New Orleans Daily Crescent.
MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1861.

Local Intelligence.

THE WEATHER.—During the past two days the weather has been delightfully dry and pleasant. On Saturday morning and night we had showers, but only enough of rain fell to lay the dust without making it muddy. Winter is slow in making its appearance, and the Indian summer, which we are enjoying now, leaves us very little to regret on that score. The health of the city is generally good, although in some localities there is much sickness among children, principally, however, of a mild description. If the weather continues as now for the next two or three weeks, a good crop of cotton and sugar may be expected, in spite of the bad weather we had in August and September, as cotton picking and sugar grinding must be going on at a tremendous rate in the country.

SMALL.—*Very Small.*—A gentleman whose name is at the service of Dr. Riddell, went to the Post-office on Saturday to mail a letter to San Francisco, Cal., and upon being told that the postage was two dollars and thirty cents, handed the Postmaster one of the New Orleans three dollar bills. Sixty-five cents were returned him, and Dr. Riddell said he thought that about the right amount to charge, as he had to buy silver. If this was not a small transaction on the part of a Government official, we should like to know what is or what could be.

WHITE HOODS AND DAVIS' PATENT TIE FOR BALES.—These articles are to be tested practically today at Caymansky's Cotton Press, Third District, at 12 o'clock, in presence of an assemblage of cotton factors and others interested. We shall endeavor to be on hand to see the result.

DEDICATION OF A FLAG.—That fine company, the Beauregard Rifles, Captain Eugene G. Mestier, had their flag dedicated yesterday morning at the Jesuits Church, on Baronne street. The staff to which this flag is attached was made of a piece of the flag-staff of Fort Sumter, and was presented to the company by Gen. Beauregard, shortly after he captured the fort. The flag was presented to the company by some ladies in the First District last summer. It is a rich silk Confederate flag, splendidly mounted with green fringe. The ceremonies yesterday were very interesting indeed, the military part of them being conducted by Capt. Mestier, in a manner which proved him an accomplished officer as well as Christian gentleman. The Beauregard Rifles are now one of the strongest and best drilled companies in the city, and are prepared to pitch in whenever the Yankees make their appearance in this neighborhood.

PERSEVERANCE FIRE GUARDS.—This is the name of a new military organization gotten up among the boys of Perseverance Fire Company No. 12. The company held its first meeting on Saturday night and elected officers, under the superintendence of Col. Gerard Suth, with the following result:

Captain, Wm. H. Lathare; First Lieutenant, G. Webber; Second Lieutenant, M. Lardner. These officers are all gentlemen of military information, activity and zeal, and we do sure will succeed in making Perseverance Fire Guards a crack company. Capt. Lathare has been Orderly Sergeant of the Crescent Blues for some months past, and the many friends he has in that company testify to his talent for command. He will do for that, sure. We wish him every success with his command, and hope that he will meet with the same success in drilling them that he has with the Crescent Blues.

FIFTH REGIMENT FIRE BRIGADE LOUISIANA MILITIA.—This is one of the regiments of the militia which, owing to the activity and energy of its officers, makes quite a respectable show on parade. The following is a list of the officers, field staff and line:

Col. T. O. Stark, Lieut.-Col. C. Campbell, Major L. Gardner, Adjutant H. H. Price, Quartermaster W. C. Tompkins. Captains: Company A, W. E. Seymour; Company B, N. J. Pegram; Company C, C. H. Churchill; Company D, Charles Drew; Company E, Victor Hébert; Company F, W. W. Hamlin; Company G, John Anderson; Company H, James Powers; Company J, J. B. Colpin; Company K, P. Lepoett.

CUTTING AFFRAY AT MCDONELL'S DRINKING SALOON.—On Saturday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, a fight occurred in McDonnell's drinking saloon in Theater Alley, which was a most desperate affair, and came near resulting fatally to one of the parties. A gambler named J. S. Brower and a bar-keeper named Frank, who works in the bonnet saloon, were the combatants. Brower drew a large knife from his pocket and made several cuts at Frank, stabbing him on the right temple, across the neck, under the left armpit and across the nose. The bystanders interfered at this juncture, and succeeded in stopping the fight. Frank was wounded, and could offer but little resistance to Brower's knife. After they had been separated, however, Frank seized several decanters and glasses, and showered them around Brower's head so fast that he took refuge in flight. He was soon arrested and locked up. Dr. James Burns, who happened to be present at the fight, dressed Frank's wounds, and found that none of them were serious. How he escaped death was a miracle. His clothes were almost cut from off him.

CONFEDERATE STATES' DISTRICT COURT.—The fall term of this court begins to-day at 10 o'clock. The court will hear motions for assignment for trial to-morrow.

FIRE.—A kitchen on Barracks street, between Galvez and Johnston streets, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday night at a late hour. The property belonged to a Madam Bauron; we could not hear whether it was insured or not.

