"If any man attempts to haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot!"
—*Gen. Dix.*

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. Adams, . . . Editor.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

NOTICE.—This number completes the eighth volume of the Argus. With the commencement of the next volume, we shall begin business on a new system—sending our paper to none but those who pay in advance.—This, we are convinced, is the only safe method of publishing a newspaper.

The first number of Volume IX. will appear about the first of May, and, as we hope, in an improved form. In the meantime, however, we shall issue every Saturday a supplemental number to Volume VIII. for circulation in this and Yamhill counties, containing the latest dispatches, and other items of local interest.

Those indebted to us will see the propriety of settling their accounts soon, and beginning square with the new Volume.

Developing.

It is now pretty well established from the movements of the Copperheads known *in the night* as "Knights of the Golden Circle," but *in the day time* as "peace democrats," that it is their ultimate intention to try to break up the Union into several fragments. It has been the policy of the leaders of this party for several years to have small States so as to multiply offices. They are now at work to establish the Southern Confederacy, to form two governments north of Dixie and another one on the Pacific slope. The cowardly scoundrels of the Vallandigham school who want to be Presidents and Cabinet officers, hope, as Jeff did, that these ruptures can be effected without bloodshed, but the sequel will show that the people who are duped by these Copperhead leaders are bringing on, instead of "peace," a war in the North more bloody and terrible than that which has already laid whole districts in rebellion in smoking ruins.—The fact is, we can't see how the nation can be purified before the hell-deserving traitors of the North are punished. The Southern rebels seemed left by the Almighty to mark out the best possible course for the destruction of slavery, in their madness to defy and perpetuate it—and it may be that he intends to let the equally guilty and more detestable Copperheads wade into the condign punishment they deserve, under the guidance of an *equal future* banner of "*peace*."

Well, if we *must* fight, we had better be getting ready, while the Copperheads are. The rebel sheets here, like the Soap Creek organ at Albany, affect to disbelieve the damning fact that the Jeff'lites are up and doing in California. The same gentry denied eighteen months ago that Floyd had sent out arms to California, when the rebel Johnston had purposely been placed in command here with seventy thousand muskets furnished him by Floyd. We recollect how the traitor Jo Lane raved and swore because the War Department, which had got track of the intended villainy of Floyd, Johnston, Gwin, and Lane on this coast, sent out Sumner to relieve Johnston and send the muskets back East. Lane and Gwin were no doubt privy to the whole throat-cutting scheme—they knew all about it, and helped Floyd get it up, yet either one of these gallows-deserving traitors was ready to *take his oath* that Johnston was a "God-blessed loyalist" and true gentleman, and the story about the muskets was "*all an abolition lie.*" A traitor's word, or even his *oath*, is of no more force than the "g—d d—n" of a drunken Indian.—Of what force then is the "I don't believe it" of such a little copperhead squirt as O'Meara? *He* "don't believe" that Jeff Davis is trying to uphold the Constitution, and keep Lincoln from destroying it, neither do any of his stupid butternut readers. The time was when this ignorance and partisan bigotry might be winked at, when it was unwittingly perhaps laying the foundation for this revolt in electing Buchanan and other tools of the slave oligarchy to high positions. But now that this ignorance and partisan malignity are openly and *knowingly* propping up the rebellion South, and unwittingly perhaps (excepting the leaders) preparing the way for a revolt to be followed by bloody, devastating war in the North, it is time that the Copperhead fraternity be viewed and treated as a dangerous element in society. This Copperhead element was the undercurrent in the course of politics which demanded and secured the election of Buchanan. We believed and said at the time that the rebel element was at work to overthrow the Government, and that they only wanted one administration, with such a servile doughface tool as Buchanan at the head, in which to get ready to revolt and defy the Government. Iscariot editors said, "It's all an abolition lie, there is no danger"—and fools enough believed them to elect Buchanan. This same Copperhead element was also active in the Baltimore Convention, and succeeded in placing H. V. Johnson on the ticket with Douglas, an open and avowed traitor for years, and yet thousands of Union men, through partisan blindness, voted for the traitor, and were sorry he wasn't elected. Claib Jackson was also chosen Governor of Missouri through the same influence, and Fiddling Whitaker was by the same class of politicians chosen to march Oregon out of the Union, and fiddle "Dixie" while she was going.

