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,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ *Office, on Texas street, near the Mayor's Office.*

☞ Entrance on Spring street. ☜

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 $8 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

TUESDAY.

[*Written for the Daily News*

Latest from Virginia!!

J. C. K.'S LAST.

Richmond, Virginia, —— the eleventh,
Winnie was routed, though heading the Seventh:
He had crossed the Potomac at Mary Wether's farm,
But immediately crossed back as the weather was warm,
And very unhealthy, as many had died,
Suddenly indeed, just on the wayside
As they started up the bank. And true it was said,
They did not take time to bury their dead:
But left them in haste at the sound of the Minnie,
Which behind them played a tune—the air of *Targoy.*
But the strangest part of this dispatch,
Winnie himself escaped by a scratch.
Alexandria, 12th, on Maryland border,
Winnie just taken by the Virginia disorder.
Harper, 14th, ten miles of the ferry,
In every direction the disorder is *seen,*
Several thousand are dead, and many are dying,
While others, 'tis said, will be saved only by flying.
Washington, 14th, the weather is cool,
Abram, the rail man, just left on a mule;
The news that reached Abe created a panic;
Jeff Davis is near with the Virginia epidemic,
Mid the booming of cannon, thousands are running,
And shouting, half frantic, "the Dixies a coming!"
An hour later—the telegraph tells,
That Abram was caught running like hell
The Zouaves that were with him didn't last to the notch,
They fled without fighting, and left Abe to be scotched:
And the news that is given to soften the *tale,*
Is that he will be brought straddling his favorite—the *rail.*
Old Winnie himself has his temper so soured,
He even calls Abram a consummate coward.
The news of the enemy is thus brought too close,
O'er the graves of thirty thousand fanatical foes.
The watchword was "Dixie," and in every encounter,
They cut them, they slashed them, and run them instanter.
From the ferry to the city, they are flying and fled,
Leaving heaps of the wounded, dying and dead.

* Sir name, Scott: called by some, Fuss and Feathers.

† The rail splitter, born in Kentucky, near where "Bob's" aunt now lives.

The Seventh Regiment.—The Seventh Regiment of New York, passed thorough Baltimore, Friday night, on their return home. The American says that a large crowd of secession sympathizers gathered at the Camden Station, and heartily applauded the seventh for apparently backing out from the war.—*Montgomery Post.*

The Michigan Senate, by a vote of 22 to 9, refused to invite Gen. Cass to visit that body.

Gen. Scott's plan.—A letter from Baltimore, dated June 1st, says:

I learn that it is confidently stated in Washington that General Scott intends to make a most vigorous and onward movement as soon as his plans are completed, with a view to reach Richmond before the 4th of July.—Thirty-five thousand men will be pushed on into the interior of Virginia toward the Blue Ridge; twenty-thousand under General Patterson will invade Virginia from Eastern Pennsylvania; twenty thousand under Gen. McClellan, from Ohio, will cut their way down to Winchester, by the turnpike road from Grafton, avoiding the line of the Baltimore and Ohio road and fifteen thousand men under General Butler, aided by a naval force, will make their way up the James River. It is also stated of the western Division of the army, which is to move down the Mississippi.

The Louisville *Journal* learns from a Cincinnati letter that, on account of failing health, Col. Robert Anderson will spend the summer in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and that he will take no command in Kentucky.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Grafton, June 20.—The bridge over New Creek has been burned. The Southerners who now hold Piedmont number four thousand.

A number of Federalists are reported to have been killed at the bridge. The operator at Piedmont fled on the approach of the Southerners.

Communication between Grafton and Cumberland is now cut off undoubtedly by Southerners.

Western Missouri has been largely reinforced.

Wheeling, June 20.—Frank Pierpont has been nominated as a candidate for Governor.

Cincinnati, June 20.—Troops are concentrating rapidly for duty in Western Missouri.

St. Louis, June 20.—A special dispatch to the Republican says scouts have brought information that Lyon is coming with seven boats and a large force.

