

Shreveport Daily News.

VOL. 2.

SHREVEPORT, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

NO. 30

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 in the first insertion, \$1.00
For each additional insertion, per square, 50

FOR THE DAILY:

No. Squares	1mo	3mo	4mo	5mo	6mo	9mo	12mo
1 square	5	7	9	10	12	13	20
2 squares	9	12	14	16	17	17	30
3 squares	12	15	18	21	23	25	40
4 squares	15	19	22	25	27	30	50
5 squares	18	23	26	31	33	37	60
6 squares	20	25	30	34	37	40	70
7 squares	22	27	32	36	39	42	80
8 squares	24	29	34	38	41	44	90
9 squares	25	30	35	39	43	46	100
10 squares	26	31	36	40	44	47	110
15 squares	30	35	40	45	49	54	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 paid, and payment exacted.

Marriages and deaths will be published as news; obituaries, tributes of respect, and funeral invitations as other advertisements.

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.

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.

D. D. O'BRIEN,
Newspaper Advertising
AND
COLLECTING AGENT.
Office corner Canal St. and Exchange Place, No. 6.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Weekly City Correspondence in English, French, German and Spanish Languages, furnished on moderate terms.

JUST RECEIVED.—A fine lot of Dried Buffalo Beef from Texas, which will be sold cheap for cash only.
[no] [22—tf] L. BAER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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

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

J. C. MONCURE,
Attorney at Law,
SHREVEPORT, LA.
Office with L. M. Nutt, corner of Milam and Market streets. n34d-ly

EMMET D. CRAIG,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office, opposite Post Office, SHREVEPORT, LA.
Will practice in the Courts of Caddo, De Soto, and Bossier. 1dly

L. M. NUTT,
Attorney at Law,
Office, corner Milam & Market Streets, SHREVEPORT, LA.
Practices in Caddo, Bossier and De Soto. n10-lyd

ASSOCIATIONS.

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. **JNO. DICKINSON, N. G.**
N. SELIGMAN, Secretary. n10

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. 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 3d 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. n62d

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, &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 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

It should be borne in mind that the *Daily News* contains the latest intelligence received at this point. The paper does not go to press until after the arrival of the mail. It is delivered by Carrier for \$8 per year or \$4 for six months. n27

Selected for the News. HANS IN LUCK.

(Concluded.)
my friend." said he you had better take care lest your pig bring you into a scrape. I just heard in the last village I passed through, that a pig had been stolen, and the people were making a great noise about it. I fear—I fear you have got the stolen pig there; and if so it will go hard with you down in the village yonder, a ducking in the loch is the least you can expect." The simple Hans was dreadfully alarmed at this piece of intelligence. "For the love of heaven, do help me out of this scrape!" exclaimed. "You know the country hereabouts better than I do,—take my pig and give me your goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain to make all fair," said the fellow: "but I will not be too hard upon you, seeing you are in a sort of scrape." With these words he took the pig and gave Hans the goose, with which he marched off right glad of the exchange. "I have not got the worst of the bargain, methinks," said Hans to himself, as he hastened onward with his white goose under his arm. "First, there will be such a roast; then, it is so fat, I shall have seasoning for my broth a full half year; and the nice white feathers will make me such a soft comfortable pillow that I shall sleep as comfortably as a prince. My mother will be a happy woman when she sees us all!"
When Hans had reached the last village which lay on his road home, he perceived a scissor-grinder with his wheel and barrow, working and singing very blithely. Hans stood still awhile and gaped at his work; at last he said: "Yes," replied the scissor-grinder, my handy work is a mine of gold to me. Your true scissor-grinder is a gentleman. As often as he puts his hand into his pocket he finds gold there. But that is a nice bird of yours; where did you buy it?" "I did not buy it?" answered Hans. "I only gave my pig for it." "And how got you the pig?" "Oh, I only gave my cow for it." "And the cow?" "Why I gave my horse for it." "And the horse?" "I bought him for a piece of gold as large as my head." "And the gold?" "Aye, that was my wages for seven good years of service!" "You have been a lucky fellow hitherto, I perceive," said the grinder; "but if you could find gold in your pocket as easily as I do, your luck would be complete. And how shall I contrive to do that?" inquired Hans. "You must become a scissor-grinder like me; and all that you want for that is a grindstone, the rest will come of itself. Here is one, a little the worse of the wear to be sure, but it will serve your purpose, and as a friend I will let you have it for little more, perhaps, than the matter of your goose; will you have it?" "Have it!" answered Hans, "how can you ask me that; to be sure I should like to have it; and if you will give it to me I will be the luckiest man in the world.

What more could I wish than to find gold in my pocket as often as I put my hand into it!" So Hans gave the grinder his goose. "Now," said the other, giving him an old worn-out stone which lay at his side, "here is a most capital stone for you, only manage it well and you may make an old nail cut with it. Take it, and begin your gold-winning."

