

Weekly News.

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JOHN DICKINSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA.

FROM FRIDAY'S PAPER.

We call the attention of the farmers to the necessity of supplying our market with the necessities of life, such as butter, eggs, vegetables, poultry, etc. The above named articles have gone up to fabulous prices, and cannot be had at the prices now demanded for them. Butter is selling at \$1.25 per pound; eggs at 60 to 75 cts per dozen; corn meal at \$2.50 per bushel; and other articles in accordance to the above prices. We hope our farmers will see the necessity of sending these much needed articles to market and by so doing will receive the grateful thanks of a hungry community.

We publish in to-day's issue an interesting description of the first day's fight at Port Hudson. It is well worth the attention of our readers.

The Tableau Vivants, given by the ladies of this city, on Wednesday night, for the purpose of donating a flag to the gunboat, was a complete success, the performance surpassing anything of the kind preceding it. The vocal and instrumental music was excellent. The net proceeds of the entertainment, we are informed, amounted to \$600.

It is reported that the enemy had made a second attack by land and water, at Port Hudson, and were repulsed with the loss of 3,000 killed, wounded and missing, and two gunboats sunk. This report has not yet been confirmed.

Since the above was in type we learn that the enemy did not attack Port Hudson a second time, on account of the weather. They retreated and burnt the bridges as they fell back to Baton Rouge. Our forces were following them.

On the 24th ult., Gen. Hardy was united in bonds of wedlock to Miss Ready, of Murfreesboro, sister to the wife of Gen. John H. Morgan. The marriage took place at Tallahassee and was attended by all the military grandees.

The following are the names of the Captains of the Militia companies A, B, C, elected by ballot on the 25th of March: Wm. Ball, Sam Van Bibber and Capt. W. A. Lacy.

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette has taken out a patent for stone-cutting.

A Minister putting his hand upon a young girl's shoulder, exclaimed, "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe so too," was the reply.

The continued successes which have crowned our arms during the past three months, on land and on water, and the growing dissatisfaction in the enemy's dominions, which is increasing in magnitude every day, in the army and at home, thousands of the Federal soldiers deserting and delivering themselves to our authorities, should be sufficient proof to our readers, that the prospects of our cause is brightening. Although we cannot say when peace shall dawn upon this country, yet, we believe, the end is drawing near. For our independence we must strike boldly and deliberately, as a people struggling for liberty, their homes and their very existence as a free people. We must turn our backs upon the much talked of foreign intervention and recognition, and rely not on the growing dissatisfaction in the Northwestern States, as a sign that peace will be declared in two or three months hence, but we must look upon no other alternative but our own strong arm for peace and independence. Our prospects are cheering, and if God grant to us continued successes, such victories as achieved by our navy, and by our army since last May, then, and not until then, may we look for the accomplishment of our wishes.

A HANDSOME PRESENT. The ladies of Montgomery have obtained a splendid Chapeau, which they intend presenting to the Hero of the West, Gen. Siegfried Price. It is made of moleskin, and in accordance with Confederate regulations. We would like to see Gen. Price under that hat, just to note the military effect it will have on the good old patriot. As the ladies are the best judges how a trim ought to look to please them, we have no doubt the General will wear it for their sakes; then look out, Yankees, when you see him in the next fight.

Editorial Correspondence.

STEAMER P. E. BONFORD,
March 20th 1863.

DEAR NEWS—Not knowing what else to do I drop you a few lines. We have been laying up here ever since the evening of the 18th (at Templeman's plantation), loading with corn for the government, a little over thirty-five hundred bushels are to be taken at this point, which will require several hours longer stay—now two o'clock p.m. This gives us an insight in the manner government business is transacted. If we are correctly informed the boats employed to carry such freight, receives a stipulated sum per day, thus, the longer the stay, the more the pay. The boats, however are not to blame. Having learned this much, we suggest to the proper authorities, the propriety of making arrangements with whatever planter they purchase from, that a sufficient number of hands be held in readiness to assist in loading the boats, thereby saving time and expense. As it is not over a dozen hands are employed, and nothing but large baskets can be procured to carry the corn in, and a few bottomless barrels and small boxes. If there is much more corn to be shipped, we advise the purchasing agent to have a quantity of baskets made, to sell, say one bushel, furnish each boat with about twenty, holding them responsible for their safe return. By this means the government will not be put to such an expense, as it now has to bear. At the present slow speed, it is difficult to say how long it will take us to reach our point of destination, Camp, La. and as we left no one to fill the chain, editorial, during our absence, the readers of the News will, we trust, overlook any lack of editorials.

