

Shreveport Daily News.

VOL. 1.

SHREVEPORT, LA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1861.

NO. 45.

The Shreveport Daily News,

Published every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday morning.
Office corner Texas & Spring sts.
Over Baer's Store—Entrance on Spring street.

TERMS:
Daily, per year in advance, \$5.00
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	22	25	30	34	37	45	55		
6 squares,	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	60		
7 squares,	22	28	33	41	48	55	60	70		
8 squares,	24	30	36	44	53	63	70	80		
9 squares,	26	32	38	46	56	67	80	90		
10 squares,	28	34	40	48	58	70	85	100		
15 squares,	36	42	50	60	72	85	100	125		

For professional and business cards, (including 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 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.

TO PUBLISHERS OF NEWS-PAPERS.

For Sale.

1. R. Hoe & Co.'s Patent Single Cylinder Printing Machine, bed 36x54, with Rollers and Roller Mould, complete in good running order, nearly new. Cost \$2300 in New-York. Price \$1610.

1. six to eight horse-power Engine, with Indicator, Shafting, Pulleys, Bands, Flues, &c. in complete running order. Cost entire \$850. Price \$595.

1 R. Hoe & Co.'s Bed and Platen Power Printing Machine, (Isaac Adams' Patent) Platen 26x40. The best book press made; in perfect running order for hand or steam power. Cost at the manufactory \$2000. Price \$1400.

1 R. Hoe & Co.'s Improved Gear-Driven Standing Press, platen 32x42; crew 54 inches. Cost \$350. Price \$245. Together with about ten gross Press Boards for Double Royal Book work. Cost \$21 per gross. Price \$15 per gross.

1 R. Hoe & Co.'s Proof Press. Cost \$65; price \$49.50.

R. Hoe & Co.'s Hand Press, Washington Patent, Imperial No. 1; platen 21x30. Cost \$230. Price \$160. Together with a Vibrating Distributor and rollers, which Cost \$40. Price \$25.

1 Foster Alligator Press. Prints 600 size of half sheet cap. Cost \$300. Price \$200. In good running order.

1 Ruggie's Improved Printing Engine. Prints half sheet cap. Cost \$400. \$250. In good running order.

Also, 1000 lbs. Agate, 2000 lbs. Breier, 2000 lbs. Bourgoise, 1500 lbs. Long Primer, 1500 lbs. Small Pica, 900 lbs. Pica, 10,000 lbs. Fancy type, all kinds and sizes; 50 fonts Wood letter, all which will be sold at lots to suit purchasers.

Together with Imposing Stones, Galleys, Composing Sticks, Leads, Brass, &c. Large Iron Safe, Wilder's

Patent; Desk, Chairs, Tables, Gas Fittings, and every article needed about a first class newspaper establishment, any or all of which can be had at 30 per cent. discount, below the original cost at the manufactory. When the present duty of 24 per cent. on all goods of this description from the North is taken into consideration, the advantages of this offer will be readily perceived by purchasers.

Apply to the type Foundry and Paper Warehouse of
GEO. H. VINTEN,
No. 105 Poydras Street, New Orleans.

J. C. MONCURE,
Attorney at Law,
SHREVEPORT, LA.

Office with L. M. Nutt, corner of Milam and Market streets. n34d-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*

EDWARD CONERY,
Wholesale Grocer,

AND DEALER IN
WESTERN PRODUCE,
Nos. 2 Front and 10 Fulton Streets,
NEW-ORLEANS.
n1-ly.

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.
n1-ly

DENTAL SURGEONS.

S. HINSON,
DENTIST,
Office nearly opposite the
Post Office,
SHREVEPORT, LA.

GEO. W. KENDALL,

DENTIST,
Office, corner Market and Milam sts.,
Opposite the Bank.
n1
SHREVEPORT, LA.

MEDICAL.

DR. A. F. CLARK,
Office at T. H. Morris' Drug Store.
Residence,
Corner of Spring and Farrin Sts.
SHREVEPORT, LA.
No 9—dly.

SMITH & LEWIS,

DEALERS IN
Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes &c
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN MORTAR.
Shreveport, Texas St.
No 9—dly

The True Man.