After consultation a further retreat was ordered, and Gen. Price went home. Col. Parsons was sick, and Col. Marmaduke becoming disaffected, resigned. The Missourians however would fight, and the truth regarding Lyon's forces becoming known, induced Gov. Jackson to give them a brush. No particulars are given as to the killed, wounded, or prisoners. A Mr. Little commanded the Missourians.

Cairo, June 20.—J. G. Newcomb was arrested here on a charge of treason, but was subsequently released.

Washington, June 20.—Lieut. Stuart, formerly of the regular army, commanded at Vienna.

Joe Lane, the Kansas Brigadier General, crossed over Goose Creek, near Leesburg, and burned the bridge.

Louisville, June 20.—A gentleman just arrived from St. Louis gives the following from Missouri, which he says is credited in St. Louis:

The Missourians made a feint retreat and decoyed Gen. Lyon's force from their boats, which were sunk by masked batteries after a terrific fire. Gen. Lyon and his entire force surrendered.

Washington, June 19.—Two Connecticut regiments are at Shenick, one mile below Falls Church. Two Ohio regiments are at Taylor's Tavern. McDowell's headquarters is at the Arlington House. These positions advance McDowell's lines some miles. Scouts report that the Confederates mysteriously disappeared, leaving the way open to Fairfax. The Federal movements are very cautious, fearing a trap.

The wounded at Vienna continue to be brought in.

The Southern lines extend from Accoquo to Centerville intrenching Fairfax Station. There are heavy guns three miles from Fairfax Court House, and fourteen miles from Alexandria. It is supposed the troops intend extending their lines along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

All indications show that the Southerners are pushing forward from Manassas Junction by daily installments. Johnson's line is dotted between Martinsburg and Winchester. His object is supposed to be threatened by Cadwallader, drawing first from the Washington line, and then by double quick time assail McDowell. As they are at Present posted, Johnson's line must give way to Cadwallader's advance, which will occur within forty-eight hours. Gen. Lee is constantly at Manassas Junction.

Baltimore, June 20.—Col. Smith seized Confederate envelopes which were being vended by a boy, when some bystanders interfered and made up a subscription for the boy. Smith next seized a likeness of Jeff Davis, and told the vender if he got a new stock he would send him to Fort McHenry. The people again interfered, causing considerable excitement when Smith retired. Marshall Kane says the police should have taken Smith to the guard-house.

Jefferson City, June 20. The steamer Sunshine from Boonville confirms the defeat of the State troops with twenty killed. The Federalists had two killed and nine wounded and missing.

It is thought the Missourians will make another stand at Lexington, under Col. Weightman, formerly of the United States Army.

Louisville, June 20.—The Adams' Express Companies North and South have made a close connection here for the transmission of letters to and from the United States. Letters deposited at any office of the Adams' Express in the United States will be carried safely to the Confederate States.

Cincinnati, June 20.—McClellan's staff left to-day for Virginia.

Louisville, June 20.—The election here passed off quietly.

Richmond, June 19.—The Convention has adopted the Permanent Constitution of the Confederate States, reserving the right to secede on certain contingencies.

Washington, June 20.—A gentleman from Arlington, says Beauregard is advancing and everything looks like hot work before to-morrow. The federalists are advancing on Fairfax Court-house. The New York Eighth regiment are leading the advance. A fight is expected to-night.

The federal force is near Vienna. Five thousand troops exclusive of reenforcements are going forward. The regulars from Chambersburg have crossed the Potomac.

Richmond, June 19.—An ordinance was offered yesterday in the Virginia Convention, speaking of annuling all acts formerly passed commendatory of Winfield Scott, and ordering the name of Scott county to Davis, and that of Buchanan to Stephens.

The Convention will probably take a recess after Monday next to November.

An ordinance passed authorizing county courts to make provision for the support of soldiers' families.

Reports are as numerous as ever. One that the Federalists have evacuated Newport News is generally accredited.

Public opinion indicates that a battle or battles will soon occur.

Memphis, June 20.—A reliable gentleman from St. Louis says Lyon was defeated at Boonville. Three hundred federalists were killed and seven hundred taken prisoners, including Lyon himself. Six cannon and several hundred stand of arms were captured.

