

Shreveport Daily News.

VOL. 1.

SHREVEPORT, LA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1861.

NO. 3.

The Shreveport Daily News,

Published every morning (Monday excepted.)
Office corner Kas & Spring sts.
Over Baer's Store—trance on Spring street.

TERMS:

Daily, per year in advance.....\$8.00
" Delivered by carrier, 20 cents
per week.
Weekly (Monday) advance.....2.50

ADVERTISING RATES: FOR THE WEEKLY:

For each square twelve lines or less
for the first insertion.....\$1.00
For each additional insertion, per
square.....50

FOR THE DAILY:

No. Squares	1mo	3mo	4mo	5mo	6mo	9mo	12mo
1 square.....	5	9	10	12	13	17	20
2 squares.....	9	14	16	17	18	25	30
3 squares.....	12	18	21	23	25	35	40
4 squares.....	15	22	25	27	30	40	50
5 squares.....	18	26	30	32	35	45	55
6 squares.....	20	30	34	37	40	50	60
7 squares.....	23	33	37	40	43	55	65
8 squares.....	26	36	40	43	46	60	70
9 squares.....	28	38	42	45	48	65	75
10 squares.....	30	40	44	47	50	70	80
15 squares.....	40	50	54	57	60	80	100

For professional and business cards, (including the Daily paper,) not exceeding five lines, for 3 months, \$15—without paper, \$10.

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Advertisements published at irregular intervals, \$1 per square for each insertion.

Announcing candidates for a District or State office, \$10; for a Parish office, \$10; City office, \$5—two paid in advance.

All advertisements for strangers or transient persons, to be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified time, will be inserted till forbid, and payment exacted.

Marriages and deaths will be published as news; obituaries tributes of respect, and funeral invitations & other advertisements.

EMMETT D. CRAIG,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office, opposite Post Office,
SHREVEPORT, LA.

Will practice in the Courts of Caddo, DeSoto, and Bossier. 1dly

GEO. W. KENDALL,

DENTIST,
Office, corner Market and Milan sts.,
Opposite the Bank,
SHREVEPORT, LA.

New Orleans Cards.

EDWARD CONERY,
Wholesale Grocer,
AND DEALER IN
WESTERN PRODUCE,
Nos. 2 Front and 10 Fulton Streets,
NEW ORLEANS,
n1—ly.

D. D. O'BRIEN,

Newspaper Advertising
AND
COLLECTING AGENT,
Office corner Canal St. and Exchange
Place, No. 6,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Weekly City Correspondence in English, French, German and Spanish Languages, furnished on moderate terms.

Bills sent for Collection from any of your friends, will be promptly attended to. n1*

GEORGE H. VINTEN,

SOUTHERN TYPE FOUNDRY AND
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
105 Poydras Street, N. ORLEANS.
Presses, Type, Paper, Ink, and Furnishing of all description, at manufacturers' prices.

AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
R. HOE & COS. PRESSES,
and
James Conner & Sons' Type.
OLD TYPE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR
New at 10 cents per pound.
Second-hand Presses bought and sold.

The Traditional Anecdotes of the Countess of Stair.

[From the Scottish Rebellions—Traditions of Edinburgh, &c.]

Of this venerable lady, who presided over the fashionable world of Edinburgh, during the earlier half of the last century, some curious traditional anecdotes are preserved, which may perhaps amuse the people of an age so different from that in which she flourished.

She was the youngest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudon, and consequently was grand-daughter to that stern old Earl, who acted so important a part in the affairs of the Covenant, and who was Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the troublesome times of the Civil War. While very young, (about the beginning of the eighteenth century,) she was married to James, first Viscount P——, a young nobleman of very dissolute character, and, what was worse, of an extremely unhappy temper. Her ladyship, who had a great deal of her grandfather in her, could have managed most men with great ease, by dint of superior intellect and force of character; but the cruelty of Lord P—— was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had even occasion to apprehend that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, during the time when she was laboring under this dreadful anticipation, she was dressing herself in her chamber, near an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her, with a drawn sword in his hand. He had opened the door softly, and, although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrid nature, he still had the presence of mind to approach her with the utmost caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in her glass, he would, in all probability, have approached near enough to execute his bloody purposes, before she was aware, or could have taken any measure to save herself.—Fortunately, she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window into the street. Half dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord P——'s mother, where she told her story, and demanded protection.—That protection was at once extended; and, it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together.

Lord P—— soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence, a foreign conjuror, or fortune teller, came to Edinburgh, professing, among many other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition or situation of any other person, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady P——, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited by curiosity, to go with a female friend to the lodgings of this person in the Canongate, for the purpose of inquiring regarding his motions. It was night; and the two ladies went, with the tartan screens or plaids of their servants drawn over their faces, by way of disguise. Lady P—— having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know

what he was at present doing, the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the appearance of the inside of a church, with a marriage party arranged near the altar. To her infinite astonishment, she recognised in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband, Lord P——. The magical scene thus so strangely displayed, was not exactly like a picture; or, if so, was rather like the live picture of the stage, than the dead and immovable delineations of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of a progress of action. As the lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed. The necessary arrangements had, at last, been all made; the priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands; when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and in whom Lady P—— thought she recognized a brother of her own, then abroad, entered the church, and made hurriedly towards the party. The aspect of this person was at first only that of a friend, who had come too late; but as he advanced to the party, the expression of his countenance and figure was altered very considerably. He stopped short, his face assumed a wrathful expression, he drew his sword, and he rushed up to the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon.—The whole scene then became indistinct, and almost immediately after vanished entirely away.

