracted there by the new mines. I find that persons crossing the plains at this late day, come with all the vague, inflated notions that characterized the earlier pilgrims; and it is almost impossible to dissuade them from immediately entering the mines, and at the nearest point. To accomplish this, a large proportion of this year's emigration diverged from their original line of policy, and went flocking into Beaver Head. Camas Prairie can not fail to be a place of considerable importance whenever the demand for supplies in its immediate vicinity shall warrant settlement

there, and that time is evidently at hand. Salmon and South Boise rivers have their source from the range of mountains skirting the northern boundary of Camas Prairie, and, in the absence of better proof, I would think the roughness and extreme height of these mountains sufficient to warrant the existence of rich gold mines in their midst. The valley is full thirty miles in length and will average one-half that distance in width, which gives it an area of four hundred and fifty square miles. It lies between 43° and 44° north latitude, and between the 114th and 115th degrees of longitude, and is about 100 miles from New Fort Boise, 150 from Fort Hall, and fifty miles north of Salmon Falls. It is, in every respect, so far as its natural appearance and the nature of its surroundings would indicate, susceptible of everything that would make an agricultural district in any country. Fine mountain streams, in great numbers, course down from hillsides, covered with fine pine timber, and cross the valley at intervals just suitable for purposes of irrigation; these unite at the south side of the valley, forming the west fork of Molale river, which flows eastward through the whole length of the valley.

On the march from this valley to Blackfoot Ferry, which is twelve miles above the site of old Fort Hall, we passed for more than forty miles along the base of mountains from which a vast, broad expanse of lava fields stretched away darkly towards Snake river. These form a complete barrier; so much so, that only a single foot-path crosses them from Fort Hall to Salmon Falls. Before reaching the ferry, we had to cross a desert of forty miles in width. This desert appears to be only a continuation of the lava fields, on a milder plane being composed, not wholly of cinder-ribs and backbone—but slightly interspersed with sand-hills and sage plains.

Arriving at the Blackfoot Ferry on the 17th of August, we met Capt. Crawford, of the Emigrant Escort. We moved down on the 18th, and made our camp on Port Neuf river. The two commands being together, and there being plenty of young ladies in the train of eighty wagons with Capt. Crawford's command, it is but reasonable to suppose our few young men, myself included, had a general good time.

Captain Crawford passed down the south side of the river, starting on the 20th, and our command came back on the north side, starting on the 27th of August.

At Camas Prairie, where Major Lincoln, in command of two companies of infantry, had been left in charge of our supply depot, we made another halt, from the 5th until the 11th of September, when the Cavalry started southward to Salmon Falls, and the Infantry passed back to Fort Boise over the same route we came.

Scouting from Salmon Falls, a party of our command discovered the Great Falls on Snake River, nearly forty miles above Salmon Falls, and two miles farther up the Shoshone Falls, of which something has been said and written within the few years last past. Those Falls are well worth visiting. Especially are the Great Falls interesting, from the fact that the surroundings are more grand and picturesque. The Great Falls are 198 feet in height, and the water falls perpendicular, in one sheet near one thousand feet in width. Shoshone Falls are 180 feet in height, and the water pours over in two distinct volumes, perhaps fifty feet each in width, making two great pillars of spray as they plunge into the abyss below. These falls alone are more than I shall even attempt to describe in a letter, if I were able for the task. I will pass to tell you that I have abandoned some of my fine dreams of glory. I believe such visions as haunted my slumbers before I came out here were delusive, and only calculated to make one dissatisfied with himself. I am frank enough to confess, whatever I may have anticipated before I started, that I have not been able to perceive just where the point of honor lies, nor where the glory is to come from. True, we

all expected to find plenty of Indians, and intended to give them battle from the outset; but we did not find the enemy, and consequently did not win a great victory. Thus you have the simple story of our campaign. What may turn up between hero and winter quarters, which is at least a month ahead of us, I leave to the future. I only know we have searched faithfully and well a larger scope of country than any one tribe of Indians ought to own, and if any do own it, they are not at home to claim it. I have heard from the City of the Saints, that they have all left this part of the country, at request of parties in vicinity of the Mormon capital, who have blankets and things to spare, and, having no poor Indians in that saintly land since the memorable battle of Bear River, they invite other folks' Indians in from afar to receive their overflowing bounty.

**Soger Boy.**  
P. 8.—Oct. 2d.—A scouting party, consisting of Lieut. Waymire and twenty men of Co. "D," have just returned, and report having met and "cleaned out" a party of about thirty Indians yesterday morning, near twenty miles above here, on this stream. They found four Indians dead on the ground. Several escaped, badly wounded. The party bring with them two fine American horses and two ponies; also a rifle, some bows and arrows, and about six pounds of ammunition, taken from the Indians. Captain Curry and twenty men are still out, having been gone nine days. Lt. Waymire had started to meet him, but returned on account of rations for his men.  
S. B.

**INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.**—Among the incidents of the battle of Saturday, Col. Wilder described the frightful slaughter of Longstreet's men at the time they were driven back by our left wing. This celebrated corps, as desperate soldiers as ever lived, attacking two divisions, Van Cleve's and Davis's, to the right and a little in front of Wilder, separated them and pushed on through the open space yelping—the rebel shout is a yelp, instead of a civilized hurrah—and confident of victory. A portion of them had to cross a small field, behind which, in the bordering woods, Wilder lay, and through which ran a ditch five or six feet deep, to carry off the water of an adjacent stream or swamp. As the rebels entered this field, in heavy masses fully exposed, the mounted infantry, with their seven shooting rifles, kept up a continuous blast of fire upon them, while Lilly, with his Indiana Battery, hurled through them double-shotted canister from his 16 pounder rifles, at less than three hundred yards. The effect was awful. Every shot seemed to tell. The head of the column, as it was pushed on by those behind, appeared to melt away or sink into the earth, for though continually moving, it got no nearer.

It broke at last and fell back in great disorder. It was rallied and came on again and with desperate resolution pushed through the fire to the ditch. Here all who could get in took shelter. Instantly Lilly whirled two of his guns and poured right down the whole length of the ditch his horrible double-canister. Hardly a man got out of it alive. "At this point," said Wilder, who has been seasoned to slaughter by being two hundred times under fire, "it actually seemed a pity to kill men so. They fell in heaps, and I had it in my heart to order the firing to cease, to end the awful sight." But the merciless seven-shooters and canister would not stop, and again the boasted flower of Lee's army was crushed into a disorderly mob and driven off. When the firing ceased, one could have walked for two hundred yards down that ditch on dead rebels, without touching the ground.

**LICK IT.**—"I'm afraid you'll forget me, wife, while I'm away," said a brave officer. "Never fear, my dear, the longer you are in your country's service, the better I shall like you."