

The Shreveport Weekly News.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY MORNING, AT \$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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Published every Monday Morning, at \$2.50 Per Annum.

JNO. DICKINSON, PROPRIETOR.

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Office, corner of Texas and Spring streets, over Baez's store.

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OUR TERMS:

Specimen copies forwarded to any address, but subscriptions are not received unless the money accompanies the name.

The News will be sent two years for Four Dollars.

THE DAILY NEWS.

Is published every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday morning, at 85 per year to mail subscribers. It contains all the late news. Any person sending the names of six subscribers, accompanied with the Cash, for the Daily or Weekly, will be entitled to one copy gratis, for a year.

Our Motto—Home Manufacture.

SELECTED POETRY.

A Pretty Ballad.

Oh! lightly floats the thistle-down,
Across the scented sea;
And softly sings the nightingale
To midnight and to me.
O! my bird that warbles so,
How sorrowful thy strain!
Al! thou hast loved, or else thou couldst
No voice so sweet a plain.

And was she very, very fair,
With dove-like eyes that tell
How sweet a sleeping passion—
Al! foolish nightingale!
Were her rare lilies sea-shell pink,
Or sunset's crimson glow?
Her trembling bosom, was it like
White roses or the snow?

And did she tell thee how she loved,
And then forget the tale?
Al! thou hast loved the one I love,
Thou foolish nightingale!
Float lightly, thistle-down,
Across the scented sea;
Sing softly, softly, nightingale,
To midnight and to me.

TELEGRAMS.

Alexandria, May 18.—The Washington diplomatic corps is anxiously waiting the course of events.

The expenses of Federal War Departments are enormous. Already fears of raising sufficient means to prosecute the war are arising.

Gen. Harr, of Massachusetts, a prominent actor at Annapolis and Baltimore, is dissatisfied. He is disappointed in not obtaining a higher rank, which was promised him.

The Federal troops are becoming mutinous. Bad fare is assigned as a reason.

The celebrated New York Seventh Regiment, on Friday night, had a funeral over their junk.

Hon. Daniel E. Sickels, of New York, has been made a Major General.

The New York Tribune is becoming alarmed, and says that Virginia is full of troops, armed and equipped.

It is reported that the Massachusetts troops would soon retake or destroy the Gosport Navy-yard.

Philadelphia, May 18.—Senator Bayard, of Delaware, proposes to resign, concluding that civil war cannot be averted.

Chicago, May 18.—Senator Douglas, of Illinois, is down with the typhoid fever. His friends think he will not recover.

Fort Kearney, May 18.—The pony express, with dates from San Francisco to the 5th, has arrived.

The war was the engrossing topic in California. The sentiment to sustain the Administration is universal.

Washington, May 18.—The National Intelligencer construes Lord John Russell's Parliament speech in the recognition of the right of South-Confederate to issue letters of marque and bring prizes into British ports.

Washington, May 18.—It is probable that General McClellan will let Western Virginia with Ohio and other Western troops simultaneously with Gen. Butler's movement on Norfolk, an attack by column from Washington on three or four points in Virginia.

A Washington dispatch of the 13th to the New York Herald says: It has been determined by the Government to move an immense force down the Mississippi. Nearly the entire Northwestern force will be pushed in that direction. Commodore Stringham, who is in command of the blockading squadron, will proceed

at once to the mouth of the Mississippi. The Minnesota is to be the flagship of the squadron. His instructions are said to be of the most vigorous character. Although comparatively an old man, he is capable of performing more labor and enduring greater hardship than any other officer in the navy.

Special Dispatch to the Delta.

MONTGOMERY, May 18, 1861.

On Monday a resolution will be introduced in Congress to suspend the Tariff during the blockade. The object is to encourage the running in of foreign cargoes. It is likely that the resolution will pass.

Letters received from Dudley Mann, now in London, indicate a warm sympathy in England for the Confederate States.

General Johnson, formerly of the United States Army, is expected here, and will, no doubt, be appointed a General in the service of the Confederate States.

The Fourth Louisiana Regiment, Col. Barrow, has been accepted by the Secretary of War.

St. Louis, May 18.—The Democrat learns that the encampment under the command of Jeff. Thompson, has been removed several miles east of St. Joseph, on the Hamilton and St. Joseph Railway, where batteries have been erected, trains stopped and Government stores detained.

Gov. Jackson guarantees full protection to the pontic agents along that road.

Gen. Lyon refuses to release Mr. Dean and others arrested at Potosi, as they were engaged in overt acts of treason.

