New Orleans Daily Crescent.

TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 15, 1861.

ABUSE OF CRITTENDEN.

This old statesman and patriot, it will be recollected, submitted certain propositions of adjustment in Congress, which the Black Republicans promptly rejected. A Union man, anxious to preserve the Union if such a thing were possible, he came forward at the advanced age of nearly four score, to save his country from disunion and civil war. What thanks he gets for it from Black Republican sources may be judged of by the following, taken from the Washington correspondence of the Chicago Tribune:

It is doubtful whether Crittenden will defend Anderson. He has grown very feeble, timid, and imbecile. He is almost worn out, and has become a poor slave of the oligarchy. He dare not call his soul his own in their presence. He is styled a "conservative," when in truth he is only a pliant instrument in their inexorable grasp. His day is past. On the 4th of March he retires forever from the political arena. His last legislative effort was to force upon the country a scheme to divide the territories, fixing the curse of slavery, by constitutional enactment, upon all south of the line of 36 deg. 30 min. now belonging to the Government, or hereafter to be acquired, clear down to Cape Horn. A conservative proposition truly!

There are a plenty of people in the South, who have always been opposed to Mr. Crittenden politically, who are even opposed to his late proposition of compromise, but who have never doubted the honesty and patriotism of the man, who will read the above infamous attack upon him with feelings of the warmest indignation. The idea of a dirty Abolition dog speaking of the venerable Crittenden as timid and imbecile, as a poor slave of the oligarchy, and as a man who dare not call his soul his own, is one of the most outrageous and scandalous circumstances connected with the personal aspects of this sectional controversy. The accusation is so grossly false, in the aggregate and in the detail, so mean, so low, so unbecoming any man with the slightest idea of the proprieties of life and the claims of justice, that we are not the less surprised that it should have received publication in a paper claiming to be decent, as that it should have emanated from the pen of a man entrusted with the responsible duty of giving correct and honest information to the public, from Washington City.

The secret of this thing may be detected in the next sentence of the extract, where mention is made of "the *curse* of slavery." This it is which has stirred up this black Abolition hile, with such an offensive exhibition of it. Mr. Crittenden only proposed that the South should have a chance to make slave States out of about one-third only of the common territory. The notion of such a proposition being "conservative" meets with ridicule and contempt. The Abolition idea of conservatism, we suppose, means the exclusion of the South from all the territories, and war upon the institution everywhere they can reach it. That is their notion of it!

We think it likely they will soon be gratified in one respect. They have proclaimed "no more slave States" as their creed; slave States, we presume, being especially offensive to them. Very well. In a month or two they will not have any. The slave States will be out of the Union, and then the North will be relieved of the monstrous sin of being responsible for the existence of slavery in the Union. They ought to be grateful to the slave States, and we doubt not will be, for putting them in a position where they will have nothing to do with this terrible thing of slavery.

TALK ON 'CHANGE.

The talk on the flags yesterday was varied. Some remarks are made about clearances of vessels after the 23d inst. We are not yet in a state of war. The first gun has not yet been fired by the Northern confederacy on the South. When it is, some folks ask, "Will it not be a good time to confiscate some of the Northern ships now in Southern ports!" On this question many parties on Carondelet street are disinclined to talk much. We might talk for them. Of course, cotton is being hurried on shipboard as fast as the fifty presses of the warehouses and screws can prepare it, as well as the warehouse proprietors. There is a great deal of talk about what Collector Hatch will do after the 23d inst., or as soon as the act of secession is passed. Would it not be well for Mr. Hatch to take a walk on Carondelet street to-day and explain his course? Merchants, shippers and others are in a state of betweenity. In the meantime, the representative of Queen Victoria, the Consul, is perplexed by the numerous interrogatories hourly put as to what he intends to do. Why he will do as he has been doing. When he receives instructions from his Government, or the British Minister at Washington, he will give public notice. Mr. Bell is too shrewd a diplomatist to allow our disturbances to interfere with his supply of cotton at this moment.

The movements in cotton yesterday were large, that is, on the great levee, where several mammoth cargoes were being discharged. Among buyers and sellers there was not so much doing. After a storm comes a calm, applies to dealings in cotton as in nature's movements. The sales of the staple for the last week, that is, from Monday to Saturday, inclusive, were 87,000 bales. This quantity having to be delivered, received and exchange negotiated, rather checked the movements yesterday. There was a disposition evinced by some buyers to await further advices from the other side, now nearly due by the Canadian at Portland, say of the 3d inst. The Asia is the steamer of the 5th for New York. The interception or boarding off Cape Race has been suspended, or will be on the 15th inst. It will be resumed about the middle of April next.