The steamer Iatan was sunk. Two federalists were killed and wounded. The Kansas secessionists are extravagantly joyful.

St. Louis, June 20.—Blair has sent two regiments up the river. It was expected the Southerners would rise on the night of the 19th to drive the Dutch into the Mississippi river.

The English government's "financial measures" passed on a second reading.

The Queen's counsel decides forbidding armed vessels bringing prizes into ports where there has been no infringement on the law of nations.

Mr. Gregory, on a strong appeal, consented to postpone the motion to recognize the Southern Confederacy.

Garibaldi and the Pope are sick.

Pistol Shooting---A Counter Challenge.

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 1st, 1851.

I copy the following paragraph from the Spirit of the Times for July 15th.

"*Pistol Shootings*—Owing to the frequent and urgent solicitations of many of my friends, I am induced to make the following propositions:

1. I will fit a half a dollar to the end of twig two inches long, and while a second person will hold the other end in his mouth, so as to bring the coin within an inch and a half of his face, I engage to strike the dollar three times out of five, at the distance of ten paces or thirty feet. I will add in explanation, that there are several persons willing and ready to hold the twig or stick described above, when required.

2. I will hit a dollar tossed in the air or any other object of the same size, three times out of five, *on a wheel and fire.*

3. At the word, I will split three balls out of five, on a knife blade, at the distance of thirty feet.

4. I will hit three birds out of five, spring from the trap, standing thirty feet from the trap when shooting.

5. I will break at the word, five common clay pipe-stems out of seven, at the distance of thirty feet.

6. I engage to prove, by fair trial, that no pistol-shot can be produced who will shoot an apple off a man's head, at the distance of thirty feet, oftener than I can. Moreover I will produce two persons willing and ready to hold the apple on their heads for me, when required to do so.

7. I will wager, lastly, that no person in the United States can be produced who can hit a quarter of a dollar oftener than I can *on a wheel and fire.*

I am willing to bet $5,000 on any of the above propositions, one fourth of that amount forfeit. So soon as any bet will be closed, the money shall be deposited in the Bank of Missouri, until paid over by the judges, or withdrawn, less forfeit. I will give the best and most satisfactory reference that my share will be forthcoming when any of my propositions are taken up. Any one desiring to take up any of my propositions must address me by letter, through the St. Louis Post Office, as the advertisements or notices of newspapers might not meet my eye.

EDMUND W. PAUL.

140 Sixth Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

I am unable to see anything very extraordinary in the above propositions, by Mr Edmund W. Paul. Any person acquainted with the merest rudiments of the pistol, could certainly execute any or all of the above proposed feats without the least difficulty.

Owing to entertaining these opinions, "without solicitation from friends and unbaissed by unworthy motives," I am induced to make the following propositions:

1. I will suspend two dollars from a second persons nose, so as to bring the coins within three fourth of an inch of his face, and with a double barrell shot-gun, at the distance of thirty feet, will blow dollars, nose and man, at least thirty feet further, four times out of five. I will add in explanation, that in San Diego, containing a rather intelligent community, I can find no one at present, willing or ready to have his nose blown in this manner; but I have no manner of doubt I could find such a person from St. Louis, by Adams & Co's Express, in due season.

2. I will hit a dollar, or anything else that has been tossed in the air, (of the same size,) on a wheel on a pole or axel-tree, *or on the ground,* every time every time out of five.

3. At the word, I will place five balls on the blade of a pen knife, and split them all.

4. I will hit three men sprung from obscure parentage, and stand within ten feet of a steel trap while shooting.

5. I will break a whole box of the commonest of kind of clay pipes, with a single brickbat, at the distance of thirty feet.

6. I engage to prove by a fair trial, that no pistol-shot, (or other person) can throw more apples at a man's head than I can. Moreover I can find more than sixty persons in this town ready and willing to allow me to throw apples at their heads, provided they are allowed to eat the apples subsequently.

7. I will wager lastly, that no person in the United States, who, with a double barrell shot-gun while throwing a hack handed sommerset, can hit oftener, a dollar and a half, on the perimeter of a revolving wheel, in rapid motion than I can.