LETTERS to the following addresses from our absent volunteers may be had by parties applying in person or by written order at this office:

Mrs. Widow H. Andry, George Bryans, Miss Mary A. Battounge, L. Baron, Mrs. L. Batty, C. Bruford, Mrs. Kate Barton, M. Clifford, M. Conway, Mrs. Ann Develin, C. Doyle, Mrs. F. Dachautour, Ad. Dumas, Miss Mary Carell, M. Finnegan, Thomas Fernon, P. Howerdi, Cyville Homo, Miss Lizzie Hooper, M. Hesse, John Healy, W. Harden, Miss Eveline Hastings, Mrs. Anna Hastings, Gaspard James, Jos. Jacobs, John S. Jones, Mrs. Clarance Jackson, Dion, Webster Long, Mrs. Mary Longdon, Mrs. Frank Mead (2), Mrs. Catharine Mahon, W. Moore, Ad. Miller, Miss P. Miller, Terrence Murphy, Mrs. German, Ned. Montague, John O'Brian, Joseph O'Brian, John Pearce, R. Pocheler, E. Pickard, Mrs. Mary J. Plum, P. W. Robert, A. P. Stevens, Mrs. C. Schanis, Mrs. J. Sheen, Mrs. Sarah Statton, Xavier Savy, Henry Stark, John Stringer, J. F. Sugdon, George P. Schneider, Mrs. J. Silver (2), Fortune Seiles, Capt. John Tougler, Lafrance Turner, Jacques Usner, John Wagner, Mad. Widow Geo. Carroll, Miss Jane Wise.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.—A few nights since, while we were passing along one of the streets in the First District, we saw an individual who evidently had taken at least forty drops too much. He staggered at such a rate that the street was hardly wide enough for him to get along in, and every now and then his knees would be taken with a singular kind of suppleness, and he would almost sink to the ground from an inability to maintain them in a perpendicular position. As he went along in this condition he spied another victim of "Old John Barleycorn," who, to all appearance, had made a good fight, but had been overthrown and left senseless upon the field. He lay with his head pillowed upon a granite door step, and his body and limbs doubled up almost in a knot. The discomforts of his position was apparent from the hideous noise he made in going through with the necessary respiration to support life.

This pitiable sight attracted the attention of the individual first described, and steadying himself by the aid of a lamp post he surveyed the fallen man with an air of intense interest for some time. "Gat man sick," he ejaculated, after some moments' silent contemplation. "Damn shame his—I'll tak'm t'er 'spitile—hic," he exclaimed, and staggered towards him. But, unfortunately, the man's legs were sticking out exactly in his way, and in passing over them he tripped and fell. But nothing could divert his mind from its charitable purpose; he therefore no sooner struck the banquette than he began crawling round towards the sleeper's head, and, when close enough to do so, attempted to persuade him to arise and accompany him to the hospital. But his exertions were in vain, and finally coming to this conclusion, he declared the fellow to be "drunk's'og," and turned from him with a disgust which was amusing to behold. After determining to leave the fellow to his fate, he attempted to arise, for he had all this time been upon his hands and knees, but, alas, he could not do so and maintain his center of gravity.

As often as he raised himself upright he would lose his balance and come down sprawling upon the pavement, sometimes with such force that he must have hurt himself badly. While attempting to get up, he two or three times fell across the sleeper, which shock and crushed him so badly that he was startled out of his sleep, and straightening himself to a sitting posture, he rubbed his eyes and stared at his disturber. The other then began cursing him for being so drunk as to sleep in the streets. The riled sleepy-head, whose nap had not much improved his temper, so he cursed back with extraordinary fluency, and soon the street resounded with the vilest kind of language, in the midst of which a watchman came along, and, calling for assistance, carried both off to the calaboose. We left the scene and kept on our way, wondering at the singular ways of Providence, in thus permitting a poor fellow to get himself into a scrape by a most commendable endeavor to aid a man whose condition touched his heart.

BOY ACCUSED OF ARSON.—Arthur McMahan, a lad of 14 or 15 years, was arrested last night by officer Dryden, who, upon information received, charges him with having set fire to a house on Common street, between Claiborne and Dorbigny streets, belonging to Mrs. Kearns.

FIRES LAST NIGHT.—At 7½ o'clock last evening a kitchen, situated on the corner of St. John the Baptist and Bare streets, belonging to Mr. Jeremiah O'Keefe, took fire, but was extinguished before much damage was done. It is suspected that the fire was the result of some villainy.

Another more serious fire took place about a half an hour afterwards, in the Third District, on Louisa street, between crape and Love streets. A stable belonging to Mr. Delmaille was entirely consumed. The loss, however, will not be over a thousand dollars.

The Late Battle at Columbus.

[Special to the N. O. Daily Crescent.]

NEW ORLEANS, November 10, 1861.

