The South-Western SUPPLEMENT.

SHREVEPORT:
Wednesday Morning, January 23d 1867.

Stanzas.

I muse of days evanished long,
Whose suns, alas, are set!
But they are dear to me and song,
And live in memory yet.

Yes, oft at midnight's hour I dream,
Forgetting care, and toil and pain,
As brilliant stars of memory gleam
From the dead past's dim arcane.

This night, December's wind sweeps by,
And like some stricken mourner grieves—
And sounds like some weird spirit's sigh
As it lingers round the eaves.

And now I dream of that sweet time
When earth seemed gay as bowers in June,
When life seemed pure as faultless rhyme
Which Hope and Joy both sang in tune.

When I loved a bright-eyed maiden
With love than none less true—
One fair as flowers of Ardenn
Laved with morning dew.

Whose smile was like the sunshine
On the sky of May—
And I longed to say its light was mine
To chase life's gloom away.

How earnestly I tried my art
To win a prize so fair!—
But, if aright I read her heart,
I roused no feeling *there*.

She often sweetly spake to me
In such bewildering tone,
I half-inclined to think that she
Would some day be my own.

But she shared in youth the common fate,
Leaving a world of care and sin—
And heaven ne'er ope'd its pearly gate
To let a lovelier angel in.

Dear Memory is fond and kind,
And bringeth back her voice's tone,
Which is a music of the mind,
As I walk the world *alone*.

VIRGINIUS HITCHEN.

In the Omnibus---A Sketch.

A mighty woman with a bundle, a cross woman with a baby, an uncomfortable woman with a dog, an old gentleman with an ear trumpet, a beaming young lady with an expansive crinoline, and the usual complement of nothing-particular people, including myself, John Hays, gentleman at large. I would not have been inside if I could have helped it; nor in an omnibus at all if I could have helped it; and, judging from the surrounding faces, we were all in the same plight. We were all hot, and we all hated one another. When a fellow creature is visibly radiating the caloric one already has in excess, hatred for him, or even her, follows in logical sequence, and we were waiting for more passengers.

"Please help me in—I'm blind!" It was the tiniest, sweetest voice; we all turned to see a little girl lay her hand confidingly on the conductor's arm. I took her from him as fearfully as if she had been in truth what she looked like—my parian Clytie—the same pure, sweet face, with the delicate features and drooping white eyelids; but the sadness of her pallor was relieved by the vivid dark gold of her hair, which fell in soft thick rolls upon her neck.

"Isn't there a dog here?" said she presently.

"Yes, darling," said the dog's owner, as she handed it to the child, looking uncomfortable no longer; the blind face turned to hers seemed to charm away its nervousness.

"What a dear little fellow," said the Clytie, and the rough terrier grew popular.

"Do they let you go far alone?" said the cross woman.

"Oh, yes." The little creature gave a low glad laugh of triumph. "I've been to the blind school; I can do everything for myself now."

"Would you mind saying that again, my dear? I'm very deaf," said the old gentleman. She repeated her sentence, adding, with an odd, womanish pity, "It must be so sad to be deaf."

I said, involuntarily, "You don't look as though you were ever sad."

"!! O, no, I never am, now Emy is well."

"Who is Emy?"

"Why, my little sister! Oh, such a little darling! but she was ill for a long time—so long."

Clytie's voice faltered, as though she were living over again a great sorrow.

"But she is well now," I said.

"O, yes, quite strong; and it's so nice."

"Have you many sisters and brothers?" asked the young lady.

"No, only Emy, and one brother, baby Tom; he's such a great, fat fellow, and he laughs—you can't think how he laughs."

If it was anything like the musical trill his sister sent rippling through the air, I should like to have heard that baby laugh.

"What does he laugh at?" said the cross woman."

"Oh, everything; at Emy and me, when we play Punch and Judy; and at dinner, when there's dumplins; and sometimes he lies on the floor and laughs at himself; and we laugh too, it's so funny." The little one's mirth was infectious; we all joined in, with various modulations of the roar of the deaf gentleman, who couldn't stop himself, and setting us off again, little Clytie, clapping her soft gloved hand till she made the dog bark, and the conductor looked in to say, "Well, if ever I saw such a row."