All these men were recommended by the secession press, while we warned the people to shun them as vipers. We called them *vipers* then—their works prove them *copperheads* now. We tell the people *again* that these secession cutthroats are now engineering a scheme that will probably result in war, terrible, bloody, devastating war, in the North. Union men are now many of them helping on the scheme by helping to support these rebel papers.—You had better be laying out your money for powder and lead, for you may need it sooner than you are aware of. Copperheads will sneer at this idea now, as they ridiculed our predictions years ago—but we believe nevertheless that the surest way to inaugurate a millennium of peace would be to immediately arm every loyal man on the continent, white, black, and red. We shall have a millennium, but we have got to take a back long with traitors first. The Devil is now "exceeding wroth, knowing that his time is short."

That Office.

The 'limping' secesher at Salem is very mad because the President didn't send him to the Islands. The fact is, Czapkay's Agent had nobody in Washington City who was willing to ask the President to do such a mean act. The letter he "writ" to the President wasn't enough to do the job, even with Doctor Czapkay's endorsement of "*Fitness to go to the Kanakas*" at the bottom of it. The President never reads these letters—he has too many of them, and none but fools ever bore him in that style. The Agent ought to have got some Senator to do something more than stand back and refuse to join in a request for the appointment of a respectable man, as "his hands were tied by a previous promise to the Medicine-Seller"—he ought to have got some Senator to *ask* at least for his own appointment. We think ourself he ought to have an appointment, and be sent to an "Island" too, but it ought to be an *uninhabited one*, for the ☞ "*California rheumatism*" is catching. Now, Asahel, stop sniveling, for you *shall* have an office as soon as we get to be President. We intend to send you to this newly-discovered '*guano*' island, to gather '*guano*' at so much a basketful, and pile it up on the beach, ready for shipment. It will be a position you are *exactly* fitted for; besides it is one which every body in Oregon (☞ *outside of the Reservation*) will join you in a petition for.

FRONTIER.—We understand that a thorough-bred Copperhead organ is to be started soon at the Dalles. The *Mountaineer* wasn't butternut enough to suit such Missouri politicians as Jim Fulton. (The Mountaineer calls him "Bovine," from his penchant for cattle—an old fillog.) "Bovine" got up a subscription to help support an outspoken, thoroughgoing Copperhead organ. The unwashed contributed liberally, and the organ is to be run while Fulton's contributions and *beef* hold out.

By the way, we saw "Bovine" leading a very "ornary" looking jackass through this city a few weeks ago. We wondered then, what he was going to do with him—on reflection, we suppose he was taking him up to edit his new paper. The printers will be fed on *beef*, while the editor will only need a little *hay*.

SEAGER.—The Eugene Copperhead clips an extract from some other scesh paper, saying that the wife of a Union volunteer from New Jersey had starved to death, also a girl eight years old, in Brooklyn. The name of the paper first publishing the story is not given, of course, but that will not be noticed by the Dee Robertson democracy on Long Tom. Copperhead gives it as true, and then proceeds to belabor those who sent off shiploads of provisions to the suffering poor in Manchester, because they didn't first hunt out and feed this woman in New Jersey and child in Brooklyn. We presume that the story about the starving wife of a soldier is all a lie. At least we haven't the least evidence of its truth. If the wife of a soldier should happen to die, it would be just as good a theme as one of these Long Tom editors would want to represent her as either having been starved, or robbed, and then violated to death by Greeley. These copperheads never have any tears to shed over the robberies and murders perpetrated on Union men and women in rebeldom, and they never give any money themselves to keep *anybody* from starving—but if they can hear of a child that was found dead in a Northern city, be it a child even of one of Asahel's abolitioned "conservatives" of the Five Points, the whole Copperhead fraternity set up a yow-wow over it equal to the wail of the *slaughter* over a bark coffin, and wonder how Greeley or Beecher *could* have let the war go on, and these ship loads of provisions go off in "violation of the Constitution."

