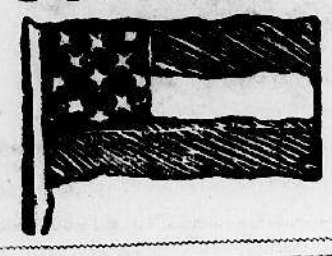
OUR FLAG.



HOME MANUFACTURE.

Shreveport Daily News.

JNO. DICKINSON
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Wednesday, -- August 7, 1861.

Job Work must be paid for on delivery.

AGENTS.

Mr. JOHN W. TABER, is our authorized agent in Natchitoches.

Mr. D. D. O'BRIEN, No. 6, Exchange Place, New Orleans, is our authorized Agent for that city.

Mr. H. C. CLARKE, Bookseller, is our authorized agent for Vicksburg and Natchez.

Mr. J. H. LOFTON, is our agent at Bellevue, Bossier Parish.

Mr. A. L. HAY, of the News Depot, is our authorized agent in Jefferson, Texas.

We will be pleased to receive contributions from our friends, in and around Shreveport. An occasional article from our planters, relative to the crops, will be very acceptable. In fact, we desire correspondence from every section of the States.

Personal articles will not be published, either as communications or advertisements.

Those friendly to our undertaking, who may hear of any local, or other items, that will prove of interest to our readers, will favor us by handing in the same at the office the News.

☞ *Postmasters are requested to act as agents for the News, and retain ten per cent from amount forwarded.*

A City to Let.—The Lincoln government is hereby informed by the New York Day Book that the city is "for rent" cheap:

Who wants to rent a city—a regular "big thing?" New York is just now plastered all over with handbills "to let." Don't "Dr." Lincoln, of Washington, want to hire a city? It will probably cost him a little more than it did to buy some of our M. C.'s—but the city is "to let."

The Shreveport Rebels met yesterday at the Gaiety Theater, for the purpose of electing their officers, and after the preliminary steps, we are sorry to say the company left in disorder and dissatisfaction.

A. L. H., Jefferson, Texas; names and money received. You have credit.

Persons wishing to take a squaint at tip top carving should visit the establishment of our friend Hecox, on Texas street. We defy any establishment to surpass the work executed in Shreveport.

The officers of the Caddo Rebels, elected yesterday are: E. Mason, Captain; C. Ford, 1st Lieutenant; T. J. Peques, 2d Lieutenant; R. H. Lindsey, 3d Lieutenant.

We were shown yesterday by Messrs. Simpson and Calhoun, a fine sample of Cotton, raised by Mr. T. D. Powell, of Jonesville, Texas. It is the first bale of cotton of the season. Mr. P., in a letter, says that that bale is for the Southern cause, and that all he makes is at the disposal of the Southern Confederacy. Who can beat this? What will Abe think when he hears of cotton received in Shreveport on the 6th of August. This is the first bale raised in our Confederacy.

Our subscribers in Texas, in visiting our city should not forget to visit the establishments of our advertisers, if they need any thing in their line.

Arlington Heights.

We have been reliably informed that at the above named place, the next great battle will take place in all probability, some time this week.—Should such prove to be the case, and the Almighty causes us to be victorious, and the battle prove as decisive a victory as that of Manassas, we predict a caving in of the enemy.—As it is, the majority of the federal army are becoming heartily disgusted with the cause they espouse. Every day we receive intelligence of dissatisfaction among their ranks—some desert, others, whose terms of enlistment have expired, will not, under any circumstances, re-enlist. With feelings of this description no body of men can fight. It is therefore useless for our enemies to persist in a warfare which only injures them, the longer they are engaged in it. They are beginning to view the present condition of affairs in the same light that we have described, and from this we draw our conclusions.

We noticed a friend of ours yesterday, marching about the street, all solitary and alone, with a broom as a substitute for a musket. He is fully bent on doing mischief to the enemy, and is making grand preparations with the expectation of following the Rebels to the war. He was seen doing a daring and strategical feat—attacking a hog which was quietly rolling in the gutter—as he charged bayonet on grunter, a friend grasped his arm, and prevented bloodshed. So much for the times.

Desperate Outrage.

The following we clip from the Herald and Gazette, of Jefferson, Texas:

A DESPERATE OUTRAGE.—On the 25th day of July, our neighbor and fellow citizen, of Hickory Hill, L. A. Patillo, was brutally murdered by a man from Daingerfield, named Alfred Wilson. The inhuman wretch fell upon the unarmed man with a big club, the first blow he felled him to the ground, afterwards dealing several blows.

Mr. Patillo was a quiet, inoffensive and useful citizen; and it has cast a gloom over the whole community. This vile act was committed without provocation. The offender is running at large; but it is hoped he may have dealt out his just deserts.

Mrs. Lucinda Patillo, the bereaved widow, offers a reward of five hundred dollars for his apprehension, and the Governor of the State will be petitioned to offer an additional reward.

Wilson is about five feet nine inches high, fair complexion, slightly freckled, smooth face, large blue eyes, sandy hair, about 29 years old. In conversation whines, and sometimes pretends to speak French. He is by trade a painter.

Gentlemen of the press will please pass him around.

Was it Done Ignorantly or Intentionally?

The Albany Argus calls attention the inaccuracy of the president's quotation, in his late message to congress, from the preamble of the Constitution of the Confederate States. The president says:

"They have adopted a temporary national Constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one signed by Washington, they omit '*we the people*,' and substitute '*we the deputies of the sovereign and independent States*.' Why? Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people?"

The preamble of the Constitution of the Confederate States, as we find it published in the Atlanta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel, reads as follows:

"We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent federal government, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, and secure the blessings to ourselves and our posterity—invoking the favor of Almighty God—do ordain and establish this constitution for the Confederate States of America."