Mr. Editor—As I have been your regular correspondent at Columbus, Ky., since the occupation of that place by the Confederate forces, your readers, or some of them, may be tempted to expect from me a letter descriptive of the late great battle at that point. Should any be disappointed at not seeing such a letter, their disappointment will be very small as compared with mine, in not having been at Columbus to see the fight and to write about it, after having stad there and worked there so long in expectation of it.

But it is not for the purpose of making explanations or excuses that I sit down to this writing. It is merely to take the occasion, whilst here, of supplying a few words, about some of the brave Louisiana soldiers, who, according to telegraphic reports, contributed their best blood and their dear lives to the purchase of that victory in which we all so much rejoice.

The telegraph has informed us of the death of Major E. G. W. Butler, of Marks' Eleventh Louisiana Regiment. My position in the regiment did not bring me personally in contact with him; yet it is in my power to do him the full honor which he had earned as a gentleman and an officer. His social standing in this community, the honorable fighting family which he represented, his ambition and his promise as an officer, and the deep grief that his untimely death has spread in those circles are themes which I shall be left to abler pens than mine. I shall only speak of him as I saw him. As soon as he joined the regiment at Camp Moore, he entered zealously upon the discharge of his duties; drilled the regiment frequently; and though his youth as an officer was sometimes opportune, his energy and zeal soon made him a fine officer, and the battle field won the respect and confidence of all. When the regiment went on and encamped at Columbus, he was taken seriously sick, and time for a long time was prevented from getting better and reunited with the men of his regiment. When at last he was able to do so, he had lost got fully well, a week or so ago, he had lost got fully well, and had to unexpectedly to the fill to attend to his duties. And now that I hear of his death, I can remember with the greater distinctness, (and so, doubtless, do all the boys of the Eleventh) the manner in which he drilled us all at Camp Moore—especially when he made the battalion charge bayonets at double quick, with the "Yi yi yi yi yi hurah," and explained the object of the short—his desire to see how nearly man on drill could come to the actual charge in battle. Little thought was there then that, so soon, and in the very first actual charge to be made, the gallant young officer should be among the first to receive his death wound. But such are the fates of war.

A peculiar melancholy interest attaches to the death of Lieut. Robert J. Alexander, of the Cannon Guards, in the same regiment. Intimate as I was with him before the war and since, I can speak of him as one who know him well. Capt. Austin's dispatch to his father, announcing the loss of his "First Lieutenant, the young and gallant Robert Alexander," fell like a cannon shot upon the hosts of his friends in this city, and upon none more than myself, who had so lately left him, with errands to his relatives here. The peculiar interest which characterizes this death is the fatality of the pure and noble friendship which existed between the deceased and his predecessor on the red road to glory, Charles D. Drexx. Before the war, Charley Drexx and Bob Alexander were two inseparables; always together when possible, and more like twin brothers than friends. After the war, wherever they were the same; always together, and among the very first in the war. Everybody remembers when the Orleans Cadets left—the very *first* company to leave Louisiana for the war—and under what demonstrations of applause and public feeling they left. Charley Drexx's subsequent career, up to the time of his death in Virginia, was that of Bob Alexander: Charley was Bob's commander, but that was nothing; they were the same old friends, whether on or off duty.

Everybody remembers how the town received the news of Charley's death, and what honors were paid to his remains. Bob, who was at his side when he so suddenly and safely fell, accompanied the body to this city, sticking to it to the very last; and right at this desk where I now write, Bob sat and related the particulars of Charley's death, of his visit to the widow, and so on, with an emotion which might have been childish under other circumstances. The truth was, he loved him from his soul.

Having finished his sad business here, Bob—I ought now to say Alexander perhaps, or something more stately or respectful than Bob, but all who knew him will and must with me hold on to the old nick-name—Bob, I say, accepted the First Lieutenancy of the Cannon Guards, and went back to Kentucky. From this time forth I was much in his company, and many a time, when we were in a whole party together, and the social glass was passing, Bob never failed, in his own brief but feeling manner, to honor the memory of Charley Drexx. I hope none will accuse me of egotism in so much setting myself forward in this narration; my only wish is to properly set forth a trait in Bob's character which all his other friends knew well, and which everybody now has the right to know. I need not say much more. I left him, but a few days before the battle, in the flush of his health and young ambition, loved as a man by all his immediate friends, and respected and esteemed as an officer by his brother officers of the regiment.

On Friday the echoes of the bloody battle and the brilliant victory reached and thrilled New Orleans; but first among the reported dead was Bob Alexander. On Saturday the town shook hands and drank to the glorious news and to the invincibility of our great cause. It was a pretty day; all things looked gay, smiling and pleasant; but the pleasantest thing to me was the sound of the funeral tappings on the bell of Louisiana Hose Company; showing that in the death of the gallant soldier on the field of battle, the former brave and daring foreman was the more fondly remembered, and that Bob Alexander was not forgotten. I have heard some say, once say, since this news, "Poor Bob!" but I don't say it. He was a young man of purpose and of courage, and death-defying spirit; of that kind of blood, without which the tree of liberty would never flourish, and patriotism cease to be a name. If his released spirit could survey the battle-field and recognize his own late body of earth, it would only say, "I do not regret it—I was only doing my duty."