By the way, we hope the poor devil of the *Review* won't starve to death, as we hear he is in danger of doing, before the war is over, for if he should, it will be outs for Vallandigham and the Seymourites generally, who will be sure to lay it to Greeley and the men who sent off the shiploads of provisions to Manchester.

THAT FIGURE-HEAD.—It is said that "Bovine" intends to have the likeness of his four-legged editor engraved for a *vignette* to "*stand*" at the head of his paper. He'd better get the likeness of "Chickopee," taken from the Melodrame, but down on all fours. The picture would be so natural, with a little elongation of the ears, that most any jackass would bray the first time he saw it.

Cameron Again.

The Salem *Crap-cure-can* publishes a letter from Jeff Boyer, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who alleges that Simon Cameron bought his vote for $20,000 on the eve of the last session of the Legislature. This letter of Jeff's is going the rounds of the Copperhead press, and is credited by an occasional ninny. This Boyer states that about a week before the election he met one of Cameron's friends at Harrisburg, who told him (Boyer) that he was authorized to buy *one* democratic vote for Cameron. Thereupon Boyer told him he was for sale. Various interviews were then had between Boyer, and two or three of Cameron's friends; at several of which Cameron was present and assented to the stipulations, as the bargain progressed. Boyer says that he first agreed to take $15,000, but afterwards got it raised to $20,000, $5000 of which was to be paid in hand, and the rest after the election. Patterson, one of Cameron's friends, held the five thousand "hand money," telling Boyer that it was locked up in a safe, but showed him a large bundle of notes which he (Paterson) said was the "hand money," telling Boyer several times that he should have it. At a subsequent interview, Cameron requested Boyer to see some Republican member of the Legislature and assure him that he intended to vote for Cameron. Boyer says—"To this I made some pretended objection, and demanded to know the necessity for it. Simon said it was this, that unless I did this they might think he just wanted their d—d nomination for effect, which was not true. He declared he would not have the nomination at a defeat for the whole Legislature. So of course I consented; and the voting price was voluntarily raised to $5,000." Boyer also says that Cameron assured him that the money he was to get for his vote was only "the first instalment," as Cameron felt it to be his duty to support him (Boyer) well as long as he lived. Boyer says he kept insisting on the "hand money," but it wasn't paid over, and he finally consented that it should *all* remain in the safe till after the election—Here says Boyer "the farce ended."

Now just a few words about this matter. Cameron *may* be the villain he is represented to be by the Copperhead, but we shall not believe it upon Boyer's evidence. We will not defend any man whom we believe, upon *good evidence*, to be corrupt; even though that man be a prominent Union man; neither will we condemn any man without *equally* good evidence, even though that man be a reputed Copperhead. We believe Boyer's statement to be wholly false, for several reasons. The Salem *Crap-cure-can* which retails it doesn't believe it, *for two reasons*. It couldn't believe it at first that $20,000 would be offered for a vote—"*eight hundred*" would be thought a high figure—besides it isn't possible for that sheet to believe that a Copperhead could any more have resisted taking $20,000 for his vote or even his soul, if offered, than a starving kite could resist picking up a motherless lamb. We think *merely* there is much weight in this view of the matter, from a *Crap-cure-can* stand-point. In addition to this, we don't believe Boyer's statement, for the reason that *he is a man who has a notoriously bad reputation, according to his own statement. He* says that among all the Copperheads in the Pennsylvania Legislature, Cameron, in smelling around for some mercenary, unprincipled villain who would be *likely* to sell himself, *the very first man Cameron's understrikers pitched upon was this Jeff* Boyer. That fact shows exactly what Boyer's reputation was among men who knew him. The word, or even the *oath*, of such a man is worth but little. Another reason why we don't believe him, is, his tale is a strange *jumble of contradictions. He first* sold out for $15,000.—Then he tells us that he *sold for* $20,000, and *finally* in consideration of his promise to see a Republican and pledge him his vote, he got "the voting price *raised* to $5,000"! A fifth reason why we don't believe him is that *he puts words in Cameron's mouth which Cameron never uttered*. Boyer says:

"After the bargain was concluded, Simon straightened up in his chair, rubbing his legs with his hands, saying, 'Well, this ends it. I will be director, and you will never regret it' (addressing himself to me) 'I will be the most powerful man in this Union; the entire state of affairs of this government will be changed; nothing is now wanting but that the South will gain her independence (this seemed like treason), and then we hold the keys of the government, and I will be able to retrieve my fortunes.'"