The freight market continues somewhat excited. Rates have advanced to ¾d. in British bottoms, and 23-32d. is a very close shave in an American vessel. Not so close, however, as a case in years gone by, say over a third of a century, when a shipper took up a vessel at 33 ddl. of a penny. We occasionally meet this old merchant on the flags, who, by-the-bye, looks as hearty as he did in the eventful year of 1825, say thirty-six years ago.

The freight market is, of course, talked much of, and even the good Black Republican ship William Singer has been cleared by Messrs. Mecker, Knox & Co., with a full cargo of cotton for Liverpool. Some one asks us if the letters of marque are not preparing to go on a sailing excursion out of Charleston or Mobile, to inquire into the nationality of some of these down-east ships, particularly as the Governors and Legislatures of the States of Maine and Massachusetts are so rampant for coercion towards the South.

The further talk is, "What constitutes an American vessel?" There is no United States of America at this time, as the registers of these vessels read. It is suggested that the New York and New England shipowners had better keep very quiet. As for Moses H. Grinnell, the great Black Republican shipowner in New York, and Capt. Charley H. Marshall, they had best keep very calm, and not be talking so fast about advancing money to subdue the South. Two or three fleet privateers off Long Island would soon make quick work of some of their vessels, without interference from any armed vessels, particularly the present dull and inefficient steam marine belonging to our *late* yet terrible Uncle.

There was some talk about our mail arrangements. The belief is that our postal matters cannot be much worse. We hear of complaints on complaints. Many parties, subscribers to papers, have not received a number for weeks past. Merchants and others, who are regular subscribers to three or four papers, have not received a copy of either for four weeks. Some of the back or delayed bags must have come to hand. The inquiry is, "Whose fault is it?" Ask the question at our Post-office, and the reply is, "Not come." The English papers, due for three weeks past, have not been received at this office. In the meantime, to make confusion worse confounded, our Post-office has been undergoing changes and repairs, occasioning great interruption and delay to our merchants and citizens in general. These alterations ought to have been made before the office was located in the great caravansary. Some folks do not understand why and for what the changes now going on are made, unless our Postmaster thinks the present postal arrangements are to be continued. To be explicit, there is no confidence now in the postal system of the country, and in two weeks Louisiana will be an independent sovereignty, when it is hoped the postal business of this country will be opened to all parties, and steamboats allowed to take letters, as in times gone by, and merchants make their own arrangements for the transmission of their correspondence. Merchants, in parties of fifty or one hundred, can form associations for the transmission of their correspondence to all parts of the world. The talk is, that it is unnecessary for Postmaster Biddell to be at the expense of lifting up the dark, gloomy place, now called by courtesy the Postoffice of New Orleans.

In the meantime there is some enquiry of the receipts of cotton at the chief interior towns. All the information we received yesterday was from Columbus, Ga., for the last week, which shows a falling off—

Columbus, Ga., Jan. 8.	
Stock on hand September 1, 1860	4,097
Received past week	1,515
Received previously	52,833
Total receipts	54,348
Shipped past week	3,001
Shipped previously	26,812
Shipped	29,816
Stock on hand	24,532

On the 10th inst., the Southern Bank of our city tendered to the Governor of Louisiana a loan of $50,000. On the 11th inst., the branch of the Louisiana State Bank tendered the sum of $100,000, as appears by the correspondence below. It is supposed the mother bank (the old State) will be prepared to double or triple the amount. We are awaiting, with some anxiety, to know about the prescription from Doctor Morgan to our Canal Bank. We hope the resident directors will not wait for the application nor the prescription, but come right out to-morrow and place at least $100,000 forthwith at the disposal of Gov. Moore or the State of Louisiana. We feel considerably interested to learn how Doctor Morgan will feel the "pulse."

BRANCH LOUISIANA STATE BANK, Baton Rouge, Jan. 11, 1861.

To His Excellency, Thos. O. Moore, Baton Rouge:

Sir—In the present condition of the affairs of the State, I presume you will be under the necessity of contracting a loan, and from the manner in which the Louisiana State Bank has heretofore extended relief to the State whenever it has been required, I feel authorized to place at your disposal, and without charge of interest, one hundred thousand dollars.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
WM. S. PIKE, Cashier.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, BATON ROUGE, LA., January 12, 1861.

To Wm. S. Pike, Esq., Cashier Branch Louisiana State Bank:

Sir—In reply to the generous and patriotic proposition made by you on the 11th inst., in behalf of the Louisiana State Bank, to loan to the State, without interest, one hundred thousand dollars, permit me to give you, and the members of your corporation, in the name of the people of Louisiana, my cordial thanks. Your offer will be reported to the Legislature at its approaching session, and whenever the State Treasury shall require replenishment, it will doubtless be taken into consideration.

Very respectfully,
THOS. O. MOORE,
Governor of the State of Louisiana.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

THE MY ARMS, New York, Jan. 5, 1861.

