

# Shreveport Daily News.

VOL. 1.

SHREVEPORT, LA., SATURDAY, APRIL 27 1861.

NO. 13.

## The Shreveport Daily News,

Published every morning (Monday excepted.)  
Office corner Texas & Spring sts.  
Over Barr'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	55		
6 squares	20	26	30	34	37	40	50	60		
7 squares	22	28	32	36	39	43	55	65		
8 squares	25	31	35	40	43	47	60	70		
9 squares	28	34	38	43	46	50	65	75		
10 squares	30	36	40	45	48	52	70	80		
15 squares	35	42	46	51	54	58	75	90		
20 squares	40	48	52	57	60	64	80	100		
25 squares	45	54	58	63	66	70	85	110		
30 squares	50	60	64	69	72	76	90	120		
40 squares	60	72	76	81	84	88	105	140		
50 squares	70	84	88	93	96	100	120	160		

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

The privilege of yearly advertisements is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including 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 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 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 Spanish Languages, furnished on moderate terms.

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

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

**GEORGE H. VINTEN,**  
SOUTHERN TYPE LOUNDRY 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.

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.

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## From the Picayune. A Mother's Memories.

Two twining buds their tendrils clasped  
Around a mother's heart;  
Two loving little bosoms beat,  
In unison apart.

Two loving little spirits cheered  
The family circle dear;  
Two loving little voices made  
Sweet music to the ear.

Two pair of little pattering feet,  
That roved from room to room;  
Two pair of loving little hands,  
Now clasped within the tomb.

Two little empty chairs, once filled,  
Beside the family board;  
Alas! they're but mementoes now,  
Of gems in Heaven stored.

New Orleans, April 9. LETITIA.  
[The above was written in reference to the sad loss recently sustained by Mr. and Mrs. John Fowler, in the death of two sweet children—lovely in life, and lovely in death. L. F.]

## The Murder Hole. AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

In a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance—not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—nor a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. Strange rumors arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent.—When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless and desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighboring hamlet were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions.—Some declared that the death-like stillness of the night was often interrupted by the sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance; and a shepherd one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural energy, till at length one of them, with a frightful scream, suddenly sank into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her two sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror, and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar-boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions connected with

this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the ghosts of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage died away into silence, and he grouped with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promises of Scripture occurred to his memory, and he revived his courage. "I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as an hiding place in the storm." Surely, thought he, though alone, I am not forsaken; and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large body of travellers who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavored to detain him when the other travellers were departing; and now, therefore he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old lady talks so much, though the boy, approaching a window, where the light within showed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations: the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy, in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrank back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. "I am not what you take me for," said the boy, attempting to laugh, "but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year." "Are you alone?" inquired the old woman, in a harsh deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. "Yes," said the boy, "I am alone here; and alas!" he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, "I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night." "Then you are welcome!" said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks, which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain, and terrors which he could neither combat or examine, imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least to increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by

some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed; but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavored to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright, he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a goat that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

"This is an easier job than you had yesterday," said the man who

## Our Defenses.

The articles which appeared in the Delta last week, calling attention to certain deficiencies in the defenses of this city, though considered by some persons as indiscreet, have not been without good effects. A very great activity has been exhibited in our military department during the past few days. The Governor, though in bad health, has been indefatigable in his labors, and Colonel Hebert, who has been appointed to the place made vacant by General Bragg, has devoted his fine military talents and attainments, with great success, to the strengthening our various defenses. Fort Jackson is now in a very effective condition. About forty of the guns—twenty-four and thirty-two—are now remounted, and the ship which can pass them must be stronger and faster than any of those which have been sent South by the Lincoln Government. Fort St. Philip, too, has been greatly strengthened, and those two experienced engineers, Major Smith and Captain Duncan, of the Confederate States Army, pronounce them quite capable of arresting and repelling any squadron that might attempt to force a passage. The seven large columbiads at Baton Rouge have been brought to this city and will be in a few days mounted.—Some difficulty and delay have been experienced in obtaining the timber for the carriages for these heavy guns, it being requisite that the timber should be very well seasoned and of certain dimensions. Sixty days ago these carriages were ordered at the Tredegar Works, Richmond, Virginia, and under the contract they ought to have been here some time ago; but the Governor only received word a few days ago that they had been shipped, and they are hourly expected.—In the meantime, however, Colonel Hebert discovered the timber, the material, and the artisans, who were competent to make these carriages, and they are now being made use of at the custom-house, where some excellent work has been done in this line. A thirty-two pounder gun car-

riage, constructed under the supervision of Mr. Roy, architect of the custom-house, the castings for which were executed at Lead's Foundry, is pronounced by competent engineers and artillerymen equal to any carriages that have been made at any of the armories of the North.

The forces at Jackson and St. Philip will be largely increased.—Meantime our whole population is being organized into military companies. Besides the uniformed volunteer force, equal to regular troops, of three thousand men, who are ready in ten minutes at the signal to take the field, the citizens have formed a great number of companies, who will all be supplied with arms, and are being organized and drilled for home defense.—Then our gallant Fire Department can turn out a thousand of the best fighting men in the world, who are also organized, and will hasten to any point to meet the invader. Thus our city stands fully prepared for every event of the war, which has been so rashly forced upon them.

New Orleans will maintain her well earned renown as the first military city on this continent. But one sentiment, one resolution, one purpose pervades this whole population. It is that of a determination to maintain the honor and independence of the Confederate States at all sacrifices. There is no amount of injury, of damage, of loss which can subdue or moderate this spirit of our people.

*France and England in Favor of the Confederacy.*—Capt. Nodler, of the French marine, arrived here this morning in company with Capt. St. Paul, from Montgomery, having left on Monday last.

Capt. Nodler is a gentleman of wealth and education, and on hearing of the secession of the Confederate States, immediately left France for America, anticipating a conflict. He proceeded immediately to Charleston, and was present at the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The captain is full of the war spirit, and intends applying for a letter of marque, having, we learn, tendered his services to the Confederate Government. It is understood that letters of marque will shortly be issued, and several applications of our citizens have already been made.

Capt. N. left Paris hardly thirty days ago, and states that the feeling of the people and Government was unanimous in favor of the recognition of the Confederate States; also that they would make common cause with us, and that England would hesitate to recognize us also, as soon as our Commissioners should arrive.—*Picayune.*

**EXPEDITION AGAINST TEXAS.**—From the following, which we find in the N-Y. Tribune of the military portion of the United States expedition is destined for Texas:

WASHINGTON, April 7, 1861.  
The army and navy officers appear, in common with the public, to be unacquainted with the designs of the Administration so cautious are executive authorities in this public, from the best available sources, it is almost, if not quite, certain that the greater part of the troops leaving the Northern ports are destined for Texas, to operate on the frontier for the protection of the inhabitants against Indian incursions.

They will occupy the forts on the Rio Grande, and according to official representations, find a cordial welcome among the settlers, who have been driven by the savages from their homes.

Gov. Houston has given full advice to the Federal authorities and the result, it is anticipated, will be to re-establish him in his position as the Executive of that State.

The troops in the neighborhood of Fort Pickens, on board of United States vessels, are considered sufficient in number to reinforce that post, if this design has not already been consummated.