

Shreveport Daily News.

VOL. 1.

SHREVEPORT, LA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1861.

NO. 59.

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, \$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	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	22	23	35	40
4 squares	15	19	22	25	27	28	40	50
5 squares	18	22	25	28	30	31	50	60
6 squares	20	24	28	31	33	34	60	70
7 squares	22	26	30	33	35	36	70	80
8 squares	24	28	32	35	37	38	80	90
9 squares	25	30	34	37	39	40	90	100
10 squares	26	31	35	38	40	41	100	110
15 squares	30	36	40	44	46	47	125	150

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.
 No 14dly

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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

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. Idly

J. C. MONCURE,
Attorney at Law,
 SHREVEPORT, LA.
 Office with L. M. Nutt, corner of Milam and Market streets. n3-lyd

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. 19, meets on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 7 1/2 P. M. **J. G. McWILLIAMS, T. C. Waller, Recorder.**
 Shreveport Council, R. and S. M. No. 5, meets on the 1st and 3d Saturday of each month, at 7 1/2 P. M. **EMMET D. CRAIG, Henry Levy, Recorder.**
 Place of meeting, at the Masonic Hall on Texas street, over Mayor's office. n024

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 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. n025

Selected Expressly for the News.

The Scottish Landlady, and her Lodgers.

A PATHETIC AND BEAUTIFULLY TOLD TALE, BY MR. GALT.

After a short pause, Mrs. Winsom resumed her narrative, saying—
 "But ye're no to think a lodging-house is free from calamities, for I can assure you, that soon after the jocose days I had with the Lustrons, I met with a sore trial. It came to the misfortune of a sweet young miss, who was beguiled from her parents by a dragoon officer—one of your prodigals that defy the Ten Commandments and the laws of man, with mustophas on their upper lips—no that he was to be objected to on account of his visogonomy, for in truth he was an Absalom of beauty, and had a tongue to wile the bird from the tree. Indeed, after I saw him, I almost tho't the poor maiden was but lightly to blame; and I never could satisfy myself how so brave a gallant—so free-hearted and fair spoken,—could be a perjured wretch; but, for all my womanly indulgence, he was so, and I was condemned to acknowledge it by my conscience, as I crooned in the watches of night.

"Miss Fatima Camomile was one of the seven daughters of the Reverend Dr. Camomile, by his third wife, who, according to the most authentic accounts, had fewer children than either of the two who were her ancestors in his bosom.

"The Doctor kept a school for select young gentlemen, ordained for a classical way of life;—and out of it came to pass, that when Captain Rampant was a bit laddie, he was sent by his doors to learn Greek and Latin with the worthy Doctor, who surely was a most superior man.

"Miss Fatima and the Captain, when they were playing bairns—he a birky laddie, and she a bardy lassie—fell into love, according to the fashion of teens and monage, and betrothed vows of everlasting perdition, if they proved false to one another.

"But it came to pass, as in course of nature it was to be looked for, that his friends took him from the Doctor's school, and placed him in the army, where, as might have been expected, he grew, being a handsome young man, and a great ne'er-do-weel. After some five or six years, his regimentals were quartered in a town contiguous to the village where Miss Fatima lived with her father and the multitude of her sisters in the enjoyment of every comfort, and the pleasant innocence of a classical academy.

"Out of the accident, the Captain—or, as I should call him, the Hornet, for he was as yet not further promoted—repaired his old acquaintance with the Doctor, and renewed his familiarities with Miss Fatima, until off they came in a chaise-and-four, making a loupant into my first floor, as if they had been a real man and wife, according to the Gospels of the Bishops of London, or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Well, you see, being in my house, I began to have my doubts of the sincerity of the marriage. I couldn't tell how such doubts arose—that was impossible; but I thought they were overly fond to be by themselves—nobody came nigh them—and one Sabbath night I said to myself, is't no wonderful that never a young lady comes to speir for Mrs. Rampant, if it were only to get insight into the nature of matrimony? In short, before Monday morning I was worked into a persuasion that Mrs. Rampant was not a creditable lodger. Young, lovely, and lamenting—for she was often in tears—I discerned there was a doubt: and what would have become o'me and my valuable property in this house, had I no made a testification?

"Let no man, or woman either, say that I was moved thereunto by an episcopatory curiosity. No! I had a

dread upon me; I thought my house might inherit a blemish from that thoughtless and friendless pair, and therefore I was stirred by an obligation of duty to look into the young lady's affair. What a discovery was mine! The salt tear rin into my eyes when I think of her story. Oh, the natural perfidiousness of man!

"She told me with what innocence, like two babes in the woods, when he was at her father's school, they had loved one another. How often, while yet neither knew the meaning of their words, he promised to marry her, and how fondly she had reckoned on being Mrs. Rampant. It was very pathetic. "Often when he was gone," said the poor young lady, "I have walked into the fields, having no companion but the holy moon, and those witnessing stars which had their light purified by the simplicity of our fondness calling upon them to bear testimony to the truth of my love. There was a spell upon my heart, which assured me he would come back, and that our happiness would yet be fulfilled. I never thought of any other because I knew my weak heart taught me to believe so, that when he saw the blossom, he would dearly think of me, we had so often in our young years admired sportlessness together.