Mr. Editor—Flags are flying from all prominent buildings in the city, including the Tribune office, in honor of the battle of New Orleans. It is envious to note the changes of men with the changes of the times. The Black Republicans are now the most ardent admirers of Mr. Jefferson and Gen. Jackson. The Black Republicans are the representatives of the old Blue-Light Federalists, who hated the sages of Monticello and the Hermitage beyond any other man in the world. Andrew, the new Governor of Massachusetts, the friend of Garrison and John Brown, orders salutes to be fired in honor of Old Hickory; and the fellow-citizens of Mr. Seward, at Auburn, are having a grand celebration in memory of the glorious 8th of January, 1815. At the St. Nicholas Hotel, in this city, there is to be a ball this evening, and I notice the names of many Black Republicans in the list of the committee. I am not a politician. As you may know, my tastes incline to other pursuits; but I could not help thinking about these things, and also speculating as to what Old Hickory would do and say in case he could be present in the flesh about this time. I fancy that he would take these hypocritical demonstrations as so many deadly insults, and be in favor of hanging an Abolitionist for every gun that was fired.

But to conventions, and, if you please, I will leave the discussion of these vexed political questions to those wonderful fellows, the "Statesmen," at Washington, and the heavy journals everywhere, and chat a little about the great sensation of the week, Barey.

This distinguished individual came out at Niblo's Garden last Saturday afternoon, and made a very fine pecuniary thing of it. I mention this important circumstance first, because it is evidently the primary consideration in brother Barey's mind. Nominally, the price of admission at Niblo's is always the same, fifty cents. Old Billy never raised his prices, and the public was quite sure of getting a seat if it went early enough. But Nixon broke in on the rule by taking half the parquette for orchestra stalls, and Barey went a step further by reserving the whole parquette and first tier of boxes. Well, on Saturday the fifty centers came an hour or two before the doors were opened, waited patiently and then made a dead rush inside, tumbling over each other as they went, and found all the lower part of the house reserved. The public "cussed" a good deal, and then went up stairs. Barey had the dead heads chopped off, and issued the press tickets himself. He has been engineered by the illustrious Wikoff. (Miss Gamble's Wikoff) and has had splendid puffs in all the papers. The articles, however, show of themselves that they have been written by persons entirely ignorant of horseflesh.

Barey's system is simple enough, and has been so frequently described that I do not purpose to go into details. He brings a horse into a strange place, before a couple of thousand people, with myriads of lights dancing before him, strange sounds in his ears, and new sights for his eyes, catches him by the neck, circingles him and then lies up his fore leg. After struggling for some minutes the animal, who is now both fatigued and frightened, lies down in the straw, and is quite at the mercy of the operator. While there, the horse certainly will not kick or bite, and so Barey's experiments are, for the time being, successful. But the question is whether the horse is any the better for Barey after Barey has done with him. I apprehend that a horse may be easily cured of bad habits by any patient person familiar with the stable, but a really vicious horse will be vicious all his lifetime. Cruiser is a case in point. Cruiser is an ugly looking beast, without a point that indicates blood about him. No doubt Barey has a certain amount of influence over him as the warden of a prison has over the most savage convict, but for other people Cruiser is as wicked as ever. Barey gives the public some good advice about the treatment of horses, and it is a great pity that every groom and stableboy in the country could not be made to follow his directions. But he knows, as well as you or me, that they'll take the old-fashioned course.

I failed to find anything new in Barey's system. The same things that he does are done every morning in all circus rings and riding schools, but the general public, having no opportunity to see the whole of the most approved systems of horse-breaking brought down to an allspice, as I may say, and explained in a familiar way by a pleasant fellow with a good address, regard the Barey exhibition as something very wonderful. He is somewhat superficial and careless in his statement, saying, among other absurd things, that Shetland ponies were undoubtedly from Arabian stock, stunted by the cold. Pshaw!

The audience seemed delighted with the show, and Barey will have another crowded house tonight, when he gives his second "lecture," (that is what he calls them.) It is a lucky thing for Nixon & Co. that they have got hold of something to draw upon Forrest's off nights. For weeks and weeks Conway and others strutted and bellowed through miserable melo-drames to the great entertainment of a few dead-heads, but I don't suppose the average cash receipts sufficed to pay the gas bills.

Barey's show will draw as long as he can get fresh subjects. The philanthropists of the *World* newspaper (they are really too good for this world,) call him the Howard of horsefleh, and wind up a pathetic editorial with the following touching paragraph: He (the horse) is generally docile, the cases absolutely demanding the Bareyan discipline being infrequent and exceptional; but how much of suffering the poor animal undergoes from ignorance of his nature and requirements; how often his life is shortened by a brutal disregard of his capabilities and necessities, *is known only to the horse himself.*

You don't really mean that, now do you?

