

The South-Western SUPPLEMENT.

SHREVEPORT: WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1867.

Character of the Leading Long-Haired

BARBARIAN IN VIRGINIA. The Petersburg Index publishes the following letter, showing what number of men are stirring up the darkness in that part of Virginia:

Petersburg, Va., April 10, 1867.

Mr. Editor—Having many years ago known a man by the name of J. W. Hunnicutt, in Lunenburg county, I was attracted to Poplar Lawn on Monday last, to determine whether the great Union shirker and abolitionist, so earnest of late in his attempts to gain the confidence of the colored people, could be the same individual with whom I had been acquainted at a time when the entire country in which he lived despised him for his cruelty to slaves, among other flagrant crimes.

Arriving at the gathering, I caught the same shrill tones which many a time had echoed blasphemously through the little country church in Lunenburg, and saw with a shudder that the same man who had been the signal for muttered curses whenever seen by a negro in former days.

Just as I arrived on the ground, the reverend hypocrite was reciting the reasons for which he loved Virginia—one given being the whining statement that in her soil lay that which was mortal of a darling wife, who all had gone before to heaven—the best woman, etc. My mind recurred to facts which should cause his honary head to bow, and his false tongue to palsy with remorse, whenever he remembers the woman who bore his name. Hunnicutt married Miss ... of Lunenburg, some thirty years ago, becoming the owner, by his marriage, of a comfortable farm and quite a large number of negroes. He was a devoted preacher at the time, but was subsequently expelled from the Conference for doctrinal heresies, and became the founder of a new sect—a branch unrecognised of the Baptist persuasion. He was known for miles around as a cruel master, was undoubtedly a negro trader, and for the slightest offense would flog and gag his slaves, and lay them out in the sun for hours. Finally, he sold all his negroes, and invested the proceeds in a stock of groceries, and carried on a small country business (the usual routine of cheating negroes, and encouraging theft,) until he failed.

But to return to the subject of his dear wife in heaven. The closing act of his residence in Lunenburg, and your correspondent's acquaintance with him, was in this wise: He had taken into his house, as a servant, a poor white girl of the county, whom he seduced. Concomitant becoming impossible, after a while his wife made discovery and complaint, whereupon this model Christian and philanthropist horsewhipped the injured woman, and ran off with the girl he had ruined, leaving his family perfectly unprovided for and dependent upon the charities of the people he now abuses so roundly.

I heard of him once afterwards at Fredericksburg, but saw him no more until his white about the "dear departed" recalled these facts of his life to my mind.

There may aid in removing the sheep's clothing from this wolf who invades our fold. The truth of this statement can be attested by numbers of persons yet living near Lunenburg Courthouse, and my name is at the disposal of any one anxious to sift this matter.

Yours, &c., A POOR WHITE MAN.

The Richmond Times remarks: There are many (not a few in Richmond) in Virginia who seem to know that Hunnicutt was first, at least, hypocritical in all—Methodist, Baptist, Campbellite, Thomistic, Hittite and Onshite. He started with the former—may have jumped and slipped a little—but finally settled down as "too mean for niggers."

Japanese Jugglers.

A company of acrobats, conjurers and jugglers, from Japan, have established themselves at St. Martin's Hall, London, where, richly habited in their native costumes, they go through a series of feats that may be regarded as a specimen of the amusements that find favor in a region to which the attention of the public has of late been more than commonly directed. That they are genuine Japanese (says a London journal) there can be no reasonable doubt, inasmuch as their testimonials are plainly inscribed on their features. The juggling tricks of the Japanese are most remarkable, two of these being of a kind altogether new to a European public. In one of them a large top, spun with a string on exactly the same principle as the common juggling top, is made to display a degree of docility that almost entitles it to be classed among the more intelligent members of the brute creation.

The juggler throws it out with a force which enables it to remain spinning for several minutes. Sometimes he lets it loose together and compels it to bound from its perpendicular position and remain spinning at an angle of forty-five degrees; sometimes he detains it at the further end of his string, which becomes rigid by the tension, and takes now a horizontal, now a vertical position, the top on one occasion flying up into a box suspended from the ceiling and causing a shower of gold leaf to fall upon the juggler.