Not a word of news have we heard since our departure, that we deem worthy of publishing. The indications of peace, have not brightened any since our last article on the subject, and though not over confident in the prospects, yet we anxiously look forward to the approach of May when the term of enlistment of a large number of the volunteers in the Federal ranks will expire. Then the conscript act has passed the Federal Congress, with a view of retaining in the army such as refuse to enlist after the expiration of their term, yet this signifies nothing, for we must see how the law will be received, which, if the feelings of the people is portrayed true in its true light, will naturally have a powerful effect, leading to a formation of a Confederacy of the Western States, in the event that they do not ask for admittance at our doors. We opine that in the course of three months, we will know what we are to expect. Not sooner.

First Day's Fight at Port Hudson.

ON BOARD STEAMER GEN. HODGES,
Sunday March 15, 63.
Editor La. Democrat.

We reached Port Hudson from Clinton yesterday at 12 m. Rumors of an advance from Baton Rouge were already gaining ground. The fort hidden partly behind a point, about 15 miles below, showed only seven boats, including the iron clad Essex. At 2 p.m. the fleet opened strongly and each boat firing one gun in turn at intervals of from 7 to 10 minutes between the flash of the gun and its report 20 to 22 seconds generally elapsed, and from the banking of the shells to the report, from five to ten seconds. They were evidently taking the range and by increased charge or elevation of their mortars, they finally pretty accurately threw shells in our lower camps and batteries. One man was reported slightly wounded and one knocked down at the lower battery. While they continued until about 4 o'clock when they ceased, having thrown about sixty to seventy shells and some ten solid shots, yet not having succeeded in drawing our fire. In the meantime, at about 1 o'clock our brave boys, with much excitement, were finally ordered to man the breastworks, when they eagerly rushed, with cheers of joy. We remained on shore till dark, with that brave and skillful officer, Col. Marshall J. Smith, Chief of Heavy artillery, who, in common with the rest of them, hopefully expected the coming fight.

The night set in, clear and starry, and passed off quietly, till 20 minutes after 11, when a signal gun was fired from the flag ship of that infamous renegade, Farragut, and in a few minutes the whole fleet blazed, enveloped in a continuous sheet of flames. No longer were guns fired singly but whole broadsides illuminated the flank of gunboats, while the mortar fleet was belching forth a continuous stream of shells, not less than twenty or thirty tearing up their way across the sky at the same time. They had evidently slightly altered their position and had come within shorter range, most of their fire being now concentrated nearer the centre of our defences and, as could be ascertained from the report of the bursting charges,

es, having gained from half to three quarters of a mile. It was a grand sight, grander than we had even witnessed at Pensacola and Yorktown, to see those devoted vandals, cowardly hidden behind their iron sides, pouring forth their liquid fire on the devoted heads of "their southern brethren."

In the meantime, the three steamers at the wharf were making hasty preparations to leave, and even the Louis Dyer, that was moored lower than the centre, seemed at one time almost within their reach; but, nothing daunted, she gracefully bent her way around towards the upper point and was the first to find safety in flight, and still, silent as death, our floating batteries held back their thunder; still wrapped in darkness, our sturdy cannoners stood unmoved at their posts and only discovered their gain visages when the flash of the enemy's shells burst over their heads. But, hark! a deep voice has spoken—it is Col. Smith's. He commands at the uppermost battery, a zig pound off the Parrot—then a blue, vast, brilliant light is seen to flicker—it is the fire lance of the gunner. "Commence firing," says a calm voice, and then a flash, a report, and the loud, unusual whistle of the iron messenger rings through the air. It is our signal. Now the enemy have come with their iron range, and the Southern boys, who have no powder to waste, have commenced their challenge. But there is not the fire of the birding crew of the river there below, whose cowardice sinks into exasperation in the droning sound of a thousand guns fired at random by their trembling hands. No—it is the steady, steady, deliberate aim of the hero, whose eye is undimmed and whose hand is unshaken by fear. De Goumey's battery, being the lowest, has a better sign of the practical effect and is keeping up the heaviest fire, to which the enemy reply by well directed, untroubled, no doubt to cover the movements of the Essex, or other iron-clads, which will attempt to pass unscathed through the flood of fire.