Forrest has announced *Brutus* for his first benefit to-morrow night. That will be his fifteth performance during his present engagement. He has played so far only six parts: Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Richard III, and Spartacus. His Hamlet, in spite of popular prejudices against it, has been declared by the critics to be his best performance. He proposes to go on for another fifty nights, which will bring him into the middle of May, and make the largest star engagement in dramatic history.

Very much to the delight of Flora McFlimsey, the opera has got upon its legs again. The Italian artists are to open at the Academy on the 21st of this month, and to sing alternately here and at Brooklyn, where the new opera house is to be dedicated on the 15th and 17th with ball and concert, and opened for opera on the 23d. This "Italian" troupe has four *primo donne*, neither of them from the sunny land. Colson is French; Adelaide Phillips hails from England and Judea; Miss Hinckley was born in Troy, not the home of Helen, but of Hiemin; La Signorina Elena is Miss Ellen Curran, all the way from Ireland, via the Conservatoire of Naples and the Imperial Theater at Rio de Janeiro. Frezzolini, the only Italian *prima donna* hereabouts, can't get an engagement. She has no voice to speak of, and would ruin any manager in his costumer's bills. The forlorn hope of the season is Miss Hinckley, who is said to be a cross between Adelina Patti and Piccolomini—a good mixture. On dit, that Hinckley's mamma has brought the young lady here to prevent her from throwing herself away on a snuffy old music master. Louisa Kellogg is mentioned as one of the company, but I don't think she'll come out. She is a pet of some of the Academy stockholders, a circumstance which don't help her with the public, and she made rather a bad thing of it concert singing in the West. The German troupe disbands after singing for Stigelli's benefit on Friday. Formes goes back to Europe, and says he is engaged at Covent Garden. Stigelli is engaged at Havana, and Fabbri goes to Milan. Fabbri is one of the greatest lyric tragedians in the world, and I wish you could have had a taste of her quality.

We are indebted to Jefferson for the sole theatrical sensation of the week. He gave as the Winter Garden, last night, Robson's burlesque of "Mazeppa." It is a screamer, and just the thing for Owens and Mrs. Leighton. Jefferson's "Mazeppa" was a compound of Forrest and Pat Booth, and was all the funnier for its apparent earnestness.

The tight times have troubled Wallack, they say, in raising the money for the building of the new theater. He has another antique in preparation. This time he will give us "La Dame de St. Tropez," a piece originally written for Frederic Lemaitre, and done into English fifteen or twenty years ago. It is a high-pressure melo-drama, full of jealousy, poisoning, and all sorts of terrible things. The present version is said to have been done by a Boston gentleman; and I am not at all surprised to hear it. The Bostonians are generally twenty years behind the times in literary as well as other matters. Jefferson has arranged Dickens' last Christmas story, "A Message from the Sea," for the Winter Garden, and the same house has a new piece written for Jefferson, by Fitz James O'Brien and Frank Warden. It turns out that Tom Taylor has shut pan on Laura Keene, and will not give her advance copies of any of his plays. Who in the world has got the fair Laura had a row with?

Times are very tight with the *literateurs* about town. Manuscripts, ever so good, won't sell. The Harpers have fallen back upon an old lot of stories and sketches, some two hundred in number, and so you may expect to enjoy the goshings of various and sandry infantile geniuses. J. Herbert, whoever he may be, purposes to publish on the 1st of February, the initial number of the "American Conservative Review," a monthly, sixty-four pages folio, to be written, he says, by the ablest pens in the country, and conducted after the fashion of the London Saturday Review. That spicy weekly, the Saturday Press, which died of that terrible newspaper malady, the shorts, is to be resurrected next week, under the title of The Bohemian.

I am afraid it won't do; in such stirring times as these, people don't care for light literature.

Au revoir, Colonel,

VERY MANY TERRIBLE.

Hotel Arrivals Yesterday.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.—T Peaties, A C Watson, R D Wendes, La; J C Clinton, Thos Woolverton, J E Forrest, Miss; J F Jordan, N C; G E Woolfolk, W A Buck, L C Stowers, B T Higginbothan, La; J B Murray, Mo; E Walworth, Natchez; C G Young, E J Gay, Sam Matthews, La; L L Taylor, F W Moore, J R Nicholson, Judge T W Hays, Miss; A C Bullitt, Ky; J M Withers, J W Henry, Ala; W A Nobley, Ark; V McKnight, Ky; Mrs and Miss T Johnson, Mrs Lane; Miss; J Garrett and lady, Miss Garrett; J Summers, Va; L West, Terrebonne; J N Scanton, N Y; L Ward, Ky; J McBee, Judge J G Skinner, Miss; A L Barber; S Hollingworth, Miss R Myers, D Lardking, La; J C Crew, J A Wilcox, G Neill, J L Hamilton, S J Spindle, Gen Thos Green and family, Miss M C Harrell, Texas; D Bradley, O P Pell, O W Dodge, N Y; H Natt, La; Chas Smith, Miss; T W Marshall, Mass.