"Euston road, please," said Clytie, turning into a business woman all at once.

The unwelcome place seemed to come directly; as I turned from helping the child out, I saw the cross woman's face breaking up into tears.

"It's queer," she said, "but I feel like to cry to see her so merry."

I was unpleasantly conscious of what my dear mother used to call the apple in my throat, so I was grateful to the deaf gentleman for saying, "Eh!" and saving the effort of replying. We all fell into quietness, but it was curious to notice how forbearing we grew to one another; the child's great loss, worn like a flower crown on the head of some pictured saint, made our petty discomforts all melt away. The young lady began to play with the baby, the old gentleman with the dog, and I, who object to all gratuities, on the principle of never having any money to spare, was absolutely pleased when the mighty woman handed back her change to her vanquished foe, saying:

"Never mind the penny, conductor."

Even the cross woman grew quite interesting over the reminiscence of a youth she had known when she was a girl, who had recovered his sight after being blind for a year.

I think, if, instead of being a plucked service candidate, I could be a woman with a mission, I would choose that of my unconscious little Clytie.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—Dr. Franklin remarks that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in forming his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper is always a year behind the times in general information; besides they can never think much nor find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper? and who would read one regularly without paying for it?

A WAGON MISTRESS.—The Colorado Times says that a woman has gone into the freighting business between Nebraska City and Denver. She owns a wagon train, which she conducts herself, receiving her freight, hiring her hands, and superintending the loading and discharging.

A Scandinavian Story.

The following is from a work entitled "Icelandic Legends:"

"One autumn six men went on a search into the sheep-walks, with their leader, who was a strong man and dauntless withal. When they had reached the farthest point of the search, a storm came on, with a heavy snowfall, and the men lost their way, not knowing where they were. After a long walk they found that their path led down hill, and soon they found themselves in a small valley, and having by chance come across a house, they knocked at the door. There came out an old fellow, ugly and mighty rascally looking, and said it was a new thing for strangers to come and pry about his dwelling, and looked with ungleeful eye on his guests. The leader spoke for them all, and told him how they happened to come thither; and having told the old fellow this, he stepped inside the door with all his men, without waiting for the inhospitable man's leave or refusal.

"When they had sat for awhile, meat was brought them on dishes by a young damsel of downcast mien. She whispered to the guests, as she gave the meat to them: 'Eat only the meat on the edge of the dish farthest from you.' They looked, and were soon sure that all at the edge was mutton, but all the other human flesh. When they had finished, the girl removed the meat from the table, and took the wet clothes of the strangers to dry them, and said in a low voice: 'Be watchful; do not take off your underclothes, neither sleep!" It was a moonlight night, and the leader lay in a bed in the shadow, and told his comrades that they should not move or speak aught until he called them. Shortly after they had gone to rest, the old man came in, and going to the bedside of one of his guests, touched his breast, and said: 'Lean breast and craven.' And in the same way he felt them all, muttering the like well nigh at every one, till at last, when he came to the head of the leader and had felt his breast, he said: 'Fat breast and mettlesome.' And, in the same moment, he turned to a nook in the room, and seized on an ax, and returned with it to the bed of the leader. But the latter, seeing what was to come, sprang nimbly down from the bed, wherein the old cannibal dealt him a blow, missing him, of course; but the leader now seized the ax, and wrung it from the wretch's hand, who roared out: 'Up, my twelve, in the devil's name!' Now, the leader drove the ax into the old carl's pate, and he fell dead on the spot. Then the leader said: 'Up, my six, in Jesu's name!' When he had thus called upon his followers, a trap-door was opened in the floor, and there came up the head of a man. But the leader was not long in cutting it off, and thus he killed twelve of them in the open trap-door of a cellar which was under the floor.

