THE OREGON ARGUS.

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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From the Oregon Farmer.

Flax Growing in Oregon.

ED. FARMER.—Requesting farmers to raise flax for the seed, it may be well to give them what I know, little as it is, respecting its culture and yield.

Most persons who have raised flax in the States, have an erroneous notion that not more than five to ten bushels can be grown upon an acre. The reason of this error arises probably from several causes, among them, these:

1st. Growing the flax especially for the lint, and paying little attention to the amount of ground cultivated or the quantity of seed obtained.

2d. For lint, one to two bushels are sown upon an acre, while to produce the most seed, a half bushel is plenty.

In all the inquiries I have made, but one or two persons have spoken with precision as to the amount grown upon an acre. Mr. Walling, of Amity, Polk county, formerly in the business of oil making, states that in a portion of Illinois, where farmers raised flax extensively for the seed, it yielded as high as twenty to twenty five bushels to the acre. Oregon he considers equal to or better for flax than the old States. It undoubtedly is, for this western country seems to be its native soil; it is found growing wild in parts of California, and in Oregon east of the Cascades. And in the Willamette Valley it has been found to grow vigorously by nearly every one who has tried it. Mr. Harris, of Polk county, expresses the opinion, after reaping the product last year from one peck of seed sown, that twenty to thirty bushels may be gathered from an acre. Mr. Putman, on the South Yamhill, harvested this year a small patch, yielding what he guessed, from the sacks containing it, to be three bushels; but calling it two bushels and a half, and accurately measuring the ground, the yield is twelve bushels and nearly a half per acre. It was sown late and thick, besides the season he regards as unfavorable. A Mr. Skafe, of Marion county, had a small patch this season. Guessing at the quantity of seed and the land used, he thought the yield would be about seventy five bushels per acre. So much for guessing. But upon measuring the land and weighing the seed, I found, making no allowance for what he may have wasted, that the amount per acre is only sixteen and four fifths bushels. Messrs. Jesse Morris and Harris, of Polk, cultivated twelve acres for me this year. The average yield per acre, is ten bushels. About half the piece was thin and much choked with weeds—the land having been subject lately to volunteering—the other half stood uniform and nearly thick enough, yielding, judging from appearance, two or three times as much as the other portion. We would have threshed it separately but for haste to secure the crop from rain. Six acres—the latter part—doubtless averaged fifteen to seventeen bushels. The circumstances affecting this crop were mostly unfavorable. The land is naturally of first rate quality, but has been in use most of the time for the last fourteen years; the plowing was shallow, part being done with one horse; the season was unfavorable. My conviction from all this is, that a good crop will give fifteen to twenty bushels of seed to the acre; a first rate crop, twenty five.

When flax is sown thin, the stalk branches at both the bottom and top, growing vigorously. I have counted four branches or stalks from one seed. When sown thick, it branches only at the top, the seed pods being small.

The land should be well prepared and finely pulverized. It would be better plowed in the fall and replowed in the Spring. Prairie or new land thus prepared would do well.

Whether it would be better if sown by the sign of the moon, on Good Friday, or any other good day, my observation saith nothing. At any rate it should be sown in the Spring, and not until the soil is in good condition. Some seasons doubtless do well as early as the middle of March, and late as the middle of May—the latter half of April being the rule. Any kind of rich land will grow flax, if not wet. Fern, sorrel, weeds will be in the way, as for any other crop. I saw a tolerable crop, however, grown on a sorrel bed this year.

Flax may be mowed, cradled, or cut with a reaper. It may be threshed with horses or a machine. A person having but five or ten acres would find it a saving, in most cases, to tramp with horses, as it threshes very easily; and poor threshers will not throw the seed away with the straw for want of shaking; the seed being smooth slips through the straw readily. Threshing with horses, and harvesting, I consider not more than two-thirds labor of wheat or oats.