CITY HOTEL.—A M Collier, Ala; J H Gibbons, A McLeod, Wm C Madden, C J C Pucketts, La; Wm H Lyle, M B Hand, B M Bradford, Z Lawson, Miss; J J Grant, Ga; N M Mulhollen, Ark; J M Baker, J M H Marvin and lady, H G Quick and lady, Texas; De H Fox and lady, consit Dr J S Chen, Mexico; Rev Jas Hassales, W J Holham, Miss; U B Smyth, N Y; G G Woolfolk, La; W A Brown, Chas Barris, G W Yates, Tex; J McGehee, Jno Chappill; Miss Rees, Ga; Miss Moland, J G Wright, G Gibbons, Texas; L M McGeoch, Ala; J M Winstead, Galveston, W O Morgan, Columbia; G M Ballard, Ark; W Denny, J H Thomson, Dr Roberts and lady, Perry, Miss McKay, R Spilswith, W H Tegarden, J E Micr, Miss; Jno Summers and lady, Ark; J D Shafters, Mo.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.—Wm Hendrix, Ala; James Collins, B Graffenlo; A Murdock, Miss; Wm Hunter, L Keene, Jas M Andrews, La; C Johns; E V Willis, S A Miles and lady, E Peck, City; E J Hendry, P C Magee, S Pigott, W Pigott, J C Williams, A M Anderson, Miss; H Bickler, St Louis; Mrs Kelly, Columbus; R F Hazard, Ark.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL.—L B Sower, D C; Miss Adelina Patti, Mr Patti, Mr Strakosch, Mr Bovill, Mobile; J L White, La; A J Hallick, Joseph Clark, Miss; J McPherson Creighton and lady, S C; Geo Douglas and wife, Louisville; Wm A Shephard, NY; H Dert, Fort St Philip; S E Garrett, Baton Rouge; T J Carter, C S White, Texas; Wm H Holmes, W N Dean, L M Montgomery, city; C W Taylor, England.

VERANDA HOTEL.—Capt Orven, C H Lee, Ky; A H Stevens, Hancock, Md; B Cahill, NY; D M Ely, J Fortner, La; W Stone and lady, Mo; W Wilder, Ill; J A Alexander, P K Meyers, C A Williams, J A Coldharp, J Davis and lady, Miss; F C Bivin, Louisville.

☞Dr. Charles E. Kells, Dentist, No. 153 Canal street, between Carondelet and Baronne, New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT.

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MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

FORT ST. PHILIP, Sunday, January 13—3 o'clock A. M.

Mr. Editor: The steamer Empire Parish is just unloading military stores at Fort Jackson, right opposite us, and in hopes that she may go up only after daylight, I will attempt to give you some information about the men and place, being a mixture of serious and light matter.

We are now in the middle of an excitement, and our little garrison has been up all night with double posts, outposts, and hourly rounds—a heavy task for us, as our company, 1st Louisiana Foot Rifles, is alone in charge of the Fort, under Capt. St. Paul, commander.

The night has been one of constant alarms and lynx-eyed watchfulness, and here is the reason: Towards 11 o'clock last night, the sentinels observed what appeared to be a rakish sort of a steam screw-propeller, schooner-rigged, moving up the river with great caution, and steam nearly shut off. They reported her to the commander, who, after observing her cautious and silent movements, hailed her to know her whereto and wherefrom. Hardly, however, had his voice been reverberated over the waters, when she put out at once the only two lights, stern and bow, she had on board, and shut off her steam entirely. Then, familiar, it appeared, with the currents and counter-currents of the river, she steered towards the eddy, running up stream right above the Fort for about three miles, and without canvas or steam floated up in deadly silence. Such conduct properly excited the suspicions of our commander, who at once prepared to repel any storming party that might be landed from the vessel. He went himself outside the fortifications, searched and inspected every rock, bush or strolling ground that might conceal the approach of an enemy. Meanwhile, Lieut. Lauve was distributing fresh ammunition to the men, who panted with joy at the anticipation of a fight, and it would have done your heart or any Southern heart good to see that fine band of almost heardless youths, so cool, so silent and yet so determined, at the approach of a deadly strife. After the vessel had reached the point, standing out on our side, about two miles above, she again showed her lights, and took position in the very middle of the river in a manner which enabled her, if she proved what we thought, when day broke to explode our works and batter down our batteries, without almost any peril to her. But, as we have not a single round of cannon ammunition, and not more than four or five shots apiece for our "Minie's," we shall retire into the casemates until they come to take possession, and then charge them with bayonets until the place remains ours or we are no more. Our men have been broken down by extra watching and rounds, in both of which duties they have acquitted themselves, not like raw recruits, but like old veterans. Their increased vigilance has caused already four or five alarms, which brought one-half the men to their feet, and, in every instance, the sentinels had shown the greatest prudence and bravery, never firing off until the proper challenge had been given, nor rallying in the main post until after having reloaded and resumed their beat. Yet, with only forty-four men, rank and file, that service required four double posts, say eight men as sentinels, besides the Sergeant and Corporal of the guard-house; and, believe me, such a service demands the most violent exertions on the part of the men, without speaking of the officers, who hardly ever cease watching at night.