After this they found the girl who had waited on them in the evening. She turned out to be a farmer's daughter from Eyejafjordr, whom the old man had stolen, and would force, against her will to marry his eldest son. But she bore an untellable loathing towards them all, chiefly because they killed every one that came to them who had lost his way, and then eat his flesh. Here the men found many precious things, and many sheep in the valley. They agreed that the leader should remain, and one man with him, to comfort the girl, and to watch the sheep daring the winter, in order that they might not starve for want of care. But the others returned home. The next spring the leader brought the girl home, and afterward, with the consent of her father, married her, and moved everything that he found in the valley to the North; began farming, and lived a happy and lucky life with his wife to a high age.

A Steamboat Story.

A funny scene transpired on board the steamer St. James on her last trip down. The St. James, be it known, is a favorite boat with wedding parties, on account of her superior accommodations and the general elegance which distinguishes her. At Aberdeen, a young man, dressed in his Sunday's best, and showing in all his movements that this was the happiest day of his life, came aboard, leading by the hand a timid young woman, who had sworn that day to love, honor, etc., the young man aforesaid. They were on a wedding tour to Cincinnati to see the big bridge, the Nicholson pavement, and other objects of interest. Approaching clerk Regnier, the young man steeped in bliss said:

"Look a' here, Mr. Clerk, I and Mariar have just doubled teams for life. [Mariar blushes some more and tries to draw away, but the t'other half clings to her.] We've determined to take a day to ourselves and go to Cincinnati. Now we want a—[hesitating]—a—a room—well a room—[with desperate energy]—both together.

Bride—[reproachfully]—"Josier!"

Bridegroom—stoutly—"That's what I say, and we want the best room you've got on the boat."

The clerk disposed of them satisfactorily, and "Mariar," blushing more than ever, retired to their room, it being late in the night, while her "Josier" lighting a cigar, paced the forward cabin with the importance which every young man feels when he first assumes the responsibility of paying a young woman's board as a consideration for her changing her name.

Josier at length concluded to seek his "Mariar." Accordingly he directed his footsteps towards his state-room. Softly he tapped at the door—softly tapping at that state-room door—but no response from within fell upon his listening ear. Then he gave a louder rap, and applying his lips to the key-hole, whispered shrilly, "Mariar, open the door to your Josier." Still no reply. He turned the handle, and the door being unlocked, it opened readily. He advanced one foot inside, gave a look of bewilderment, and then rushing back into the cabin in a state of frenzy, he screamed, "Stop the boat! she's gone!—overboard, may be! Captain! Oh, Mr. Clerk! where's my Mariar? Has she drowned herself? Why didn't I get two rooms? Oh, dear, tell the pilot to stop her! Give me back my Mariar!" By this time Captain Oakes, backed by his clerks, Regnier and Ross, and reinforced by the passengers generally, were on the spot.

"What the deuce is the matter?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, Captain!" said the distracted bridegroom, tearing up and down the cabin, "she always was a timid gal—afraid of getting married—gone crazy and jumped overboard—why didn't I get two rooms? Oh, dear!"

He then pointed to the state-room in which he had expected to find his "Mariar."

"Why, it's empty," said the Captain.

"Yes," said Josier, tearing his hair, "and don't you see the outdoor's open? She went crazy, I tell ye, and jumped overboard." Then, falling upon the Captain's neck, he schreeched, "Oh, give me back my Mariar!"

At this moment a state-room door adjoining opened, and there was a glimpse of a snowy nightcap, while a low, sweet voice said:

"Josier, you're a fool; what you tearin' 'round at that rate for? Have you been a drinkin'?"

Josier gave a yell of astonishment and delight, and put himself inside of that state-room door in a twinkling. He had made a mistake of the number of his state-room, that's all. Mariar hadn't gone crazy, and she hadn't jumped overboard. [Cincinnati Times.

A Connecticut paper tells an anecdote of John Morrissey, thus: "On one occasion, when some rude men were denouncing a certain minister, Morrissey remarked: 'My mother goes to that minister's church, and I'll whip any man who speaks against my mother's minister.'" Our wooden nutmeg cotemporary neglects to tell us whether the mill actually came off, and what the amount of the stake was.