As Charley Drexx was the first Louisianian to sacrifice his life to the cause of Southern independence, so was his nearest friend and comrade, Bob Alexander, the first Rieman of New Orleans to fall on the battle-field. They fell in the same cause, but far apart. The body of the latest deceased will soon be here. When it arrives let it be properly honored.

Before the Orleans Cadets left for Pensacola, at the opening of the war, a piece of music, dedicated to the company, was published, having for its frontispiece a well-executed portrait of three Cadets, side by side, in full uniform. The three were Charley Drexx, Bob Alexander, and Eaton, who composed and dedicated the music. The two tallest of the figures represent the two deceased of whom I have been speaking. The other represents Eaton, who is still with the Cadets in Virginia. What will be his thoughts or feelings when he finds that he is the only living original of the picture, taken in a gay and pleasant mood, when no one of the three had encountered or even anticipated the vicissitudes of the red drama which was opening before them? J. G.

Letter from "Fishback."

[Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

HEADQUARTERS WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, Camp Pickens, Nov. 1, 1861.

LET US MARCH.

Mr. Editor—Are you yet too weary of the battle at Leesburg to hear any more? If not, suppose yourself on the morning after the battle in our camp. A demand has just arrived from Gen. Evans to Beauregard for a reliable battery, and our third company is accordingly to be sent, and if you choose you can go along with us. It is drizzling and dreary, and the roads as we march along with our pieces we find to be dreadful. Two regiments thunder along with us through the mud as a body guard—generally in very open order, or rather no order at all, for the roads are too impassable to admit of that. About midnight we had we have come some seventeen miles, and as we lay down for sleep in and around an old mill, a more weary and uncomfortable band of wretches than we are are probably not often seen. I doubt if the broken fragments of Napoleon's grand army, in their retreat from Moscow, were more cold, hungry and miserable. At 3 o'clock we are again on foot. When we are within two miles of Leesburg we are met by a courier who tells us that the enemy have been throwing large forces across the Potomac and that we must hold the road and bridge over Goose Creek, at Carter's Mills and await their approach at that point—about eight miles south-west of Leesburg. This we do. We camp on a bluff some two or three hundred feet high, whose base is washed by Goose Creek (or Goose Pere, as the Canadians call it) by cutting down the trees and placing our pieces upon its side. There being no enemy to fight—the Yankees having recrossed to the opposite bank—our principal employment is eating dry bread and toasting bacon on long skewers. The side of the hill is so steep that we measure the duration of our slumbers by the distance we have slid from the point where we originally lay down; and it sometimes happens that one of us who went to sleep on the brow would oblique or incline past his own camp fire and awake amid the ashes of a comrade who was some fifteen feet farther down.

Two Mississippi regiments, the Thirteenth and Eighteenth, who were in the fight, are encamped with us, and the time that is not employed in the manner above specified is spent in listening to the various descriptions of the fight. I must have heard twenty different accounts, and without out in the end being able to form any general idea of the engagement—partly, I am inclined to think, because not one man in twenty knows what is going on around him when in battle, and partly because there was no splendid plan about it. It was purely a helter skelter, up and down hill, hard fight. It was won by the energy and superior firing of our men, and my opinion is that it would have been won by the fierce onslaught of our soldiers with scarcely any generalship at all.

As you may not have a more reliable correspondent, I give you below a few particulars, as narrated to me by a Mississippian who saw the whole thing:

THE FIGHT.

Leesburg is three miles distant from the river, midway between which, and perhaps half a mile from the latter, is the battle ground. In the Potomac, not far from this point, is a small island, to which the enemy had conveyed its forces, and which were thence crossed over to the Virginia shore in long flatboats or scows. This movement was effected without the knowledge of our troops, who were scattered along at the different fords. For sometime after they had crossed, no reliable information could be gathered of their number or movements by our scouts, who seemed, indeed, to be perfectly bewildered, and who, in one or two instances, were shot at approaching our own as the enemy's camps. Capt. Doll, who commanded a Mississippi company, was the first to enter the fight, which he did at 8 o'clock, throwing out his men as skirmishers; but it was near 3 o'clock before the engagement had become general. It was then that there was seen a display of valor and resistance that has never been witnessed on this continent—decidedly more deadly than in any struggle we have hitherto had during the present war. One of the Mississippi regiments (the Eighteenth) had been assigned a position at the battle of Manassas, and had left the field with its reputation tarnished. Under this disgrace it had been chafing ever since, and the time had now come to redeem its wounded honor. I need not tell you that it did not pass unproved.

The forces upon our side were Gen. Evans' Brigade, consisting of the Eighth Virginia, (a new regiment) the Thirteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi, (if my memory reported that Gen. Evans disobeyed orders in going into battle.)