Does any man suppose that Cameron, who is reputed by even the Copperheads to be a man of sense, ever used such egotistical twaddle? It might do as part of a Jo Lane speech to a Long Tom audience, or as a benediction in laying on his hands and 'god blessing' O'Meara—*but it won't do for Cameron*. A sixth reason why we don't believe him is, *Boyer himself tells us that he is a deceiver and a liar*. He says that he *lied* to Cameron, *lied* to Patterson, *lied* to Brobst, and *lied* to others. He *promised* to vote for Cameron, when he says he *didn't intend to*—besides he *lied* all along throughout the protracted negotiations whenever affairs took a turn that demanded a *lie* to put things in a shape the *liar* wanted them to assume. And yet this *liar*, who tells us he *lied* to Cameron, and *lied* all around the streets of Harrisburg, comes before us and asks us to *believe*—what? That he *lied* when he talked to Cameron, but tells the *truth* when he talks to the Copperheads through the Salem *Crapcurecan*!!!!

The man who would condemn Cameron, or even Jeff Davis, upon such evidence as that, isn't qualified to sit on any jury called to try the title to a bushel of frozen potatoes. The story of this Boyer, who acknowledges himself a *liar* and *treacherous deceiver*, besides incidentally revealing the fact that *he had a bad reputation with the public*, will be swallowed with a good deal of gusto by such Copperheads as are a great deal more anxious to kill off Cameron and other leading Union men than they are to defeat Jeff Davis. Boyer's story is akin to that of Green, who *made oath* to a long cock and bull story which he published in the Chicago Times about pretended interviews he had with the rebel heads of government in Richmond, and with Lincoln and his Cabinet in Washington, in which he acted as a great pacificator. Union papers denounced Green as a *perjured liar*, but the Chicago Times and other Copperhead sheets persisted in hugging Green to their bosoms, till the Police Gazette came out with Green's history, showing that he was a notorious confidence man, having traveled extensively as a Methodist preacher, or gambler, as happened to suit; marrying every woman he could persuade to let him stop with a few weeks, *and having twice turned up in the penitentiary*; two years at one session, and three at another. Since that, the Copperheads have dropped Green as a "bad egg," and taken to sucking away at Boyer, an equally rotten one, we have no doubt, found in the nest of the same democratic geese. Perhaps the Police Gazette could also give *Boyer* an airing?

"His Soul is Marching On."

Now that John Van Buren has flopped over and made a thorough war speech, in the immediate wake of which all the leading sympathizing sheets East have come out in favor of arming the negroes and let *them* do some of the fighting, we should naturally suppose that the Salem *Crap-cure-can* would tail on, and stop whining about arming negroes. It will do so whenever Sammelary leads off. If Sammelary should say a necessionist was as good as a loyal nigger, the *Crap-cure-can* would grin with delight and say "them's our sentiments." Now there has never been any good reason given by any man why loyal blacks as well as whites should not be exposed to the bullets of traitors, and expose rebels to their bullets too. The *rebel* army is composed of Indians, half-breeds, whites, and negroes—in fact, every thing that they could force into the service. *Our* army has, up to within a short time, been made up exclusively of white men, and much of it of as good material for citizenship as there is in the North. It suits Jeff very well to have the flower of Northern society exposed to the bullets of his ragamuffins—so it does his rebel sympathizers here. Jeff would like very well to pit a regiment of niggers or Pike's Indians against an equal number of Boston merchants and Massachusetts mechanics—the Copperheads here would also like to have it done. Jeff doesn't want any but Republicans in the Federal army, so that with his niggers, Indians, and sandbillers he may kill them all off. The little Copperhead of the Albany *Democrat* favors the same thing. Jeff doesn't want us to take the niggers from his plantations, where they are needed to raise bread for the rebel army. The Copperheads don't either.—Jeff is opposed to our arming the negroes, because he knows if we do he is bound to get soundly thrashed. The Copperheads take the same view of the thing. Jeff says "the *abolitionists* were the cause of the war, so I think the abolitionists are the ones who ought to do all the fighting"—The Copperheads say "What *could be* more reasonable?"