City Life in Old Greece.

Had I the choice of time and place wherein to spend the term of existence, considerations of religion apart, I would without hesitation elect to be an Athenian in the age of Pericles; for such a man led a life the plan of which was exquisitely tempered with good sense, refinement and simplicity. He knew nothing of the passions that agitate the modern votary of fashion, who is forever jostling amidst an endless throng of competitors towards a common center. He resided among the friends of his childhood; among people who had watched him, his virtues, and his foibles, from his youth up. He had none of our temptations towards assumption, insolence, and extravagance. It was idle to attempt to impose upon folks who knew his income to a drachm. If he aspired to cut a dash by setting up a second chariot, or treating his friends to China wine grown in the year of the earthquake, he was aware that all his father's cronies were shaking their heads, and wondering how long Aristippus, the son of Pasias, would take about going to the crows; (for these ill-omened birds answered to what are called "the dogs" in English metaphorical history). If he happened to be short-sighted when an old school-fellow passed him in the streets, he was aware that at all the dinner-tables of the evening, men would be wondering how the grand nephew of Ctesippus, the process-server, could venture to give himself such high and mighty airs. If he felt any aspirations towards a political career, he would think twice when he saw on the front bench of his audience those very contemporaries on whose backs, a few years before, he had been hoisted three times a week for his mistakes in grammar and arithmetic. And so it was that society then had a less constrained and artificial aspect than it has ever worn in times past. Men talked for amusement and instruction, rather than for display. They lived with those whom they liked, not with those whom they feared. Their festivities and social gatherings were not special and extraordinary occasions, but formed an integral part of their every day existence. They did not dine an hour and a half later than was pleasant; and sit up five hours later than was wholesome. They did not suffer themselves to be hustled up stairs by the ladies of their family a little before midnight to dress for a ball where they would have no space to dance. They did not get together to settle the affairs of the nation in a badly ventilated Senate house at an hour when all honest men should be in bed—at an hour when, if we are to believe certain fictions, all honest men are in bed. The Athenian rose early; and, after performing a very primitive toilette, repaired forthwith to the market place, to hear the news, to transact his business, and to make his purchases for the day. If he proposed to entertain his friends in the evening, there was no time to be lost. By seven o'clock in the morning the plumpest of the blackbirds, the whitest of the celery and the firmest of the great eels from the Theban stewponds would have been bought up; and he would have been forced to content himself with a string of lean thrushes, and a cuttle-fish whose freshness might be called in question. Perhaps, while he was engaged in beating down the purveyor he might hear behind him a certain rush of people; and looking around would see two Scythian policemen sweeping the square with a rope besmeared with red chalk. Then he would know that a general assembly was to be held for the despatch of business, and would hurry off to secure a good place. And there he would sit, as an old Athenian describes himself, groaning, stretching, yawning, scratching his head, jotting down notes, and waiting for the appearance of the President and the committee to open the meeting. And presently, after a sufficiently long interval, the committee would come bustling in; treading on each other's toes, and jostling for a good place; trying to look as if it was they who had been kept waiting by the audience; for human nature is materially the same, whether on the platform of Exeter Hall, or round the tribune of the Athenian assembly. And thereupon the crier would proclaim: "Who wishes to speak about the Spartan treaty?" and the call would be for "Pericles," and the Prime Minister would rise, with his right hand thrust into his bosom, and something would be said which is still worth the reading. And, when public business was concluded, after a light breakfast, our citizen would return to his shop or his counting house, until the first afternoon; and then he would saunter down to his favorite gymnasium, and thence to his bath; for the old Greek did indeed regard his body as a sacred vessel, which he was bound to keep clean, fair, and fit for use, and would as soon have neglected his daily meal as his daily exercise. [Macmillan's Magazine.