At about 3 o'clock the enemy's forces were in a slope between two hills—the ground not only there but for miles around, being mountainous and rugged in the extreme. The fire of the enemy opened upon us as we advanced, at the distance of half a mile, killing many of our men. But at that, and for a much shorter interval, our muskets were useless. At this point of time the Eighth Virginia, though sorely pressed, were holding the enemy in check in front; but the Eighteenth Mississippi, who had been double quicking it for four miles, were now drawing nigh, and fearful that our line was breaking, they gave a tremendous whoop and yell, and continued whooping and yelling, like so many devils, until fairly engaged. The fire fought well, but the cheering of our men contributed as much to win the battle as any particular circumstance of the day. While our ammunition lasted it was merely a bush fight—each man sheltering himself behind a tree or crouching upon the ground, and "encounting for his man" with a dreadful certainty of aim. On our side we had no artillery whatever to support us, while the enemy had three light mountain howitzers and one 12-pounder, which did us great damage. But our sound of cartridges were just giving out, a thing for which the enemy seemed to be waiting; and it began to be evident that if the battle was won it must be by some other means of defense. Just then the command came, "Drive them, boys, into the Potomac or into it—!," and it did not come a moment too soon. There was an unbroken charge along our whole line, which, considering the roughness of the ground and the intervening trees, was wonderful.

Few of them remained to receive us. A large body were driven over the brow of the hill and down its side, where their further course was arrested by a precipice sixty feet high. There were now no means of escape open to them, and they would probably have been some shot and bayoneted to the last man, but just then there was a confused cry from below, in the negro's of various countries, which at first was not understood or heeded, but which subsequently resolved itself into "quarter! quarter! We surrender! Silence in the vale!" One of our officers then shouted, "If you wish to surrender, send up a field officer." Answer: "We have none—they are all killed." Their highest officer, who happened to be a lieutenant, was then dispatched with an improvised flag of truce made out of a shirt. Five hundred and ten men thus delivered themselves up. Many flung themselves over the precipice and attempted to swim the river, but were mostly driven back by the cold or perished in the attempt. Orkera, whose lines were broken earlier in the fight, had meanwhile had time to put off for the Maryland shore; but, the flatboats being greatly overcrowded, and, from the movements of the demoralized soldiers in running from side to side to avoid the balls which were now flying around them, they most of them went down. One of them alone was supposed to have contained 150 men.

Many prisoners were taken the next day, wandering in the banks of the river, with no covering whatever; and I met one on his road to Manassas picturesquely attired, like the King of the Cannibal Islands, merely in a long-tailed blue coat.

The Duke of Newcastle, in a recent speech, attributed the Northern reverses to an inertia of the people. But in this battle our soldiers frequently remarked that their discipline was more stern and rigid than ours, and that their volleys were regularly discharged at the tops of the trees.

At one time during the fight a company of our men came suddenly upon some twenty of the enemy. The commander of the latter rode up to the Confederate Captain, and laying his hand roughly upon his shoulder, demanded who he was. One of our men sprang forward and answered the inquiry by knocking out the questioner's brains with his musket, and before you could have said Jack Robinson, we had acted the last one of them.

I will mention one more incident, which you will agree with me is characteristic of at least one of the contending parties: One of our soldiers coming upon an officer, shouted out to him, "Take off them tackins!"—meaning to deliver up his arms, etc. As a musket was leveled at the head of the latter, in an explanatory sort of way, he thought it best to comply, though with a very bad grace. The soldier thought he was touched with a sense of his degradation; but his opponent soon explained his emotions by remarking with a sigh, as he handed over the last article, "That belt cost me $8 in New York, and I thought it dirt cheap at that!"

You may not think my Mississippi narrator very luminous always in the above account; in fact, there are many details I never could understand from him or any one else. I merely give you the above as the current gossip of the fight the day after, on the field of battle itself.

LEESBURG.

I should like to tell you of our entrance into Leesburg, a queer old town in an agricultural district, full of old houses, gardens, pretty women generally, and particularly full of soldiers at present. We entered the town to attend the noble Col. Burt's remains, but the fact of visiting anything like a city made us feel more like Mahomet's followers as they neared Damascus. As soon as we had arrived and broken ranks, we rushed around the place with empty pockets and emptier stomachs, in search of something to eat; but the hotels were already overcrowded, and but one or two invitations were extended by private hospitality to persons out of three regiments of soldiers. We subsequently reflected that it was all right—perhaps it was their way, and that everybody there is literally eat out of house and home; but as we marched away at night, famished and hungry, and so cold that no sense of decorum could restrain many of the soldiers from putting their hands in their pockets, even while marching in the funeral procession, we lifted up our foot against the town, and thought that there were not enough Leesburg Lot's to save the town from our maledictions. FISHBACK.

Election in Pointe-a-la-Hache.

POINTE A LA HACHE, November 6, 1861.

EDITOR CRESCENT—*Sir*—Herein enclosed you will receive the official vote of this parish cast on last Monday.

