

# THE BOSSIER BANNER.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NUMBER 1.

## BANNER.

AT MORNING—AT  
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Y GROCERIES!!  
Every description, just re  
BERRIE

## The Light on the Shore.

Our life is a bubble,  
And Time is the ocean;  
Each wave is a trouble,  
And Love the commotion.  
Our breeze is a sigh,  
That wafts us safe o'er;  
And soft woman's eye,  
The light on the shore.

From the rock of Despair  
We let go the rope,  
Through the breakers we wear,  
With the anchor of hope;  
"Heigh ho!" is the cry,  
True Friendship the store,  
And soft woman's eye,  
The light on the shore.

Though we weather the blast,  
And cherish the cargo,  
Grim Death comes at last  
And lays an embargo!  
When thus called to die,  
May we still look before,  
Still keep in our eye  
The light on the shore.

## A RICH COURTSHIP:

### MRS. BROWN'S FLIRTATION.

"Mr. Brown, it's time that Angeline was married."

"It's?" asked the gentleman addressed in an absent tone, not lifting his eyes from the paper in which he was reading.

"Of course it is; she is already twenty-five and unless she is married very soon, she will be a confirmed old maid."

"I don't know that I am to blame for that."

"To blame? Of course you are."

"What would you have me do—urge the young men to propose?"

"Certainly not. How provoking you are, Mr. Brown. But that isn't anything strange; you don't seem to take any interest in your family."

"To show that I do, tell me what course I am to pursue to prevent Angeline's becoming an old maid, and, if possible, I will follow it."

"You will?" her countenance brightened.

"Yes—that is—"

"No conditions; you have promised."

"What?" asked the husband, in a signed tone.

"That Angeline and myself may spend a month at Saratoga."

"And how is that going to help me a son-in-law?"

"Just leave that to me. If we don't pick up somebody there, just say that I am no manager, that's all."

"I admit your managing power, my dear; but do you think a husband picked up in that way will be likely to prove a desirable match?"

"Of course I shall not sanction his address unless I feel satisfied on that point. I think, Mr. Brown, you know me well enough to venture to place implicit reliance on my judgment; you can set your heart quite at rest. All that you need furnish is the money, and I will take care of the rest."

Mr. Brown was a yielding husband, and agreed at length, though he at first demurred at the amount which his wife declared essential to the prosecution of her plan.

At length all preparations were made. The services of the milliner and mantua-maker were called into requisition, and supplied with a new and extensive wardrobe. Mrs. Brown and Angeline, radiant with hope and with the anticipations of matrimonial success, set out for Saratoga, each being accompanied by three band-boxes and the same number of trunks, upon the contents of which they chiefly relied for success.

In due time, upon the register of Congress Hall were inscribed these names—  
Mrs. Pamela Brown,  
Miss Angeline Brown.  
Upon the first evening of their ar-

rival, Mrs. Brown took occasion to give her daughter some advice in regard to the course of conduct which she would find most advantageous.

"Angeline," said she, "I've lived longer than you, and of course I've got a good deal more experience."

"In husband-catching?" suggested Angeline, who now and then liked to "give her mother a dab," as she elegantly expressed it.

"Of course not," said her mother, sharply. "I was married long before I was of your age, and didn't have to try hard for it either."

Angeline felt the force of the retort, and would have spoken, but her mother hastened to say—

"But that is not to the point. Our object is understand: you are old enough to be married, and if the men wont come to the point, we must bring them. Now, I'll tell you what, Angeline, our only course is to give the idea that you are a great heiress. We must improve the present season, for your father can't afford to send us here again."

"I'm sure I'm willing to do as I can towards it," said Angeline—and there isn't much doubt, but what she spoke the truth.

"I knew you would be," said Mrs. Brown, approvingly. "It's easy enough to give the impression that you are rich, especially as there is nobody here that knows us."

"But I can't tell people I'm rich or an heiress!"

"No not in so many words, but you can give the impression just as decidedly. For instance, you can say that you are going to leave your father to take the tour to Europe with you. Now it costs money for that: of course the inference will be that he is rich."

"Yes, I see."

"Then again, you can criticise the furniture of the hotel, find fault with the servants, and to fourth, and so give the idea that you are accustomed to much better attendants and a superior accommodations."

"Mother, you're a trump," said Angeline, admiringly.

"Don't use such unfashionable and improper language, my daughter," said Mrs. Brown, who notwithstanding an occasional lapse of her own, fancied that she herself was a model of elegance so far as speech was concerned.

With these general directions, Mrs. Brown dismissed Angeline to the drawing room.

On the day after the arrival of Mr. Brown and her daughter, the name of Gerald Wellesley, Esq., graced the hotel register. He was a young man of slender make, with hair and moustache of raven blackness, and clad in the extreme of fashion. Angeline's eye fell upon him, and she felt that he was her destiny—that is, if she could secure him.