ARTEMUS WARD'S THRASHING MACHINE.—My wife's a exceedingly practycal woman. I liv her muchly, however, and humor her little ways. Its a recklis falsehood that she henpecks me, and the young man in our neighborhood who said to me as I was distendin my diaphram with a gentle cocktail at the village tavern—who said to me in these very langwidge, "Go home, old man, onless you want another teapot throwd at you by B. J.," probably regrets hevin said so. I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle youth, and I permits no person to allood to her as B. J. outside of the family circle, of which I am it principally myself. Your other observations I scorn and disgust, and I must polish you off." He was an able-bodied young man, and, removin' his coat, he inquired if I wanted to be ground to powder? I said yes, if there was a powder grindist handy, nothin' would 'ford me greater pleasure, when he struck me a painful b ow into my right eye, causin me to mak a rapid retreat into the fire-place. I hadn't no idea that the enemy was so well organised. But I rallied and went for him in a rather wigwis style for my time of life. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes had only elapsed after the first hit, when he was carried home on a shutter. His mamma met the solemn procession at the door, and after keerfully looking her off-spring over, she said: "My son, I see how it is distinctually. You've been foolin' around a thrashin' machine. You went in at the place where they put the grain into the thingamyjig and let the horses tread on you, didn't you, my son?" The pen of no livin' orthur could describe that disfortunit young man's sitiwation more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and I went and nussed him til he got well. His reglar original father had been sent to the war. I told him I'd be a father to him myself. He smilt a sickly smile, and said I'd already been wuss than two fathers to him.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.—The fashion correspondent of the New York World writes: The new-fashioned walking-dress is invariably composed of a double skirt, the under one just long enough to escape contact with the pavement, the upper one varying in length with the style and taste of the wearer. The under petticoat may be made in folds at the edge, or may be plain and hemmed in any fantastic style. It is frequently of colored merino or cashmere, the color repeated in the trimming of the bonnet or in the casque. Young persons are permitted bright colored petticoats, if they always go out attended by their mammas or a femme de chambre. The upper skirt is cut, I believe, in six pieces, straight in front and at the back; no folds at the waist, and almost no fullness at the lower edge, which is the subject of a thousand capricious variations—plain, scolloped, pointed Greek and Roman patterns, and what not; the edges and thereabouts set off with either jet or ribbon, or galloon or in fringe. The casaque is the covering most worn with this style of dress, but it is no longer cut in the well known sack style. The peplum proper is straight in the front and in the back, and pointed at the sides.

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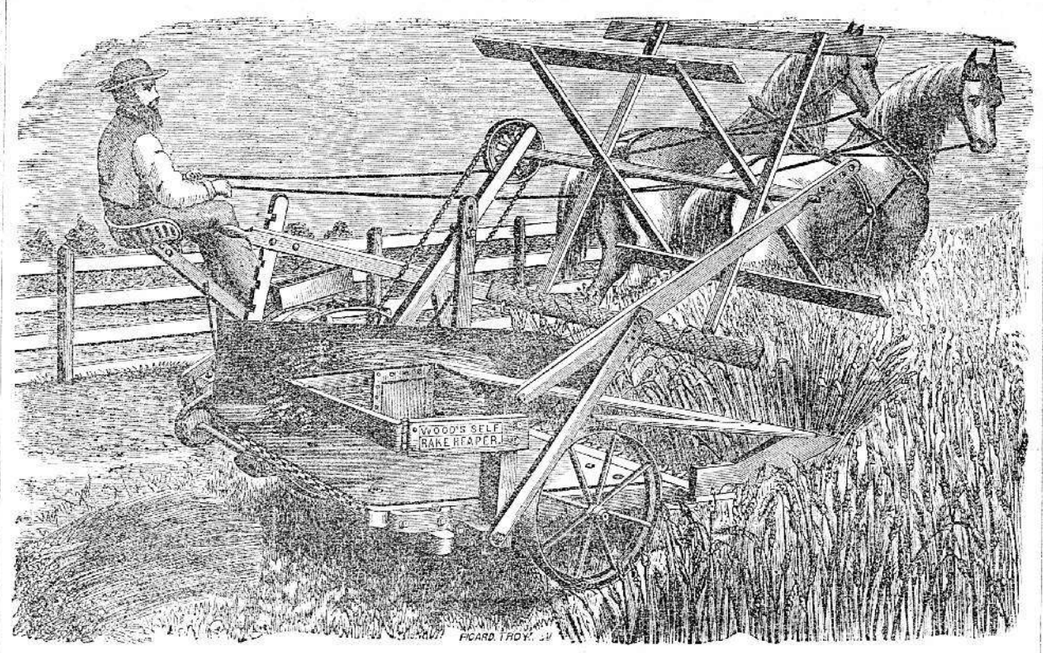