Another advantage in this crop, is that it ripens early, and usually may be harvested and out of the way before other grains are ripe. Still another good quality is, that it will lie a long time without injury. That raised by Mr. Morris this year, lay in the swath for four or five weeks. The only extra care needed that I know of, is in preparing the soil; but some good farmers think that it is profitable to prepare the soil for any crop.

Compared with wheat and oats, the value of flax-seed from the same amount of land, is favorable, counting it at one dollar per bushel. The average yield of wheat from good land during the last three years, would not rise above twenty bushels per acre. The average cash price would be about sixty cents per bushel, giving twelve dollars per acre. The average yield of oats may be estimated at thirty bushels per acre, and the price thirty cents—varying at different times and places, from twelve cents to one dollar per bushel—giving nine dollars per acre. Flax-seed at an average of twelve bushels to the acre, at the lowest price proposed, would be equal to wheat, saying nothing about the application of the lint to the manufacture of rope, paper, and cloth. Assuming the price of oil to be for several years to come, not less than one dollar and twenty-five cents per gallon, and that a gallon of oil is the value of a bushel of seed, ten bushels would give twelve dollars and fifty cents per acre; fifty cents above wheat, and three dollars and and fifty cents above oats, or equal to fifty bushels of oats to the acre at twenty cents per bushel.

In estimating the yield of these crops and their value, these points must not be overlooked: 1st. Wheat, upon good land, has much greater fluctuation from unfavorable seasons than flax. 2d. Both wheat and oats yielding more to the acre and more to the value of marketing. 3d. The lint when used, is an addition to the value of the seed.

A few words about the crop of flax for next spring. I know no other person would wish to spend money in erecting an oil mill and be compelled to wait two or three years for a gradual development of flax growing. Neither do farmers wish to grow seed without a market; hence it has been proposed to contract definitely for four or five hundred acres. Farmers generally profess to be greatly in favor of home manufacture. Now then, are there one hundred farmers in Oregon who are willing to *bet* that profession far enough to grow five acres of flax each, to start a branch of business that will save the country from fifteen to forty thousand dollars annually, and be well paid for it in the bargain? A few have already made liberal offers. One gentleman, in Polk county, proposed to sow ten acres, rather than have the enterprise fail, though he would have to rent land of his neighbors.

C. HOFF.

October 22, 1862.

GENERAL SIGEL.—Gen. Sigel has shown us on the Potomac, as he did at Pea Ridge, some of the most superb fighting and adroit tactics which have been seen since the war begun. There is no praise too high for his brilliant Generalship. We copy from the New York Post a few brief words which attempt to do him justice. Gen. McClellan will not fail to put him where his genius can have free play:

It will be remembered by our readers that he had just come up from the Rappahannock, where he had for four days, held the advance under a heavy fire, where, too, he had displayed marked traits of generalship, such as have rarely been shown in this war. For two days he had been upon the march, and then, after a rest of only four hours, he again took the advance in the most momentous struggle which our arms have waged with rebellion.

No precaution was overlooked by him which might guard against defeat or insure success. The General was not miles in the rear, ready to come up only after the engagement was over, to congratulate his troops on their success and to pen a brilliant despatch; he was on the field, acquainting himself with every important position; and long before the light could reveal his operations to a wily foe, every battery was stationed under his own eye and by his own direction. The enemy received no warning save that given by the roar of Sigel's artillery. The advance was not made at random; scouts were sent out in every direction, and all day long they went forth and returned to their General, who found time for caution even in the utmost fury of the contest. His march was rapid, but at every step his troops were under cover of their artillery. When the enemy was engaged, his battalions were brought up in perfect order, and precisely at the time and place they were most needed. Under such leadership there was no faltering. By skilful management one brigade relieved another, and nothing was lost by delay. At night, although the enemy had fought under cover of the woods, we had gained upon his position and held the advantage.

