

The Shreveport Weekly News.

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The Weekly News

Published every Monday Morning at the low price of

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE ON TEXAS ST.
Near the Mayor's Office.

Our Motto—Home Manufacture.

TUESDAY.

The Field of the Second Battle.

Under this heading the Richmond Enquirer, of the 26th, has the following:

We have conversed with a very intelligent gentleman, who, on Monday last, rode over a considerable portion of the battle field of the previous day. The location of the scene of the fiercest strife is somewhat different from the general idea.

On the turnpike road, which, coming through Centerville, crosses Bull Run at the Stone Bridge, and at a point about a mile and a half west of said bridge, (on the opposite from Centerville,) a two-story stone building stands on the northern margin of the road. The turnpike is also crossed here by a road which runs north-west to Bull's Run, about two miles distant, and southwest to Manassas Junction.

The enemy, in their flanking movement, marched up Bull Run several miles above the Stone Bridge, before crossing, and then advancing, met our troops in the vicinity of the stone building above noted. It was in this locality the battle raged for ten hours. On the one part the Northern legions and their numerous batteries, Sherman's among them, thundered against our columns, and on the other the heroic Johnston and his gallant bands performed prodigies of valor.

On the hills and behind the hills in rear of the stone house, and in the valleys and on the hills in front, on both sides of the turnpike, and on both sides of the cross road, the battle raged and raged, receded and advanced, with furious pertinacity. Two o'clock came and happily brought reinforcements to our greatly outnumbered but undaunted soldiers. Against a great disparity of numbers they had held the battle in even scale. Now, though still outnumbered, they drove their enemy over the hills and across the Run, and took their batteries, and chased them down the road to Centerville, and to Fairfax, and beyond Fairfax. Night closed down upon the fugitives and pursuers and stopped the slaughter.

The stone house above noted was, it will be seen, not far from the centre of the scene of the shifting battle, though the ground lay mainly on the east side, towards the Stone Bridge. The visit of our friend on Monday morning, revealed much that was horrifying. The stone building had been appropriated as a hospital for the enemy's wounded. The enemy's generals had been invited by Gen. Beauregard to send surgeons and attendants, to administer to their relief. In this building were thirty-two wounded, many of them dreadfully mangled by cannon shot. There was but a single surgeon and he was young and apparently inefficient. Men lay on the floor with their clotting wounds still undressed. Some had died and not been removed. On the roadside, a few hundred yards from the hospital, two severely wounded Northern men who lay there, begged our informant to report their cases to their surgeon, and ask to be taken to the hospital. He did so. The surgeon said his officers had sent him no help. He was there alone. The wounded then in the hospital, had all been brought in, he said, by the Confederate men.

Over the hill, behind this hospital, lay a few of our dead, who had not yet been gathered up. The slain of the enemy lay in heaps on all sides. By the highway and in the fields, heaped here and scattered there, he saw them at every turn.

Our own hospital was on the road from the Stone House to Manassas. The supply of surgeons there was excellent, and they were busily engaged in their humane services. A number of wounded enemies, who had been gathered here, were not neglected. Indeed, the only murmur our informant heard was from some of our own sufferers, who conceived that care of the enemy interfered too much with attention to themselves.

It is somewhat difficult to give an appropriate name to this battle field. The battle of the Thursday previous

is generally called the battle of Bull Run. This may be known as the second of the same name. The main fighting was, however, at some distance both from the Run and the Stone Bridge, after which latter some have proposed to name the battle. Some have suggested the "Battle of Manassas" as the name, but that point was still farther distant. For want of a better designation, and as Bull Run formed the front of battle to both great lines, apart from those engaged in the flanking movement, we know no better than to call it the second battle of Bull Run, unless we shall have an official report which shall assign it another title.

The Northern Press on the Manassas Riot.

The Cincinnati Enquirer sums up the indignation of the abolition press as follows:

The Republican papers that have been hallowing, "Ho! for Richmond!" now that disaster has followed their demand, want to blame somebody for their foolish advice, but are at a loss to know whom to pounce on. Greeley puts it on the cabinet, and demands the immediate retirement of the whole batch of incapables. The New York Times is disposed to hold the President responsible for the disaster. The New York Herald believes that the cabinet and the devil are responsible parties. The Cincinnati Commercial and the Indianapolis Journal are inclined to make Gen. Scott the scapegoat. The Journal thus disposes of General Scott:

"If Gen. Scott did it, he is not the man for the crisis. If he did it fearfully and hesitatingly, under the clamor of the New York press, he is still not the man he ought to be."