Montgomery, May 18.—In Congress to-day Arkansas was admitted as a State in the Southern Confederacy. Her delegates, Messrs R. W. Johnson, A. Rust, A. H. Garland, and W. W. Watkins, were present, and participated in the discussions, &c.

The fine steamer Ingomar, under the command of Capt. Bryan has been fitted out for a Mississippi war steamer, by the Confederate government, for the protection of our commerce, and to prevent the enemy's steamers from entering our waters.

The Columbia has arrived. She states that the Harriet Lane is blockading the James and Elizabeth rivers, the Monticello, the York river, and the Quaker city, the Chesapeake Bay.

Winans has been released, agreeing to do nothing hostile to the federal government. He still remains in this city and has not removed to been Fort McHenry as reported.

Brigadier General Mansfield has stopped the Adams Express carrying letters into Virginia.

The entire river mail service in the secession States will probably be discontinued in a few days.

The New Military Bill.
An act to raise an additional Military Force.

The following is the act passed by the Confederate Congress, on the 9th inst., to raise an additional military force to serve during the war:

The Congress of the Confederate States do enact, That in addition to the volunteer force authorized to be raised under existing laws, the President be, and he is hereby authorized to accept the services of volunteers, who may offer their services, without regard to the place of enlistment, of either cavalry, mounted riflemen, artillery or infantry, to such proportion of these several arms, as he may deem expedient, to serve for and during the existing war, unless sooner discharged.

SEC. 2. That the volunteers so offering their services, may be accepted by the President in companies, to be organized by him into squadrons, battalions or regiments. The president shall appoint all field and staff officers, but the company officers shall be elected by the men composing the company, and if accepted, the officers so elected, shall be commissioned by the President.

SEC. 3. Be it further enacted, That any vacancies occurring in the ranks of the several companies, mustered into service under the provisions of this act, may be filled by volunteers accepted under the rules of such companies, and any vacancies occurring in the offices of such companies, shall be filled by elections in accordance with the same rules.

SEC. 4. Except as herein differently provided, the volunteer forces hereby authorized to be raised, shall, in regard to subject to, and organized in, accordance with the provisions of "an act to provide for the public defence," and all other acts for the government of the armies of the Confederate States.

Good for Texas.

We are every day receiving names of subscribers from different parts of Texas, and besides this, the "needful," invariably accompanies the names. For this appreciation of our endeavors to publish a readable daily paper, at this point, by the Texans, we feel thankful, and cannot refrain from thanking them through the columns of our paper. If the people of Caddo (our city not included) would subscribe to our daily as liberally as their neighbors, they would help the good cause amazingly. This, kind friends, you can do, by patronizing home industry. Stop taking Northern Journals, and look about you for what you want, and you will find it at your doors. Don't say "I would like to take your paper, but can't afford it," while at the same time you are probably paying for several papers published in the North.

Amputation in the Olden Time.—The incisions were performed with a red-hot knife, that the vessels, seared and charred by the contact, might contract or become plugged, and so be prevented from bleeding. (Albucasis, 11th century). Effective for the instant, the force of the circulation quickly overpowered the slender obstruction, and fatal hemorrhage, sooner or later, took place. Yet this plan continued more or less in vogue down to discovery of the ligature in the 16th century, and was practiced even later in Germany by the celebrated Hildanus (1641); although he subsequently adopted the surgeon, after making a tedious division of the flesh down to the bone, with studied endeavor not to divide the arteries until the last moment, relied on applications of red-hot irons, or of some styptic fluid, usually a powerful acid or astringent, to arrest the bleeding. If these were not successful, a vessel of boiling pitch was at hand, ready prepared into which the bleeding stump was plunged. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the patient rarely escaped with life, either he died from loss of blood in a few hours or less; or, if the dreadful remedial succeeded, he survived a day or two to die of fever or exhaustion.

After an earlier method, that of Guido di Gualico (1363), a bandage of plaster was made to encircle the member so tightly that mortification attacked all the parts below, which then, after the lapse of months, dropped off, a horribly loathsome and offensive mass. Another surgeon, Botalli (1680), invented a machine to sever the limb in an instant by a single stroke; and it was not uncommon at this period to effect the same purpose by the hatchet, or by a powerful mallet and chisel. It is to Ambrose Pare, the great French surgeon, who flourished in the 16th century, that we owe the application of the ligature (used long before in ordinary wounds) to the bleeding arteries in amputation.—Ex.