"He came at last,—and, though no longer the merry madcap boy, who had been both in gladness and in sadness the companion of my sweetest hours, he was the same being, but with a richer stock of manhood and cheerful bearing. Still he was so much the same, I could not love him less than I had ever done. Alas! I soon began to feel I loved him more. Nor did his passion seem diminished; and I was pleased it should be so, for who could think there was any guile in Harry Rampant?

"He had been, it is true, five years in the world, and I had been always at home; nor could I imagine what five years' transmutation in barracks, and the license of young soldiery could effect on the heart of man. He seemed to me all I desired; where was truth, if he were not true? In that soft, in that fearful, in that confiding time, in which I felt myself to be more in fault than he was, I could not doubt the faithfulness of his honor.

"I thought," said Mrs. Winsom, resuming her natural tone, "when I understood that it would be a hard thing to marry the young man before the session after such a disclosure; and I reasoned with Miss Fatima, for I no longer could honor her with the title of Mrs. Rampant, telling her that she had been an overly fond cutty, and was very much to blame.

"But notwithstanding though my words were surgical knives removing proud flesh, I yet told her for a comfort, that I would speak to Capt. R., and with God's help would end her misery. Poor thing, she was by this time most disconsolate to behold! her fair eyes were waxing wide—the gracious beauty of her cheeks had become pale—her mouth had lost the swirl of dimples that made it gayer than smiles, and she rose from her chair with heaviness as if there was about her a burthen or a shame.

"That same night, after she had been long abed, the Captain came home from one of his parties—she never went to any. I sat up on purpose to meet him. He was not ree, but gay, his wits were all about him, but sparkling.

"Captain," said I, after I had let him come in the parlor, "I would fain have a discourse with you. Mrs. Rampant as you call, her is very bad—"

"Who daressay so?" cried he.
 "Captain, Captain!" was my reply, "dinna ye be contrarie; there's a fault somewhere, and the sooner it is owned the better. She's very ill, I should say."

"He had been in Scotland, and knew what owing a fault meant in a Christian country; so of course he

began to make an equivocal of a ridiculous kind with me; but a power was then given to me, and verily I have thought that I was surely fortified and inspired with the spirit of truth and seriousness.

"Oh Captain," was my answer to his light-hearted ribaldry, 'ye're due a great debt—ye hae a great sum of sin to answer for. Here was a young lady, rosy and sweet, blooming upon her native bush, though it may have been thorny. The dear and kind enchantments of auld lang syne were around her paternal sanctuary—and gentle Memory was ready with her golden key to open the tower to you when you returned."

"He looked clouded as I said this—his mirth was departed; but for all that I persevered, saying,

"And what, Captain, have ye earned by your deceitfulness?—a withered flower and a broken heart. Oh sir, where was fine feeling when ye brought the harlot thoughts of camps and barracks into the defenceless and innocent bowers of love and confidence—where was bravery, when the silly blandishments of a simple maiden won you to forget the virtue wherewith remembrance had sanctified the scenes wherein she fell—and where is your honor, knowing that what was won was given in the faithfulness of youthful constancy, that you refuse still to redeem the pledge of fidelity?"

"I spoke like my father in the pulpit; and, by the pith of what I said, so daunted the worldly audacity of the Captain, that he sat silent and made no answer. Seeing him thus in a sort of penitential meditation, I pressed upon him further—I bade him compare what the unfortunate lady was, with what she might, but for him, have been. It was a depicting that made my own heart melt with sorrow, and my eyes to overflow with tears.

CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Some of their Leaders.

The ruffian hordes gathered from the bar-rooms and gutters of the north, and about to be precipitated upon our homes and firesides, are very appropriately officered. No other civilized country in the world would admit into its armies as Generals and Colonels such characters as those we name below. The fact shows to what an extent the North is demoralized, and how little honor, character and decency is prized by the people who have elected a vulgar ignominious as their Chief Magistrate. The following are some of the Northern Captains and there are plenty more like them:

General E. F. Butler.—This is the politician who who was detected in a dishonest trick at the Charleston Democratic Convention. When charged by young Smith, of California, with falsehood and villany, the paltoon turned pale, trembled with fear, and was mute. It is reported that he was disgracefully intoxicated most of the time he commanded at Baltimore. If he has any military knowledge, he must have picked it up while training in the Massachusetts militia in former years. The New York papers denounce him as a humbug and demand his recall.

General Daniel E. Sickles.—The chivalrous gentleman who winked at the disgrace of his wife and his own dishonor, until after they became the town talk. A pot-house politician, supported for years by a notorious New York female, and mixed up, more or less, in numerous disruptive transactions.

Major William Mulligan.—Familiarly known as "Billy Mulligan."—A noted cut-throat and gambler. Expelled from Carolina by the Vigilance Committee. Sentenced eight months ago to the Sing Sing, for attempting to murder a New York Policeman.—After serving five months of his time, he was pardoned out.

Some other characters in tomorrow's paper.