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public meetings, etc., charged for as other
advertisements. JOHN DICKINSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Preist and the Piper.

BY J. GOLDRICK.

Father Ambrose McShorry, parish priest of Knocknashee, in the diocese of Ardagh, Ireland, was one of the best men, generally speaking, that ever existed in any country of the world. Beloved by his own people, and revered by others who differed from him in his religious opinions, he passed his life in the humble discharge of his clerical duty, preaching the Gospel to the poor, reproving vice, inculcating virtue, and doing good to all, without distinction of creed, or dread of the political enemies by whom he was surrounded. He was humble, meek, pious and benevolent, given to hospitality like the early fathers of the church, whose good example he ever emulated. He was a lover of good men, no matter of what denomination—a lover of his country, poor, despised and down-trodden—a consummate scholar—an eloquent preacher, who spoke his own native tongue with great fluency, and did more to suppress the evil influence arising from Irish wakes, funerals and Sunday dances, than any other priest of his day. To the wayfaring man, his hospitable door was ever open, with that generous, warm-hearted *meala fálka*, peculiar to his native isle. To the child of sorrow, the erring, and the distressed, his fatherly counsel, administered like the balm of Gilead, seldom failed to soothe, reclaim and comfort. He rejoiced with them that did rejoice, and mingled the tear of unfeigned sorrow with all who had reason to weep. In one short sentence, Father Ambrose was a man after God's own heart, in the Christian acceptance of that term.

About this time there flourished in that part of their country, one of the most singular characters that ever figured in Irish romance. This was Patrick Noonan, but better known in the sporting world by the nick-name of "Paddy the Piper." He was a remarkable small bit of a fellow, not over five feet in height, black-haired, thin and swarthy, with long hooked nose, small eyes, low receding forehead, and never in his fattest day, exceeding ninety pounds in weight. He was indeed a queer looking, diminutive little man, but remarkable for his shrewd answers, ready wit, and an inexhaustible fund of merriment and Irish drollery.

At the time of which I speak, Paddy was about forty years of age, the best piper of his day, but one of the greatest toppers to be met with in any part of Ireland. Besides his extraordinary performance on the bag-pipes, he was the life of the wake and the wedding wherever he went. When any lower order died within ten miles around, the piper was sure to be there; and if the relations of the deceased were rich people and able to procure lots of whisky, Pat was in his element, and made the wake house resound with laughter and merriment. It was no wonder then these exploits of "Paddy the piper" should be severely censured by the pious priest. He did all in his power to reform the little musical toper, but to no purpose. Like Milton's devil—
"He's harden'd more by what should most reclaim."

By the pious exertions of Father Ambrose, Sunday dancing and the excesses practiced at wakes and funerals gradually began to fall away, so that in a little time Paddy's craft was in danger and his drollery in little demand. With such a gloomy prospect in the locality that gave him birth, no wonder he should feel disposed to enlarge his sphere of action, and to try his fortune in townships more remote, where he thought his musical talent would be more appreciated.

After a little piping among the hamlets in the adjacent parishes, with no better success or greater indulgence from the clergy, he took it into his head to visit protestant England, where he supposed the morals of the people were not so strictly looked into. Accordingly the first Monday morning in the glorious month of June found him piping his passage on board a packet across the Irish Channel.

In England he found better pay and better eating, but what good was all that, thought the piper, without whisky and the congenial society of

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the old companions he loved. England was a good country enough, to be sure, a land flowing with milk and honey, as father Ambrose used to say of the old land of Canaan, but—potent whisky was not so abundant, nor Irish wit in so great a demand as at home. In a few weeks the piper got heart-sick of merry England, and resolved to return home to the blessed green sod of his native land, by the next packet. He had piped his way from Liverpool to the coal region, and finding there a public house on his way, and a loose shilling in his pocket, he resolved to indulge in a last carouse, before quitting forever the land of Cromwell and the Sassenagh. He got, of course, as drunk as a lord, and lay one fine morning on the road side, his pipes by his side, about one mile from the colliery. In this state he was found by an old acquaintance, who had labored in the coal mines for three or four years, and was then returning with an empty tray to the mouth of the pit.

"By Gips, Terry, here's Paddy the Piper, if he's in the land of the living, and as drunk as a wheel-barrow," said the drayman to his fellow collier.