Insurrection.—A large number of Ohio troops stationed at Camp Harrison, near Cincinnati, got up a "free fight" among themselves the other day. Some five hundred participated, and being unarmed, made use of rails, poillings, stones, &c. Tents and the enclosure suffered severely in the melee. Order was only restored after they were confronted by an armed force, and threatened with a sprinkling of bullets. It is said that the greatest insubordination is prevailing among these hastily made levies.

[Memphis Appeal, 14th.]

From New York.

The following interesting particulars we extract from a letter, received by Mr. W. F. Buckelew from his father, who left our city not long since for England, passing by the way of New York, from which city he writes. The letter bears date of the 10th instant and was kindly placed at our disposal by the above named gentleman. It contains intelligence that we have not as yet received, concerning the doings, etc., in New York, and coming from the source it does, it is worth one thousand telegraphic dispatches.

"From the way the government and the people talk here, they intend, if they can, to wage this war with unusual vigor and without mercy—to subdue the 'rebels' at all hazards, and at any cost, to blockade the ports and send two millions of men alover the South, kill the men, burn all the towns, set the negroes free, and take possession of the land and go to farming on their own hook, paying no regard to the rights of man, law or decency or honesty. How far they can carry out this unattractive diabolical scheme, time can only develop. Certain it is, they have the men, the ships and the money, and they are all being freely offered. One company has been formed, consisting of the worst class of the community; rowdies, robbers, murderers, thieves, state-prison convicts, outlaws, etc., whose sole object and aim is to murder, pillage and plunder anybody and everybody that may be so unfortunate as to be within their reach.

The South should prepare for the worst. Terrible times are ahead, and God only knows what is to be the result.

Business here is completely prostrated and failures continually announced. Notes on the best men will not sell at any price.

Jeff. Davis was hung in effigy in New York harbor, a few days since. Fifty thousand dollars is to be offered for his scalp, so the papers say. Millard Fillmore has command of a regiment of volunteers.

Lincoln has just issued a proclamation for 60,000 more volunteers.

We have received the sixth number of a neat paper started at Thibodaux, La., by Messrs. C. L. Mison & P. A. Vanderdoes, with the request to "X" which we do with pleasure, at the same time, wishing the gentlemen success in their enterprise.

Yet Another,

Old Abe, while his hand is in, issues another proclamation, which we publish below:

The President has just issued a proclamation setting forth that instruction exists in the State of Florida, by which the lives, liberty and property of loyal citizens are in danger, and it is deemed proper that all

needful measures should be taken for the protection of such citizens, and all officers of the United States in the discharges of their public duties.

The President directs the commander of the forces of the United States on the Florida coast, to permit no person to exercise any office or authority upon the islands of Key West, the Tortugas or Santa Rosa, which may be inconsistent with the laws and Constitution of the United States. If he shall find it necessary, to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and to remove from the vicinity of the United States forces all dangerous or suspected persons.

Troops Refuse to take the Oath.—Yesterday morning thirty members of the New York Irish Regiment, under Col. Cocoran, reached this city, from Washington, en route for their homes. They represented that their fare was so bad that they could not eat it; besides which they were required to take an oath to serve for two years. To that they demurred, and preferred rather to return to their homes. They stated that between one and two hundred of the regiment refused to take the oath.

Fort Pickens to be attacked.—From concurrent information, we feel assured that Fort Pickens will be attacked in a few days. We have just received a letter from Mr. Cluskey, the junior editor of the Avalanche, dated Montgomery, May 12, and he says, "there will certainly be a fight at Pickens within a week." Our readers may expect to hear important news from this point.—Memphis Avalanche, 14th.

Stephen Girard's Rule.—"I have always considered advertising, liberally and long, to be the great medium of success in business, and prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the duller times, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out; as keeping my business contingently before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost."

FIRST PRIZE FOR A NEW ORLEANS PRIVATEER.—Says the N. O. Delta: "The swift low pressure steamer Calhoun, Jack Wilson, fitted out here as a privateer, sailed from this port last evening, and outside the bar captured a prize. A bark, the 'Ocean Eagle,' Capt. Luce, from Rockland, Maine. Cargo 3144 bbls. line.

The Calhoun is admirably equipped for her peculiar service, having 740 of the best experienced men on board, and carrying large guns and an ample supply of small arms.

The Ocean Eagle was put in charge of a tow-boat, and will be up to-night in the city.

The Calhoun put out to sea, when in the offing was spied two other vessels good for overhauling as prizes. So far the Calhoun has nearly paid her expenses, and the stock is up high. Who comes next?

Selected Expressly for the News.
The Boat on the Ocean.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND AFFECTING TALE.
[From Haaverhill.]