"It is no alleviation of that matter to say that the General may not have known that the enemy was so strong. It was his business to know, at least to an approach with exactness."

We notice that other Republican papers are also very severe on Scott. It seems that the President and cabinet demanded of Gen. Scott, that he should make the forward movement, and they made the demand under an outside pressure of Republican Senators, Congressmen and politicians which they could not resist. And we are further told that Gen. Scott now deeply regrets that he did not throw up his commission instead of yielding to the demands of the President and cabinet. These latter are the parties who will be held responsible for the disaster. The country will hold them, because it looks to them as the ones having the whole authority in the premises. The Republicans will, however, generally, put the blame on Gen. Scott.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Cairo, August 2.—Scouts report Jeff. Thompson thirty miles South of Bird's Point with five thousand Confederates.

Scouts also report the Southerners at New Madrid, well armed and drilled. They have two regiments of cavalry and five batteries. Gen. Pillow commands. He has issued a proclamation promising to drive the invaders from Missouri.

Washington, Aug. 2.—A bill relating to fortifications and prohibiting logging in the army passed; also the House bills appointing additional aid-de-camps and appropriating \$100,000 to purchase navy ordnance.

St. Louis, Aug. 2.—Solomon's and Seigel's regiment together with two Iowa regiments, have arrived here to be disbanded. Strong efforts are being made to continue the Home Guards in service beyond the time of enlistment.

Cincinnati, August 2.—The business houses closed to welcome the returned three months volunteers.

New York, August 2.—The steamship Northern Light has arrived. She brings a Panama Star which states that an English ship was boarded by a privateer, in latitude 24, longitude 60.

Washington, Aug. 2.—Official dispatches to Patterson will show that the entire blame of the Bull Run disaster rests on him, in disobeying positive orders. Orders were first given to engage Johnson; that being impossible he was to get between Johnson and Manassas; that being impossible, he was to harass Johnson's rear; that failing, he was to repair to Washington and form a junction with McDowell, simultaneously with Johnson's uniting his forces with Beauregard.

In the Senate, the bill authorizing Wells to purchase and charter vessels to aid in the collection of revenues, passed.

A resolution paying Mrs. Douglas her husband's arrearages, passed.

Cameron ordered all the slaves confined at Alexandria to be liberated and employed at labor. Future fugitives will be treated in the same manner.

New York, Aug. 2.—The 5th Regiment enroute for home were stoned in Baltimore by a crowd who cheered for Jeff. Davis. There was but little damage done. Several of the shouters were arrested, but released again after swearing allegiance to Lincoln.

Three steamers from Fortress Monroe were fired on at the mouth of the Potomac river, Maryland. They got around in attempting to get away, and it is supposed they will be captured or destroyed.

In the senate Breckinridge spoke laying the Manassas slaughter on the government. He said we were hurling brave fellows into death for principles which three-fourths of them abhor.

Baker responded saying Breckinridge's appeal was made only to animate our enemies. "Were his words," said Baker "not words of brilliant polished treason uttered in the capital."

Summer interrupted Baker, and asked what would have been done with a Roman Senator conducting himself similarly? He remarked, *sotto voce* that he would have been hurled from the Tarpean rock.

Jackson, August 1.—Capt. Crump of Vicksburg, has just reached here from Memphis, and reports that McCulloch has had no fight with Seigel.

The Squad of Southrons are here awaiting the arrival of Col. Cowan's corps, which is expected here tonight.

Army Supplies Taken at Manassas.

Richmond, July 27.—It is rumored here to-day that the number of small arms captured at Manassas, including five thousand found in boxes in the captured wagons, is between twenty and thirty thousand. I fear, however, this is an exaggeration. Every day adds to the conviction of the completeness of our grand victory, and to the importance of its results.

We have captured:

1. Over sixty magnificent rifled cannon.
2. About 1000 wagons, of which at least 500 were loaded.
3. About 1500 horses.
4. Supplies for a full campaign for 50,000 men.
5. Over 20,000 stand of arms.