☞ The London *Morning Post* (Palmerston's organ) abuses Archbishop Hughes in the accustomed style in speaking of American affairs. The offense given by the Archbishop was, in intimating pretty plainly that the United States would have a settlement to make with England, and that the American Irish were just learning the art of war, and might in good time show the John Bulls a specimen of their accomplishments.

The Negro on the Fence.

Hearken to what I now relate,
And on its moral meditate.

A wagoner, with grist for mill,
Was stalled at bottom of a hill;
A brawny negro passed that way,
So stout he might a lion slay.
"I'll put my shoulder to the wheels,
If you'll bestir your horses' heels!"
So said the African, and made
As if to render timely aid.
"No," cried the wagoner, "stand back!
I'll take no help from one that's black";
And, to the negro's great surprise,
Flourished his whip be one his eyes.
Our "darkey" quick "skedaddled" thence,
And sat upon the wayside fence.
Then went the wagoner to work,
And lashed his horses to a jerk;
But all his efforts were in vain
With shout, and oath, and whip, and rein.
The wheels budged not a single inch,
And lighter grew the wagoner's pinch.
Directly there came by a child
With toiling step and vision wild:
"Father," said she, with hunger dread,
"We famish for the want of bread."
Then spoke the negro: "If you will,
I'll help your horses to the mill."
The wagoner, in grievous plight,
Now swore and raved with all his might,
Because the negro wasn't white;
And plainly ordered him to go
To a certain place that's down below.
Then rushing came the wagoner's wife,
To save her own and infant's life,
By robbers was their homestead sacked,
And smoke and blood their pillage tracked.

Here stops our tale. When last observed,
The wagoner was still "conserved"
In mud at bottom of the hill,
But bent on getting to the mill.
And hard by, not a rod from thence,
The negro sat upon the fence.

—*Evening Post.*

The Late Elections.

The Sierra *Democrat* has maintained its consistency as a loyal Douglas Democratic paper, and hence is in a position to be pretty well informed as to the character of the Democrats lately elected to the State Legislature and to Congress in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania. It claims that they are loyal Douglas Democrats, in favor of the war until the rebellion is crushed. It also notifies the secession Democrats that the Democratic victories in the Northwest are for them no cause of rejoicing. It says:

"In those States the Democracy indorsed the war as a necessity; as the only measure at hand by which the Union could be saved at the time of Lincoln's inauguration. Warren P. Noble of Tiffin was nominated by the Democracy of the Ninth Ohio District for reelection to Congress. We trust he was elected. The 'Union' party nominated an out-and-out Abolitionist—S. T. Worcester—to oppose him. In his speech accepting the nomination, Noble called to the minds of his brother Democrats that he had voted for every man and every dollar asked, to prosecute the war. He said, further: 'In the beginning the President declared his purpose to be to prosecute the war for the restoration of the Union, the suppression of rebellion and enforcement of the laws; he could scarcely have done otherwise, as he had sworn to support the constitution.' * * * It will be observed Noble was what was called 'a Douglas Democrat'—the only classification, by the by, worthy to be called 'Democrat' at all. He supported the giant leader for President; believed with him in the fitness of the people to regulate their domestic affairs by States and Territories; believed with him in the right of a constitutionally elected President to take his seat as such, without halting to make fair weather with banded and sworn traitors; and believed with the great Douglas, when war had begun, in 'the most vigorous war, as the shortest road to peace.' The men who in the North and West are hauling up the old flag from the dust, and once more giving it to the breeze to celebrate victory, are War Democrats—and the old banner is inscribed with that magic word 'Union.' The Democratic speakers call for recruits for the Federal army. At the request of Military Committees, the Democratic nominees for Congress canvassed their districts, urging their Democratic constituents to enlist in the Union service. Cox of Ohio made more than twenty speeches in this behalf. Furthermore, he felt compelled, in self-defense, to ask his hearers, at the Democratic gatherings, to draw the line between him and Vallandigham; to ask them to remember that their records are diff rent; that he voted for every measure to strengthen the hands of the Administration—every man and every dollar that it asked. The platforms which the Democracy of the Northwest put forth for their candidates accepted the war as one forced upon the Government by vile traitors, as the only resort of the Government to save the Union and enforce the laws.

