

Shreveport Daily News.

VOL. 1.

SHREVEPORT, LA., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1861.

NO. 11.

The Shreveport Daily News,

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

TERMS:

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

ADVERTISING RATES: FOR THE WEEKLY:

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

FOR THE DAILY:

No. Squares	1mo	2mo	3mo	4mo	5mo	6mo	7mo	8mo	9mo	12mo
1 square,	5	7	9	10	12	13	17	20		
2 squares,	9	12	14	16	17	18	25	30		
3 squares,	12	15	18	21	23	25	35	40		
4 squares,	15	19	22	25	27	30	40	50		
5 squares,	18	23	26	30	33	37	45	60		
6 squares,	20	26	30	34	37	40	50	70		
7 squares,	23	29	34	38	41	45	55	80		
8 squares,	26	32	38	42	45	50	60	90		
9 squares,	29	35	42	46	50	55	65	100		
10 squares,	32	39	46	50	54	60	70	110		
15 squares,	40	48	56	60	64	70	80	150		

For professional and business cards, (in-
cluding the Daily paper,) not exceeding
five lines, for 12 months, \$15—without
paper, \$10.

The privilege of yearly advertisers is
strictly limited to their own immediate and
regular business; and the business of an
advertising firm is not considered as in-
cluding that of its individual members.

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—to be paid in advance.

All advertisements for strangers or trans-
ient 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 as other advertisements.

New Orleans Cards.

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 Span-
ish Languages, furnished on moder-
ate terms.

Bills sent for Collection from any of
your friends, will be promptly atten-
ded to.

EDWARD CONERY,

Wholesale Grocer,

AND DEALER IN
WESTERN PRODUCE.

Nos. 2 Front and 10 Fulton Streets,
NEW-ORLEANS.

nl-1y.

GEORGE H. VINTEN,

SOUTHERN TYPE LOUNDRY AND

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

105 POYDRAS STREET, N. ORLEANS.
Presses, Type, Paper, Ink, and Fur-
nishing of all description, at manu-
facturers' 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.

THOS. H. SHIELDS. ARTHUR W. HYATT.

THOS. H. SHIELDS & CO.,

DEALERS IN
TYPE, PRESSES, INKS.

News, Book, Wrapping & Printing
Papers,

CARDS AND CARD BOARDS,

Foreign and Domestic Stationery,
59 GRAVIER ST., and 10 BANK PLACE,
New Orleans.

nl-1y

Trifles.

A cloud may intercept the sun,
A web by insect workers spun
Preserve the life within the frame,
Or vapors take away the same.
A grain of sand upon the sight
May rob a giant of his might!
Or needle-point let out his breath,
And make a banquet-meal for Death.

How often, at a single word,
The heart with agony is stirred,
The ties that years could not have riven,
Are scattered to the winds of heaven.
A glance that looks what words would speak,
Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek,
And thoughts, not looked, nor yet express,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love
May be angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears
Be as the music of the spheres.
The pressure of a gentle hand
Worth all that glitters in the land;
Oh! trifles are not what they seem,
But Fortune's voice and star supreme!

From Pensacola.

The Mobile Advertiser publishes
the following letter:

PENSACOLA Monday night, April 15, 1861.
This has been a rainy day, and
cold enough for winter. Nothing
from headquarters to report.

The strong wind that prevailed
from 7 o'clock this morning to 12,
drove to sea the blockading squadron.
The steamer Galveston, according to
custom, when opposite Fort Pickens,
threw overboard this morning copies
of the New Orleans papers containing
full telegraphic particulars of the sur-
render of Fort Sumter. This indis-
cretion on the part of the Captain of
the Galveston is almost inexcusable,
after the exertions of Gen. Bragg to
keep the fort and fleet in ignorance of
the true state of affairs. It is possi-
ble they may not have been picked
up; but if they have, it is thought a
row is not far distant.

"Nemo," the Warrington corres-
pondent of the Observer, was sent on
Sunday to Montgomery under arrest
for communicating to the Observer
information of the intention of Gen.
Bragg to throw Confederate troops on
Santa Rosa Island, designed to act
against Fort Pickens. He is said to
be a very knowing man, but there is
such a thing as knowing too much.—
On the day of publication, the Wy-
andotte brought up Lieut. Worden,
and some of her crew, while ashore,
it is supposed, obtained a copy of the
paper. At any rate, that night Fort
Pickens was reinforced.

There are newspaper correspondents
here from various cities. The New
York Herald, of course, has one, and
a very gentlemanly one at that. Gen.
Bragg has forbid all newspaper pub-
lications in regard to the movements
or disposition of the troops, and it
has become quite difficult to visit the
works, or get the slightest clue to
what is going on, since "Nemo's"
last publication. I shall go to the
Navy Yard and other places to-mor-
row, under a passport from a friend
who enjoys to an unlimited degree the
confidence of the commanding Gen-
eral.