But, alas! our hero (Gen. Hodges) has at last succeeded in getting up steam, and being in charge of government property of the great importance and value to Western Louisiana, we cannot describe our impetuous desire and was soon standing up the river, and from a noble station, enjoy still a better view of the fighting vessels.

It is now evident that the rapid firing of the mortar has been directed at the gunners, and that they are shaking and although still terrified, their fire is no longer so wild. Whilst our batteries never ceased, still keep up their fire, the same regular intervals.

But we have now passed the point that forms the upper headland of the Port, and a blowing and untroubled as a signal, is sending its flash, gliss over the water. Having turned that point, we stand as it were, between the combatants, when suddenly the firing becomes more furious—very crossed shells, broadsides after broadsides, our batteries fire with more impetuosity and in the light of exploding shells, we perceive a black mass, not issuing even a spark, moving up just the Port! O! the brave and brave! Hearer now, whistle with rapid! See the streaks of electric fire but their missiles have behind.

Has the prize passed? Has she landed the brave gun? We know not, but in a few moments, a long black hull, with smaller spars, appears in the light of our eyes, and she has passed our batteries! but not see her any take a launch, stop and suddenly lay the stone, as if in mortal embrace! She is aground—either badly disabled or sinking—soon no doubt an easy prey to our enemy on the right bank. This is the last of the active scene of the night we witnessed. Distance soon shut out even the thunder of our batteries and nothing but a distant flash, like that of a summer evening, tells us that the combat rages below.

But take it for granted, that Port Hudson will not, shall not and cannot fall. The vandals may pass one or more of their iron clads, pillage and devastate even this rich region, but open the Mississippi river to the following tinders, never.

H. ST. P. * * *

Letter from Jackson, Miss.

Jackson, March 6, 1863.

Dear News—I've settled down for the present, and here I have selected as my resting place. Well, I presume your readers who have never been in this "queer land," would like to know what kind of place the great capital of Mississippi is. In the first place, it is, emphatically a "scattered, sophisticated village." It has a circumference of about two miles, and is divided into villages, more like—known as East and West Jackson; which are divided by a bridge (not high) which spans a "mole" stream, known as Town creek. The West portion of the city is decidedly a business place, as the railroad depots are located here, and at which the denizens of Uncle J.B. are assembled in large crowds.

It is here, where the "knights of the gold lace" assemble each evening, as the different trains arrive. When each train arrives, they crowd around the ladies car, each endeavoring to out-vie the other, in doing the gallant, to some fair one, which, to him, is the goodly reward for his patience. But enough to these knights. Among the numerous benevolent institutions in this city, I think the Hospitals

stand foremost. In those asylums, of rest are to be found every comfort that can be procured to make the weary and battle-worn soldier comfortable. The City Hall stands foremost of all, if not in the Southwest. The ladies (bless their sweet souls) are everywhere to be seen, smiling and busy like the bee, sucking the affliction, as it were, from each fevered brow, and soothing the aching heart. God bless the women of our Confederacy. They are the shining stars in the firmament of our independence.

The influx of *Pelicans*, still continue here. It seems as if this were the great Emporium of Refugees! They are to be met by the dozen, on the streets, daily, and what they are doing here, I shall leave for some conscript officer to find out. In the shape of newspapers I suppose Jackson stands unrivaled. The three dailies here are in a flourishing condition. The good old States Rights *Appeal* is still published by those old and tried "knights of the quill," Messrs. McClanahan & Dill, while the still old *Mississippi* waves under the old flag of Cooper & Kimball. The *Southern Cross*, a new candidate for favor, is the last in the list, but among the first in ability and stern independence. It is edited by Judge J. W. Tucker, formerly of the *Mississippi State Journal*, who has staked his all upon the doubtful issue now before us. It is one of the most careful, fearless and outspoken journals in the Confederacy. But I must close, my paper has given out, as also my time for the night. *More anon.*

DIXIE DICKINSON.

The Chase of the Florida—The Yankee Navy a RUMOR.