"He is so handsome and distinguished," thought she—this, by the way, being the only French word with which she was acquainted—and so genteel, she added, by way of climax, "I must do all I can to make an impression upon him."

It was not long before an introduction took place.

"How do you like Saratoga?" asked Angeline.

"It suits me better than any place I have yet visited in this country."

"Then you are not an American?"

"I cannot boast the high privilege. I am an Englishman."

"I have heard that young Englishmen often traveled for pleasure."

"Yes. My father thought it best that I should visit America, having already made the grand tour."

"I believe, said Angeline, that the Duke of Wellington's family name was Wellesley; may I ask if you are any relation?"

"I am proud to say that I am, said her gratified parent, when she reported her companion. "My father was first cousin to the duke."

"And you yourself have seen him, asked Angeline, somewhat awe-struck."

"Often. Indeed, I was rather a favorite of his. You see this ring upon my finger?"

"Yes."

"It is a valuable diamond ring, yet I value it more than all because it was presented to me by the duke. 'Gerald, my boy,' said he, calling me to him one day, 'I am an old man; I shan't live long, and I want to give you something that will remind you of me when I am gone.' And he placed this ring upon my finger. You will pardon my emotion, added Gerald, brushing away an imaginary tear, 'but the thought of the kind of man always affects me.'"

"They must, indeed," murmured Angeline, sympathizingly.

The conversation turned upon hotels.

"What do you think of our hotels?" asked Angeline.

"They are very showy."

"They are," admitted the young lady; "and yet I dare say that you, as well as myself, miss here the quiet elegance of home. For my own part, I find myself obliged to sacrifice a good deal in coming here. The servants are not so polite and attentive as at home—do you think so?"

"O, certainly not," said Gerald. "She must be quite wealthy," he thought, "if her private establishment exceeds this hotel in elegance."

"However," said Angeline, "I am willing to make a sacrifice in the way of comfort and elegance in return for the pleasure of meeting the agreeable company I am sure to encounter here."

Here she darted a killing glance at Gerald.

"Really," quoth he to himself, stroking his whiskers, "she is smitten with me. As she is undoubtedly wealthy, I may as well improve my chances. Above all, I must take care not to let her know that my pretensions are false, and that I never was in England in my life. My relationship to the duke rather took her down, I guess I must follow it up."

"Ah," said he, "if you could have traversed as I have, the noble grounds of my cousin the duke, extending for miles and miles, you would then know what true English elegance is. Really, Miss Brown, as I have traversed them, the thought that I might become the possessor of their beauties quite overwhelmed me."

"Then you are the heir?"

"Not so—at least there is one life between me and the inheritance. However, life, you know, is uncertain, and it is possible that I may yet inherit them."

"And would you inherit the title also?"

"Certainly; that and the estate would go together."

"How splendid it must be, to be a duke?" said Angeline.

"Yes, it will be—that is, it would if I obtained it. Indeed, I think the great fault in your American system is that you have dispensed with these titles."

"I agree with you," said Angeline. If this were so, my father, instead of being plain Mr. Brown, as now, would, from his position, be—

"Lord Brown."

"Yes, and I—I really think I should like to be called Lady Angeline."

"Undoubtedly. Then Angeline is your name? It was always a favorite name with me."

"You flatter me," said Angeline, with what was meant to be an air of graceful coquettishness.

"Indeed. I only speak the simple truth."

"How long will you stay in the United States?" asked the lady.

"I thought that it would soon terminate," said the noble Gerald; "but I have lately met so many attractions (here he looked meaningfully at his companion) that I can't resolve to tear myself away."

Angeline heard this declaration with much satisfaction. She was already so prepossessed in favor of her noble companion that she resolved to ply him with all the flatteries at her command; and the favor which he already regarded her, as she could see from his glances, made her sanguine of success.

"Strike while the iron's hot," said her gratified parent, when she reported her progress. "There's nothing like that. Just follow my advice, and you'll be Mrs. Gerald Wellesley within a month. And that reminds me—when ever he proposes, if he should desire a speedy marriage don't say a word against it."

"Trust me for that," said Angeline, with her usual refinement. "I guess I know on which side my bread is buttered."

So the flirtation went on. At length the expected declaration came; with all the fervor of an impassioned lover, Gerald besought her to be his.

"My heart is already thine," said the blushing Angeline.

"Then am I indeed blest," exclaimed the elegant Gerald Wellesley, as he rose from his recumbent position and mechanically dusted his knees with his cambric handkerchief.

"And now, when shall be the happy day?"

"I will leave that entirely to you," said Angeline. I feel such perfect trust in you that I leave it to your judgment."

"Thanks, dearest. Then let it be day after to-morrow!"

Angeline took care not to say anything against the short notice given, but assented. The services of Rev. Dr. Surplice, who happened to be recruiting for his professional labors at the same time, were called into requisition.

The ceremony was already commenced in one of the hotels, when it was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of a rough-looking man, who pushed forward and slapped the bridegroom on the shoulder. Gerald turned fiercely round, and exclaimed, "What means this, fellow?"