I have met with many acquaint-
ances—among them your former
townsman, Mr. Leonard LeBaron.—
He is the most energetic, untiring
man in the State; his office is crowded
the day long; and how he can attend
to such a mass of business, and an-
swer so many questions, is a mystery.
In fact, the house of Judah & Le-
Baron is headquarters at Pensacola,
and they enjoy the entire confidence
of Gen. Bragg. Lieut. Holt, also a
Mobilian, and a resigned officer of the
United States Army, was in town
this morning. He is on duty at the
Navy Yard, in the Commissary De-
partment, and is said to be a young
officer of great promise. He prefer-
red active duty to awaiting an assign-
ment, and hence his present position.

Troops are arriving by every train;
I came down last night with the
"Oglethorpe Infantry," from Augus-
ta, Ga., a splendid looking and ele-
gantly uniformed company.
Rumors have been floating about

town, out of which could be manu-
factured sensation paragraphs of the
biggest order: I pursued several of
them a square or two, and stopped!

J.
P. S.—It is now said, and believed,
that the little boat to which the cap-
tain of the Galveston threw the New
Orleans papers belonged to Mr. P.
Miners, a pilot, and not Lieut. Slem-
mer. If such is the case, neither
the fleet nor the fort is aware of the
surrender of Fort Sumter.

The captain of the Galveston has
just told me that his ship is not al-
lowed to leave the port; but the rea-
son I shall not conjecture, let it de-
velop itself. He is with the Confed-
erate States, heart and soul!

Gen. Houston in Cahawba.

Last Monday morning, the name of
Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas, was
entered on the register of the Dallas
Hall as one of the late and distin-
guished arrivals.

Two gentlemen sent their cards to
him—took their seats in the parlor,
and in quiet dignity, waited for his
appearance. They waited a long time,
but old San Jacinto did not appear.—
At length, their patience "wore out,"
and they left. Soon after it was an-
nounced that the General was ready
to receive company, and Col. G.—
consented to act as master of cere-
monies. Several gentlemen expressed a
desire to be presented to him. They
marched up stairs to the parlor, head-
ed by the Colonel, where the General
was ready to receive them. They were
introduced in due form, and invited
to take seats. Each and every eye
in the room, save those of the Colo-
nel himself commenced a critical ex-
amination of the person of the Gen-
eral who bore it with patient dignity as
a matter of course. The General was
found to be a man of apparently sixty
years of age, tall and burly person
a little bald, and boasting an extensive
pair of whiskers.

After a few minutes silence, one of
the visitors politely inquired of the
General if he would not visit Marion
where it is known he married his
present wife.

"Yes, I am going to Marion before
I go home," replied he, in a most de-
cided Tennessee horse drover dialect,
which astonished his visitors not a
little, but they remembered he had
been a Tennessee pioneer, and a little
of the demagogue, in latter days, so
they excused what they considered
the effect of early impressions, or the
affectation of one who wanted to talk
in the familiar language of the masses.

The surprise passed away, and an-
other gentleman asked—

"What is the news from Texas, Sir?"
"They are kickin' up h—l in Tex-
as," promptly responded the General
to the very great amazement of the
company, who thought that General
Houston was a member of some
Christian Church, and not given to
the use of bad words. Before they
recovered from their astonishment,
the General proceeded—

"Ireckin, gentlemen you have come
here to trade—(increased sensation)
—I've got as fine a drove of mules
in Gibson's lot as you ever seen—
(speechless astonishment)—and, in a
few days, I'll have a lot of the best
Tennessee corn whisky that ever was
'stilled any where—(unspeakable hor-
ror depicted in the countenances of
the visitors)—and when it comes, and
you take a taste of it you will say
it's as good sperrits as you ever
drink'd."

At length one of the gentlemen re-
covered sufficiently to enquire, in a
faint voice—

"Are you from Texas?"
"No, sir; I never was in Texas,
and don't want to go there."

Are you not Gen. Sam Houston?"
enquired another whose eyes were
opening.

"No, sir; my name is Sam Brew-
ster, of Rutherford county, Tennes-
see, whar the boys sometimes call me
Gen'ral. I thought you called Gin-

ral Brewster, when you come in.
Who told you I was Gin'ral Houston
he fiercely asked.

"Col. G.," responded several voices,
"Where is he?"

But the Colonel slipped out.
In an instant the truth flashed
upon the mind of one of the gentle-
men present and he said.

"Gentlemen, this is the first of
April, and we are all fooled!"

The Tennessean, upon this an-
nouncement, looked exceedingly grim
and his visitors had that when they
are taken in; but Tennessee soon
relaxed, and with a broad grin said:
"Let's go and get a drink, boys,
and say nothing more about it."

The trick was kept dark during
the day, and many more applications
were made to Col. G. for an intro-
duction to Gen. Houston, all of
which he declined, on one pretext or
another, whilst some others denounced
those who were willing to pay the
old traitor the courtesy of a visit.

Tennessee left early next morning.

Wrong Room, Sir.