"By jabers, the very man, Mike," returned his companion, jumping out of the dray and going over to where the unconscious piper lay.

A little inspection soon convinced the men that he was insensible to any rough handling they might give him, and at once the idea occurred to them to dump him into the wagon and have him let down into the pit. It was but the work of a minute to leave him on board, (for he was light) and in half an hour the piper slowly awaking to consciousness, opened his eyes in the regions below.

The transition from the light of day to the glare of numerous lamps and huge subterranean fires was bewildering to the half-conscious piper. He looked about and beheld scores of hideous-looking figures, black as Erebus, making a great clamor and grumbling horribly—among them, the ugliest of the ugly, his old neighbor and once tipping companion, Micky McMan, the Irish drayman.

"Oh, my wonder!—murder! When am I Micky, Ashore?" he cried, catching the black vagabond by the hand, and jumping to his feet in the wildest frenzy.

"In hell, Paddy boy," was the savage reply, uttered with a diabolical grin.

"Did I die, Mike?" he asked, looking down on a loose heap of broken wood near the fire, and looking piteously at his old companion.

"That's what you did, Paddy, and in one of your drunken sprees you came as I did these years ago," was the chilling reply.

"And without Mike, you know we were always old friends, long ago I tell me, will they torment me here?"

"And who put that in your silly head, Paddy, boy?" replied the fiendly goblin among descent people here at last—unlike the blue-guards of Knocknashee parishes. We seldom get a good piper down here, and when we do, we treat him as he ought to be treated."

This was no small relief to the poor piper, who expected of course to be put to a gentle simmer over the fire. He now took courage to stand up, and asked his friend in a tremulous voice—

"Where's the master, Mike? I'd like to be after seeing his honor."

"Here I am, yer soul yer," roared out a barley, big-headed, broad-shouldered collier, extending his black fist to the diminutive piper, who was pale with terror, and trembling from limb to limb. "Don't be afraid, Paddy," he continued, "you served me upon the earth, and now I'll stand by you in my country; you'll see it don't."

"How, your Imperial Majesty?" demanded Pat, assuming more courage, and kissing the black bunch of lives extended to him by this counterpart of Satan.

"Every way, my son," replied the fiend; "make yourself at home, and be happy among us."

"And sure, your honor has nothing to drink down here, and how can one make himself happy without whisky?" remarked the piper, turning up his little thin pale face to that of the supposed arch fiend.

"And who the deuce told you that fib, Paddy?" asked his infernal Majesty, looking savagely at the piper and then at the fire, as if he were meditating to put him right in.

Father Ambrose did, (saying his cloth) your Majesty," was the poor piper's reply.

"Then, by my crown and dignity, he's a greater liar than I be, although I'm designated the father of lies in his books of divinity, and I'll prove this to you, for you must drink with me this very minute. Go, butler," he continued, addressing the Irish demon, Paddy's friend, "fetch me

that jug of whisky; be quick, 'or you'll smell brimstone."

The jug was produced, and a stiff horn poured out and presented to the piper.

"Does that give the lie to your priest, the defamer of Satan, and the enemy of all social pleasure upon earth?" asked the mock chief with a sly wink at his sable companions.

"By dad, it does that, your honor," returned the man of music, "and if I was back in Knocknashee again, I'd never believe a word he'd preach."

"Wouldn't you like some pork steak, Pat?" again asked the arch demon; "I suppose a dying man didn't feel disposed to take his breakfast before coming here."

"True for your honor, and faith then, I'd like a little pork steak, sure enough."

"Hielzebab, get some pork steak, bread, butter, cheese, and whisky, for our friend here; after that, he'll ply for us a little, and we'll have a dance," ordered his Satanic Majesty.

The pork steaks were got ready, and after eating a heavy meal, which the hungry piper did ample justice to, the pipes were strapped on, and the merry abodes on resounded with mirth, music and dancing.

After the miners had enjoyed themselves for two or three hours, the piper was easily set stupid drunk, and in that state returned to the identical spot from which he had been abducted in the early part of the day. I shall not attempt to describe his surprise, on finding himself again in the land of the living, and in possession of so much supernatural knowledge. As before, he piped his passage back to Ireland, and in about six or eight weeks from the day of his departure from his native village, he found himself inside the chapel of Knocknashee.