☞ An exchange says several Irishmen were trying the other day to decipher a notice, although written tolerably plain, could not be read by the Emeralds and they requested us to read it for them, which of course we did. At the conclusion one of them turned to his comrade and remarked in a very impressive tone:

"Well, be jabers, I'll never buy of a man who's so ungarrily that he won't get advertisements printed; he's cheated the printer, and he'd cliate me as well."

☞ The Rebel bells, 418 in number, contributed to make cannon for Beauregard, but captured at New Orleans and sent to Boston, were sold at auction in the latter city, on August 30th. They brought about $30,000.

"The decree of emancipation is the dividing line between a dark past, and a hopeful future. The days of triumph will hereafter grow longer, and the nights of disaster shorter."—*Independent.*

Buell's March through Tennessee and Kentucky to Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Sept 23d.—The "pen of a ready writer" would hardly succeed in describing the rapid movements and counter movements in Buell's department for the past three weeks, but many a worn down soldier has in his remembrance, if not in his flesh, impressions as lasting as if written with a "pen of iron in the rock."

Twenty days ago, Thomas' division was stretched from Iuka Mississippi, to Decatur Alabama; a brigade of Mitchell's division was at Huntsville, Mitchell's other brigades, Crittenden's, McCook's, and one of Wood's were at Stevenson, Battle Creek, Chattanooga, and at railroad points west and north of the right angle formed by Buell's line at Chattanooga. Wood by a forced march of 123 miles in less than five days, with two or three hundred barefooted men, had rushed from Decatur toward Murfreesboro, and thence to Dechard, and finally to the neighborhood of McMinnville to occupy the center of the new line, while Nelson, in his own peculiar style, after seizing railroad trains, drawing his arms on conductors, arresting engineers, and "damning" things generally, had crowded his division from Athens through Nashville, Murfreesboro and on to McMinnville, leaving brigades at each mentioned point. These operations of Wood and Nelson took place under the pressure of Forrest's raid on Murfreesboro, and as a guard against a threatened attack on Nashville.

Such was Buell's line a month ago—extending from Iuka east, nearly two hundred miles to Chattanooga, and thence north and westward to McMinnville, nearly a hundred more. And now begins a series of operations which for rapidity, extent, and skillful execution have been seldom surpassed.

Morgan had already cut all the lines of communication in Central and Southeastern Kentucky, in order to embarrass the Union and cover the rebel movements. He now dashes into Gallatin, and cuts off Buell's supplies and communication with the North. Forrest, with 1500 cavalry—leaving all his transportation at Decatur, Tennessee—rushes up toward Murfreesboro, to cut the line below, as Morgan had done above Nashville. Kirby Smith advances from Knoxville through Eastern Kentucky, and menaces Cincinnati, to create a diversion in favor of Bragg, who at the same time advances from near Chattanooga, northward through East Middle Tennessee by rapid marches to cut off portions of Buell's army, capture the rest, and force his way to Louisville. Price in the meantime, proposes to flank the left of Rosecrans, and occupy Huntsville, Nashville, Bowling Green, etc., as Buell should evacuate or be cut in pieces in detail, and then cooperate with Bragg and Smith to hold Kentucky, and perhaps invade Indiana and Ohio.

Now let us see the plan work. Thomas rapidly falls back, evacuating his entire east and west line, and concentrating his troops in front and to the east of Murfreesboro. Mitchell's troops also, under Rousseau, by forced marches, concentrate on the same line. McCook and Crittenden simultaneously, and in parallel lines, fall back but a few hours in advance of Bragg's main body, marching on a third parallel on their right. The race is a hard one. Bragg seizing every wagon, carriage and horse to transport his crippled men; Crittenden throwing away and destroying much of his baggage; McCook and Crittenden move toward Woodbury and Murfreesboro, and Bragg toward McMinnville.