Room 19, in a hotel appertaining
to a city which shall be nameless,
was recently the scene of a drama
by a gentleman of that city. In fact,
the scene was originally set, for a
tragedy, but through the complicity
of certain actors with the god of
chance, the performance was turned
into a comedy. As the curtain arises,
we witness the arrival of Mr. and
Mrs. A. from Pittsburg, and their
progress to room 61 in the aforesaid
hotel. The "flat" opens, and dis-
closes a street and a millinery shop,
wherein the young and beautiful
Mrs. A. purchases a duck of a bonnet.
Next we behold the lovely female
ascending to her room in the hotel,
as she supposes; though by holding
the key carelessly upside down she
has made the number of the apart-
ment 19, instead of 61. Thinking
only of her new bonnet, and how she
will try it on immediately, she mar-
ches into the room nineteen, which be-
longs to a highly moral old bachelor
named B., who happens to be shaving
himself when the door is opened.
Here is the first "situation" in the
piece. Mrs. A. catches sight of the
man in her room, as she supposes,
screams "Murder!" and falls faint-
ing on the floor. The wretched
bachelor has just begun to say:
"Now, my dear madam," when Mr.
A. appears upon the scene and im-
agines that he beholds what is tech-
nically called "an incident in high
life."

"Scoundrel in my room!—wife in-
sulted!—my revolver!—perish, fiend!"
thunders Mr. A. and departs franti-
cally in search of a 24 pounder of
vengeance.

The miserable B. revives Mrs. A.
by painting her beautiful nose and
mouth with lather, and proceeds to
guard against the sanguinary assaults
of A. by putting a bureau against
the door.

Second "Situation."

B. has just commenced to explain:
"Now, my dear madam—" when A.
kicks a panel out of the door, and
calls "Blood! Iago! blood!" The in-
terest of the drama is becoming pos-
itively painful, when—enter the land-
lord, who asks: "what's the row?"
A tells the harrowing tale: Fiend in
human shape in his room—wife as-
saulted with razor—"His blood or
mine, by Heaven."

Landlord sees the point—all a mis-
take. "Wrong room, sir—yours is
61: this is 19. Mr. B. is one of my
oldest guests, and a very respectable
man. Your lady has got into the
wrong apartment."

Third "situation."
Mrs. A. bursts into tears. Mr. A.
has a detected-in-sheep-stealing look,
and Mr. B. proceeds to wipe his razor
and remove the barricade from the
door.

The last scene in the drama is very
picturesque and moral: Three per-
sons are seated at a table, on which

numerous bottles of "green seal" de-
light the eye. As the curtain falls,
one gentleman is observed to roll
under the table, and others to wink
so presently at the audience, that their
sobriety becomes a matter of great
doubt!

MODESTY.—A modest young lady
at the table desiring a leg of chick-
en, said: "I'll take the part which
ought to be dressed in drawers." A
young gentleman opposite, immedi-
ately replied: "I'll take the part
which ought to wear the bustle!"
The young lady fainted and was car-
ried out on a salver.

CURE FOR THE DIPHTHERIA.—A
lady of Port Byron, Cayuga county,
New York, has cured six children—
five of them her own—of diphtheria,
by the following remedy:

When the symptom are first dicov-
ered, take Spanish flies, pound and
mix with Venice turpentine, spread
it on a piece of cloth, and bind it on
the throat, which will raise a blister,
and soon remove the disease from
the throat.

To prevent grubs from attacking
peach trees, place around the tree,
above the ground, the saw-dust and
chips of cedar.

'Tis said the putting of refuse pork,
or brine on Asparagus beds adds to
the growth of the plant while it de-
stroys the weeds.

CAPT. JONES HUNG.—In the Mo-
bile Evening News we find the follow-
ing statement, which is confirmed by
other papers:

We have it from highly responsible
authority that the rumors, of which
we have been cognizant for some
time, are well founded, and that Cap-
tain William Jones, of the sloop Isa-
bel, has terminated his brief but no-
torious career at the end of a rope.

The account we hear is, that on
the arrival of the Thursday evening
cars at Sgooba, a passenger on the train
pointed out Jones as boasting to him
of being the person who "provisioned
Slemmer," and stated that he was
then on his way to Washington with
dispatches for Lincoln's Government.
He was arrested, the proofs of his
treason found upon him, and was exe-
cuted on the spot by the enraged
citizens.

The only paper we have received
from up the road, of a later date than
the reported occurrence, is the South-
ern Republic, of Sunday morning,
which says nothing about it, and, in-
deed, it has been our impression that
Jones left Mobile on Friday.

THE BLACK REPUBLICAN. RULE A
DICTATORSHIP.—The Baltimore Sun
well says that it is quite a novel proceed-
ing in American history for such ex-
tensive preparations of a warlike
character to be going on without the
least public information as to their
design, and without authority from
Congress. The thing has all the ap-
pearance of making war, and resem-
bles more the mode of action under an
absolute despotism than such as we
have been accustomed to in the United
States. No one can doubt that, had
any Democratic or Whig President
ever undertaken to adopt such a course
of procedure, and to have totally
ignored the people and the coordinate
branches of the government, as the
present Administration is doing, there
would have been an outburst of in-
dignation from one extreme of the
country to the other. But secrecy
and apparent lack of all sense of re-
sponsibility seem to prevail at Wash-
ington, and to such an extent that we
may be involved in a foreign or civil
war without the slightest regard for
the interests, will, or cooperation of
the people.