The crowning feat of the "top-spinner," as he is called, is to land the top into a sort of wooden tramroad, that extends from the front to the back of the platform, and to the front again on the opposite side, varied by all sorts of curves and angles, and to pass through strange miniature edifices, built in the latest new style. Through the force of a single throw the top completes the whole of its journey along this intricate road, going over two vertical semi-circular curves just as it is about to reach him.

The performance of this trick constitutes the whole duty of the top-spinner, and the same may be said of the so-called "butterfly trick," which is the other great achievement of the evening.

To perform this the juggler tears a piece of paper into small fragments, out of two of which he makes a pair of artificial butterflies, about the size of life. By the aid of two fans he not only keeps them floating in the air, but makes them settle on a large bouquet of flowers, and dart in and out of a porcelain vase. For the most part the entertainment is evidenced by the delighted shrieks and shouts of two Japanese children, who encourage the juggler in the discharge of his duty, and occupy that sort of mid position between spectator and performer which belongs to the clown of the equestrian ring.

The hilarity thus promoted is qualified by a dismal accompaniment played on the musical instruments of Japan, which endures nearly the whole evening. Other members of the troupe go through feats on the tight rope, and do a few conjuring tricks; but in these there is not much novelty, and the deliberate slowness with which the Japanese make their preparations contrasts disadvantageously with the nimble European artists of the same kind. But the "top" and the "butterfly" are really unique, and should be seen by every one who takes an interest in the quasi-oriental arts to which they belong. If there is any deception in the tricks, they are still most ingenious; if there is none, they are marvelous.

A Sketch of Major General P. R. Cleburne.

From the Land We Love, for April.

Patrick R. Cleburne deserves a prominent place among the great heroes who have illustrated Southern heroism and Southern history. His name brings a thrill of the heart to every true son of the South, just as his presence brought success wherever he moved on the field of battle.

"Cleburne is here!" meant that all was well. Where he was, no masses of the enemy could break his lines, no matter how fearful the odds. When he led a column, his onslaught was irresistible and never failed to carry the opposing lines—save at one point only, and there it was the grave of the Stone-wall of the Western army, and his devoted division.

It is not the intention of this article to give a history of P. R. Cleburne's life previous to the beginning of the war; for that he is ignorant in the main; nor of the achievements of Major General P. R. Cleburne during the war, for that is a part of the history of the short-lived Southern Confederacy written in the stricken hearts of all her mourning sons and daughters. But we propose to give to the world some few incidents in the life of this remarkable man, that might be otherwise consigned to undeserved oblivion, yet which give indications of character, that may be considered of interest sufficient to merit a place among the chronicles of the Land We Love.

General Cleburne was rather above than under the medium height, perhaps five feet ten or eleven inches tall, with a broad chest, and a face as the war progressed, with the constant wear of mind and body unceasingly restless. He had a gray eye of very engaging expression, sometimes as cold and dead as that of a fish, yet when excited, it flashed like a broadsword. His hair, that was originally black, became very gray before the close of the war, and being closely cropped, it stood above his forehead in bristly individuality. High cheek bones, with his lower visage, a rather small complexion, with little beard, and remarkably large ears; with long limbs and heavy emphatic steps in walking, he was not one in appearance or manner, who would have been looked upon as a common soldier. He had been but little over forty years old, at the time of his death. His recent would at any time have betrayed his nativity, but when given emphatic orders on the field, the harsh rolling of his r's was sometimes startling. Not one of his soldiers but can recall the peculiar intonation given to his command "Forward—M-A-R-C-H!" the first word being syllabed with remarkable distinctness, while the latter was given with the broadest brogue imaginable. Nor can we forget his truly Irish rendering (bar-r-r-l) of the word "barrel," when lecturing his class of officers on the rifle, its parts, uses, etc. The loss of two front teeth (carried away by a missile ball from the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, by the voice of a Irishman, when speaking hurriedly and angrily, that was peculiarly unpleasant. Habitually thoughtful and grave, he was considered cold and repellent in manner by those who only met him in his official capacity; but to his intimate friends, he was genial and pleasant in conversation; with, at times, a real sparkling of Irish wit and humor that would bring the hearty laugh from auditors, responsive to his rather grim smile.