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Shreveport, December 12, 1866. [tf

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300 Sacks Salt,
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50 barrels Molasses,
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100 kegs Nails,
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Liberal deductions made when we furnish lumber for an entire building.

n28 tf NICHOLS & WATSON.

NOTICE.

E. MAYER,

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DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, &c., &c.,

is full and complete, and will be sold at the Lowest Prices.

He solicits a call from purchasers. [n14tf

SOPHIA NORMAN'S

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THE subscriber would respectfully inform her friends and the public generally, that having removed to Gen. TALIY'S NEW BUILDING, on Milam street, adjoining the Milam billiard saloon, is now prepared to accommodate gentlemen with board by the month, week, day or single meals. Her customers may rest assured that they can always be furnished with all the luxuries of the season, and in no respect will her establishment be surpassed.

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16 .....ON THE LEVEE.....16

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We are agents for BLAKEMORE, WOOLDRIDGE & CO., Commission Merchants, New Orleans. Liberal advancements made on Cotton and all other Produce shipped to them. We are also agents for McCormack's Self-Raking Reapers. The best Reaper made. A constant supply on hand.

Our stock of Groceries—consisting of all goods in this line—is new, and bought in the lowest markets, and is offered cheap as the cheapest.

Old Tennessee Rye and old Bourbon Whisky—We buy from the distillers, and defy competition in other Liquors our stocks are complete and prices low.

Tobacco—We have bought from first hands in Virginia, of the genuine VIRGINIA WEED, and cannot be beat. Call and examine.

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CASE LIQUORS—Large lot. For sale low by

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50 gross. In store and for sale by

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50 Boxes ENGLISH DAIRY:
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ED. EBERSTADT. | WM. ROBSON.

EBERSTADT & ROBSON,

DEALERS IN

FANCY AND STAPLE

GROCERIES,

Boat Stores and Confectioneries,

Corner of Texas and Market Streets,

Shreveport, Louisiana.

KEEP constantly on hand a large, well selected and fine stock of the above articles, which will be sold cheap. Terms—Cash. [febz1-tf

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

—AT—

W. C. BECK & CO.'S.

No. 3.....ON THE LEVEE.....No. 3.

SHREVEPORT, LA.

They are just in receipt of a large stock of

Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes,

READY MADE CLOTHING,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, IRON, NAILS and CASTINGS, SADDLERY and TIN-WARE.

—Also—

Bagging and Rope,

Mess Pork,
Bacon,
Lard,
Sugar,
Coffee,
Molasses,
Brandies,
Wines,
Common and Fine Whiskeys.

Including a varied assortment and supply of all descriptions of

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES.

Which we offer to our friends as low as articles of the same quality can be bought elsewhere. Please give us a call.

WM. C. BECK & CO.

P. S.—We will make advances to a reasonable extent in Cash and Supplies to reliable parties on shipment of Cotton of the NEW CROP to our friends, Messrs. S. WHITED & CO., New Orleans.

an15 tf] WM. C. B. & CO.

TO PRINTERS!

PRESS AND TYPES FOR SALE AT BARGAINS.

WE have on hand, and offer for sale at a bargain, a large quantity of surplus Printing material, as follows:

800 pounds Long Primer. (See Supplement.) Will be sold in fonts to suit purchasers.
250 " Bourgeois, "more or less."
200 " Brevier—White's make.
200 " Minion, "more or less."
50 " Double Great Primer.
50 " Great Primer.
10 fonts Wooden Letter.
50 " Display "
20 " Border.
2 sets Column Rules.
3 Roller Moulds—20-inch.
1 Medium Press, in working order.
1 Hoe Card Press, (now used daily.)

