

# Shreveport Daily News.

VOL. 1. SHREVEPORT, LA., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1861. NO. 50.

## 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, \$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	20	20
2 squares	9	12	14	16	17	18	25	30	30	30
3 squares	12	15	18	21	23	25	35	40	40	40
4 squares	15	19	22	25	27	30	40	50	50	50
5 squares	18	22	26	30	33	37	50	60	60	60
6 squares	20	25	30	34	37	40	50	60	60	60
7 squares	22	27	32	36	39	43	50	60	60	60
8 squares	24	29	34	38	41	45	50	60	60	60
9 squares	26	31	36	40	43	47	50	60	60	60
10 squares	28	33	38	42	45	49	50	60	60	60
15 squares	36	42	48	54	60	66	75	80	90	100

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.

### 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.  
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, Prints, Oils, Varnishes &c  
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN MORTAR,  
Shreveport, Texas St.  
No 9—dly

**RUBY COFFEE HOUSE,**  
Corner of Milam and Spring sts.

KEEPS the best brands of Liquors and mixed drinks, to please every one's taste or no charge.  
JOHN BEARD,  
Proprietor.  
14dly

### ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

**B. L. HODGE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office over Childers & Beard's Store.  
Cor. Texas and Spring sts.,  
n1-lyd SHREVEPORT, LA.

**L. M. NUTT,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, corner Milam & Market Streets.  
SHREVEPORT, LA.  
Practices in Caddo, Bossier and DeSoto. n10-lyd

**LEON D. MARKS. THOS. G. POLLOCK.**  
**MARKS & POLLOCK,**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
Shreveport, La.

**PRACTICE** in copartnership in all the courts held in the city of Shreveport, and in the parishes of De Soto and Bossier.  
Office on Market street near Milam. n3-d-y.

**ROBT. J. LOONEY. SAM'L WELLS.**  
**LOONEY & WELLS,**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.

**WILL** practice in the Courts of Caddo and surrounding parishes, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe and Alexandria. Office on Market street, near the Postoffice, Shreveport, La. n14-lyd

**EMMET D. CRAIG,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Office, opposite Post Office.  
SHREVEPORT, LA.

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

**J. C. MONCURE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
SHREVEPORT, LA.  
Office with L. M. Nutt, corner of Milam and Market streets. n34-d-ly

### ASSOCIATIONS.

#### MASONIC.

**SHREVEPORT LODGE** of F. and A. M. No. 115, meets every Friday at 7 1/2 P. M.  
JOHN W. JONES, W. M.

J. H. Brownlee, Sec'y.  
Shreveport Chapter of R. A. M. No. 10, meets on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 7 1/2 P. M. J. G. McWILLIAMS, T. C. Waller, Recorder. H. P.

Shreveport Council, R. and S. M. No. 5, meets on the 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month, at 7 1/2 P. M. EMMET D. CRAIG, Henry Levy, Recorder. T. G. M  
Place of meeting, at the Masonic Hall on Texas street, over Mayor's office. n624

#### I. O. O. F.

The regular meetings of **NEITH LODGE**, No. 21, are held on Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, at their Lodge Room on Texas street.  
A. SCHAFFNER, N. G.  
S. SELIGMAN, Secretary. n10

### COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

**J. E. PHELPS. J. V. ROGERS**  
**Phelps & Rogers,**  
(Successors to T. H. Etheridge)

### Grocers & Commission Merchants

Cor. Commerce and Milam sts.  
SHREVEPORT, LA.  
Keep constantly on hand a large assortment of *Staple and Fancy Groceries, Hay, Corn, Oats, etc.*  
Advances made on consignments to our friends in New Orleans. n18dly

J. R. Simpson. G. M. Calhoun.

### Simpson & Calhoun, WAREHOUSE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Receiving and Forwarding Agents,  
SHREVEPORT, LA.  
Having leased the popular and commodious Warehouse of Messrs. Howard, Tally & Co., and having had long experience in business, we hope to receive a share of the public patronage, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to give entire satisfaction in all business entrusted to our care.  
All we ask is a trial. n625

### Selected Excerpt for the Daily News. The Death of Alice Bland.

A PATHETIC TALE.  
CONTINUED.