Well, Jeff! it isn't often we agree with you on war matters, or politics either, but we think there is sense in your suggestion that it is time the "*abolitionists*" took a hand in this war. We have perhaps as much "disinterested benevolence" as the majority of men, but, to be honest with you, Jeff, we must say that we would as soon your ragamuffins would shoot at us *abolitionist* as at *us*—and a little sooner. We like your idea, Jeff, about employing the abolitionists; and as the niggers down in your dominions are all ultra abolitionists, and perhaps incidentally are the "cause of the war," (the war wouldn't have happened if the niggers hadn't been here, would it, Jeff?) we propose to *arm* these abolitionists and let them at you, just to be accommodating. "Oh! but," says Jeff, "I didn't mean *them*—I meant the *white* abolitionists!" "And *we* meant the *white* abolitionists!" echo the Copperheads.

But, Jeff, we have already a large army of white men in the field, whom you, Tom Long, and the Copperheads call 'abolitionists.' That army has already been decimated by your bullets, by disease, and casualties incident to war, to the amount of about three hundred thousand men. The cry of distress has gone up to heaven from more than five hundred thousand Northern dwellings, inhabited by mourning widows, orphans, and bereaved friends. These bereaved friends, while they are willing to make any *necessary* sacrifices of property, ease, or human life, to save the Union, by crushing out this infernal rebellion, are *not* willing to have their husbands, fathers, and brothers slaughtered on the field by loyal blacks forced into your devilish service—neither are they willing that these husbands, fathers, and brothers should do all the fighting on our side, while the black abolitionists, who would *like* to fight for us, are left to raise corn and dig ditches for you. If we are not to employ the black abolitionists, we shall have to resort to a draft to raise about half a million more white soldiers, for we are bound to defeat your damnable scheme to destroy the Government and set up a despotism on American soil—*cost what it will*. In case of a draft, your Copperhead allies will many of them of necessity be chosen—then who will be left to vote the Seymour ticket? 'Well,' says Jeff, "if more men you *must* have, go ahead and *draft*—I would rather kill two Copperheads than one nigger; but, for God's sake, let the niggers alone!—*all I ask now is for you to let the niggers alone!*"

"If it's coming to a *draft*," whine the Copperheads, "go ahead and arm the niggers—for God's sake, *don't draft*—the niggers will no doubt make good soldiers—fact is, we believe they will fight *well*—and just now we remember that they fought *well* in the Revolutionary war, behaved *nobly* under Jackson at New Orleans, and were *the very devil* in Perry's naval engagement in 1813. Try the niggers again; the rebellion must be put down—*let us call in the help of the niggers!*—☞ FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T DRAFT!!!"

This seems to be the cry of the Copperhead press in the Eastern States just now. The "hand-organs" here will raise the same yell when the time comes.—O'Meara will wait till he is frightened into it by a prospect of a draft, or has orders from Joseph—while the Salem *Crap-cure-can* will wait the motions of Sammedary, or be driven to it by a failure to get that certificate of "*disability*" from Dr. McIlvaney. As to St. Patrick—he will have to consult Sheriff Alexander, before he defines his position publicly.

DECISION IN REGARD TO LINN COUNTY TENDERS.—Some time since the Treasurer of Linn County tendered to the State Treasurer $1,000 in legal tender notes in payment of the State tax from that county, which the State Treasurer refused to receive, and brought suit to recover the amount in coin, at the late term of the Circuit Court in Linn. Judge Boise made the following decision. We copy from the *Democrat*.

The question: Are U. S. Treasury Notes a legal tender?

In deciding this case the Court said: This is a constitutional question. Congress has, by the Constitution, certain enumerated powers. It has express power to raise and support an Army and Navy. It has express power to pass all laws necessary to carry into execution this power. If the issuance of these notes and making them a legal tender, is not forbidden by the Constitution, and is a means necessary to supporting and carrying on the Government, then the law creating them would be constitutional.