The writer recalls a broad laugh of General C.'s at a witicism of his always warm friend and admirer, Lieutenant General W. J. Hardee. Owing to General C.'s methodical habits and military precision of movements, his division was always last of "Hardee's Corps" to arrive on the battlefield, for which reason Hardee gave him the sobriquet of "the late General Cleburne."

While General Joseph E. Johnston's army lay at Dalton, Georgia, and Cleburne's division occupied the advance at Tunnel Hill, the writer was on one occasion at "division headquarters," in familiar conversation with Gen. C. and one of his staff, when (General C.) chanced to make some very apropos quotation from a well-known poet. "On an expression of surprise that he should be so familiar with what, we supposed, he considered a very useless branch of literature, he rather thoughtfully remarked: "All my knowledge of this character of reading nearly acquired in the large hospital near Gravesend, England."

In reply to the interrogation, rather expressed in our faces than spoken, he went on to say: "Like a good many others of my unfortunate countrymen, after crossing the channel to better my fortune, I found that more difficult than I had imagined, so I was compelled to accept the demerit reward and join the British army, when I was about twenty-two years old." He related a good deal of information relative to the English army, its drills, discipline, etc., that cannot be recalled to mind, but of himself he said: "I was at once promoted, for good conduct, to the rank of corporal, and I was proud of that corporal's commission, and that of major general. But, disgraceful to tell, I was cashiered and reduced to the ranks."

Of course, we expressed the utmost anxiety to know the cause of his disgrace. With pretended reluctance, and with the remark that his "experience might prove of benefit to us," he related the circumstance, as follows: "My regiment had been ordered out to drill with knapsacks—he then enumerated the various articles that the army regulations required to be kept in the knapsack, from overcoat to blacking brush." As I had been over for several days, I disliked very much weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, so I thought I would substitute my pillow for the usual contents, and went thus upon drill. What was my consternation while drilling to hear the command, "INSPECTION—KNAPSACKS!" There was no help for it; the pillow was found, and I was a corporal no longer."

He afterwards went on to state of his earlier army life, that "from exposure during inclement weather, I was afflicted with severe rheumatism, which amounted to paralysis of one side; and it was while in this condition, having access to the large library attached to the hospital that I indulged a taste for the British poets, that I had hitherto no time to gratify. After remaining about three years in the army, through the exertions of influential friends, I procured my discharge, which was written on parchment, and on the lower margin, in the space left for statement of character, was written, 'A good soldier.' This discharge I have carefully kept from that day to this, and feeling proud of the indorsement of my officers then, have tried to maintain the same character throughout the present war."

We give the above conversation entire, and as nearly in the words used as our memory will allow, since it presents an interesting episode in the earlier part of a life that has since become immortal. There was no man in the Southern army who labored so indignantly for the benefit and improvement of the troops under his command. His regiment, (the 1st Arkansas, afterwards the 15th,) while under his command, was perhaps the best drilled in the Army of Tennessee; so with his brigade, and afterwards his division. Whenever his command was positively not in motion, he required of his subordinate officers to keep up a constant course of drill, discipline and study. He, himself, while the army lay at Wartrace, Chickamauga, Dalton and elsewhere, had his daily recitations, at which each brigadier general and field officer in his division was compelled to attend. The writer has in his mind some vivid pictures of the school-boy-like groups of scarred veterans collecting around the schoolhouse near Dalton (built by Gen. C. in order for this express purpose) eagerly scanning "Hardee," the "Ill of Scott's Light Infantry" for the lesson announced the

A Mississippi Romance.

WHO NAMED BAKER'S CREEK?