It was Sunday, and father Ambrose was just robing for divine service. After the celebration of Mass the good priest, as was his custom on each Lord's day, gave out his text, and commenced an eloquent sermon. The subject was well chosen, and after expatiating largely on the glory of heaven, he next touched powerfully on the torments of hell—described the character of the devil and the extreme misery of all wretched sinners consigned to that dreadful abode.

This was more than the poor piper could stoutly stand, and jumping to his feet in front of the altar, he cried aloud—

"Stop, stop, priest! Let me hear no more of that talk from you. Your sermon's a big lie—'til the devil himself told me so. I'll not stand by and listen to you defaming my best friend. Hell is no such place, for I never met with, than the one you've ideal. Plenty of pork-steaks, bread, butter, cheese, and whisky, for all that has a mind to be happy."

And the infuriated little piper shook his diabolical fist in defiance, at Father Ambrose.

The interruption, so impious and wicked, created an unequalled sensation among the people. They would, I suppose, have stoned him, were it not for the good father, who told them to attribute it to the honors succeeding a night of heavy drinking and debauchery.

The poor piper continued the victim of this delusion until the return of Micky McMan to the Parish, who explained the trick that had been played on him by the miners.

From that day, Paddy the piper became a sober man, left off playing on Sundays, and, having no reason to doubt, died a good Catholic.

We cite the following from the New York News:

To the Editor of the N. Y. News:
Your New Orleans correspondent speaks of a fact heretofore well known, that Mansford, hung by Gen. Butler, for "staking down the flag," was an innocent man.

In this connection I would state another fact, known to many, viz: that Andrew Butler, brother of the other Butler, was publicly chastised in California, by the same Mansford.

Query—Had the horse-whipping anything to do with the hanging?
S. C. CHARLES.

Some people do not understand what the Yankees mean by calling some of their Mississippi gunboats "iron clad." It is because they are sheathed with iron only to resist rifle shot and artillery. The thickness of the iron, I understand, is about equal to that of a steamboat boiler.

Michelet, the French historian, in that memorable book "L'Année," several years ago, used the following language, "The life of Europe is the life of the world—if it dies, the world dies. America flooded by an emigrant population at war with Catholic civilization has lapsing into barbarism."

From the Washington Telegraph.
Address of P. P. Pitchlynn,
Principal Chief of the Choctaw Nation.

We have received a copy of this address, delivered to the General Council, in extra session at Good Water Seminary, on the 2d Monday of August last. It contains many excellent things, which we regret we cannot publish in full.

The following passage in his introductory remarks is worthy of any statesman in any country.

"Civil government derives its force from those social and moral institutions which create a public opinion that imparts to law all its virtues and power. These civilizing and moralizing influences are ineffective when civil government is not paramount in its own sphere of action to the military, and especially in this case when the soldiery is not subjected to the most rigid discipline.

When discipline is lax, the soldiery becomes licentious, the citizen unscrupulous and selfish, and too many embrace the opportunity presented by such state of society to act as though the public misfortune legalized the invasion and robbery of private rights of individuals. Such acts, committed by our own professed friends, are not only illegal and oppressive, but they lead to anarchy and a species of despotism more intolerable to the minds of some than the public enemy. True liberty is the subordination of all classes to the rule of justice—to those wholesome and salutary restraints, civil and military, which give ample protection, secure social order, preserve and tranquillize the popular mind and operate on the individual character by increasing his abilities to contribute to the general welfare. Properly considered, there is no subject of equal importance to that which embraces the consideration and adoption of some policy by which the National Government may be continued in all its vigor, personal property protected, our resources developed and economized for the preservation of our people and the strengthening of the national arm of defence.

To obtain an object so desirable and patriotic, it is suggested that such legislation be adopted as will enable the civil and military authorities to co-operate in the most efficient and determined enforcement of law against all offenders, whether in or out of the army. Such obnoxious characters are to be found in the camps, but the brave and patriotic soldier respects and obeys his superiors and the rule of discipline by which all should be governed, and by his conscious regard for law and private rights of individuals produces cheerfulness and hope by such honorable and true soldier-like bearing, while the petty thief, horse thief of the country, who flies on the approach of danger, produces anxiety in the home of toil and despair in the breast of the patriot by his disregard of law, human and divine.

The address expresses throughout, a devotion to the Confederate cause, which is doubtless shared by the whole body of the Nation. He nevertheless calls the attention of the Council to the question of receiving Confederate money at par with specie, and suggests the propriety of adopting the rates fixed by our Treasury agent in collecting the specie tax of twenty to one.