The following tale, is, with trifling abridgment, the description of occurrences which took place about the time that Lynn, the hero of the tale, and the favorite of the family, was intending to leave his home and seek for honor and advancement in a military life. It is in this part of his story that the author shows himself to most advantage. The exhibitions of natural affection in the different members of the household—and especially in the mother's heart, as the time approached for the departure of her son, are very feelingly and forcibly displayed.

She had been almost heart-broken with the thought that her darling Lynn was to leave them the next day, and all the family were in great dejection, when a sudden flood of joy burst over them on learning the detention of the vessel in which he was to sail would enable him to protract his stay for a week longer. All were thus in the enjoyment of what seemed perfect happiness when it was announced that a fisherman who had been expected to lend his aid in the boat the next day, would not be able to go. In consequence of this disappointment, the father addressing Lynn, inquired what he said to taking a trip on this occasion? His answer was, "I will go." "Oh no, don't send him," exclaimed his mother, "he has but eight days more to stay, let him pass them with us." His youngest brother and sisters also begged hard, but Lynn was firm in his purpose.

At an early hour, with a smooth sea, serene heavens, and a balmy atmosphere, he and his brothers pushed their boat from the shore to row to a distant fishing ground. So unusually fine, for the season, was the weather that it was a subject of remark; and an old and experienced fisherman who joined the party, spoke of it rather with apprehension than pleasure, as indicating a speedy tempest. But we must hasten to the event.

"As the sun neared the zenith, the signs of the approaching hurricane or equinoctial storm became more apparent. That glorious orb seemed a ball of fire, and to wade with difficulty through the surcharged atmosphere. Still it was perfectly calm, and for a while smooth as the surface of a lake from which the winds are fanned by a thick foliage. Gradually there arose small ripples which swelled into billows, and these

broke into sheets of foam, in the absence of any wind, or other apparent cause to vex them. That cause existed amid the other inexplicable mysteries of nature and the material world, though veiled from the eyes of men, with a thousand other things, which, doubtless, it is not good nor profitable for them to know.

Nor were other signs—such as should not have been neglected, warning of the approach of the tempest. The feathered tribes, whom nature has gifted with a wonderful perception of approaching danger, seemed to be struck with great consternation; and to be preparing for some dreadful convulsion. That shrewd and cautious old fellow, the sea-gull, who had been to the fresh-water ponds for his breakfast of fish, was now, to the great joy of his bitter enemy and rival the crow, beheld winging his flight, to sea, gaining an offing, as is his wont when instinct informs him of an approaching burrienne. Others of his tribe, a little more tardy in their movements, but with the same purpose in view, were seen performing their spiral evolutions in the mid-heavens,—every thing gave evidence that a tempest would speedily burst upon us.

It was now that old Mr. Gill, never loath to bestow the benefit of his experience upon others, placed a waft at the head of his little mast to warn us in. A few minutes after he had departed for the shore wearing it still, and in addition another half way up the mast, or half-mast, the well known signal of distress, to signify the danger we were in. But we paid no attention to these signals. We had a good boat, and were all of us excellent rowers, and besides, were exceedingly ambitious of the honor of being last to "strike the sand." Then the fish had just "struck it," or become plentiful, and to return with a loaded boat when others had failed, and to be able to say with a shrug to our companions, "I'll give you a fish," would be something to boast of, and pass good-natured jokes about for the next two days. I believe, however, that the greater part of the blame should rest upon myself.

In the meantime the gale kept increasing, but then the fish came "thicker and faster," and a few minutes more," we said to each other, "can neither make nor break."

We had nearly filled our boat with fine fish, and were at the very instant to set out for the shore, when a vessel appeared in the south-east close-hauled upon the wind, to see the nautical phrase, with her starboard tacks on board, which means that she was sailing with the wind upon her right hand bow. We could see that she wore at her main peak the customary signal for a pilot. I proposed to my brothers that we should row out to her, and as we were acquainted with all the shoals and ledges for 20 miles east, and as many west of our hamlet, and that we should offer to conduct her into either of the adjacent harbors of—

and— They of course said "yes," as they always did to anything of my proposing. At the moment when the gale had increased so much that it was with great difficulty that we could propel our boat to windward at all, and we could see that our companions were straining every nerve for the land, we set out to speak the unknown vessel more than a league to leeward of us.