"I ain't a fellow any more than you are," retorted the policeman, sturdily. "I've got a warrant for your arrest, Mr. William Stokes."

"You are mistaken," said Angeline. This is Gerald Wellesley, of England."

The policeman burst into a horse-laugh. "He has been a cheatin' you, then? He's William Stokes; and after stealing a considerable sum of money from his master a few weeks since he made off, and this is the first time he has been tracked."

"His master!" said Angeline, faintly. "Who, then, is he?"

"I'll tell you, marm, soon," he won't. He's a journeyman barber."

Angeline, who had just been into a fainting fit, and was removed from the room. The next day she set out for home with her mother, not a little crestfallen.

Poor Angeline! she is still unmarried. Her mother, never ventures to mention Saratoga in her hearing, as it always sure to bring on a paroxysm.

Practical—"Maria," said a lady to her colored chambermaid, "that is the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray how many do you own?"

"Only seven, miss; but I's savin' of my wages to buy another."

"Seven! What use are seven silk dresses to you? Why, I don't own so many as that myself."

"Spects not, miss," said she smiling, "akase you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see, you quality white folks everybody knows am quality; but us bettermost kind o' cullud pussions has fo' to 'stinguish ouselfs from common niggers." So, critics, who pronounce the present style of dress extravagant, be lenient, and when paraphernalia of hoops and flounces silk velvets, and laces is very astounding, thing: "Well, poor things! they must do something to 'stinguish' themselves from common folks."

Children are none the worse for being told that every action God is the witness, men would do all the better if they never forgot such instruction.

The whole number of Indians at present in this country is estimated at 259,000.

Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

## DOESTICKS BEAT.

The Saturday Evening Gazette has a New York correspondent, who beats Doesticks in humor and the knack in playing upon words. The following is extracted from his last letter, describing a visit to the rooms of a phrenologist:

"It's a free institution—filled with 'dead heads.' Professor wished to feel on my head. Told me to uncover. Told him to feel of it with my hat on. The hat was felt."

"I then took it off. He examined my wig. Said there was something in my head—it was full of life. He dwelt a long time on a bump, caused by the sidewalk falling against it, while I was taking my room-mate home from a primary election. (Room-mate was very drunk on that occasion. He thought he was taking me home.)"

"I had an awful headache next morning—I felt dragged out. Professor said large bumps denoted great acquisitions; said I had a searching mind. Told me to search for a quarter in my pocket—called that experimental phrenology."

"Professor, I had mentioned my name, conducted me around the museum; showed me all the heads. Some were plaster cast; said they cast lots. Told him I opposed gambling—he looked bewildered."

"Showed me the skull of Mulligan. Mulligan was an acrobat—made his last appearance on a tight rope at the city prison, for the benefit of the public—broke his neck in the performance."

"Next he showed me the skulls of men killed. Professor observed as a curious fact, that those slain in battle were generally aged—having bald heads. In the next row was the skull of a boatman; it was not for sale; it looked ordinary—poor fellow, he had run his race."

"We next paid our attention to the females. They were seemingly old maids—being laid on the shelf—in tears. I couldn't tell them from the heads of the males. Professor said they had a little more jaw. He did not speak of their size."

"As I was about departing, I noticed a curious shaped skull. I took it up, exclaiming—'How wonderfully and fearfully we are made!'"

"Put that down," said the Professor, "it belongs to me."

It was marked "baboon!"

WOMAN.—It is not the smile of a pretty face, nor the beauty and symmetry of the person, nor yet the costly decoration that compose thy artificial beauty. No! nor the enchanting glances which thou bestowest with such luster on the man which thou designest worthy of thine affection. It is thy pleasing deportment, thy chaste conversation, thy sensibility, and the purity of thy thoughts—the affable and open disposition—sympathizing with those in adversity—comforting with the afflicted—relieving the distressed; and above all, that humility of soul, that unfeigned and perfect regard for the precepts of Christianity. These virtues constitute thy loveliness. Adorned with but those of nature and simplicity, they will shine like the resplendent sun; display that the loveliness of thy person is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of thy body, but the reflections of the rectitude and the scrupulousness of a well-spent life, that wars above the transient vanities of the world."

The captain of a vessel just arrived in the harbor of New York directed one of the crew an Irishman to throw the buoy overboard. He was then stepping into his cabin. On his return the captain inquired if his order had been obeyed. The Irishman with great simplicity replied, "Please your honor I could not catch the boy but I threw overboard the old cook!"

A few years ago a school master was wanted for the village Limekiln. A pompous little fellow, one of the applicants being asked to give in writing a philosophical reason why cream was put into our tea, replied: "Because the globular particles of the cream render the acute angles of the tea more obtuse!" He was elected.

To act with common sense accordingly to the moment is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy to do one's duties take the world as it comes submit respectfully to one's lot bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it what ever it is and despise affectation.

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman—the fairest work of creation—the edition being extensive let no man be without a copy.