A letter from Key West, in the New York Herald, says of the chase of the Florida:

The gunboat *Somora*, while passing over the Indiana banks, on her way to Nassau, discovered, at about 7 o'clock in the morning, while entering the Queen's channel, a strange sail, which, upon hearing, floated English colors. Immediately pursuing her, she was seen by the *Somora* under a full hoist of steam, and with all sails set, started in pursuit, supposing her to be the *Orissa*. Shortly and the strange vessel bore down the northward and westward, made all possible sail and commenced running up rapidly. The *Somora* went to quarters, anticipating she would soon be within range of her guns, and followed her with varying success for thirty-two hours, through the Queen's channel, to the tongue of the ocean and Northeast Providence channel, one hundred and twenty miles to sea, losing sight of her on Monday night.

There is no doubt, but that the speed of the Florida under steam is exaggerated, for while the wind was light and the sea smooth, the *Somora* gained gradually, but slowly upon her. Upon getting, however, into the sea, and the wind freshening the waves increasing, the Florida rapidly drew away, and night coming on she was lost sight of. For twenty-four hours the crew were at quarters anxiously awaiting the order to open fire, but three times while the Florida's capture seemed almost a certainty, some derangement in the *Somora's* machinery interrupted it, her lantern went out, and she was lost sight of for thirty-four hours, a distance of over three hundred miles. She succeeded in making her escape. When last seen she was steering to the eastward, possibly with the intention of making one of the windward passages. Had the *Somora* possessed the necessary qualifications of a sea-going vessel, the capture of the Florida would have been an accomplished fact, and her destruction inevitable.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Raleigh, N.C.—The State Journal's Kingston correspondent, says Gen. D. H. Hill came upon the enemy's outpost, at a deep gully, on the Trent road, eight miles this side of Newbern yesterday morning. The enemy's force consisted of four companies of infantry, one light battery. They became panic stricken and destroyed the bridge. Gen. Hill had quickly fired and pushed after the enemy. The General's horse was twice struck with minute balls. A Yankee was captured, and had reached Newbern 22,000 strong. Gen. Hill is moving on Newbern.

Charleston, March 15.—The Monitor ironclad off the bar yesterday, went southward late last evening. She is supposed to be the *Kerkira*, from Port Royal.

A British steamer reached a Confederate port last night, laden with merchandise, bringing Nassau dates to Thursday. The steamer *Ruby*, from Charleston, and the *Graff*, from Wilmington, arrived safely at Nassau. Many new steamers had reached Nassau, intending to run the blockade.

Prisoners taken on Thursday night, at Hilton Head Island, fully confirm the intelligence of Burnside's appointment to the command of the expedition against Charleston. He had not arrived but was hourly expected.

The following dispatches were received at Jackson headquarters Saturday night, from Major General Loring, in command on the Tallahatchie river:

Fort Pemberton, Mar. 13, p.m.—We have sustained a terrific and un-

interrupted fire from the enemy for the last four hours; from ten to sixteen of their heavy caliber gunboats, two heavy guns on land and a mortar. All their guns from the gunboats, except one, have ceased firing. The gunboats have retired around the bend, eight hundred yards distant, showing only one gun. The enemy's boats and batteries were struck constantly, and large quantities of cotton struck from them. We have lost some valuable gunners and a few others. Thank God our loss is small so far. The enemy's loss must be very great.

March 13, 7:50 p.m.—Just as I sent off my last dispatch to you the enemy opened on us again, with one gunboat's guns, a land battery and a 13-inch mortar. They kept up the fire with great spirit until sunset. Ammunition for heavy guns just now arrived.

The enemy opened fire again Saturday morning, but ceased in less than an hour. Cause not known. The water was reported falling, and they might have been fearful of the trap that was to catch them.

Savannah March 14.—A special to the Republican dated Columbia Tenn. March 12th says: Four brigades of the enemy, under Gens. Rosecrans, Granger, Davis and Shindler, endeavored to beat Van Dorn, in yesterday, just across Duck river. Knowing that he had no means of crossing, our artillery was kept in position until yesterday morning, and applied to the Yankee line. The river was then crossed. The outposts were held as usual. The whole command then withdrew, passed the enemy's left flank and escaped by the way of White's bridge 25 miles above, where they crossed successfully. The Federals are not yet aware of our whereabouts, and are looking for Van Dorn in their rear. The successful escape from so perfect a net is regarded as unusually skillful and fortunate.

A second dispatch to the same papers says: The enemy are greatly surprised and exasperated at Van Dorn's escape. They returned to Hilton Head to protect their rear, and committed many depredations, burning the houses which Van Dorn occupied as his headquarters.