Any one desiring to take up any one of my propositions, will address me through the columns of the Pioneer Magizine. Propositions will be received on the 1st of April next.

JOHN PHŒNIX.

1284 Seventeenth Street, Vallecitos.

"*Se compra oro aqui,* up stairs."

P. S. Satisfactory reference given and required. A bet from a steady, industrious person, who will be apt to pay if he loses, will meet with prompt attention. J. P.

The address delivered by Miss Nancy Gibson, at Forest Grove will appear in to-morrow's paper, for want of space we are compelled to omit it in this issue.

The Press to be Silenced.—Another indication of the policy of the Lincoln government is given in the following notice, served upon the Wheeling *Union,* a State Rights paper:

CAMP CARLISLE.

To the Editor of the Union paper:

We have suffered enough from the evil tones of your paper. It would be prudent to discontinue its publication. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

J. W. FORDYCE,
Captain of Company C, U. S. A.
May 21st, 1861.

Ugh! Big Injun me! Talk big. Shut mouth little man quick. Yehomestopmurightoff.

Defence of Memphis.—The *Appeal* of Thursday says:

The city proper is about to be put in trim for welcoming uninvited visitors to stay "till Gabriel blows his horn." The bluff is to be protected by breastworks of cotton. Yesterday the bluff between Court and Adams streets was thus lined with bales. Each of the streets in the city, with the exception of Madison and Jefferson, is to be thus barricaded. The superintendence of the construction of these defences has been entrusted by Gen. Pillow to Messrs. E. M. Apperson and John Martin, Esqs. With breastworks on the bluff, and breastworks in the streets, Memphis will be in war trim.

There is as much truth as poetry in the following stanzas:

A Pretty Foot.

There's magic in a lady's foot,
And well the ladies know it—
And she who has a pretty one,
She is pretty sure to show it;
At times, you, too, are martyred by
The nicest little ankle,
That shoots an arrow through the eye,
Within your hearts to rankle.

But when it trips along the street,
Through wind and mud and vapor,
But the sweetest accident you see
How beautiful the taper;
And as it steps upon the walk,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two roguish eyes look up and say,
"I wonder if he's single?"

We have received the first number of the "Sherman Weekly Journal," published at Sherman, Grayson Co., by Mr. J. P. Whitaker, with the request to "X." We do so with pleasure, at the same time wishing Mr. W. success in his undertaking.

We publish elsewhere by particular request the speech delivered by Miss Nancy Gibson, of Arkansas.

The Right Spirit.

Memphis is destined to be a great commercial place; she has been retarded in her progress for a few years back; but now her people are exerting themselves and the change will soon be apparent. Shreveport might well take pattern after her, for we are now standing with arms folded while our neighbors are busy (taking advantage of the times) doing all in their power for the welfare of their people hereafter, and the progress of the places in which they live. Let us awaken unto a proper sense of our duty. Now, or never. Says the Memphis *Appeal:*

Memphis seems already to fill a large space in the Northern eye, and it will increase when they hear that we are determined to rival even Lynn. We learn that our neighbor Childs, of Oswell's shoe store, No. 315 Main street, intends to put into operation here an extensive shoe factory, and with this view, they are selling out as rapidly as possible, in large or small lots, at very low prices. The stock embraces the finest as well as the coarsest shoes and boots, and the most captious of customers cannot fail to be accommodated in the pedal way.

Glory, Hallalujah?

The Daily News Ahead.

"Ask, and it shall be given."

In one of our issues last week we insinuated that a flag presented to the News office, by the ladies, would be most graciously received by the chief engineer of the establishment. Kind readers, don't be afraid, to read the following note. We omit the signatures attached to the note, but mean no offence, and when we tell you our reason for so doing, we know you will forgive us for it. After a careful perusal of the note, we concluded to leave off the signatures, because, there wasn't any! The good book advises us not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth.—This we presume accounts for the omission of signature(s) to the note.

SHREVEPORT, June 24, 1861.