A correspondent of the Raymond (Miss.) Gazette, over the signature of "Old Citizen," gives the following graphic account of some scenes of former Mississippi times, which will be read with interest, both from its local reference and its romantic story. We extract from his letter:

Sometime previous and subsequent to the arrest of Aaron Burr, there was an organized band of robbers, (called "land pirates,") who committed depredations on the river and public highways. The leader or captain of this band was a man of great shrewdness and penetration. He had a peculiar talent to lead and to govern, and by nature he was born to command. He possessed an order of talent worthy a better calling. Their headquarters were on the banks of a bygone west of the river, which now bears the name of their captain. There were some settled citizens who had a secret connection with this band.

At that time General Cowles Mead was federal Governor of the Territory, and George Poindexter was federal Judge. They and the other officers, and some of the nabobs and aristocracy, resided at Greenville, in Jefferson county, (formerly the romantic residence of the Spanish alcaide,) then a thriving little inland town.

At that time there were no steamboats, and western produce was all brought down the river in flatboats. A Mr. Baker, a citizen of Kentucky, was in the habit of descending the river every winter in supercargo shipments of produce, and at Natchez he disposed of boats and cargo, and returned to Kentucky on horseback. As there were then no banks to sell checks, he had to carry the gold to Kentucky. On one of his trips he called on the keeper of the hotel in Natchez, where he boarded, for some thread, or other articles, to complete a close jacket in which to carry his gold. And not suspecting the man, he incautiously disclosed to him his plans. The hotel keeper treated him very courteously, and kindly professed to assist him in making the jacket and putting in the gold. This man was the only individual to whom Mr. Baker made any disclosures.

Things went on very pleasantly in Natchez, and in a few days Mr. Baker and a Kentucky friend set out for home. They traveled on leisurely and pleasantly for several days, and as is usual with horseback travelers, generally when they rode into a creek, one would ask the other, what shall we name this creek? When they rode into Baker's creek, one asked the other that question—and just at that moment twelve armed men appeared on the opposite bank of the creek, and the captain of the hand spoke in a loud but pleasant tone, and said, "We will call it BAKER'S CREEK."

Sudden as a flash, this incident explained to Mr. Baker all the extravagant demonstrations of courtesy and friendship manifested to him by the hotel-keeper in Natchez. In the company at the creek, the captain of his men might have been then for a land pirate, or a band of robbers—so courteous, so pleasant, so affable! "Good morning, gentlemen! I hope you are very well! Very glad to see you, gentlemen! Ride up! Ride up, gentlemen, and light! Mr. Baker and his traveling companion rode up; the captain and his company formed a semicircle to receive them. The captain walked up to Mr. Baker and shook hands with him very cordially, saying, "This is Mr. Baker, I presume—and this (alluding to himself) is Captain ... After asking some questions about the state of business on the river, the condition of things in Natchez and Greenville, etc., the Captain said, "We want your money; hand it over, gentlemen!" Mr. Baker and his friend took out what money they had in their pockets and handed it over. The captain then said, "Now, Mr. Baker, take off your close jacket and hand it over. This being done, the captain said, "Now, put on your clothes, Mr. Baker." While all this was being done two men held the horses. The captain then said to Mr. Baker and his companion, "Gentlemen, mount your horses," and then wishing them a pleasant trip, and a safe arrival at home, ordered them to pursue their journey.

On receiving authentic information of this robbery, Governor Mead issued a proclamation offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the head of Captain ... A few days afterwards, a stranger—a savage looking, giant like, "half horse, half alligator" sort of man—went into Greenville, on a clear frosty morning, and delivered to the Governor the head of Captain ... There were many persons in and around Greenville, who had long known Captain ... and could declare under oath that the head brought in by the heroic stranger was the head of Captain ... The news soon spread through the place; the whole town was in a hubbub. There was a very great excitement. The heroic stranger was "the observed of all observers," and the center of great attraction. He was dressed and equipped, and regarded as a God-sent benefactor; for Captain ... had long been a great terror to the whole country.