Now, what could have been the object of the President in making that pretended quotation? Was the falsehood stated to give more point to his argument against secession; or was it made in entire ignorance of the subject upon which he professed to enlighten the people?

An Incident of the Panic—How a Congressmen was Fixed.

The herd of civilians that followed the grand army and contributed to the confusion and rout, should never have been permitted to cross the river. We have no doubt the army was greatly embarrassed by the congressmen and other individuals, who "wanted to see a battle." * * * We hope our fussy congressmen, who have been so ill informed and impatient, and so anxious to smell gunpowder, have had enough of it.

Cincinnati Commercial.

There is an amusing story of Congressman Gurley, from the second Ohio district, going the rounds of the laughter-loving circles of the city. Gurley was one of the "fussy congressmen" that was "anxious to smell gunpowder" and who, if the story is true, and it is abundantly vouched for, "had enough of it." A prominent citizen of Toledo tells that, being anxious to see a "rebel rout," he hired a buggy in Washington, got a pass, and put for the battlefield. When he arrived there he hitched his horse in a ravine, near an eminence, where were collected some fifty or sixty congressmen and other civilians. He had not been in position long before Dr. McMillian, a surgeon of the Ohio troops, came and advised the spectators to leave, though unable to give any satisfactory reason for his advice. Very soon however, the eyes of the civilians saw a sight that was not in the bills, and which inspired them with a sudden desire for leave-taking. They saw, in the distance, men tumbling with great energy the contents of wagons in the road, and whipping the horses forward with great fury, while others were cutting the traces, mounting the horses and putting Washington ward with all the speed they could command. But, worse than all, they behold further back an immense body of cavalry, with drawn sabers, approaching, and which they knew were not federal troops.

Citizens of Toledo put for the ravine after his buggy, but could not find it, as it had been removed.—When he came across it, he found it occupied by a Mr. Eggleston, or some other Cincinnatian, and he was soon in. He had to go up a small acclivity to get into the road. When he reached it, who should be there but Congressman Gurley, who made a desperate grab at the reins near the buggy, and succeeded in clutching them. He then commenced a most piteous appeal to be allowed to get in, and clung with such tenacity to his hold on the reins as to prevent the buggy's progress. Citizen Toledo, satisfied there was no time to take aboard passengers, hit Gurley a lick with his fist, and knocked him back some ten feet. Then commenced an indescribable scene of Indian dancing and hooooing on the part of the Congressman, who kept one eye on the approaching cavalry and the other on the retiring buggy. How he got away Toledo could not tell, but he had the pleasure of meeting him the next morning in Washington, and apologizing for his apparent discourtesy. Gurley had resorted to shank's mare, and made a successful escape. Braver men than Gurley cut worse figures that day than did he, and we relate the incident not as being discreditable to him, but simply as illustrative of the profound and universal panic that prevailed on the grounds.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Cincinnati Press (Lincolnite) of the 24th, has the following grim joke at the expense of the "Grand Army:"

Under the circumstances, the best time ever made in America, was at Bull Run, on evening of the 21st. A body of 50,000 men, after fighting sixteen hours, ran twenty-five miles. We may safely challenge the annals of the world to produce the evidence of an equal performance.

Yesterday morning during the excitement on Texas street, the alarm of five was given, which proved to be the roof of a kitchen belonging to the house of Mrs. Taintor, on Travis street. The prompt exertions of our citizens prevented the flames from spreading and doing any serious injury, other than the destruction of the roof.

A Mutiny at Fortress Monroe.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Exchange, dated Monday, says:

The streets of the city have been thronged all day by groups of drunken and disorderaly soldiers, who have been guilty of all sorts of excesses without regard to either the law of the city or the rules of modern society. Hurrahing and hallooing at the top of their voices, rudely elbowing passengers on the foot-way, including ladies, using vulgar and abusive epithets to their comrades and to citizens, are some of the milder sorts of amusement pursued by the hordes now quartered in and about the city.

There will shortly be a large number of removals in the interior department; the greatest proportion are to be taken from the census department of the bureau.

The mutiny at Fortress Monroe still rages, and troops, both regulars and volunteer, are often insubordinate to authority. The guard house is still packed with revolters. Gen. Butler has issued orders that no intoxicating liquors be dispensed to the men.

Col. William Porcher Miles, formerly mayor of Charleston, and member of the late congress of United States, is at Manassas, where he is acting as principal aid-de-camp to Gen. Beauregard. Col. Miles is also a member elect to the Richmond Congress.

The administration is about to call into service all the sound and fast sailing vessels from Boston and New York, to be commanded by regularly commissioned officers.

Dust Floating in the Air.—M. Pouchet finds that the dust floating in the air contains the detritus of the mineral constituents of the globe, atoms of animals and plants, and the finest debris of all the materials we make use of. But one item he specially points out—viz: wheat starch, which is invariably found in the dust, whether old or recent. Surprised at the quantity of it present among serial corpuscles, M. Pouchet investigated the dust of all ages and of every quality, and everywhere he found this wheat starch present. "I have found the starch," he says, "in the most inaccessible corners of old Gothic churches, mixed with dust blackened by six or eight centuries of existence. I have found it in the palaces and khans of the Thebaid, where it may have dated from the time of the Pharaohs; I have found it in the tympanic cavity of the ear of a mummified dog, which I had found in a subterranean temple of Upper Egypt. In all countries, in a word, where wheat forms the staple of food, starch always penetrates into the dust, and is met with in greater or less quantities."

Attention Rebels.

The members of the Shreveport Rebels are requested to meet this morning at the Gaiety Theater for the purpose of accepting the resignation of the late Captain, and electing another Captain.

By order of
A. SCHAFFNER,
1st. Lieutenant.