I love the man that will dare to lift
His voice for the struggling poor;
The man that will open his heart, nor close
Against the beggar at the door.
O! give me a heart that will firmly stand
When the storm begins to lower—
A hand that will never shrink if grasped
In misfortune's darkest hour.

Revenge.

"My sweet little Louisa—my beloved wife!"
These words were uttered by a young and noble-looking man—evidently Spanish—while he stood at the threshold of his rude dwelling, and pressed to his bosom one of the loveliest women whom it was ever my lot to describe.

Her beauty was opposite to his own. He was in complexion a brunette; she, as fair as a lily, when the red sun of the early morning gave it a rosy hue. His eyes were as dark as night, when no star can pierce the clouds; hers, as blue as the spotless heavens in a winter day; his hair, black as the raven's wing; hers of that soft brown which melts away into shadows when light and shade alternately fall upon it.

In figure, almost as tall as he; form, perfect and voluptuous; features, regular and classical; her face expressive—she was a splendid specimen of Anglo-Saxon beauty.

In her countenance you could, at a glance, read here character—even if you had not studied the science of Lavater. She was intellectual, gentle, full of natural affection, enthusiastic, poetical, romantic. Had she not been so, she would not have been there in that wild gorge of the Sierras, where cloud-capped heights rose around her, and the thunder of a hundred water-falls came rumbling from the distance on her ear. There, alone, with him of her heart's first glad, free choice—far from the sunny childhood's home—far from all her kindred.

The hunting equipments upon his person, and the rifle leaned against the door post, showed that he was about starting upon a hunting expedition; and to judge from the many trophies of the chase hanging on the long walls of his house, such expeditions were frequent and successful with him.

Her great blue eyes were liquid with rising tears, which her strong will could scarcely hold back; and she said as she clung to him, even as the flowering vine clings to the oak:

"Do not go out to hunt to-day, dearest Benedetto. My heart is almost wild with the foreboding that some evil will fall upon you—and, alas! not less upon me, because it strikes you!"

"Dismiss fears so unworthy of your brave heart. It is a favorable day for hunting, and you know that now while I may I must lay up our stores, for when the winter sets in, I can do nothing that way. But, ah! how happy then we will be with our music, our songs of the past, our dreams of the future, when another—" "Hush," said she, blushing. "Yet, for the sake of that other, stay at home this day!"

"For your own sake I would do so gladly, dear one, had I not promised James Champe, the miner, to meet him some miles from here, to show him a new 'lead,' for which he and his company promise to pay richly."

"I regret the promise all the more," she sighed; for that man, though I know that he is a coward, is yet the more a villain. He claims to be a Tennessean, but the noble State of Tennessee never gave birth on her soil to such a recreant dog as I feel in my heart that he is. Remember that he has been here often."

"Yes, on business for the company, of which he is the head." "On the pretence of business rather. His eyes, lustful, vicious, sensa-

al, have often made me shudder when he looked on me."

"I will attend to his case, and give him warning this day, never to enter my house again," said Benedetto, while his face paled and his eyes flashed. "But, Louisa, you know better than all the world how sacredly I hold and keep my promises. I must go."

She said no more, but kissed him; and as he passed down the ravine in which their house stood, she watched his form as long as she could see it through the mist and tears, and whispered a low prayer for his safety. Woman-like, she thought not of danger for herself, all her fears were for him!

On the evening, or rather well along in the night, which preceded the morning which opened this story, a band of rude, coarsely-dressed men, whose faces were repulsive with the signs of repulsive debauchery, sensuality and dissipation, were seated in a rude shanty, about three or four miles from the home of Benedetto. The mining tools around them proclaimed their ostensible occupation; but the weapons hanging about, and in their belts, coupled with their scoundrelly looks, told them to be ready and truly enough for any crime, whenever its chance came in their way.

A long table of hewn planks occupied the center of the shanty—a greasy and dirty piece of furniture—upon which stood a couple of jugs of rum, and tin cups sufficient for the company. A couple of Lamps revealed their vile faces, amid the rank cloud of their own tobacco smoke. Some of them were playing cards, all of them drinking and so interlarding their conversation with oaths all around, that any one might suppose they were swearing on a match.