On the morning of this occurrence, there was another stranger in Greenville—a traveler—who had just come down the "Natchez Trace." He was, perhaps, slightly known by some of the official citizens of Greenville. He was traveling towards Natchez, and had called in for his breakfast. Attracted by the jubilant demonstrations of the crowd, he went out to see what was going on. He quietly took an unobtrusive but scrutinizing look at the hero stranger, and while the Governor was arranging to pay over the reward, he secretly got his ear, and informed him that the hero was a robber. That he and another savage ruffian had, a few days before, robbed him. Upon this information a warrant was issued, the hero stranger was arrested, tried, convicted, and condemned to be hanged; and, on the same day, the meridian sun looked down upon a gallows, on the top of which was stuck the head of Captain ... and under which dangled the hero stranger who beheld him. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

The next winter Mr. Baker descended the river as usual, but a few days before he arrived at Natchez, his hotel friend sold out and "left for parts unknown."

A MATERNAL GOBLER.—The Butte Record tells of a turkey gobbler up in that region which sat upon a nest of chicken eggs, hatched them out and reared a brood of chickens last summer. This old gobbler must have had the ambition of a "man milliner," or his ideas of economy would not permit him to see the raw material go to waste. It has been generally understood that the male turkey, in a wild state, is naturally disposed to destroy instead of rearing its own young. If the gobbler was not disgusted with his progeny, his brood must have entertained some exalted ideas of their parent, when he chose to spare himself.

A Maternal Gobbler.

THE BUTTE RECORD TELLS OF A TURKEY GOBBLER UP IN THAT REGION WHICH SAT UPON A NEST OF CHICKEN EGGS, HATCHED THEM OUT AND REARED A BROOD OF CHICKENS LAST SUMMER.

This old gobbler must have had the ambition of a "man milliner," or his ideas of economy would not permit him to see the raw material go to waste. It has been generally understood that the male turkey, in a wild state, is naturally disposed to destroy instead of rearing its own young. If the gobbler was not disgusted with his progeny, his brood must have entertained some exalted ideas of their parent, when he chose to spare himself.

A little girl four years old was recently called as a witness in a police court, and, in answer to the question as to what became of little girls who tell falsehoods, she innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

According to the estimates of the Governor of South Carolina, there are one hundred thousand persons in that State that have not tasted meat for thirty days. Several cases of starvation are reported.

Ex-Confederate Generals Loring and Sibley are engaged in business in New York.

L. C. DELISE & CO.

RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agents for the sale of Agricultural Implements of all kinds, Mills, Machinery, Boiling, &c., &c., Marshall, Texas.

WHOLESALE AND COMMISSION DEPARTMENT in their large brick building, at the Depot Retail and Sample Departments, in their Store House, north side of the public square. Liberal advances made on consignments, and special attention paid to the sale of Cotton, Wool, Hides, Agricultural Implements, Mills, Machinery, Pottery, Stoves, &c., &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &c., &c., 28 TEXAS STREET, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA.

THE following is a synopsis of the goods we have in store, and are now offering for sale: DOMESTICS, Brown and Bleached, Cotton Yarns, Osnaburghs, Denims, Stripes, &c., PRINTS, All kinds of American Prints, French and English Prints, DRESS GOODS, French and English, of all kinds, LINEN GOODS, Linen Damasks, Towels, crash, Handkerchiefs, Diapers, Shirt Fronts, WHITE GOODS, Jaconets, Cambrics, Nansouks, Checks, Stripes, Lawns, &c., EMBROIDERIES, Of every description, Hamburg Trimmings, &c., IMPORTED HOSIERY AND GLOVES, Containing every article in the Trade, DOMESTIC HOSIERY, And Underwear of every description, CLOTHING, And MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, of all kinds, SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, Pongees, Bandannas, Towels, Corals, &c., FLANNELS, All grades, widths and colors, imported and domestic, SUMMER CASSIMERE and Cloth, French and English, YANKEE NOTIONS, Including Buttons, Braids, Spool Cotton, Bindings, &c., HARDWARE, of every description, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, CUTLERY, Tables and Pocket, from best manufacturers, SMOKING and CHEWING TOBACCO, Table of W. G. SPILKER, Texas Street, (Harris's old stand,) near Spring, Shreveport, Louisiana, DEALER IN STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CORDIALS, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Plantation Supplies, &c., &c., &c.