We had rowed a mile or two towards her, when all at once we saw her take in the flag, which denoted her wish for a pilot, and shaking the reefs out of her topsails, and slackening her weather braces and bowlines, keep away, as if determined not to be spoken. This was not a pleasant discovery to us, caught more than 12 miles from the shore, night near at hand, and a storm just ready to burst upon us. The intentions of the object which had seduced us into this farther peril—may God forgive those who directed her movements! they have lives to answer for—were soon made more fully apparent. While we lay viewing her, the main top-gallant sail and the courses were loosed and set, her yards were squared, and she was steered away from the land, leaving us, whom her governors must have seen, to the perils and horrors of a stormy night in a boat, the keel of which was only eighteen feet in length.

And now commenced our hardships. With the greatest exertions we were capable of making, our progress towards the shore was insupportable. The wind continued increasing, and with it the number and magnitude of my own special trials. My brothers who never had much fortune, were disposed to lie down and suffer themselves to be swallowed by the waves without resistance. It required a vigorous exertion of the power I had gained over them to rouse them to the simplest efforts for our preservation.

We continued to force our boat through the billows and foam, until the doing so nearly cost us our lives. A surge broke over us, and filled our

boat half full of water. If we had not previously lightened it of more than half the fish we had taken, it must have sunk on the spot. By the providence of God we were enabled to bail out the water before another surge came. Finding we could make no headway towards the shore, and that the attempt to propel the boat thitherward was fraught with great danger, we adopted the only remaining alternative—we kept its head to the wind, and used just the degree of exertion that was requisite to enable us, in the language of the sea, to hold our own,—that is, to keep the boat from drifting any farther to leeward. There was not possibility of our reaching the shore till the tempest should be abated of half its violence, and the morning sun and a clearer atmosphere should discover to us the point of coast we had left. Darkness, pitchy darkness, now set in. In the sublime language of the beautiful parable, "the rains beat and the winds blew," not indeed upon a house built upon the sands, but on a still frailier dwelling, on a far more unstable element.

Never was there a more frightful night than this. Soon after dark it began to thunder and lighten, and it continued to do so for six or seven hours. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind whistled and moaned fearfully in the ears of the four poor boys, cast desolate upon a midnight ocean. It was so dark, that, save where the lightnings glared, displaying the white and foaming crests of the billows, you could not see your hand at the distance of a foot from your face. Add to this, that we were compelled to keep bailing incessantly, and the reader will have an imperfect idea of the labors and horrors which fell to our share to do and to suffer on that dreadful night.

To add to the terrors of the scene, there came booming to us, about 10 o'clock, that terrific note of distress, the report of a signal cannon. It was fired, as I afterwards learned, by the ship which had assisted to lead us into this dangerous situation, then, in the attempt to make a harbor, stranded among breakers which, before the sun of the next morning rose, swept her and her whole crew, with the exception of a single individual, into eternity. It is very mournful any where, and at any time, to listen to sounds which attest the distress and agony of our fellow creatures—it is so amidst the dying on the field of battle, or the deck of a ship, as I know from experience, for I have seen both; but far more terrific and appalling is the sound a signal cannon, heard at sea in the pauses of the midnight tempest. I cannot tell you what a shuddering it creates in your whole frame as it comes booming through the darkness. I can have no conception of anything to equal it for solemn and awful majesty. The first cold thrown upon the coffin of an aged man, who has died with the prospect of a happy rising, sends a thrill of awe through the soul; and the notes of a muffled drum mourning for a patriot warrior, and the tolling of the distant bell at midnight—for instance, a convent bell among the mountains of Spain and Italy—have much sublimity in them; but they are nothing compared to the sound which travels from the "deep-throated" cannon, to announce the scath and peril of the mariner. I have heard it several times, may I never hear it again.

But the Being who presides over the elements, and gives to the life of man its metes and bounds, preserved us through this dreadful night. Towards morning the thunder ceased, though it still continued to blow hard and the rain to pour down in torrents. The wind had veered—northwardly we supposed, for the sea was less agitated than it had been which we attributed to the wind blowing more directly off the land. Another supposition, and one having but an equal chance for correctness with the former, was, that we had drifted under the lee of some shoal or ledge, which broke the force of the wind and hence operated to produce a comparatively quiet condition of the waves.

When daylight came we could discover nothing of the land we had left, nor were any of the shoals or ledges, which were found in every direction for near thirty miles from the shore, visible to us. Not a vessel or craft of any kind was in sight; we were, apparently, alone by ourselves on the ocean. The wind still blew very hard; and fatigue had so impaired our strength, and hunger had so weakened us for labor, that we could not have rowed the boat against it, even had it been abated of half its violence. As it was, I saw it was idle to make any exertion except that of keeping the boat free from water, and using our eyes to see if sooner should be approaching in the shape of a "bark of hope." The day passed away in vain expectations that the wind would shift, so as

(Continued on next page.)