To the Editor of the Daily News:

We, a portion of the ladies of Shreveport, having seen a notice in your paper requesting a flag, proceed to comply with it. The soldiers having almost entirely monopolized our time, we had forgotten our duty to the Editors; but allow us to begin our redemption by presenting the *News* with a banner. It is rather a rough one, but wait till "palmier days" and we'll try and procure a finer one, one more becoming our dignity as citizens of the "Banner Parish."

We return the donors our heartfelt thanks for their promptness in favoring us with a realization of our wishes. We admit tis rather rough. So are the times. It will answer the purpose, and besides, "beggers are not choosers." We have planted the colors in front of our office, where it can be seen floating in the breeze.—It shall float as long as it hangs. Let all of our friends take a peep at it. Distance lends enchantment to the view. Very applicable in this case, for our flag is like the Irishman's painting, "very fine, but won't bear close inspection." Fair friends, again do we thank you.

John H. Reagan, Esq., Postmaster General, passed through our town day before yesterday on his way to Richmond. He was perfectly astonished to hear that Postmaster Riddle, of New Orleans, had issued stamps; and informed our Postmaster that letters brought up by steamboats, having those stamps upon them, would have to be repaid for at this office; and further, our postmaster cannot receive letters, destined for New Orleans, prepaid in the stamp referred to. They are of no benefit outside of the New Orleans post-office, as they are an individual stamp, gotten up for the accommodation of the citizens of that city. Don't speculate in them, they are poor property.

John Flowers, the only man in Dinwiddie county, Virginia, who voted against the Secession Ordinance, has been requested to leave.

If you want a good and reliable newspaper, subscribe for the "News."

On last Saturday evening the Sentinels had a grand dress parade, the best of the season. All of the members were not out, on account of their uniforms not being quite complete. When all the members turn out full rigged, this company will be hard to beat. We would suggest the propriety of not carrying the cartridge boxes in parades until all hands can do so, for it spoils the effect to see the majority without them. Let there be as much uniformity as possible.

We have received the third number of the "Deaf Mute's Instructor and Advocate," printed by the mutes of the Louisiana Institution for the Deaf and Blind. It is a very neat paper, and well filled with good reading. Success attend the undertaking. It should be well patronized.

Private Letter from Kentucky.

Through the politeness of our fellow-citizen, Dr. J. F. GRIFFIN, we are enabled to publish the following letter, received by him, showing the feeling of the people in Kentucky; also giving information about postal arrangements:

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 9th, 1861.

Dear Sir: I received your letter yesterday, and judging from its tenor you have not received my last. The southern mails are now closed, and I will have to either send this by hand or per Adams' Express. If I were to put this in the post-office, the d——d infernal fiends at Washington would read it—and doubtless they would hear some unwholesome truths.

You ask me about Kentucky. Her position is peculiar and unique. We have seven hundred miles of our border exposed to an enemy three or four times our strength, and our people are divided in sentiment. There is, as you know, quite a number of Northern men living here; and some of our native born citizens are emancipationists. These things have excited the fears of property holders, and aroused the base prejudices of our foreign citizens, and many of our working men. Thus you see that there is rather a powerful party who favors coercion. But the great heart of Kentucky beats in sympathy with the South, and laughs with exulting joy at her success, and mourns at her loss. As a State, we have decided to remain neutral. If Lincoln's vandals place their sacrilegious feet upon our soil, we will "welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves." But we will furnish you with provisions, etc., and every night a company leaves for Virginia to fight in the holy cause of the South. Thousands and tens of thousands of our young men will shed their blood and lay down their lives if necessary, in this second war of independence. The poor federal fools think that Missouri, Maryland and Kentucky, are subdued; but they slumber on a surging volcano. We burn with a fierce desire for revenge; the more terrible for being concealed. Thousands of so called Union men are with us heart and soul, and only act from policy, not from principle. The first success of the Confederate army will be a signal. The pent up fires in Maryland will burst forth so terribly that the abolitionists within her border will be consumed. The noble State will rise as one man, throw off the shackles of the "old wreck," and put on the bright robes of Constitutional freedom.