6. Enormous quantities of knapsacks, haversacks, pistols, blankets, belts, bayonets, accoutrements and clothing of all sorts.

In addition to all this, they have lost in the killed, wounding, missing and deserters, not less than fifteen to twenty thousand men.

Capt. Mason, of the Shreveport Rebels, has received orders from Adjutant-General M. Grivot, to proceed immediately for Camp Moore. The Captain is making all the speed he can, to comply with the orders.

North Carolina Regiment.—The loss of this regiment is sixteen killed and between forty and fifty wounded.

The Baltimore Patriota semi-abolition sheet, is dead.

The Rev. Dr. Scott.—A dispatch from Fort Kearney, giving a summary of the news from San Francisco to the 16th inst., says:

Dr. W. A. Scott, of New Orleans, pastor of Calvary Church in San Francisco, has sent in his resignation. The trustees have not accepted it. Difficulties between Scott and his congregation on the war question caused his resignation; the Doctor being a peace man, opposed to coercion, though not an adherent of Jeff. Davis. His congregation will tolerate such private opinions, if kept out of the pulpit.

On Sunday, we were visited by a very heavy rain accompanied by hail, the size in circumference of a ten cent piece. That will do for August. What next?

The Richmond Whig says that among the trophies taken at Manassas was a battery composed of the most gigantic guns ever seen on a field of battle. They were thirty-two pound rifled cannon, on wheels ten or twelve feet high and with tires a foot wide, and drawn by ten horses. Such monsters were never seen before outside of a fortification.

Confederate Congress.

Richmond, July 31.—Congress sat in secret session all day.

A resolution was, however, made public, permitting the first regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, to be mustered into service for the time agreed upon by them when they volunteered, and paid for services already rendered. This includes the pay of privates and cadets from the North Carolina Military Institute.

The President has approved of the resolution, making disposition of the donations made by churches on East Day, to relieve the wounded at Manassas. The amount thus appropriated sums up \$5,475.00.

"Doings" About Norfolk.—It is said, positively, by a Norfolk correspondent of the Richmond Examiner, that all of the masts have been taken out the U. S. steam frigates in the Hampton Roads, in order that they may approach Norfolk with better facility. Startling, if true!

Late News.

We received the following intelligence, published in the Memphis Argus, of the 29th ultimo:

A courier arrived at headquarters of Gen. Pillow yesterday morning, bringing intelligence of a battle that had been fought at or near Springfield, Mo., in which the forces under Gen. Ben McCulloch gained a signal victory over those of Seigel, which were entrenched, but could not withstand the furious assault of the great Texan ranger, and gave way after a hard fight, in which it is reported that 900 of Seigel's men were slain, while Gen. McCulloch's loss was near 600. This may be somewhat exaggerated, and the number of prisoners less than had been reported, although there is little or no doubt that a signal victory has been achieved.

We are inclined to believe that there has been a battle fought, as referred to in the above, for reason, that many of our citizens have lately received letters from the Rangers to the effect that there would soon be a fight between Gen. McCulloch's force and that of Seigel's, yet, as will be seen by reference to dispatches published elsewhere, this report is bluntly contradicted by Capt. Crump, of Vicksburg, who arrived at Jackson, Mississippi, on the 1st inst., direct from Memphis. Admitting that there was a fight, it will be seen by the dispatch, that the figures of slain and prisoners, etc., are not to be relied on. We should soon know definitely, the full particulars, and probably during to-day or to-morrow, will be enabled to lay before our readers the intelligence full and correct.

We clip the following from a letter of the Pensacola correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser:

Another deserter from Fort Pickens was picked up last night in the Sound by one of the boats of Capt. Lovell's harbor police fleet. He attempted the passage to our side on a log, and was in an almost exhausted condition when discovered. He was taken on board, kindly treated and conveyed to the navy yard. He tells about the same tale as Boothby, who came over a week ago, and says that Boothby's desertion was not discovered about twenty-four hours after he left.

