

# Shreveport Daily News.

SHREVEPORT, LA., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1861.

NO. 55.

VOL. 1.

## The Shreveport Daily News,

Published every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday morning.

Office, on Texas Street, Above Spring, near the Mayor's office.

### 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	23	26	31	33	36	45	55		
6 squares	20	25	28	33	35	38	48	60		
7 squares	23	28	31	36	38	42	52	65		
8 squares	25	31	34	39	41	45	55	70		
9 squares	28	34	37	42	44	48	58	75		
10 squares	30	36	39	44	46	50	60	75		
15 squares	40	48	51	56	58	62	72	90		
20 squares	50	60	63	68	70	74	84	100		
25 squares	60	70	73	78	80	84	94	110		

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, Paints, 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.

### ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

B. L. HODGE,

Attorney at Law,

Office over Childers & Beard's Store,

Cor. Texas and Spring sts.,

SHREVEPORT, LA.

L. M. NUTT,

Attorney at Law,

Office, corner Milam & Market Streets,

SHREVEPORT, LA.

Practices in Caddo, Bossier and

DeSoto.

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 Shreve-

port, 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,

Shreveport, La.

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. Idly

J. C. MONCURE,

Attorney at Law,

SHREVEPORT, LA.

Office with L. M. Nutt, corner of

Milam and Market streets. n34d-ly

### ASSOCIATIONS.

#### MASONIC.

SHREVEPORT LODGE 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. n24

#### 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 MERCHANT

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 as-

sortment of Staple and Fancy Gro-

ceries, Hay, Corn, Oats, &c.

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 commodi-

ous Warehouse of Messrs. Howard, Tully

& 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 satisfac-

tion in all business entrusted to our care.

All we ask is a trial. n25

### The Mother's Kiss.

Not unarm'd go they forth whose

brows are wet with the parting tears

of children and wives; not without

a helmet and a shield are they whose

locks are wet with a mother's tender

kisses, whose steps are followed by a

mother's tender, hourly prayers:

"Where the standards waved the thickest,

And the tide of battle rolled,

Furiously he charged the foe-men;

On his snow-white steed so bold;

But he wore no guardian helmet,

Only his long hair of gold.

"Turn and fly thou rash young warrior,

Or this iron helmet wear!"

"Nay! but I am arm'd already

In the brightness of my hair;

For my mother kiss'd its tresses

With the holy lips of prayer!"

### The Widow's First Love.

The fire crack'd cheerfully on the

broad hearth of an old-fashioned pub-

lic house, in an old-fashioned village

down in Cornwall. A cat and three

kittens basked in the warmth, and a

decrepid yellow dog, lying full in the

blaze, wrinkled his black nose ap-

provingly, as he turned his hind feet

where his fore feet had been. Over

the chimney hung several fine hams

and pieces of beef. Apples were tes-

toon'd along the ceiling, and other

tokens of good cheer were scattered

profusely about. There were plants,

too, on the window ledges, horse shoe

geraniums and dew-plants, and a

monthly rose just budding, to say

nothing of jars of violets, that per-

fum'd the whole place whenever

they took it into their purple heads

to bloom. The floor was carefully

swept, the chairs had not a speck of

dust on a leg or round, the long set-

tee near the fire-place shone as if it

had been just varnished, and the

eight-day clock had its white face

newly washed, and seem'd deter-

mined to tick the louder for it. Two

arm chairs were drawn up at a cosy

distance from the hearth and each

other, a candle, a newspaper, a pair

of spectacles, a dish of red checked

apples and a pitcher of cider, filled a

little table beside them. In one of

these chairs sat a comfortable looking

woman, about forty-five; with cheeks

as red as apples, and eyes as dark

and bright as they had ever been,

resting her arms on the table, and her

head upon her hands, and looking

into the fire. This was the widow

Minards, "relict" of Mr. Levi Mi-

nards, who had been mouldering into

dust in the neighboring churchyard

for more than seven years. She was

thinking of her dead husband, possi-

bly because all her work being done,

and the servant gone to bed, the sight

of the empty chair on the other side

of the table, and the silence of the

room made her a little lonely.

"Seven years," so the widow's

revery run; "it seems as if it were

more than fifty, and yet I don't look

so very old neither. Perhaps it's not

having any children to bother my

life out, as other people have. They

may say what they like—children are

more plague than profit, that's my

opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha,

with her six boys. She's worn to a

shadow, and I'm sure they have done

it, though she never will own it."

no one has ever heard of him since. What a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that —"

Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steady-fast at the empty arm-chair of Levi Minards deceased. Her fingers play-ed carelessly with the apple-peel, she drew it safely towards her and looked around the room.

"Upon my word, it is very ridicu-lous, and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me."

Still the plump fingers drew the red peel nearer.

"But they can't see me, that's a comfort; and the cat and old Bowse will never know what it means. Of course I don't believe anything about it."

The peel hung gracefully from her hand.

"But still I should like to try it; it would seem like old times, —"

Over her head it went and curled up quietly on the floor at a little dis-tance. Old Bowse, who always slept with his eyes open, saw it fall and marched deliberately up to smell it.

"Bowse, Bowse, don't touch it!" cried his mistress, and, bending over it with a beating heart, she turned as red as fire. There was as handsome an "S" as any one could wish to see.

A great knock came suddenly to the door. Bowse growled, and the widow screamed and snatched up the apple-peel.

"It is Mr. Minards, it is his spirit come back again, because I tried that silly trick," she thought to herself.

Another knock louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed: "Hillo—the house!"

"Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find the depart-ed Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hill side.

"A stranger," said the voice. "What do you want?"

"To get a lodging for the night." The widow deliberated.

"Can't you go on? There's a house half a mile further, if you keep to the right hand side of the road, and turn to your left after you get by —"

"It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm wet to the skin; don't you think you could accommodate me? I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Raining is it? I didn't know that," and the kind-hearted little woman unbared the door quickly.

"Come in, whoever you may be; I only asked you to go on because I'm a lone woman, with only one ser-vant in the house."

The stranger entered, shaking him-self like a Newfoundland dog upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over his hostess and her nicely swept floor.

"Ah, that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he said, as caught sight of the fire, and striding along towards the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair—Mr. Minards' arm chair! which had been kept "sacred to his memory" for seven years. The widow was horrified, but her guest looked so weary and worn out, that she could not ask him to move, but busied her-self in stirring up the blaze that he might the sooner dry his dripping clothes. A new thought struck her; Mr. Minards had worn a comfortable dressing gown during his illness which still hung in the closet to the right. She could not let this poor man catch his death by sitting in his wet coat; if he was in Mr. Minards' chair, why should he not be in Mr. Minards' wrapper? She went nim-bly to the closet, took it down, fished out a pair slippers from a boot rack below, and brought them to him.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots, you will have the rheumatic fever, if you don't.—Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry too; I will go into

the pantry and get you something to eat."

"She hustled away, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the stranger make the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well formed man, with a bold and handsome face, sunburnt and heavily bearded, and looking any-thing but "delicate," though his blue eyes glanced out from under a forehead white as snow. He looked around the kitchen with a mischiev-ous air, and stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the defunct Boniface's slippers.

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes with a ven-geance! And, what a hearty good looking woman she is! Kind as a kitten," and he leaned forward and stroked the cat and her brood, and then patted old Bowse upon the head. The widow, bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at the atten