In the meantime, Forrest finding our line too well protected for his purposes, attempts to pass to the west and south of McMinnville, to join Bragg on his upward march. At Woodbury he runs across one of Nelson's brigades and loses a number of men and horses; fifteen miles further on he attacks a stockade defended by one hundred and twenty men, and is driven off with a loss of eighty killed and wounded. The next day he runs afoul of McCook and then Crittenden, and before night, in the desperate attempt to extricate himself from the net closing in around him, he is intercepted by three of Wood's regiments, under command of Col. Fyffe, losing 75 or 80, and only saving any of his command by their dispersion under cover of the night. Wood's and portions of Nelson's and Thomas' divisions hold their positions about McMinnville until Bragg is within a few hours march, when they leisurely retreat, hoping to decoy him into a fight at Murfreesboro. He follows on as far as Woodbury, but then moves to the north again, as if for Nashville. The race now began for Nashville, Bragg having the advantage in time, but instead of giving battle as was hoped, he keeps to the right, still moving north. The Union army, in the order of Rousseau, (Mitchell's command) Wood, Crittenden, McCook and Ammon (Nelson's command), passed on through Nashville, leaving it in process of fortification under command of Thomas. Gallatin is now threatened, and Wood flies to the right to accept battle or offer it, and a day is lost awaiting the movements of the rebel force. This they occupy, crowding all force for Bowling Green. The danger is eminent.

Rousseau is near at hand on the main Nashville pike, but unsupported. Wood is thirty eight miles distant. He moves at 4 A. M., leaving everything but rations and cooking utensils, and marched until 3 A. M., next day, with an interval of three or four hours for supper, making a march of thirty-four miles in one day! But Bowling Green is saved, and the rebels foiled again, and fatally.

Bragg now halts his main body one day, making his intentions uncertain. Buell must spend two or three days closing up, rationing and mending up his gallant but worn and wearied army. Not a moment is lost from the most active and diligent preparation; animals are exchanged, wagons repaired, men, mules and horses reshod; day becomes night and night becomes day in the hurry of unsparing activity. Mutineers hold the lines in one hand and the army biscuit in the other; blacksmiths doze only between the strokes of the anvil, and men and officers rest on their arms for the order to march. Bragg reaches and invests Munfordsville. Buell again sounds the advance, and by a forced march reaches the same vicinity. But Wilder has surrendered after a gallant defense, and the traitors occupy his stronghold. At last the armies are in fighting attitude. But Buell will not fight a drawn battle. Bloody conflicts and no results are already too common. The enemy's defeat when it comes must be crushing and final. A heavy division is deployed to the right and one to the left to cut off all retreat. This consumes one day. But a crushing attack will save hundreds of lives and another day and a half is spent waiting the arrival of Thomas' troops. On Sunday morning all is ready. The veteran army marches out at daylight, in line of battle, with as brave a heart and firm a tread as ever marked an honest man in a noble purpose. But mortification! The game has fled. Feeling the tightening rope around his neck, the wily foe had slipped the noose and escaped immediate destruction. And now comes the desperate, final stroke and miserable failure of the rebel "aggressive movement" in the West. Foiled at every point, the maddened Generals Buckner and Bragg, chagrined at the almost certain defeat of their part of the rebel programme, hope by a daring rush on Louisville to force a surrender of the city etc forces can be concentrated for its defense. But Buell's columns are on the march. Three days and nights are spent on a seventy five mile march, and on the third midnight 2,500 to 3,000 veteran troops are bivouacking on the vacant lots of Louisville.

Colonel Hamilton of Texas.

[From New York Evening Post, Sept. 29th.]