Our State is able, and will preserve her neutrality until the Confederate States achieve their independence; then we will join you. In the mean time we erect a barrier against your enemies, furnish you men, money and provisions to carry on the war; but our State will not be the battle-ground. This policy, although cowardly, is prudent. You ask how I stand. You ought to know that I am with the South, body and soul, heart and hand, for all time to come, through weal and woe, let her be right or wrong; and of our young men, nineteen out of twenty occupy the same position. Our fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts, although advocating the prudential policy above mentioned, tell us to go and fight for the South, but not to let Kentucky be the battle field.

Now I intend to serve the South if I have to go in the ranks as a common soldier; but prefer going surgeon on a privateer. I can enlist a number of good men here for that service.

P. S.—Have it published in all Southern papers that all Southern letters sent here and other points in the Northern Union are conveyed to Washington to enable the honorable(?) officials to glean information.

An editor down South says he would as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of a fox, chase a blue streak of lightning through a crab-apple orchard, swim up the rapids of Niagara river, raise the dead, stop the tongue of an old maid, set Lake Erie on fire with a locofoco match, as to stop two lovers from getting married when they take it into their heads to do so. In other words, to be short, we suppose he means to say—it can't be did.

Some ten years ago there lived on the St. Charles Road, nine or ten miles from St. Louis, a family by the name of Stranger. The oldest son, Jacob, or Jake Stranger, as he was called, was the most eccentric genius, and took every occasion to show his oddness. One day while sitting before the fire, whittling a shingle, his mother said to him:

"Jake, I want you to go down to the store (about half a mile distant) and get me a quarter's worth of tea, and a quarter's worth of soap. Now mind what I tell you, Jake, and be back quick with it."

Jake roused himself up, brushed the whittlings from his lap, and started forth, clothed in his fustian breeches and vest of the same material, and a thick woolen shirt, without any coat. He did not return that day, and his mother waited long and anxiously for her tea, sugar and soap; but in vain.

Ten years passed by and no tidings were heard of the errant boy. Yesterday, as the family were sitting down to their Thanksgiving dinner, the door opened, and in came a tall, moustached, good-looking man, with some bundles in his hand. It was Jake Stranger. All the family sprang to their feet in astonishment, but the mother and Jake were perfectly cool.

"Mother," said Jake, "here's your tea, sugar, and soap."

"Lay them down on the table, and eat your dinner," said Mrs. Stranger, "you ought to be whipped, Jake, for being gone so long."

Tragedy in New York City.—Freedom of Speech.—In New York on Friday night last, John Swain was instantly killed at the house of John H. Imens, by a man named Merritt, under the following circumstances. It appears that Merritt and Swain had a conversation, in which the latter made use of the remark, that—

"If he was a Southerner he would trample the American flag under his foot, but what he would have his rights and the freedom of carrying slaves into any territory that he saw fit, and would hold them there in spite of the North."

It is also said that he used the following language:

"Any man who was a Southerner and would not side with those South in hauling down the stars and stripes in defence of what he claimed to be their rights, was a d—d coward, and was fit only to be classed with such arbitrary abolitionists as Abe Lincoln."

Swain, it is said, after using the above remarks, walked towards the door with a view, no doubt, of going up stairs into his store; but before he got to the steps, Merritt, who was highly enraged at what Swain had said, seized a large horse pistol and fired at Swain, the ball entering the left breast, near the heart, killing him almost instantly. The deceased was spoken of as being a very respectable and quiet man.

Gov. J. E. Brown, has issued his proclamation ordering an election to be held throughout the State, on the first Tuesday in July next, to ratify or reject the new Constitution of Georgia.

Lynchburg Republican is informed by a gentleman from Harper's Ferry that Gov. Hicks was in such apprehension of being captured and hanged by the Maryland secessionists from Harper's Ferry and around there, that he and his house at Frederick are guarded by a large force of the Home Guard.

Provisions of all descriptions are abundant in New Orleans and continue to arrive.

We received no dispatches last evening from Vicksburg. Something wrong in Denmark.