No doubt the papers state that the enemy closed the spring Hill was only three hours, and that the rebels had three negro regiments engaged, who fought bravely. The four brigades sent in pursuit of Van Dorn, had retreated.

Charleston March 13.—A telegram from Hilton Head announces that Capt. McKenney of the 11th South Carolina, with a detachment of his company, went on to Hilton Head Island last night, to the observatory, where the Yankee signal corps was stationed, and without firing a gun, capturing a telegraph station sergeant and seven privates. The prisoners have arrived in Hilton Head. All quiet here.

In addition to the usual blockading fleet including the *Ironclads*, there appeared today on the bar Monitor ironclad, which has taken her position with the fleet.

Knoxville March 14.—The bridges on the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad destroyed by the Yankees some weeks ago, have been repaired, and the regular schedule will be resumed tomorrow.

Latest Northern Intelligence.

Special to the Memphis Bulletin.
Chicago, Feb. 27, via Cairo, Feb. 27.—Gold at New York, today, closed at 114 to 114 1/4—A slight advance on the previous day.

There is no cotton market report tonight. The market closed dull last night, in favor of buyers, at 50 cts.

Boston, Feb. 27.—A letter from Key West, dated the 10th, says the United States steamer *Rhode Island* chased a steamer, supposed to be the *Alabama*, on 1 day and night of the 14th inst., but without success. The *Rhode Island*, in her course, encountered a heavy gale, and was obliged to put into Key West for repairs.

Sanford Court House, Va., Feb. 27. On Wednesday, Stuart's cavalry at tacked part of Adams' division near Hartford church. In the skirmish which ensued, the rebels were routed. Their loss is not positively known. Several were killed, and a number captured.

Our loss, in killed, wounded and missing is forty.

New York, Feb. 27.—The steamer *Augusta* has arrived from Hilton Head with advice to the 20th.

The rebels at Savannah are straining every nerve to complete their ironclad, in whose powers they express great confidence.

The rebels claim that four vessels run the Charleston blockade in one day.

Heavy firing has been heard on the Ogeechee river. It was believed the Passaic and rebel iron-clad *Atlanta* had met in conflict.

Fortress Monroe, Feb. 27.—Private advices from Richmond state that the smallpox is making frightful ravages there.

The disease has assumed the form of a plague. Almost every one who could escape from the city is doing so.

The city presents the appearance of a huge hospital.

ground in Hardy. We know he was after more Yankees and more of their plunder, and we confess we were looking for him to turn up somewhere in the neighborhood of one of their trains, for which he seems to have a special liking. He has turned up sure enough, and just where he might have been reasonably expected, if our Yankee friends had only been a little smart. He caught one of their trains about seven miles south of Romney, on the northwestern turnpike, at the junction of the road leading to Junction, on Monday last, and took one hundred and four horses, with splendid harness, and destroyed twenty-seven wagons loaded with hay.

Not content with taking the horses and harness, and destroying the twenty-seven splendid Yankee wagons with their forage, he took seventy-one of the Yankees themselves, with two negroes in their possession, which they had stolen from some farmer. McNeill made the dash at the train with only twenty-seven men, whilst it had a guard of one hundred and fifty Yankees, one hundred and thirty-five of whom were infantry, and the balance cavalry. McNeill would have taken the whole party, but the balance took flight and ran off.

This brilliant affair was bloodless, not a Confederate getting a scratch.

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Slaves for Hire.
Persons desiring of hiring slaves, for parties, cooks, etc., can do so on application to
FLORENCE L. VILLI,
at the Branch of Citizens Bank,
or to J. D. A. SUGER, at the
Hotel de France, on the Texas road,
under from this report. March 19, 1863.
Grape and Southern cotton crop.

Auction Sale
OF
Furniture and Housekeeping
Articles.
A MOST DESIRABLE residence, having three lots fronting on Market street, with a fine lot of furniture, crockery and glass, cooking stove with fixtures and cooking utensils, for sale. The lot are beautifully situated in an excellent neighborhood, and have comfortable dwelling and outbuildings, and a well of good water. The entire stock of furniture, etc., is offered at private sale with the house and lot. For terms enquire of Messrs Harris and Denon.

FOUND.
YESTERDAY, the 18th inst., by my confidence, a Confederate Treasury note, which the owner can get by identifying it and paying for this advertisement.
mar 20-63 J. C. BEALL.