Very respectfully, OSCAR ARROYO.

For Auditor—H. Persilla 498 votes; B. Haynes 4, C. Thompson 1. For Treasurer—B. L. Delcrese 480 votes. For Superintendent of Public Education—P. Winfree 152 votes, H. Avery 139, W. H. N. Magruder 88. Parish Representatives—James Fouchouze and Victor M. Solis, elected. Parish Recorder—Victor Brand, elected. Sheriff—Simon Martin, elected. Assessor—J. B. Breny, elected. Coroner—Rosémond Hingle, elected.

Official Vote of the Parish of Plaquemines for Congress.

English Turn—Wilkinson 2, Villeré 21; Poverty Point—Wilkinson 2, Villeré 20; Pointe-a-la-Hache—Wilkinson 55, Villeré 23, DeBlanc 49; Ayer's Store—Wilkinson 31, Villeré 1; Grand Prairie—Wilkinson 24, Villeré 4; Jesuits' Bend—Wilkinson 1, Villeré 25, DeBlanc 2; Ronquille Settlement—Wilkinson 64, Villeré 4; Burnt Settlement—Wilkinson 124, Villeré 19; Allen's Store—Wilkinson 42, Villeré 1. Total—Wilkinson 345, Villeré 115, DeBlanc 12.

Federal Intelligence from Kentucky.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

The troops now stationed at Bird's Point and Fort Holt are ordered into winter quarters.

ESCAPED.—Five rebel prisoners escaped—through careless guarding—on Wednesday night last, from Mt. Sterling, Ky. They had just been tried before the United States Commissioner, and were to be sent on to Frankfort the next morning.

ARREST OF A TRAITOR.—A man by the name of Hogan, employed in the secret service by the Government, was arrested at Cairo on Saturday, by Carson, the scout, for giving information to the enemy.

ARRESTED AND RELEASED.—We learn from the Frankfort Leonan that E. Rains and Daniel Boone, arrested on the charge of treason, by the Home Guards, were discharged on Wednesday, under a writ of habeas corpus after a hearing before the Federal court now in session at that place. The parties are residents of Woodford county.

The North Michigan Regiment, Col. Duffield, arrived at Jeffersonville on Sunday, and went into camp temporarily on the Indiana shore, opposite the Water-works. The regiment numbers 997 men, and was recruited in various sections of the State—some companies being composed almost entirely of farmers from the southern and middle counties, and others of lumbermen from the pineries of the north. They are a fine-looking body of men, exhibiting all the evidences of health and vigor.

EXCITEMENT AT BRANDENBURG.—There was considerable excitement at and around Brandenburg, Meade county, Kentucky, on Friday night last as the steamer Eugene passed down, caused by the circulation of a rumor that an immediate attack would be made upon that point by the rebels. At the request of the commander of the post, Capt. Sayre, of the Eugene, went with his boat to a point opposite Brandenburg and brought over fifty Indiana Home Guards, while Capt. Cobb, with the Diligent, went after and brought seventy other Indianians to reinforce the Unionists of Meade county, leaving an aggregate force of five hundred men for the defence of Brandenburg. As the Eugene returned on Sunday the legal citizens of Brandenburg were dwelling in perfect security against rebel assaults.

[COMMUNICATED.]

CAMP CLARK, HOTEL, Near Cairo, Nov. 10, 1861.

ED. CRESCENT—*Sir*: In the report of my lecture in the Tree Delta of this morning I am grossly misrepresented.

I am represented to have placed the Irish in the same category with the Germans in my abuse. Were I compelled to trust myself to the protection of any nationality it would be to the Irishmen of St. Louis. Twice have the Irish and Americans protected me from mobs of the Dutch in that city, and now I am an exile from my home by the Dutch, and in mass meeting they have passed resolutions to hang me from the top of my own college, if I dare to return. They have quartered a Dutch artillery company in my college, desolated my home, and driven my family into the mountains of Missouri for safety. That there are many Germans in the Southern Confederacy who are high-minded, true hearted, loyal Southern men, with whom I would share life and liberty, I have no doubt, and to them I regret that I made no reference, although I fully intended to do so. My remarks were intended for those Northern hordes who are our common enemies, and who would as soon cut a Southern German's throat as mine. What I have written is the unvarnished truth, and not intended to be an apology.

DR. JOS. N. MCDOWELL.

COL. SCOTT'S REGIMENT.—This splendid regiment is now completely organized and will leave early next week for Columbus, Ky. In compliance with a resolution adopted by the commissioned officers, authorizing Col. Scott to appoint a Major, he selected Jervaise Schlatre, Esq., of Iberville parish. The following is a complete list of the officers and companies comprising the regiment:

John S. Scott, Colonel.
J. O. Nixon, Lieut.-Colonel.
Jervaise Schlatre, Major.
Albert Cammack, Quartermaster.
P. S. Fox, Adjutant.
—— Robinson, Commissary.
Dr. T. C. Hotchkiss, Surgeon.
Dr. A. V. Moses, appointed Assistant Surgeon, but declined.
Jos. Colton, Forage Master.
A. Wilson, Wagon Master.