He also calls their attention to the treaty stipulations with the Confederate Government, and especially to the point that the Confederacy has not the power of imposing direct or indirect taxes upon the Nation. We sincerely hope, and have no doubt, that all the treaty stipulations with them, will be scrupulously observed, and that the legislation of the Nation and our Congress will be entirely harmonious.

He recommends that in the organization of troops furnished our army, the officers, from highest to lowest, be all elected by officers and privates, and that promotion to vacancies be by merit alone, to be determined by election.

Also, the appointment of an agent for the registration of stolen property or taken from citizens by Confederate soldiers.

The support and continuation of the common schools of the nation.

The change of the name of the Choctaw and Chickasaw regiments, by leaving out "Chickasaw," as the regiment was composed almost wholly of Choctaws.

The continuation of the volunteer system in raising troops, and other recommendations on matters of local importance.

He closes as follows:
Let us, therefore, Choctaws, in this great crisis which involves the welfare of the present and future, be united as one man. Let us reverence the religion of the Bible, and obey the laws, civil and military. Let us calmly survey our situation, in all its bearings, immediate and prospective.

Let us act calmly, wisely and bravely. Let us take counsel of our duty and our honor—not of our danger and our fears. Let us invoke the guardian Spirit of our ancestors' virtues, and the blessings of Almighty God, and, sublimely, accept that condition the future may assign us. Let us if we are destined to fall in this struggle, with our hands on our hearts, and our hearts lifted submissively to Him, who appoints and controls the course of Nations, unitedly exclaim, that "he has already lived too long, who survives the liberties of his country."

Important Call!

A movement for Peace—Members of the Virginia Legislature, the Governor and the Lieutenant Governor Requested to meet in Convention.

Baltimore, April 13.—The Richmond Whig of yesterday contains the following important document to the people of Virginia:

"The undersigned members of the Legislature of the State of Virginia, in connection with a number of citizens of the State, whose names are attached to this paper, in view of the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederate Government, and its occupation by the military authorities of the United States, the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, and the suspension of the jurisdiction of the civil power of the State, are of the opinion that an immediate meeting of the General Assembly of the State is called for by the exigencies of the situation.

The consent of the military authorities of the United States to a session of the Legislature in Richmond, in connection with the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, to their free deliberation upon public affairs, and to the ingress and departure of all its members under safe conduct has been obtained. The United States authorities will afford transportation from any point under their control, to any of the persons before mentioned. The matters to be submitted to the Legislature are the restoration of peace to the State of Virginia, and the adjustment of the questions involving life, liberty and property, that have arisen in the State as a consequence of the war.

We therefore request the Governor, Lieutenant Governor and members of the Legislature to repair to this city by the 25th of April inst.—We understand that full protection to persons and property will be afforded in the State, and we recommend to peaceful citizens to remain at their homes and pursue their usual avocations, with confidence that they will not be interrupted.

We earnestly solicit the attendance in Richmond, on or before the 25th of April inst., of the following persons, citizens of Virginia, to confer with us as to the best means of restoring peace to the State of Virginia. We have procured safe conduct from the Military authorities of the United States, for them to enter the city and depart without molestation:

Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, A. T. Carpenter, Wm. C. Rives, John Letcher, A. H. Stuart, R. L. Montague, Fayette McMullen, J. P. Holcombe, Alexander Rives, A. Johnston Barbour, James Barbour, Wm. L. Goggins, J. B. Baldwin, Thos. S. Johnson, Walter Staples, S. D. Miller, Thos. Randolph, Wm. T. Early, R. A. Claybrooke, John Critcher, Wm. T. H. Eppes, and Thomas Persons, for whom passports have been procured, and others whom we consider unnecessary to mention.