He says there is much dissatisfaction among some of the regulars—that they don't want to fight; unlistened to serve their flag against foreign foes, and not for the purpose of cutting the throats of their brothers—and that many of them would act as he has, if they had half a chance—Billy Wilson's men complain of the manner of their treatment by their Government—that they went aboard the Vanderbilt, as they understood, for Washington, but she sailed under sealed orders for Fort Pickens. He represents them as a very turbulent set, fighting, growling and stealing everything within their reach.

Prophecy.—It has been stated to us under questionable authority that a venerable Quaker lady, residing near Richmond, whose piety may be compared to that of Lydia or Priscilla, foretold as long as ten or twelve years ago that there would be a civil war in this country in the year 1860.

From Fortress Monroe.

The steamer Georgiana, Capt. Pierson, arrived on Saturday morning from Old Point Comfort, with a number of passengers. She brought intelligence that Dr. T. E. Rawlings, correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, Capt. Holliday, Capt. Edward Jenkins, Lieut. Small and private Small, of the Naxol Brigade, and R. Shirreff, left Hampton on Friday morning about 1 o'clock, on a scouting expedition. About daylight they were surprised by a party of Confederates near New Market, and at the first fire Dr. Rawlings was killed by a shot through his head. Lieutenant Johnson and Mr. Shirreff were also supposed to have been killed, and the remainder made their escape.

The Quaker City ran up to Fortress Monroe on Friday, having on board Captain Baker, a wrecker, who had resided for several years in Norfolk. He was picked up in a small boat outside of Cape Henry, while attempting to escape to the North.

On reaching Fortress Monroe, Capt. Baker was summoned before Gen. Butler, who questioned him as to the condition of the defenses and troops at and about Norfolk

and Portsmouth. He stated the defenses were of the most formidable character, and the troops are in excellent spirits. He expressed the opinion that Norfolk is prepared to resist any attack that may be made upon it, and the number of troops between the city and Richmond is immense.

Provisions are abundant and cheap. Flour is selling as low as in the city, while fresh butter is selling for eighteen cents per pound, and new potatoes at twenty-five cents per bushel. They have also an ample supply of salt meats, with plenty of fresh meat.

On the coast Capt. B. says seventeen vessels have been captured recently by privateers, and an abundant supply of coffee, which had become scarce, had been obtained. The soldiers remained constantly at their posts, and were constantly aware of everything that was going on at Fortress Monroe.

The steamer Adelaide, Capt. Cannon arrived yesterday morning and brought some news of interest.

Preparations are said to be making for an attack on Yorktown, by way of Great Bethel, as soon as a regiment of cavalry can be obtained.

It is said at Fortress Monroe that a powerful battery has been constructed on the opposite side from the Fortress, between Sewell's and Willoughby's Points, and distance three miles, from which it is expected rifled cannon will be used against the Fortress, while that at Willoughby's Point will operate against the Rip Raps.

Information had been received at the Fortress that the steamer Yorktown, formerly of the line between Richmond and New York, will soon attempt to run the blockade. She is said to have a powerful armament of 64 pound guns, while her entire hull is covered with H. railroad iron, to resist the shots from the ships of war and Fortress Monroe. Her upper works have been cut down, so that but a small part of the hull is above the water line. The Y. was the swiftest ocean steamer afloat, and is to have been even faster than the Louisiana, of the Bay Line. That experiment it is thought will not be attempted until after the bombardment of Fortress Monroe by the new battery.

The Minnesota has steam up. Her destination is not known. The Monticello yesterday fired into a body of Confederates a short distance above Newport News. The Confederates fired some heavy guns last evening at Pigs Point Battery.

The body of Rawlings has been brought to the Fortress, and will be sent to New York for burial. The Minnesota has steam up every night, in anticipation of a descent of the steamer Yorktown, from Richmond, or 1861. Beverly Tucker, in the "Party Leaders," spoke with nearly the same precision. In the one case the event was viewed from a spiritual, in the other from a political standpoint. When we consider the uncertainty in which all human events are shrouded, this forecasting of the political horoscope is sufficient to arrest attention. And yet it seems to us that a comprehensive and statesmanlike mind, imbued with the philosophy of history, ought to be able to foresee with some clearness the tendency of national changes—such disintegrations and reconstructions, for instance, as have made the present one of the most memorable eras in the annals both of the old world and the new.

Richmond Dispatch.