When Lady P—— got home she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, taking particular care to note the day and hour when she had seen the mysterious vision. The narrative she sealed up in presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers. Soon afterwards, her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked if, in the course of his wanderings, he had happened to see or hear any thing of Lord P——. The young man only answered by saying, that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady P——, however, questioned him so closely, that he at last confessed having met his lordship, and that under very strange circumstances.—Having spent some time in one of the Dutch cities, it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam,—he had become acquainted with a rich merchant, who had a beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his enormous fortune. One day his friend the merchant, informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a Scottish gentleman, who had lately come there to reside. The nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days; and, as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but, fortunately, came in time to prevent the union of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in human shape—his own brother-in-law, Lord P——!

Although Lady P—— had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror, by writing down an account of them, yet she almost fainted away. Some-

thing, however, yet remained to be ascertained, did Lord P——'s attempted marriage take place exactly at the same time with her visit to the conjuror? To certify this, she asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place. Having been informed, she took out her key, and requested him to go her chamber, to open a drawer which she described and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. He did as he was desired, when, the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady P—— had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials, on the very evening they were transacted in reality.

Lord P—— died in 1706, leaving a widow who could scarcely be expected to mourn for him. She was still a young and beautiful woman, and might have procured her choice among twenty better matches. Such, however, was the idea she had formed of the married state from her first husband, that she made a resolution never again to become a wife. She kept her resolution for many years, and probably would have done so till the day of her death, but for a very singular circumstance. The celebrated Earl of Stair, who resided in Edinburgh the greater part of twenty years which he spent in retirement from all official employment, fell deeply in love with her ladyship, and earnestly sued for her hand. If she could have relented in favor of any man, it would have been in favor of one who had acquired so much public honor, and who possessed so much private worth. But she declared also to him her resolution of remaining unmarried. In his desperation, he resolved upon an expedient by which he might obviate her scruples, but which was certainly improper in a moral point of view. By dint of bribes to her domestics, he got himself insinuated, over night, into a small room in her ladyship's house, where she used to say her prayers every morning, and the window of which looked out upon the principal street of the city. At this window, when the morning was a little advanced, he showed himself, *en deshabille*, to the people passing along the street; an exhibition which threatened to have such a fatal effect upon her ladyship's reputation, that she saw fit to accept for a husband.

She was more happy as Countess of Stair, than she had been as Lady P——. Yet her new husband had one failing, which occasioned her much and frequent uneasiness. Like all other gentlemen at that period, he sometimes indulged over much in the bottle. When elevated with liquor, his temper, contrary to the general case, was by no means improved.—Thus, on his reaching home, after any little debauch, he generally had a quarrel with his wife, and sometimes even treated her person with violence. On one particular occasion, when quite transported beyond the bounds of reason, he gave her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face, as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately after fell asleep, altogether unconscious of what he had done. Lady Stair was so completely overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter poignant feeling, that she made no attempt to bind up her little wound.

She sat down a sofa near her torpid husband, and bled till morning.—When his lordship awoke, and perceived her dishevelled and bloody figure, he was surprised to the last degree, and eagerly inquired how she came to be in such an unusual condition? She answered by detailing to him the history of his conduct on the preceding evening; which stung him so deeply with regret,—for he was a nobleman of the most generous feelings,—that he instantly vowed to his wife never afterwards to take any species of drink, except what was first passed through her hands. This vow he kept most scrupulously till the day of his death. He never afterwards sat in any convivial company where his lady could not attend to sanction his potations with her permission. Whenever he gave any entertainment, she always sat next him and filled his wine, till it was necessary for her to retire; after which, he drank only from a certain quantity which she had first laid aside.

The Earl of Stair died in the year 1747, (at Queensberry House, in the Canongate, Edinburgh,) leaving her ladyship again a widow. She lived all the rest of her life, in dotarial state, at Edinburgh; where she a close, or alley, in which resided, still bears her name. She died in the year 1769.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.—Yesterday, the 2d of April, the flag of the Confederate States of America was for the first time run up to the top of the flag-staff at the barracks at Baton Rouge. When it unfolded its gay colors to the soft April breeze, seven loud reports from the cannon's throat announced the intelligence to the surrounding neighborhood. It is a thing of beauty and of life. Long may it wave over the homes of the brave and noble people whose rights and whose honor it was intended to protect and preserve.—*Baton Rouge Advocate 3d inst.*

A weary juror at Lartinezee, Ind., was fined \$200 a few days since, and imprisoned three days, for slipping from the jury room, getting supper at a hotel and passing the night in a comfortable bed, contrary to law.

DIDN'T LIKE THE MEAT.—Pat Flannery is not only an efficient officer, but something of a wag. Fond of a good joke, he never misses an opportunity of playing one. A few evenings since he was sitting on the Uncle Sam's corner, fronting the levee, when a "long haul" Wabash deck-hand passed him, holding in one hand an acre of gingerbread and in the other a huge bologna sausage. At almost every step he would satisfy the cravings of his appetite with a bite from each of the aforesaid articles. Pat no sooner saw him than he determined on a joke.

As the Hoosier passed Pat, a rat ran across the sidewalk, at which he wickedly made a kick.

"Leave that alone!" yelled Pat, as if angry.

"Leave that rat alone?" replied the Hoosier looking at Pat, with his mouth full of bologna, "what do you want a feller to leave that alone for?"

"Because it belongs to me, and I will not have it abused."

"Belong to you! what on airth do you want with rats?"

"Make bologna sausages with them, sir, and right nice ones they make too."

The Hoosier waited to hear no more, but emptying his mouth of its contents, and flinging his bologna as far as the strength of his arm would send it, hastened to the nearest groggery for a five cent dram, to, as he expressed it, "take the ratty taste out."