Now, a word about Fort St. Philip itself. First located by the French, and consisting of a mere blockhouse, with a few mounted pieces, the commanding importance of the place decided the Spanish Government in establishing there a regular fort, in the construction of which immense sums and labor have been consumed. The American Government, equally appreciating the position, has already expended more than $700,000, and are under contracts amounting to $380,000 to complete the works, exclusive of arming them.

As an increase of defense, they have erected, right opposite, a stronghold known as Fort Jackson, on the plan, I believe, of Gen. Bernard, a French Engineer for many years in the U. S. service, the guns of whose batteries rake up within the bend below, whilst those of Fort St. Philip sweep down the coast a distance of five miles.

As to Fort St. Philip, it is on the plan of Vauban's celebrated Star fortresses, and flanked by two outside batteries, each of twenty-five 24-pounders, bastion form, with fine glacis, revetments and moats; but the western battery is entirely unarmed, and the eastern has only ten pieces mounted, and bearing on the lower point, whilst the whole should mount 199 guns and be protected by three more detached forts, of eight guns each, in the rear.

As to the main fort, which our company occupies, it is nearly dismantled. The casements, having been overflowed by the late storms, are covered with several inches of soft mud; the portcullis, or main gate, is dismounted, and the sally-port fallen off. In front of these only two entrances, temporary bridges, had been constructed, thereby changing those means of security and defense into means of easy ingress into the fort.

But, this is not all—the fort is entirely unprovided with powder, shot or any gunners' implements, and the order of Gov. Moore to Capt. St. Paul to sink any hostile vessel attempting to force a way up, is much like harlequin's master's orders to go forth and do battle to the last, but forgetting to give him musket, powder and balls.

Now a word about the men.

The 1st Company having been asked a detail force of only twenty-five men, mustered within three hours forty-four active members, being only the first detachment of the company, under command of the Captain and First Lieutenant, mobilized for the purpose of immediate active service, and further tendered their second or "depot" detachment, of twenty-seven men, under the orders of their Second Lieutenant.

This company is not always strong on parade days, as the men are all young natives of this city, employed in commercial houses; but, on this, their first call for active service, they are ready to muster seventy-five men—the best appointed, equipped and armed company of light infantry which the South can boast of.

Of the spirit of these young men, on garrison duty, one cannot speak too highly; placed, as it were, in a forlorn position, the most exposed, yet the most important of the State, a position which, commanding the only entrance to the city, must be obstinately defended, they have exhibited a spirit of discipline, firmness and industry, unsurpassed in volunteer troops. Accustomed to all the refinements of elegant city life, they have suddenly become inured to the hardest and roughest ways. Having no one to work for them, they have become mechanics, carpenters, masons. They have yesterday stood upwards of ten hours in water to their knees, breaking up heavy bridges and footpaths, leveling the ground on the glacis and revetments, putting up barriers and fences, building sentry-boxes, and performing more arduous service than ever hoed, perhaps, a volunteer corps. And all this, in the very middle of a dismal flat, seven miles from any civilized habitation, cooking their own food, splitting their own fuel, and carrying their own water, and in fact seeing as much hardship as military life can afford.

And in the middle of all this, the most cheerful spirit prevails, strict discipline being enforced only through the mutual confidence of the men in one another, and of all in their officers, who, knowing well that their popularity depends only on their exertions, expose themselves to more fatigue, endure more hardships, and refuse themselves more comforts, than any of their own men—but the "alarm" is now being beaten, two or three shots are fired, and the sentinels are rallying on the north bastion, where they have no doubt perceived some suspicious movements.

Seven o'clock, A. M.—The sun is up—the men are being dismissed to their quarters to enjoy some rest, after a night passed in successive alarms, and unexpected alarums. The genial sun has dispelled equally the fogs overhanging the river and the imagination of our spirited little garrison. The screw-propeller turns out to be a fine 400 tons schooner from Pensacola, which the Captain went out this morning before day-break to board, with an armed boat. The poor schooner, when hailed, got frightened, and in trying to round to, run herself hard aground on the point, where, on being perceived this morning, she was boarded and every explanation mutually made, and the vessel allowed to proceed up the river, "if she can."