Hans took the stone and marched off with it in great triumph. "Surely I must have been born in a lucky hour," said he to himself, "every thing goes so well with me!" Meanwhile Hans began to feel himself very hungry; but he could get nothing to eat for he had given away his last penny for joy when he got the cow. At last he got so tired that he could not walk a step farther; so he sat down at the side of a little pool with his great burden of a stone, and was stooping to take a drink, when the stone plumped into the well and sank to the bottom. Hans was overjoyed at thus getting rid of his only plague, the great heavy stone, and leaped briskly up to his feet, exclaiming: "How lucky am I! Sure there never was such a lucky mortal under the sun!" And with a light and merry heart he walked on till he came to his mother's house.

Hello, Sambo! have heard the news? Yes' massa, I hear mass Jeff Davis bin arter old Abe Linkum.

Well, what do you think about it Sambo! Tink! Why ever since I hear him I bin tink old Abe jis like a man wid de gott. With the gout, Sambo! How do you make that out? Caz ail him misery is in *de feat*. Yah! yah! yah!

An English View.—The London Post, (Palmerstonian,) in its issue of August 13th, classes an article on the war in the following language:

Actual warfare in the United States has now been waged for several months. Every advantage, with the exception of General McClellan's success in Western Virginia, has been on the side of the South. What has the North gained in exchange? A disgraceful defeat, an amount of taxation which is unparalleled in the history of European nations, the utter subversion of constitutional liberty, and, by means of prohibitory tariffs, the alienation of the sympathies of their best customers and friends. It appears, further, that slavery is not the cause of this lamentable contest. It arises from commercial jealousy; and thus we see that in America the great battle of free trade, as opposed protection is fought out, not by bustings and platform speeches, but by the *ultima ratio regum*.

The Reaction in the West.—The Jackson Whig says the following is an extract from a letter to a citizen of that place from a gentleman in Chicago:

"I should like to see you very much, but I suppose it will be some time before we will see each other, as you have made up your mind to take your chances with the South. I know I should do the same if I was there. One thing is sure, and that is that I shall never fight against the South. I understand they are going to impress men into service, and if it should be my luck to be one of them, you may look for me down there; for before I would fight in this Abolition army, I would be shot. There was a regiment of men left here last night for Missouri. They were the most inferior men I ever saw. There is a great reaction going on here since men begin to look at things coolly. Six weeks ago we did not dare say a word against the war, but since they are beginning to make it an Abolition war, we talk and say just what we like. It has been very difficult to get volunteers, and it would be nearly impossible to get them at all, if they could get any thing else to do."

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Testimony of a Unionist.—The Memphis Appeal of the 12th has the following:

Hon. Henry M. Waterson recently returned from Washington, made a speech Monday last at McMinnville. The *New Era* says: "He reminded his hearers of his former devotion to the Union, and informed them that what he had seen at Washington had thoroughly weaned him from his devotion to the 'stars and stripes.' He said if we had no other cause, the imbecility and wholesale rascality of the Government at Washington was sufficient to justify a disruption of the old Union. He represents a complete reign of terror at the old capital, and expresses the conviction that a more despotic and tyrannical Government can not be found than the one which acknowledges Abraham Lincoln as its ruler."

We hear it rumored, says the Louisville Courier, that Major Anderson had telegraphed, or written to Lincoln, at Washington, that if the Government endorsed the infamous proclamation of Fremont in St. Louis, that he should throw up his commission and resign at once.

Some of the Effects.—If the northern press and letter-writers are to be believed, the effects of Mr. Lincoln's war are beginning to "hurt" all branches of business. A letter from New York says:

The war is pressing hard on some of our first class educational institutions. The general theological seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church, in Twentieth street, I understand, is reduced to great straits, financially speaking, so much so that in the course of a few days the trustees will issue an appeal for assistance to the church at large, and failing in that, the doors of the seminary will probably have to be closed until the advent of more prosperous times, when they shall be able to convert to account its immenso landed estate, which has been the ample source of its support in ordinary seasons, but which is now, like all of our city real-estate, entirely unavailable.

The West Baton Rouge Sugar Planter, of the 7th inst., says:

One of the committee appointed to collect blankets, &c., in his tour he received from several slaves, and that too, without hesitation or without being asked, the new blankets given them by their masters for winter use. Are not such donations more patriotic than those of the richest white men? As soon as this fact became known the "poor down-trodden slaves" were doubly compensated for their temporary deprivation.

Republicanism.—This feeling is very early developed in America, witness the following. Two boys went out to play with their hoops and kites. Sam with leave, Joe without. Joe on his return home got a flogging for his presumption and trespass. The next time he met Sam, he hailed him thus: "Sam, did your father lick you yesterday?" "Poh, no" "Didn't he? Well my father licked me, and I don't see why you ain't as much right to a licking as I have?" He gave him one.