Together with Cuts, Leads, Rules, Sticks, etc., etc. In a word, we can fit out two or three country offices very cheaply. Address

L. DILLARD & CO.,
South-Western Office.

J. J. HORAN. | J. F. LOONEY.

HORAN & LOONEY,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

SADDLES, HARNESS,

—AND—

SADDLERY HARDWARE,

No. 14.....Levee Street.....No. 14.

SHREVEPORT. [ap4 tf

TEN THOUSAND YARDS A1 INDIA BAGGING—Just received and for sale, low, by

CUMMING, MORRISON & CO.,

an3 tf] No. 20 Texas street.

South-Western Office.

JOB PRINTING.

☞ The proprietors of the South-Western beg to inform their patrons and the public generally that their office is now supplied with a great variety of new and beautiful type, comprising nearly all of the latest styles, making it one of the most EXTENSIVE AND COMPLETE in the south-west, (and unequalled by any out of the city,) and that they are prepared to execute with despatch

Plain and Fancy Book and Job Printing,

of every description, from a handbill of the largest size to the smallest card, in a style of unsurpassed beauty and elegance, and

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

PAMPHLETS,	BILL HEADS,	BLANKS,
BRIEFS,	BILLS LADING,	LABELS,
BOOKS,	COTTON RECEIPTS,	HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,	BLANK NOTES,	CARDS, &c. &c.,

Printed on the shortest notice, and in a manner unequaled.

Printing in Gold, Colored Inks and Bronzes.

Those wishing to have printing executed will find it to their advantage to give the South-Western a call.

JOHN N. HOWELL,

RECEIVING, FORWARDING

AND GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

NEW BRICK WAREHOUSE,

(at the terminus of the Marshall Railroad,)

Shreveport, La.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his old patrons and the public generally that he has resumed the Receiving, Forwarding and General Commission business, at his new Brick Fireproof Warehouse, at the terminus of the railroad, on the Levee. This Warehouse, which is now nearly finished, was built under his immediate supervision, and is as near fireproof as any house in the city. He is now ready for business, and, as in days of yore, will give his undivided attention to all entrusted to him.

Liberal cash advances made on Cotton and Produce to be sold in this market or for shipment to his friends in New Orleans.

Bagging, Rope and Iron Ties furnished when desired.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

o10 tf] JOHN N. HOWELL.

G. G. GREGG, Marshall, Texas. | W. MANSELL, New Orleans.

GREGG & MANSELL,

Receiving, Forwarding

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, PLANTATION, SUPPLIES,

Family Groceries, Farming Implements, &c., &c.,

No. 6 ON THE LEVEE, SHREVEPORT, LA

HAVING purchased of S. P. Griffin & Co. their entire stock of Hardware, Groceries, Plantation Supplies, &c., together with the Warehouse Property lately owned by Howell & Buckner, we are prepared to do a general Receiving, Forwarding and Commission Business.

Our proximity to the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad and the river will enable us to conduct the Receiving and Forwarding business at as small expense to shippers as any house in the place. We are now erecting a large and commodious brick Warehouse, of the capacity of ten thousand bales. Its isolated position precludes the possibility of fire, except it originates on the premises.

Liberal CASH ADVANCES made on consignments of Cotton, Wool, Hides, &c., &c., for sale here, in New Orleans, or in New York.

jy18 6m] GREGG & MANSELL.

MOSS-SIDE INSTITUTE,

For Young Ladies.

THE SECOND TERM of this Institution will open, in the new buildings erected for the purpose, on The First Monday in October.

Accomplished teachers in all the branches, both solid and ornamental, will be in attendance.

Terms—In gold, or its equivalent, in advance, per session of twenty weeks:

Board	$100 00
Tuition	25 00
Music	20 00
Incidental	2 00

Extra charges, at the usual rates, will be made for the Languages, Painting, Drawing, &c.