WILL keep constantly on hand, a complete stock of choice Family Groceries, Fine Wines, Liquors, Canned Goods, and everything in his line requisite for family and plantation use, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices. 127 Mr. C. H. SHELKER, as Agent for W. G. SPILKER, will give his personal attention to all business of the firm.

A. KIMBLE'S CARRIAGE FACTORY. Receiving, Forwarding, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND STEAMBOAT AGENTS, WHARF-BOAT, DAVIS & HORTON, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS, SHREVEPORT, LA.

ALL WORK guaranteed and at low prices. Orders left at Hyams & Kennedy's Drug Store, or at Kahn & Kaufman's Hardware Store, will be promptly attended to by us. SOUTHERN MANUFACTURE OF SADDLES, BRIDLES AND HARNESS, and everything in the Saddle Line. All orders promptly filled. Repairing done on liberal terms and at short notice. In Brown's New Building, No. 93 Texas street, Shreveport.

LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEEDS. A LARGE supply of the above named popular Seeds, in quantities to suit purchasers, by sale of WHITE & CO. 1866 GROWTH 1866

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his old patrons and the public in general, that he has opened the Carriage and Wagon Business, at the well known stand formerly occupied by Messrs. Robson & Kimble, corner of Milam and Edwards streets. Will keep constantly on hand, Wagons, Buggies, Carts, Wheel-Barrows, &c. We will also keep on hand for sale an extensive and complete assortment of Carriage Harness, consisting in part, as follows: Axles, Springs, Carriage Bolts, Clips, Moll Castings, and Duck, Pot Leather, Hubs, Rims, Buggy and Wagon Seats, Stone Colls, and Oval Iron. Having secured the services of Mr. CHASE, late of Washington, Ark., as superintendent, I can assure those who favor me with their patronage, that their work will be done in a satisfactory manner. Repairing of all kinds done on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices.

WHITE AND RED ONION SETS. A LARGE and complete assortment, just received, in quantities sufficient to supply all demands. Also, a heavy consignment of SHAKER KENTUCKY GARDEN SEEDS, by the box, and assorted. Liberal discount to wholesale dealers. T. H. MORRIS, Texas street.

PLOWS!

THE CELEBRATED "BRINLY" STEEL PLOW!

Warranted to scour in the "Hog-Wallow" Lands of Texas.

THE BEST PLOW FOR BOTTOM LANDS EVER INVENTED. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

GREGG & MANSSELL, SOLE AGENTS, No. 6 on the Levee, Shreveport, La.

MISSOURI STORE. F. W. H. CUMMING, | SAM'L. M. ROBERTSON, | A. F. CARR, CUMMING, MORRISON & CO., DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Queensware, Hardware, Coat Oil, Linens, &c., &c., Sign of THE BEARS (South & Lewis old stand), 28 TEXAS STREET, SHREVEPORT, LA.

THE following is a synopsis of the goods we have in store, and are now offering for sale: DOMESTICS, Brown and Bleached, Cotton Yarns, Osnaburghs, Denims, Stripes, &c., PRINTS, All kinds of American Prints, French and English Prints, DRESS GOODS, French and English, of all kinds, LINEN GOODS, Linen Damasks, Towels, crash, Handkerchiefs, Diapers, Shirt Fronts, WHITE GOODS, Jaconets, Cambrics, Nansouks, Checks, Stripes, Lawns, &c., EMBROIDERIES, Of every description, Hamburg Trimmings, &c., IMPORTED HOSIERY AND GLOVES, Containing every article in the Trade, DOMESTIC HOSIERY, And Underwear of every description, CLOTHING, And MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, of all kinds, SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, Pongees, Bandannas, Towels, Corals, &c., FLANNELS, All grades, widths and colors, imported and domestic, SUMMER CASSIMERE and Cloth, French and English, YANKEE NOTIONS, Including Buttons, Braids, Spool Cotton, Bindings, &c., HARDWARE, of every description, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, CUTLERY, Tables and Pocket, from best manufacturers, SMOKING and CHEWING TOBACCO, Table of W. G. SPILKER, Texas Street, (Harris's old stand,) near Spring, Shreveport, Louisiana, DEALER IN STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CORDIALS, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Plantation Supplies, &c., &c., &c.