It was in the middle of September. The harvest had been some time reaped, and the orchards, for which Jersey is so famed, resounded with the jocund laugh of the young villagers, employed in gathering the abundant produce. I wandered as far as Mount Orgueil, and from the ramparts of that ancient fortress, spent an hour in gazing on the French coast, which is visible almost from Cape de la Hogue to Mount St. Michel. The rockstrewn channel that intervenes, was covered with breakers, and I saw that the French boatmen had sound reasons for declining to put to sea in such adverse weather. I thought of Alice—my dying Alice—and wished for the wings of a bird to bear me like an arrow across the foamy strait.

Near Mount Orgueil—half buried among leaves and blossoms—is a humble village church—the church of Granville. Groves of richly foliaged trees embower it, and in the summer the smiling parsonage is literally covered with the fragrant parasitical plants that climb its walls, and wreath round even its highest lattices. I paused at the white gate that opens into the small burying-ground, and gazed listlessly at the head stones that crowded it. The vicissitudes of my life passed in brief review before me. Here after a combat of fifteen years with the world, I stood a solitary man. My whole youth had been spent in exile—my knowledge of happiness was limited to the suavity of a barrack-room and the turmoil of a camp. The friends of my younger years—saving you, Austin—had departed. Some had fallen in battle by my side—some the yellow plague had smitten in our canvass-homes—some had pined and died in captivity—and a few, a very few, had forgotten me in the sunshine of our paternal hearths. I had gained some distinction in my profession, but who was left to take pride in my honors? No one, save Alice, and she too was on the eve of being called away. My heart grew sad even unto death.

I was roused from my moralizing mood by the sound of wheels, and a small travelling car drove up to the gate at which I was stationed. It was occupied by two females—one a grave benevolent-looking-matron—the other, one of those syriphid visions of feminine beauty, that linger on earth but for a brief season, and then pass away for ever into the grave. She was pale—very pale—but it was the paleness of perfect loveliness—that purity of complexion, which belongs not to earth but to heaven. The young eloquent blood was visible in every vein that traversed her polished forehead; and there was a gentle fire in her dark blue eyes, and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips, that might have become a seraph.

The car was attended by a coarse-looking hind, and politeness required me to assist the ladies to alight—for such I perceived to be their intention. They frankly accepted of my services, and I soon learned that their object was to visit a grave in cemetery. I further took upon me to find it out. The task was not a difficult one, and the elder lady knelt down upon the green tumulus in silent prayer. I gathered that it was the grave of a daughter who had been torn from a wide circle of friends, at the very moment when fortune shed its best blessings around her. The pale girl wept when she saw her companion weep—wept, it may be, at the certainty of her own approaching fate. "If I die in the strange country we are going to," I heard her murmur, as I led them back to the vehicle, "let me be buried in a quiet spot; and my brother—when

he returns—" Her voice grew tremulous and indistinct. I reseated them in their car, and they drove away.

For many succeeding hours the features of that pale girl haunted me like an apparition. I saw her darkly fringed lustrous eyes perpetually fixed on me—my ear recognised in every gentle sound the melody of her plaintive voice. Even in the watches of the night, she fitted like a beautiful vision around my couch. I was glad when the morning came—doubly glad, for it relieved me from uneasy dreams, and brought the master of a Granville boat, who announced that the wind was fair, and that he intended to put sea. I hastened down to the quay, and there, to my surprise, found the two strangers who had occupied so prominent a place in my midnight cogitations, preparing to embark in the same vessel. The younger one looked even more pale and drooping than when I had seen her on the previous evening. They had been roused at what was for an invalid an unseasonable hour; and the morning breeze, as it swept in gusty puffs over the fortified height commanding the harbour, seemed to pierce through her delicate frame, though closely enveloped in her fur-lined mantle. I saluted them on the faith of our former introduction, and they gratefully accepted of my assistance in embarking.

She was eloquent, too, and many of her remarks indicated the perfection of feminine intelligence. "If I am doomed never to see Alice more," thought I, "here I have found her image."

[A dreadful storm arose, in which the vessel was nearly lost.]  
The invalid suffered much, for the deck was momentarily washed by the billows from stem to stern. I saw her strength was waning rapidly, and entreated her to go below, and seek shelter beside her friend. She shook her head in token of dissent. "I shall suffocate there," was her answer; "and since I am to die under any circumstances, let my last breath be the pure air of heaven."