This Government was made to be perpetuated, and has, necessarily, the power to use all means necessary to perpetuate itself, if those means are within its reach.

In the present crisis, the Government is struggling for existence, and Congress has adopted this currency, as a means, in their judgment, necessary to put down the rebellion and preserve the Constitution, and I think they are the proper judges of the necessity.

The U. S. Bank was held by the Supreme Court of the United States as constitutional, on the ground that it was an institution necessary and proper to carry on the fiscal concerns of the Government; and that Court said that Congress, and not the Court was the proper judge of that necessity and propriety.

It is urged that such a law impairs the obligations of contracts; that contracts made prior to the passage of this law are exempt from its operation.

All parties, when they contract, are presumed to contract on faith of the Government, with the understanding that Government will enforce their contracts, and compel their fulfillment in the currency of the country. Currency represents so much value, and Congress has the power to fix that value; and when it is fixed, the law cannot inquire into any alleged depreciation which is not recognized by law.

It is ordered and adjudged by the Court that the plaintiff have and recover of the defendant the sum of $1,000 in gold and silver coin, together with costs.

GOOD REASON.—It is said one reason why "Bovine" chose the editor who is to do the braying for the Dalles Copperhead, is that he wanted one with a clean record. "Bovine" thinks that whatever they may say about the physical outlines of his Balaamitish editor, they can't say that *he* ever "sold his vote"—that *he* ever "crawled into Leland's stove to steal the Culver letter"—that *he* ever "circulated a petition to have all army officers removed who didn't vote for Jo Lane"—that *he* ever "forged a portion of the Gardner memorial"—that *he* ever "destroyed the Jackson county returns"—that *he* ever "assaulted Leland's wife's character"—that *he* ever "spent a 'season' on the Reservation"—that *he* ever "cheated printers out of their pay"—that *he* ever followed "bumming and borrowing money for a living"—or that *he* has the "California rheumatism." That is certainly a better "record" than Copperhead editors can generally claim.

FUEL CONSUMED BY THE ARMY.—In order to convey some idea of the amount of fuel consumed by the Army of the Potomac since it has been located opposite Fredericksburg, it is stated that the command has, at intervals, occupied something like thirty-two square miles, at least twenty-four of which was, when it came there, covered with dense woods, mostly oak and cedar. Where this forest stood there is now nought but one vast field, covered with stumps.

WARRANTED SOUND.—Some of the Copperheads seem to be dissatisfied with "Bovine's" choice in purchasing an editor, but we admire his taste. We consider the jackass the best type of secession democracy that could be found; besides, the jackass is said to be sound. Fulton would have preferred the two-legged jackass at Salem, at the same price, but *no physician would warrant him sound*. Fulton thought he'd better get one not *quite so "conservative."*

☞ The secessionists of Arkansas are much dispirited and disgusted, having evidently almost abandoned the hope of keeping that State out of the Union.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Details of Eastern News.

Washington, March 31.—The President has designated Thursday, 30th of April, as a day of fasting and prayer.

New York, March 31.—A Hilton Head letter says the Wabash, Powhattan and Pawnee draw too much water to cross the Charleston bar, and will therefore remain at Port Royal to receive the rebel ram from Savannah.

Another letter, dated 27th, says heavy firing was heard all of the previous day, in the vicinity of Charleston. It was thought probable that the fleet, which left on the 25th, was attacking the batteries at Stono Inlet.

New York, March 31.—The steamer McClellan, from New Orleans, has arrived with dates to 22d. A bottle containing a dispatch from Farragut's fleet had been picked up. It said that the troops were all well. We had three men killed and two wounded. Several schooners had arrived at New Orleans from across the lake, with a large quantity of cotton and wheat. A number of passengers were compelled to come in order to get something to eat.—They relate that great desolation and sufferings exist among the rebels. The Picayune of the 2 th, reports that the Monongahela, whose machinery was uninjured during the fight, has repaired her woodwork and is again in fighting trim.

Murfreesboro, March 31.—Reliable news from the rebel army received to-day, says Polk's corps advanced yesterday to Gays Gap, 18 miles south of Shelbyville. His troops have been on half rations for three weeks. Great dissatisfaction exists. People on their lines are all reduced to half rations.