WILL keep constantly on hand, a complete stock of choice Family Groceries, Fine Wines, Liquors, Canned Goods, and everything in his line requisite for family and plantation use, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices. 127 Mr. C. H. SHELKER, as Agent for W. G. SPILKER, will give his personal attention to all business of the firm.

A. KIMBLE'S CARRIAGE FACTORY. Receiving, Forwarding, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND STEAMBOAT AGENTS, WHARF-BOAT, DAVIS & HORTON, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS, SHREVEPORT, LA.

ALL WORK guaranteed and at low prices. Orders left at Hyams & Kennedy's Drug Store, or at Kahn & Kaufman's Hardware Store, will be promptly attended to by us. SOUTHERN MANUFACTURE OF SADDLES, BRIDLES AND HARNESS, and everything in the Saddle Line. All orders promptly filled. Repairing done on liberal terms and at short notice. In Brown's New Building, No. 93 Texas street, Shreveport.

LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEEDS. A LARGE supply of the above named popular Seeds, in quantities to suit purchasers, by sale of WHITE & CO. 1866 GROWTH 1866

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his old patrons and the public in general, that he has opened the Carriage and Wagon Business, at the well known stand formerly occupied by Messrs. Robson & Kimble, corner of Milam and Edwards streets. Will keep constantly on hand, Wagons, Buggies, Carts, Wheel-Barrows, &c. We will also keep on hand for sale an extensive and complete assortment of Carriage Harness, consisting in part, as follows: Axles, Springs, Carriage Bolts, Clips, Moll Castings, and Duck, Pot Leather, Hubs, Rims, Buggy and Wagon Seats, Stone Colls, and Oval Iron. Having secured the services of Mr. CHASE, late of Washington, Ark., as superintendent, I can assure those who favor me with their patronage, that their work will be done in a satisfactory manner. Repairing of all kinds done on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices.

S. L. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Corner of Texas and Spring streets, Shreveport, La.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Shreveport, Louisiana, in the parishes of Caddo, DeSoto and Bossier, and will attend to all business connected with the practice of the District, Supreme and Federal Courts. Office corner of Texas and Spring streets, over S. J. Murphy's store.

REALLY & CHARLTON, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, and General Collecting Agents.—Office Market street, near the post office, Shreveport, La. Will attend to all business entrusted to them in the parishes of Caddo, DeSoto and Bossier.

ROBERT T. BUCKNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office—No. 28 TEXAS STREET, (over S. J. Murphy's store.)

JOHN W. JONES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Texas street, between Market and Edwards streets, Shreveport, La.

WRIGHT & DUNCAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, in Talley's new building, June 7, 1865.

WILLIAMSON & LEVISE, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, their old office on Market street, near the post office. They will attend to all cases in the District, Supreme and Federal Courts.

ALEX. BOHRMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, corner of Spring and Texas streets, Shreveport, La.

J. H. MYERS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office at the Old Court House, Louisiana. Particular attention paid to collection of claims.

GEORGE W. KENDALL, DENTIST, Corner of Market and Milam street, up stairs, Shreveport, June 27, 1865.

J. R. HARRIS, RESIDENT DENTIST, Office, No. 104 Texas street, corner of Edwards street, opposite Sims' Store, in a skillful manner. All Diseases of the Mouth treated on the most successful plan. For the present, one of the parties can at all hours be found at the residence of Dr. Harris, at the Methodist church, formerly Dr. W. Ball's residence. For the present, one of the parties can at all hours be found at the residence of Dr. Harris, at the Methodist church, formerly Dr. W. Ball's residence.