"I am grateful for your anxiety to quiet my apprehensions," said she, "but, in reality, I am not afraid of the sea, whatever may be the construction you put on my department. What does it signify since, God wills it that I am speedily to die, whether I perish in the waves, or by the sure progress of disease? It is here"—she laid her hand on her heart—"that I feel the monitor of death. What a strange fate is mine—an orphan girl—indebted to strangers for the kind offices that are so grateful to the sickly and the dying—and destined, perhaps, to close my eyes on a rock amidst these turbulent waves!"

"An orphan," said I, and I took her hand, and looking steadily on her face—"how deeply—how very deeply, these words affect me! I too am an orphan, but I am a man, and can struggle bravely through the world, though I have no paternal hearth. But I have a sister—young, fair, and desolate as thyself—one who at this very moment is perhaps gasping her last in the same insidious disease that makes you tremble, unconscious that her wondering brother is almost at her side."

"Happy girl," she rejoined, "how amply will she be blessed if she only lives to lie down in death on your breast! My brother is far, far distant—a thousand leagues beyond these foaming billows. He is joyous in his tent by the rushing waters of Niagara—and joyous may his brave heart be, long after that of his poor Alice is stilled for ever."  
"Alice!" I ejaculated—emotion stilled my words—"Powers of Mercy! is it possible? Tell me, gentle one, or I shall die—tell me that brother's name."  
"Talbot Bland!"  
I clasped her to my breast, and wept, as I exclaimed, "Alice, dear

Alice, Talbot Bland holds you to his heart!"

The joyful surprise was too much for her attenuated frame. She lay powerless in my arms, and a faint pulsation alone told that she was alive. At intervals she opened her mild eyes, and gazed tenderly on my face; but when she tried to speak, her words died away in sighs. I saw, when it was too late to rectify my

Senator Hunter, of Virginia, in a speech in Congress about a year ago, estimated the annual exports of the slave States at two hundred millions of dollars; freight paid to Northern vessels on these exports, fourteen millions; freights paid to Northern vessels on return cargoes, seven millions; freight paid same in the coasting trade, twenty millions; freight paid same in the coasting trade, twenty millions; manufactures by the North consumed by the South annually, four hundred and eighty Millions of dollars! He then shows that—

At a moderate estimate, between three and four millions of the people of the Northeastern States owe their subsistence entirely to the commerce of the South, but for which they would be compelled to starve or emigrate. He shows almost that seven millions of the inhabitants of the Northwestern States are also supported by the market for their products afforded by the South, and that the money paid by the Northwestern States for the products of the Northwestern States is obtained mainly from the South; and he thus shows that a large portion of the population of the Northeastern and Northwestern States is sustained by slave labor. Mr. Hunter then proceeds to show that the operation of protective tariffs, and even tariffs for revenue, have thrown the agricultural States of the South, who, being the chief consumer of the protected articles, have paid the increased price into the pockets of the Northern producers.

It is to compel us to continue this tribute to the end of time that the North pours down its hordes.

**A Scrap from History.**—It is a circumstance somewhat remarkable that Virginia was the eighth of the thirteen to give its adhesion to the Federal Constitution in 1787, and is now the eighth State of the South to secede from it. But what is more, her recent reluctance to leave the Union was only equalled by her original aversion to become a part of it, under the Constitution that was presented for ratification. The Convention of 1787 was composed of members, a majority of whom were elected to reject the Federal Constitution; and it was only after the clause declaring that "the power granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury and oppression, and that every power not granted thereby, remains with them at their will," was inserted in the ordinance of ratification, that six or more of the majority opposed to the measure consented to vote for it.—Even with this accession of strength, the Constitution was carried only by a vote of eighty-nine to seventy-nine.  
Charleston Courier.

**Canada and the Confederate States.** The Toronto Leader, referring to the war between the Confederate and the United States, remarks:

Canada is a part of the British Empire, and no matter what our sympathies may be, we have no right to do anything that would in the remotest degree commit England to one side or the other in this unfortunate civil war. Nor will any such thing be permitted. As the Southern Confederacy is by almost universal admission, sure at last to take its place among the nations of the earth, there is no reason why Canada should give it cause of entertaining bad feelings against us.