So, our prize turns out less valuable than expected, but the incident served to exhibit, in a strong degree, the coolness, determination, and vigilance of our men, who, standing on their arms, in the midst of a biting norther, and a pitch-dark night, suffered not a living thing to move about within five hundred yards from their lines, without challenging or reconnoitering; and when, on one or two occasions, they deemed it necessary to fire, yet, instead of forthwith rallying the main fort, coolly took themselves to reloading and watching.

And now, that the day has dispelled the anxieties of the night, they are still more and more eager for a fight, and are begging their Captain to lead them in a schooner to the Captain of the two revenue armed cutters, now stationed outside the Passes, and whose movements may be made to interfere with our commerce. And it is most probable that our Captain, who is a thorough filibuster, will cheerfully consent to that which he himself warmly desires.

Our men are now busy making cartridges and balls, but our ammunition is short and the boat rings her last bell.

Good-bye. CHASSEUR.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8, 1861.

Mr. Editor—We get glorious news this morning, for surely that is glorious which unites the South. A dispatch has just been received from Charleston, by an army officer here, stating that Anderson, being apprized that reinforcements were on their way to him, at once wrote a letter to the officer in command of Fort Moultrie, telling him that if the reinforcements were molested in their approach to Sumter, he would fire into Moultrie. The South Carolinian replied at once, "fire, and be d—d!" So the war begins. We purchase our liberties with a price; we unite the South with that best of cements, blood.

That imbecile, untruthful old man, Buchanan, gave his word of honor to Bateler, of Virgina, that no Federal troops should be sent to Harper's Ferry. No sooner was his honor pledged than he hostered to perjure himself, by sending twenty-five soldiers there from Carlisle barracks; and the report is that other soldiers will be sent from Fort McHenry. Good! The bayonet will rouse that slumbering honest, Virginia; and when she springs, look out!

In the face of actual Federal oppression, proclaimed at the cannon's mouth, is it conceivable that men, Southern men, New Orleans men, will commit themselves to the delay of cooperation? Tell it not in Gath! I will not, I cannot believe it. Merciful Heavens! Shall this day, so sacred to Louisianians, witness the wanton shedding of Southern blood; and Southern men, descended of the heroes of the battle of New Orleans, stand by with folded hands and say, "let us be patient and take things easy, there is no need for hurry." Indeed! You will wait then until you are bound hand and foot—for what? For fear of—horrid word—precipitation. You will see your sister cut down by the sword of a hireling, and say, "don't be excited, keep cool; take things easy." The plain truth is this, we have cause to be excited, abundant cause. The Southern man who is not excited now, either loves the North better than the South, or his fear overcomes his indignation, and *he keeps quiet because he is scared.*

After Crittenden's appeals, addressed yesterday to the Abolitionists, and their haughty, scornful silence, all Kentucky will leap to arms. Barnett reported the land in a blaze of fire ten days ago. What will it be now?

Andy Johnson, the black-hearted traitor, has been hung in effigy over and over again in West Tennessee. The brave fellows in one county carried their indignation so far as to hang Andy, and then shoot him to pieces. In another county they hang him, shot him, cut him down, quartered him, put the quarters in a coffin, nailed it down and sent it North by Adams' Express. This is the reward of coercion!

The pleasantest sight I have seen here this winter occurred in Brown's hotel the night the Memphis Appeal came with its denunciation of Andy. A tall Tennessean stood up in the middle of the floor and read it aloud to two members from his State. The article was admirably and powerfully written. The members applauded each sentence, and when the reader closed, in the excess of their delight, they rushed into each others arms like two French comrades embracing after long absence. You see the Appeal was a Douglas paper, and so strong that it divided the Democratic party and carried the State for Bell. An attack on Andy from such a source was indeed exhilarating. It showed brotherhood in the State, now that the question of arms has been raised. We shall get good tidings from the smooth-bores of Tennessee when the fight begins.

After Mr. Crittenden closed yesterday, Mr. Toombs rose and made a thorough-going Southern speech. Some of its passages displayed great power, but his habit of dropping his voice and talking as it were to himself, marred the effect very much. Still, it was up to the mark of Southern sentiment—bold, defiant, strong. He gave the North to understand that the South accepted the gage of battle eagerly, and when taken up it would not be laid down until our enemies were crazy with sorrow, in that they had been foolhardy enough to proffer it. The Abolitionists received his declaration of war with the utmost coolness. What do they care? They don't intend to fight. The mechanics they have reduced to starvation will do the fighting, and then they will get rid of them. They are in their glory. By adroit management they have got Buchanan into the war, and now they can get all the credit of ending it when they come in, or else have every excuse for carrying it on. Thus, the Lord be praised, all things conspire to accelerate dissolution and to bind the South together as one man.