Signed: A. J. Marshall, Senator from Fauquier; John Wesson, Senator from Marion; Jas. Venable, Senator elect from Petersburg; David J. Burr, of the House of Delegates, from Richmond; David J. Saunders, of the House of Delegates, from Richmond City; L. S. Hale, of the House of Delegates; J. J. English, of the House of Delegates, from Henrico County; Wm. Ambers, of the House of Delegates, from Chesterfield County; A. M. Keltz, of the House of Delegates, from Petersburg; H. W. Thomas, Second Auditor of Virginia; Lieut. L. L. Moncure, Chief Clerk Second Auditor's Office; Joseph Mayo, Mayor of the City of Richmond; Robert S. Howard, Clerk of the House of Delegates; Thos. W. Dudley, Sergeant, Richmond; Littleton Tazewell, Commonwealth Attorney, Richmond; M. M. T. James, Judge of the Circuit Court of Petersburg; J. A. Meredith, Judge of the Circuit Court of Richmond; William H. Lyons, Judge of the House of Delegates, from Henrico County; Wm. Wickham, Member of Congress from Richmond; Nat. Tyler, Editor of the Richmond Examiner; R. F. Walker, Publisher of the Examiner; J. R. Anderson, Richmond; R. R. Howzin, do; W. Goddill, do; P. G. Bagley, do; E. J. Smith, do; Franklin Stearns, Henrico; John L. How-

Petersburg; Thomas B. Fisher, Fauquier; Wm. M. Harrison, Charles City County; Thomas W. Garnet, Kings and Queens County; Jas. A. Scott, Richmond.

I concur in the preceding recommendation.
(Signed.)

J. A. CAMPBELL.

Approved for publication in the Whig, and in handbill form.
(Signed.)

G. W. WEITZELL.

Major General.

War Department,

Washington, April 13, 6 p. m. }
Major-General Dix, N. York: }

This Department, after mature consideration, and consultation with the Lieutenant General upon the results of the great campaigns, have come to the following determination, which will be carried into effect by appropriate orders to be immediately issued:

First—To stop all drafting and recruiting in the loyal States.
Second—To curtail purchases for arms, ammunition, Quartermaster's and Commissary supplies, and reduce the expenses of the military establishment in its several branches.
Third—To reduce the number of General and Staff officers to the actual necessities of the service.
Fourth—To remove all restrictions on trade and commerce as far as may be consistent with public safety.

As soon as these measures can be put in operation, it will be made known by public order.

(Signed.)
EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The following romance on a small scale will be found exceedingly interesting:

It is many years since, I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest country girl by far that ever went on legs. By meadow creek and wood and dell, so often we did walk, and the moonlight smiled on her meeting lips, and the night wind learned our talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me for my heart was young and true, and loved with a double and twisted love, and a love that was honest too. I roamed all over the neighbors' farms, and I robbed the wild wood bowers, and tore my trousers and scratched my hands, in search of choicest flowers. In my joyous love I brought all these to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now if I were a boy again. A city chap then came along all dressed up in store clothes, with a shiny hat and shiny vest, and a mustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing schools, (for her father owned a farm,) and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap's arm. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with a fervent love, that naught could drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain, the city chap with the hairy lip married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore, until the thought stru k me, that just as good fish remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gipsy hat, and I wedded that girl. And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that stole Jerusha Jane.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the morning of the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Mosely, Mr. Wm. S. LAMKIN, of Missouri, to Miss EDGAR, a daughter of M. D. Parks, Esq., of this place.

We wish our friends a pleasant journey together through this world of trouble.

For State Treasurer.

We are authorized to announce Colonel ROSS E. BURKE of the Parish of Natchitoches, as a candidate for State Treasurer, for the ensuing election.
ap4-w&sw4e

We are authorized to announce Major S. D. OLIVER as a candidate for State Treasurer.
Louisiana papers copy [April 6]

For Sale.

CERTIFIED ACCOUNTS.—Persons wishing to purchase at very reasonable rates, will apply immediately to the Editor of this paper.
[April 12; w&sw 1

For Sale.

A NEGRO BOY between 13 and 15 years of age. Apply at this office.
ap20-w&sw 1f

TO REFUGEES.

FOR SALE.—A farm and improvements, situated 15 miles from Shreveport, 3 miles from Mooringsport, and 8 miles from Albany. This property will be sold on moderate terms, or the use of the same can be had at a low rent to any one who will keep it in good order. Enquire at this office.
[April 11; w&sw 1f

FOR SALE.

A FRESH supply of Cream Laid Letter Paper, Pens and Envelope ps, at the Post office.
March 18; w&sw

For Sale.

A good SADDLE HORSE, bridle and saddle for sale.
Inquire at this office. [April 11]

Wanted.

AT Shreveport Arsenal, OLD ZINC, for which a liberal price will be paid.
C. W. WAJBY,
Capt. Comd'g