COMPANIES.

Company A—Capt. C. W. Keep, of Iberville.
Company B—Capt. J. M. Taylor, E. Baton Rouge.
Company C—Capt. W. W. Leake, East Feliciana.
Company D—Capt. J. B. Williams, Iberville.
Company E—Capt. G. A. Scott, East Feliciana.
Company F—Capt. Jos. Benjamin, Concordia.
Company G—Capt. Fenelon Cangon, Avoyelles.
Company H—Capt. J. Campbell, E. Baton Rouge.
Company I—Capt. O. Lejeune, Pointe Coupee.
Company K—Capt. W. L. Ditto, Catahoula.

[From the Baton Rouge Advocate, Friday.]

NOTHING OF IT.—For some days past it has been reported that a column of some 10,000 Federal troops had occupied Madisonville, Kentucky, and were marching on Hopkinsville, from which point the Confederate troops had been ordered to fall back to Clarksville. Gentlemen who arrived in this city yesterday, having left Louisville Friday and passed through Henderson, Madisonville and Hopkinsville, say the report is unfounded, so far as the movement of the Federal troops is concerned. There was a small Federal force at Henderson, but none at Madisonville, or any other point between Henderson and Clarksville. So passes away another of the bugaboos of the day.

[Louisville Courier, 6th.

DIAMOND RING LOST.—Twenty dollars reward is offered for the recovery of a diamond ring, lost on Friday last. We also refer to the advertisement for description, etc.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE.

DISPATCHED TO THE NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT.

LATEST FROM RICHMOND.

THE FRENCH FRIGATE PRONEY RUNS ASHORE AND IS BLOWN UP.

THE CONFEDERATE STEAMER WINSLOW FIRED AND ABANDONED.

GENS. PRICE AND MCCULLOCH.

THEIR UNITED FORCE THIRTY THOUSAND MEN.

FREMONT WITH FORTY THOUSAND.

A GREAT BATTLE IMPENDING.

The Latest from Columbus.

[BY THE SOUTHWESTERN AND AMERICAN LINES.]

RICHMOND, Nov. 10.—The Richmond Dispatch has a special dispatch from Norfolk, dated 9th, stating that the French frigate Proney, from Charleston bound for New York, went ashore on Sunday morning near Cornicocke, when the crew and officers, numbering 140, together with their baggage, arms, etc., were saved by the Confederates steamers; the frigate was subsequently set on fire and blown up. The Confederate steamer Winslow, while engaged in relieving the Proney, grounded, and was then fired and abandoned. Four Federal steamers passed the Proney before the arrival of the Confederate steamers, and disregarded the Proney's signals of distress.

Gambling Houses Broken Up and Bankers Arrested.

RICHMOND, Nov. 10.—The fashionable gambling houses were broken up last night by the police and the dealers and bankers arrested, causing considerable commotion among the sportsmen.

There is nothing of interest publicly known here from the camps or Southern coast.

One-Half of East Tennessee Railway Destroyed.

LYNCHBURG, Nov. 10.—About two hundred feet span of the bridge on the East Tennessee Railway, ten miles beyond Bristol, was burnt about 4 o'clock this morning by the Unionists, and one-half of the whole track has been destroyed by the same parties.

Bridges Burnt South of Knoxville.

It is reported that several other bridges have been burnt on the road South of Knoxville. No trains arriving, and the wires being destroyed, makes it difficult to ascertain the extent of damage.

The Killed and Wounded of Arkansas Regiment.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 10.—Col. Tappan reports the following as the loss of the Arkansas Regiment: Killed—Sanford, Faulkner, Flynn, Harris, Lomb, Rose, Wagner, Morgan, Miller, Watkins, Flippin, Orga, Morris and Carrigan. Wounded—Gamble, Herron, Noble, Robertson, Cook, Williamson, Hill, Cummings, Hyde, Dacus, South, James, Chas. Smith, Regland, Blanus, Sands, Rugland, Pemir, Moody, Hughes, Hawkins, Busby, Jas. and Wm. Bonseler, Dalton, Leon, and 28 missing.

A participator in the fight reports he saw only one of Col. Marks' Regiment dying.

The Lincolnites were 7000 picked men, but they were badly whipped.

Expected Attack at Pocahontas.

Telegrams from Des Arc, Arkansas, say Gen. Borland expects an attack at Pocahontas to-day, from 7000 Federals; also, that Gen. Jeff. Thompson is hard pressed, but reported safe.

Price, McCulloch and Fremont.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 10.—Little Rock reports received here say that Gens. Price and McCulloch are at Neosho with 20,000 men, and Fremont at Springfield with 40,000 men, and a great fight is impending.

Private Dispatch.