Pennsylvania Avenue is full of volunteer soldiers to-day. They march badly. Very shortly they will march to another tune. Guns have been fired for Anderson. Soon they will be firing against him. At this very moment Sumter may be reducing Moultrie to ashes. No matter. We did all we could to avoid bloodshed. It has been forced upon us; and we must, we will have drop for drop. There's no loophole large enough now for the submissionists, small as they are, to creep through. They, like the rest of us, must face the music.

There is some talk about the Senators from the seceding States remaining here after their States go out, in order to stave off the passage of a force bill. Let us stoop to no such trick. It is unworthy of the South. It postpones the evil day but a short time. Let us go out boldly, fight bravely, and win an independence manfully, like our fathers before us. No Yankee tricks for us. MALOU.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURE.—Messrs. J. B. Valentine & Co., No. 31 Carondelet street, offer for sale a lot of Southern manufactured comforts. They have also on hand and for sale on consignment, Sugar to suit the most fastidious.

TELEGRAPHED TO THE NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT.

LATEST EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA AT BOSTON.

The Latest Commercial Intelligence.

[BY THE SOUTHWESTERN AND AMERICAN LINES.]

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—The steamship America, from Liverpool on the 29th and Queenstown the evening of the 30th, previously telegraphed from Halifax, arrived at this port yesterday and her mails were sent South by the evening trains.

Liverpool Cotton Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—The mails of the steamship America came to hand in full this morning, those for the South were forwarded by the early trains.

James Hewitt & Co. write to their correspondents in America, that Cotton advanced from ⅛ to ¼d. on Good Ordinary to Middling. They put down the imports for the week ending Friday, December 28, at 48,000 bales.

The quantity of Cotton known to be at sea, on Saturday, was 160,000 bales, against 250,000 bales at the corresponding period last year.

Geo. Holt & Co.'s Circular.

Geo. Holt & Co.'s Circular, by the America, reports an advance of ⅛d. to ¼d., on all qualities of Cotton, and quotes Middling Orleans at 6 7-16d.

Manchester Trade.

James Hewitt & Co.'s Circular says, the trade in Manchester for both manufactured goods and yarns was more active, and that prices were somewhat firmer.

Mails for Europe.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—The mails by the steamship Australasian, which sails from this port for Liverpool on Wednesday next, will close at 8 o'clock on the morning of that day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THINGS AT FORT JACKSON.

THE TROOPS ARE ALL WELL AND CHEERFUL.

TIDINGS FROM FORT ST. PHILIP.

FORT JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, Jan. 14, P. M.—The day closes finding us all well and in excellent spirits. We have spent much of the day in testing the pieces.

The Pelican flag floats from our ramparts from early morn till night, and is cheered by all passing vessels.

Recruiting is still going on for the regular service. We have experienced no trouble as yet.

Washington Gossip.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—A reliable correspondent from Washington reports the fitting out of an expedition to take immediate possession of the California steamers.

Removal of Specie to New Orleans.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Mr. Thomas, while Secretary of the Treasury, removed $300,000 in specie from New York to New Orleans; for what purpose is not known.

Departure of Commissioners.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Mr. Dudley, of South Carolina, and Mr. King, of Georgia, are about to leave as especial Commissioners from their respective States to make commercial arrangements with European powers.

Proceedings in Congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—In the House to-day Mr. English asked leave to offer a resolution instructing the House Committee of Thirty-three to report, without delay, measures to carry Mr. Crittenden's propositions into effect.

Mr. Garnett introduced a joint resolution to suspend the execution of the Federal laws within certain States, which was referred to the committee on Federal Relations.

Removal in Treasury Department.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—It is reported that Mr. Clayton has been removed from the Treasury Department.

[Lightning prevents the transmission of further intelligence to-night.—Rec.]

Local Intelligence.

WEATHER AND HEALTH.

THE WEATHER has been variable enough of late. We are now having another warm spell. Yesterday was sunny, and the sunshine was too warm for comfort; the atmosphere at the same time being heavy with moisture, and the banquettes and streets slimy and slippery with mud. Cold weather, if dry, would be vastly preferable to such as we had yesterday.

The Board of Health's report shows that there were only 128 interments in the city cemeteries last week. Of the number, 49 were children; and of the adults, 5 died of old age. New Orleans has never been more healthy than at present.

RETURN OF THE VOLUNTEERS FROM BATON ROUGE.

Shortly after nine o'clock yesterday morning, the steamer National arrived and landed opposite the foot of Bienville street, having on board the city volunteer companies who, under command of Capt. Walton, went to Baton Rouge to assist in the seizure of the United States Arsenal and Barracks. These companies, as we have already reported, were Capt. Walton's own company, the Washington Artillery, Lieut. Yeorkies commanding; Capt. Todd's company, the Louisiana Guards, Lieut. Girardey commanding; Capt. Gladden's company, the Crescent City Rifles, Lieut. Metcalfe commanding; the