No pupil will be received for a shorter time than one session.

Those who enter at any time within the first month will be charged for the whole session.

Boarding pupils must furnish their own pillows, sheets, blankets, towels, napkins, and lights.

No pains will be spared which experience and kindness may suggest, to cause the inmates of the Institute to pass their time pleasantly and profitably.

An ambulance or omnibus will run from the Belle House to the Institute every morning for the accommodation of day scholars, and return in the afternoon.

J. FRANKLIN FORD
Principal.

au15 tf]

O. L. & J. CHAMBERLIN,

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF

MACHINERY, Agricultural Implements

—AND—

ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK.

No. 7 Milam Street, Shreveport.

STEAM Engines,
Saw Mills,
Corn Mills,
Plaining Machines,
Shingle Machines,
Shafting,
Pulleys,
Circular Saws,
Belting,
Saw Gummers,
Castings, &c., &c.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Horse Powers,
Threshing Machines,
Separators,
Cultivators,
Brick Machines,
Straw Cutters,
Corn Shellers,
Plows, &c. &c.

ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK.

Patent Wire Fencing for cemetery lots and gardens, Veradahs and Summer Houses, Garden Vases, Fountains, Balcony Railings, Cemetery Ornaments, Hitching Posts, &c.

All machinery sold by us will be guaranteed to perform as represented, in every respect.

We will also put up and repair machinery of all kinds.

Give us a call, and satisfy yourselves that machinery can be bought in Shreveport as cheap as anywhere else. [jo23 1y

1845.....ESTABLISHED.....1845

T. W. JONES'

SHREVEPORT FOUNDRY,

End of Edwards Street, on Cross Bayou.

BOILER MAKER and Manufacturer of Stationary and Portable Engines, Saw Mills, Corn Mills, Pumps, Plows, Points, Gin Gearing, Grate Bars, and Babbet Metal. All kinds of Brass Castings made to order. Machinery repaired on the shortest notice.

Copper and sheet iron work done in the best style. Guage and water cocks, steam guages, gas pipe and fittings always on hand.

Special attention paid to all railroad and steamboat work.

I am also prepared to furnish lumber and corn meal at the lowest market prices.

N. B. I am the only authorised agent for J. T. KAVANAUGH, to sell rights to use and to manufacture Butler's Patent Augers (for boring artesian wells) in the States of Louisiana and Texas.

e20 1y] T. W. JONES.

E. JOHNS,

PLASTERER,

SHREVEPORT, LA.,

IS fully prepared to do any description of work in his line of business. Having a full supply of materials on hand, can furnish and do work at the shortest notice. Particular attention given to cementing and repairing cisterns. All orders left at the Phœnix Exchange, Texas street, will be promptly attended to. [au

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INFIRMARY,

TEXAS STREET,

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,

Shreveport, La.,

IS now open for the reception of Patients, male and female. Rate of charges—Rooms, per day, $3 to $7; Wards, per day, $3; Capital operations, extra. Terms—Invariably in advance, or upon satisfactory security.

W. H. WILLIAMS, M.D.
J. S. CUTLIFF, M.D.,
D. M. CLAY, M.D.

d12 tf

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have this day formed a partnership under the name of JONES & CO., and will continue the business of the late firm of Jones, Budlong & Co., at No. 3 Milam street, Shreveport, La., and will keep constantly on hand a full assortment of Wagons, Plows, and Agricultural Implements suitable for the trade.

W. A. P. JONES, Agent.
JOHN L. PAGE.

Shreveport, December 7, 1866. [d12 tf

R. DAWES,

MANUFACTURER OF

Copper, Zinc, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

Shreveport, Louisiana.

WOULD inform the public that he has recently received a stock of materials and is prepared to manufacture every description of Work. Particular attention paid to steamboat work. Cisterns, pumps repaired at the shortest notice.

Shreveport, June 12, 1865.

BRICKS! BRICKS!

533,000 BRICKS, well burnt, for sale by COLLINS & COLE.

Texas street, opposite Court House.

Shreveport, July 4, 1866-tf