Cairo, March 31.—The Memphis papers say, on the 25th, the rams Lancaster and Switzerland undertook to run past the batteries at Vicksburg. As soon as they came within range, the confederates opened on them with a tremendous fire. The Lancaster was struck 30 times, and her bow shot away, causing her to sink almost immediately, turning a complete somersault as she went down. All her crew except two were captured. The Switzerland was finally disabled by a sixty-four pounder ball penetrating her steam drum. She floated down below the city, the batteries still keeping up fire and striking her repeatedly. Finally the Albatross from Farragut's fleet ran alongside and towed her to the lower mouth of the canal, where she lay at last accounts. The loss of life on her is not known. The rams were intended to reinforce Farragut, who has been below Warrenton ever since he ran past Hudson. At Grand Junction, on the way up, the Hartford and Albatross were attacked by a more formidable battery than at Port Hudson; the former vessel was struck fourteen times and had three men killed.—Both vessels were more or less injured.

The expedition, from which we had been led to expect so much, under Sherman, to the rear of Haim's Bluff is a failure.

Chicago, April 1.—Full dispatches in regard to Sherman's expedition were received last night. Admiral Porter had succeeded in getting through both bayous with the gunboats, when he encountered a small force of rebels, who annoyed him with sharp shooters and by placing obstructions in the channel. Further progress was impossible without the co-operation of infantry. The rebels also cut trees in the stream in the rear. Infantry reinforcements arrived on the 23d, and released the boats from their perilous position. On the 29th, the whole force left Black Bayou and returned to the Mississippi. The federal loss was 12 privates killed and wounded; rebel loss not known.

Rebel reports say Banks had been repulsed with considerable loss; nothing definite, however, is known.

Washington, April 1.—A rebel Lieutenant who came over to our lines, tells the same old story of destitution; he thinks, however, that the army can remain where it is, on half rations, until supplies can be forwarded.

Cincinnati, March 31.—The rebel force lately at Danville, is now encamped between Somerset and the Cumberland river. They are said to be impressing every white man into the service. The rebel Generals have declared martial law in all counties as far as the Kentucky river. In that portion, all horses, mules and cattle were driven off to Montgomery, Tenn.

In a mutiny of two Georgia regiments, near Monticello, six of the ringleaders were shot.

St. Louis, March 31.—Gen. Herron is to be assigned to the command of the army of the frontier. He leaves to-morrow.

Fortress Monroe, March 31.—In the attack on Williamsburg, Saturday morning, the rebels had about 500 cavalry and infantry; our force was much less; 15 rebels were killed, wounded and captured.

Richmond papers have Vicksburg telegrams which say the federals again appeared in front of Fort Pemberton. The following is also in them:

Chattanooga, March 27.—Gen. Foster captured, yesterday, at Brentwood, 800 Union prisoners. He also destroyed a quantity of Commissary stores, burned the railroad bridges, tore up the track, and captured 17 wagons.

Morgan had a fight on the 20th, lasting five hours. He drove the enemy two miles, when they were reinforced. Morgan says his loss in officers is very heavy.

New York, April 1.—Late Richmond papers contain detailed accounts of the recent great fire, which destroyed 800 hogsheads of tobacco, valued at $100,000; also, other property of various kinds, valued at $250,000 more.

Louisville, March 31.—The reported capture of 2,000 head of cattle from the rebels is confirmed; one hundred and fifty prisoners were taken. The federals are still closely following the enemy.

New York, April 1.—A British bark from St. Thomas, reports that two English steamers sailed with cargoes for Secessia.—The British frigate Phantom accompanied them as a convoy.

The City of Washington, with dates from Liverpool to the 18th and Queenstown to the 18th, has arrived.

Private telegrams received to-day, say that the rebel loan of $15,000,000 sold at a premium in Europe. The news generally, is unfavorable.

The Polish question was assuming great importance. French diplomatic correspondence had been published, showing the gravity of the question. The French Senate were debating petitions in favor of Poland. Influential men in London denounce the Russian convention in the matter, and call