The following dispatch has been kindly placed at our disposal by the Hon. B. S. Tappan. It is from his brother, Col. J. C. Tappan, who commands the Thirteenth Arkansas Regiment, one of those which were stationed on the Missouri side, and which sustained the first attack of the enemy:

COLUMBUS, KY., Nov. 9.—My regiment had 12 killed, 45 wounded and 27 missing. I escaped unhurt. J. C. TAPPAN.

FROM KENTUCKY.

FEDERAL LOSS 800 AT THE BATTLE OF COLUMBUS.

Another Attack Anticipated on the Kentucky Side of the River.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 9.—The Appeal's correspondent says, Gen. Grant sent a flag of truce to Columbus yesterday, asking for an exchange of prisoners, and Gen. Polk refused, owing to the mutilating charges in the proposition. The bearer of the flag acknowledges the loss of 500. We captured 200 prisoners, and the Federals captured 26 of our men, who were mostly sick.

The gunboats of the enemy were badly damaged by our batteries. Gens. Polk, Pillow and Cheatham participated in the fight. Another attack is anticipated on the Kentucky side of the river. Memphis to-day resembles Rachael mourning for her children, business is generally suspended, and all sympathize with the wounded whom we are expecting to-morrow. It is impossible to send the list of killed and wounded, as the commander at Columbus, it seems, prevents its transmission at present. I will telegraph the list as early as possible. Col. Marks' regiment suffered but little.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 9.—Second Dispatch.—The steamer Hill will arrive on to-morrow with the wounded. We have no correct information and hardly any names are given of the killed and wounded. I will give the list as soon as possible.

From Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 9.—Brig.-Gen. John C. Breckinridge arrived here to-day from Richmond. He is assigned to the command of a brigade at Bowling Green.

Bridges Destroyed on the Chattanooga Railroad.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 9.—Two bridges were burnt last night on the Georgia State road, about fifteen miles beyond Chattanooga. It is not known whether the burning was done by an incendiary or by accident. It will, however, cause no delay, as the bridges will be repaired in a few days.

The Union Men of East Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 8.—The Union men of East Tennessee did not vote (so the returns show) at the recent election, and it is understood they do not acknowledge the Confederate Government.

The Bowling Green correspondent of the Union and American says one hundred and ten Lincolnites were sent to Broadenburg, Meade county, last week, of which the Southern men killed six and drove the balance away from the county.

From Richmond.

RICHMOND, Nov. 8.—Reliable intelligence is received here that several bridges on the railroad through Atlanta to Chattanooga, also on the railroad through East Tennessee, have been burned, and it was evidently a preconcerted movement, as the telegraph wires on these routes were removed at several points to prevent intelligence of the fact reaching the different stations.

The Courier says that a Federal Colonel was advised by a "rebel" lady with whom he was conversing at Owensboro', Kentucky, the other day, to learn his soldiers to swim, as they would probably soon have occasion to cross the Ohio in a big hurry.

The Rev. Rufus Childs, late pastor in Bethel, Vt., has eloped with an unmarried young woman named Cornelia Bosworth, leaving Mrs. Childs and three little children to mourn in disgrace.

The Great Battle Opposite Columbus.

REPORTED FOR THE NEWS IN COLUMBUS.

We are under obligations to Mr. C. D. Miller of this city for the following graphic account of the battle opposite Columbus, written by his brother, commanding Company A (Dillon Guards) of Col. Marks' 11th Louisiana regiment:

CAMP, NEAR COLUMBUS, Nov. 9.

Dear Brother—I presume that are this reaches you, you will have heard of our fight here yesterday. The fight took place on the Missouri side of the river. It commenced about 3 o'clock A. M., in the woods, between the Tennessee troops and the Hessians, the latter being estimated at from five to eight thousand strong. The Hessians drove the Tennessee troops to the river, where the Watson Battery was planted and playing on them. The Yankees charged the Battery and immediately turned the guns on the Tennesseans, who had retreated to the very brink of the river, and were fighting to the best possible advantage. It was just at the moment of time that we started across the river, having been under arms all morning.

When we reached the other side, one regiment of Tennesseans were in full retreat along the river bank, they being out of ammunition. We passed along the left flank of the enemy and attacked them in the rear, where we let loose on them, giving them fits, and putting them to flight. As they passed us in their retreat we killed them like sheep. We followed them to their boats, where, finding ourselves under a severe cannonade from their boats, and having no cannon to retaliate with, we fell back and let the poor devils go.

In their retreat they threw away every thing they could. Their line of retreat, besides being strewed with their dead bodies, was also strewn with knapsacks, blankets, overcoats, cartridge-boxes, and everything else that a soldier carries. Nearly every man in my company has a fine blue overcoat.

Our regimental loss was quite severe—nearly every company having one or two killed, besides many wounded. Major Butler was badly wounded, supposed to be mortally. Lieut. Robert Alexander, of the Cannon Guards, was killed. These are our only officers who were severely wounded or killed.

Our company's loss was Sergeant John Kelly, killed