Another "Washington Artillery."—The Charleston (S. C.) Courier, mentioning the receipt of a letter from Richmond, informing the editors that the Washington-Artillery Volunteers, of the Hampton Legion, had received their battery—two steel rifled, two iron and two brass howitzers, and are expected to move very soon, for which all officers and privates, were eager, says:

As the name "Washington Artillery" has been illustrated in Virginia by the gallant battalion from New Orleans, will it not be advisable for our friends in the legion to adopt a distinctive and convenient name?

An order from the War Department at Washington discharges honorably Gen'ls. Patterson and Cadwallader. We begin to fear for Old Scott.

ARMY ORDERS.

Honorable Discharge of Major—General Patterson.

WAR DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Washington, July 19, 1861.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 64.

1. Major-General Robt. Patterson, of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, will be honorably discharged from the service of the United States, on the 27th inst., when his term of duty will expire. Brevet Major General Cadwallader, also of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, will be honorably discharged upon the receipt of this order, as his term of service expires to-day.

By order,
L. THOMAS, Adj. Gen.

Slightly Deaf.

I am one of those awkward persons that will sometimes occur, like accidents, even in the best regulated families, who are "eternally," (as my wife has it) wanting to know what people said. Not that I am inquisitive beyond the common order of things; but it is my misfortune to be slightly deaf. It is excessively painful to a man of my years and family to know to what an extent the opinion is current among my friends that I could hear as well as any body if I pleased. Only yesterday, as Buggs was walking past my house, he overheard me reproving my son Charles for elevating his voice to a murder-fire-and-thieves pitch in addressing me; though, being but a lad of four years or less, he can't be expected to know any better; which apology can hardly be adopted by certain very offensive older heads I could mention.

Buggs, I say, hearing this, becomes incredulous forthwith (for the fifth time during our six months' acquaintance) and declares emphatically that it is an utter impossibility for any person to pull wool over his optics to that extent that he can be made to believe Bykes is deaf.

"Nonsense!" says Buggs, gesticulating impatiently with his left hand; "no more hard of hearing than that stick, Sir—not a bit."

[Allusion is here made to Mr. Buggs's walking stick, supposed to be an uncommonly sharp stick (no intention of a pun, only suspicious of a sword-cane), and consequently capable of extraordinary acoustic feats.]

If there is anything in human nature that I especially detest, it is hypocrisy. I would rather have a man spit in my face than call me a hypocrite. I don't care what gentle euphemism he employs; as long as by any other name would sound as awful. A hypocrite is a hypocrite, whether you told him of it by saying that he pretended to be deaf than he is, or by calling him outright a wolf in sheep's clothing. Perhaps I am too sensitive in this particular; I can't help it if I am. I have learned to subdue and control my passions, but I can't get over this sensitiveness. I can refrain from knocking my friend down when he says, "Pshaw! Bykes, you're not so deaf as you seem!" but I can't refrain from wincing.

I have made a careful calculation, and I have concluded that I probably do not represent less than seven thousand of my fellow-countrymen, (and women—bless them!) in my position, here in this publication, as a misunderstood and ill-treated slightly deaf person. On behalf, therefore, of this large body of people, by me represented, I propose to show that in my (our) case the deaf-and-dumb is not so black as he is painted.

I took dinner with my friend Saques, one day last summer, at his truly boarding-place in the country. Saques is a well-meaning fellow, and has talent in the poetical way; but he is very much retired in his manners, personally. Fond of society, possessing an appreciative sense of feminine aesthetics, not aware that he is himself bad to look at, but at the same time with a strong antipathy to the attraction of any undue attention toward his end of the table. I discovered this latter fact by the blushes that suffused his pleasant countenance when he introduced me to a chair at the dining-table—taking special care to introduce me to nobody else—and by the anxious side-glances he gave me during the early part of the repast. Saques was one of those who fully believed in the genuineness of my auricular defect; and Saques was on the look-out for a blunder. I was amused at the expression of amazement that gradually spread itself over his face; but I was sorry he seemed to have no appetite, for the dinner was excellent. As we left the dining-room Saques took me by the arm and led me up the piazza, taking a seat at the remote end thereof, overlooking the Tappan Zoo. He said:

"Bykes, how's this? I thought you were hard of hearing?"

"Very true, my dear fellow. What about it?"