"Jim Champe! what new deviltry is working in your mind that keeps you still? You look for all the world as you did when you were plotting to get young J—in that scrape in Nashville, where we forced him to shoot Bob P. all because we could not do as we wanted with—"

"Hush, Jack Martin!—you have said enough about that," cried the man who had been called Champe, and sitting at the head of the table seemed to be the head of the party. "But I can tell you what I was thinking about. We have paid that fellow Benedetto, the hunter, a good many ounces of gold for meat, since we have been here."

"That's so!" replied Martin while the rest stopped talking and listened. "Then I've been thinking that as we are about to pull up stakes and leave these diggings, we might just as well have that back, and more too, that he has stowed away," continued the villain Champe.

"You've struck a vein, and I'll follow your lead in that or anything else that is devilish," said Martin.

"But the fellow is desperate and armed to the teeth, and some of us will go under as sure as we try it," remarked another one of the gang.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Scenes in Camp Life—Provision Riot at Camp Wayne.—The Harrisburg Telegraph publishes the following extract from a private letter, written by a volunteer at Camp Wayne, Pennsylvania:

This morning we had another exciting time when they issued the ration. Instead of bread they gave us crackers about the size of a common plate, and as hard as a brick. When these were dealt out to the men they began to swear and throw them away, and soon the camp was flying full of crackers. The men made wagons and used the crackers for wheels; they made necklaces of them and strung them around their necks, and used them for epaulets, and every other imaginable way that they could be used to show their indignation. At length the excitement was so great that the officers became alarmed, and attempted to stop them.

but it was no use. The men only howled, hooted, yelled and groaned at them, and pelted them with crackers; but they finally quieted down and went to their quarters, swearing that they would kill the first man they caught hauling crackers or bad meat into camp. On Saturday morning the crackers and bad meat made their appearance once again, but no sooner did the men see it than they made a break for the gates, forced the guards away and went to town. About eight o'clock the town was full of squads of soldiers, headed by officers, scouring the town from one end to the other, driving the runaways to camp; but it took until some time in the afternoon to get them in, and after they did get them in they were not in a condition to drill, therefore there was but little drilling done that day. This morning we got good beef and good bread, and everything went off first-rate.

Says the Vicksburg Whig, we learn by a letter from one of the volunteers at Harper's Ferry to his relative, published in a Northern paper, that there are about 10,000 troops stationed at that place—1160 Alabamians, 900 Mississippians, 500 Kentuckians who are the best riflemen in the Southern army, and with the Alabama regiments, are stationed on the Maryland heights opposite the Ferry, and he considers it impregnable by the railroad route, as troops and batteries occupy every height from the Ferry to Point of Rocks. Another letter to a Northern paper, dated Richmond, 22d May, estimates the troops in Virginia at 30,000; and says they are arriving about 4000 a week from the South, and that there will be 50,000 by the middle of June.

We learn from another source that there is a considerable force at the Point of Rocks ready to resist the passage of Federal troops over the bridge at that place, and a fine park of artillery commanding the railroad. Besides Capt. Bradley Johnson's company from Maryland, the Virginia forces stationed there are Capt. Ashby's company of Fauquier Cavalry; Capt. Imboden's Artillery; Capt. Roger's Artillery from Loudoun; Capt. Winfield's Rockingham Rifles, and Capt. Carter's Loudoun Cavalry.

Flare Up Between Lord Lyons and Seward.—A Montgomery correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says:

Letters from sources of unquestionable integrity were received yesterday in this city from Washington, stating that the public of Washington was very much agitated by an angry conference which has taken place between Lord Lyons, the British minister, and Seward, the Secretary of State. The facts, as stated, are as follows: Lord Lyons received from the British consul at Charleston a statement of the circumstances under which the British vessels mentioned in your paper were lately prohibited from entering Charleston and ordered off in enforcement of the paper blockade of the Southern ports of the United States rescinding the paper blockade, so far as Great Britain was concerned, and that the Government of Great Britain would hold the Government of the United States responsible for any losses the British vessels lately ordered off shall sustain in consequence of the interruption of their voyage. On this an angry discussion took place. Lord Lyons insisted that, if the Southern States were a part of the United States, British vessels, by the treaties with Great Britain, had a right to enter Southern ports; and if they were not then that a paper blockade was contrary to the laws of nations. Seward begged that he might be allowed to keep up the paper blockade until Congress met, which the British minister refused. He then begged for three weeks, to which the British Minister replied—"not a day," and rose and left him.