Col A. J. Hamilton, member of Congress from Texas, arrived in this city yesterday from New Orleans. He is well known to our citizens as that one of the Texan members of Congress who refused plumply to join the conspirators who left Washington during the last days of Buchanan's Administration, and whom Wigfall and Toombs vainly tried to browbeat and bully. He is now on his way to Washington to ask help for his suffering fellow Union men in Texas, who have endured everything except extermination at the hands of the mob of rebels who now hold the rule there.

Col Hamilton has been living for the last year at Austin, the Texan State Capital. That and three or four counties surrounding it are still strongly Union—so much so that the rebels, greatly as they would have liked to hurt him, did not dare. In these and other counties there were until recently organized Union forces, not armed or trained soldiers, but such bands as could have been quickly called together to aid any attempt of the Government in Texas, and stood ready to defend their leader against all harm.

Col. Hamilton states that life in Texas is now entirely lawless. The civil law has long been dead; martial law, which took its place, is not executed according to any system known to civilized nations. Every petty Provost Marshal is supreme tyrant in his district, and imprisons and robs at his own discretion. What his carelessness or good nature omits in the way of tyranny self-constituted Vigilance Committees make up. Thus all who are suspected of loyalty are at the mercy of an irresponsible set of robbers and tyrants.

Until recently there was no regular garrison of rebel soldiers at Austin. As long as they were not there the Union men were able to protect themselves. But when the soldiers came the Union men, long ago entirely disarmed, were at their mercy. A friend informed Col. Hamilton that the soldiers had orders to capture him, and he saw that he must get out of the way. He left on the 21 of July. Before then his house was surrounded by troops, and when he got into the mountains he found all the passes guarded; also all the water holes on the roads leading out of the country. He was for a month in the mountains, and at last, with a few friends, made his way to the Rio Grande, which he crossed into Mexico.

The crossing was opposed by a rebel captain, whom the Colonel made prisoner till he and his party got safely across. But the passage down the Mexican side of the river was made through a succession of ambuscades laid by rebel troops for him.

By vigilance they all escaped, however, and at last, after various adventures, reached Matamoras. In Brownsville, opposite Matamoras, the rebels kept a vigilant eye upon the Colonel's movements. He engaged passage in a vessel, but was warned when about to step into the stage that the enemy knew it and had planned to intercept him. Seventy five men, in fact, way laid the stage and stopped it three times on the way to the vessel. He then waited for another opportunity, and at last got off by traveling some distance overland, and being set on board a schooner by a friend's shore boat. The rebels, however, saw the movement, and sent a launch with an armed crew to the schooner; a breeze striking up, the Colonel had sail put on the schooner, and set off for New Orleans, leaving the Captain and his ship's papers unavoidably on shore. On the way to New Orleans the schooner fell in with the United States ship Bohio, which sent them in safety.

The Colonel looks to be in good health, but has evidently suffered greatly in mind in the last year. He has some touching stories to tell of the trials and sufferings of loyal men in Texas. They have clung nobly to the old flag, but there is fear that unless soon helped with troops they will all have to give up. Most of them have already been forced to take the oath, much as they hate it, and many have been forced to join the rebel army. When called upon to take the oath they use many means of avoiding it. One ingenious fellow stopped his ear with cotton, so that he might not hear what he was required to say yes to.

As for Col. Hamilton, he has kept the vow he made at the beginning, never by any act to recognize the rebel authority.—He has refused constantly to take the oath, and his prominent position made it until lately imprudent for the rebels to use force. He refused to render an account of property in his possession owing to Northern men, and paid no attention to the summons sent out against him. He procured himself to be elected, over a Secessionist, to the State Senate, and refused to take his seat in that rebellious body, saying he only wanted to show them what the people thought in his district. When summoned to pay the Confederate war tax, he refused, saying that he meant to be on the record squarely as having opposed the rebel movement from first to last.