"Why, see here! Didn't I see you go through four courses at our quiet table, where no one speaks above their breath, where there is no bill of fare, and where the servants are so soft spoken that half the time I can't hear them myself? I want to know how you heard so easily, when you are slightly deaf?"

"My dear boy, I haven't heard a syllable since we entered the dining-room till you spoke to me just now."

Saques didn't seem to get any better of his amazement.

"You don't understand," said I; "I will explain. I have learned to make my eyes serve in the place of ears. My appetites are not fastidious; I can generally eat what is set before me without any qualms. I get through a dinner in this way: At

the first course I respond to the servant's query with a nod; he generally understands that to be the last dish he mentioned—say, cod; so he asks me if it was cod I preferred; I don't hear him, but nod again, and he brings me cod. I linger over my fish until one of my neighbors is served with a dish in the next course—say, roast beef; I immediately order some roast beef; I know there is some, not because I see seen it. After that it's easy enough to keep behind my neighbors a little. Some things about this plan may seem awkward to you; but practice makes perfect; I find it easy enough."

Saques seemed satisfied. That being all I wanted, we dropped the subject.

I ride a good deal by railroad. If I had been a railroad conductor, instead of a dry-goods dealer, nobody ever should know that I was slightly deaf.

I often form pleasant acquaintances in the cars. Only last week I made a friend of a very intelligent and sociable Southern gentleman, in this way; I had business in Albany, and went by Hudson River (rather. By me sat a gentleman wearing a military coat, with whom I was soon conversing. It was an express train, and the stops were few; whenever these did occur I stepped out upon the platform, from a habit of long standing, not returning until the wheels had again set up their rumbling. Finally, at one place I did not go out, but kept my seat. My military friend continued the conversation. I had suddenly lost my hearing, his lips moved, but I heard no sound.

"What do you say?" said I. The lips moved again.

"Speak a little louder, please," said I.

Once more I saw the lips move. "I don't understand you," I was forced to say again.

The military gentleman grew red in the face, and arose in his seat, looking daggers at me. There was an audible tittering in our vicinity. "D—n it Sir!" he declared, in a tone of voice that I heard perfectly distinctly; "what do you mean?"

The gentleman was from Virginia. I protested I had none but the most courteous intentions. The cars now began their motion, and the wheels their rattling, and my hearing returned. I proceeded at once to explain my conduct in having become afflicted with sudden deafness when I was asked so plain a question as, "Have you any tobacco about you?"

"I ought to have informed you, Sir," I said to my companion, "that I am slightly deaf—a little hard of hearing. You seem surprised. But the explanation is simple: When the cars are in motion, I hear even better than those whose ears are not defective. The cars, in moving, make considerable noise. That noise you hear distinctly, while I hear it very slightly. You raise your voice above the racket; but that racket does not exist for me. I get the full benefit of your raised voice, while to you it does not seem greatly raised, because the act of speaking loud, amidst noise, is involuntary."

Owing to this simple fact being little known, I have benevolently misjudged, and unjustly suspected of sound hearing, by a great many of the ignorant in the premises.

I was once traveling in a railroad car and heard a voice behind me say:

"This old codger what sets right afront of us is old Bykes, what keeps the store in—street, what we broke into a stretcher ago come next July; twig?"

"Is that so, Jim?" said another voice; "I never seed him afore. Ain't yer 'fraid he'll hear ye, though? Better cheese yer patter."

"No," he said the deaf James; "he's deaf as a dead 'un; more'n that, couldn't nobody hear us when the cars make such a noise; more'n that, don't yer see he's fast asleep? J—s! wouldn't we catch it, though, if he know'd as how the coves was a settin' behind him what scratched his cellar-door with a jimmy and prigged such a jolly haul of swag?"

Mr. James M'Knuckler, the well-known crackman, proceeded to recount his interesting exploit with considerable partially-suppressed hilarity, while I was judiciously modulating my satisfaction. At next station I arose, stretched myself, and walked out; entering another car as the train moved off, and through the conductor's aid, finding a brace of "Creseents" on board, who took the astonished James and companion into their charge. They are now ruralizing at Baton Rouge, all for want of a knowledge of the fact I have here divulged.

Concluded on the next page.

A. L. H. Jefferson, Texas; names and money received. You have credited