☞ George Francis Train spoke at the Town Hall, Andover, Massachusetts, on Friday evening September 26th. He took special pains to denounce Gen. Fremont, Gov. Andrew and Senator Sumner, and proposed three cheers for Gen. McClellan. They were given—and were followed by three more for Fremont. Train declared this treasonable, and the audience broke up.

Details of Eastern News.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The following has been received by Gen. Halleck, from St. Louis: Our arms are entirely successful again in north-west Arkansas. Gen. Scofield, finding the enemy had encamped at Pea Ridge, sent Gen Blunt with the 1st division westward, and moved towards Huntsville with his reserve force. Gen. Blunt, by making a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force at Maysville, near the north-west corner of Arkansas, at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 23d. The enemy was estimated at from 5,000, to 7,000 strong. The engagement lasted about an hour, resulting in the total rout of the enemy, and the loss of all his artillery. A battery of 6 pounders and a large number of horses, and a portion of their transportation and garrison equipments were captured. Our cavalry and howitzers were still in pursuit of their scattered forces, when the messenger left.

Our loss is small. Gen Scofield pursued Gen. Hindman beyond Huntsville, coming close upon him, when his force precipitately fled beyond Boston Mountain. All the organized forces of the rebels have thus been driven back to the valley of the Arkansas river, and the army on the frontiers has gallantly and successfully accomplished its mission. GEN. CURTIS.

New York, Oct. 25.—Exchange dull at 144½ for banker's bill; gold firm at 31; bars quiet—nominal; stocks without change.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—By the arrival of the steamship Saxon at New York, on Saturday last, from Havana, it appears that considerable excitement prevailed in that city in consequence of an alleged outrage by the officers of an American man-of-war. The facts of the case are briefly these; On the 7th, a steamer was seen rapidly approaching the Spanish coast, 6 miles westward of the Moro Castle, pursued by a man-of-war steamer. She had the British colors flying and was clearly endeavoring to make the harbor of Havana, but the Federal vessel headed her off and the vessel was forced to run ashore.—Launches were at once despatched from the cruiser for the purpose of capturing the captain and crew, and getting the vessel off if possible before reaching the shore. However, a detachment of Spanish soldiers appeared, when the commander of the boats ordered the vessel to be fired, which was done, and the cruiser proceeded to sea. The ship destroyed proved to be the steamer Blanche, believed to be from Port Lavaca, Texas, with a cargo of cotton. The name of the Federal vessel is not stated.—It is said the facts of the case will be laid before the Home Government.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The *Star* says we have very late information from the country between the lines of Gen. Sigel's corps and Gordonsville. Three days ago, the only rebel troops occupying it were a regiment of North Carolina cavalry, with a regiment of infantry. They had their headquarters at Warrenton, with their pickets along the Rappahannock. At times they sent out small parties, in various directions. Culpepper Court house had then ceased to be the railroad terminus, at which place supplies from Richmond for Lee's army were put on wagons. They are now taken to Staunton, and wagoned all the way up to Winchester. This change is doubtless caused by the fear lest Sigel should cut off their transportation, which he could do if they continued to travel the roads from Culpepper Court-house to Winchester.

Cairo, Oct. 26.—The steamer *Eugene* reports that the rebels have possession of the Tennessee shore, opposite Island No. 10.

The Houston *Telegraph* extra of the 4th October gives the following particulars of the occupation of Galveston by the Union forces: The Federal commander notified the citizens that four days would be given for the removal of the women and children. At the evening of the last day the rebel troops commenced evacuating the city, which was occupied by the Federals the next day.

We learn from Memphis that a frightful accident occurred on the Mississippi Central Railroad, below Slack Hill Station, Sunday last, by a collision of two trains; 30 persons were killed, and nearly 60 wounded, most of them soldiers. The accident was the result of carelessness.

New York, Oct. 26.—We learn by the gunboat Dacotah, eight days from Key West, that Admiral Dupont was expected back from the North with instructions to