THE BOSSIER BANNER.

W. H. SCANLAND, "BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—THEN GO AHEAD." Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME 1. BELLEVUE, BOSSIER PARISH, LOUISIANA, JULY 15, 1859. NUMBER 3.

THE BOSSIER BANNER.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING—AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Northern Mail—Leaves Thursday 6 A. M. Arrives Friday 6 P. M.
Southern Mail—Leaves Friday 6 A. M. Arrives Saturday 6 P. M.
Eastern Mail—Arrives Daily 11 A. M. Leaves 12 M.
Western Mail—Arrives Daily 11 A. M. Leaves 2 P. M.
Walnut Hill—Leaves Monday 7 A. M. Arrives Tuesday 6 P. M.

J. M. JONES, P. M.

RICH'D W. TURNER,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law. Will practice his profession, in the District courts of Bossier, Bienville Claiborne and in the supreme court at Monroe. Mr. Turner pledges himself to give his undivided attention to the prompt discharge of all business entrusted to his care. Office, Bellevue, La. v1n1

R. W. ARNETT,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, Bellevue, La. Will practice in the 17th Judicial District Court. v1n1

R. J. LOONEY,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law. Bellevue, *La.*

T. M. FORT. B. F. FORT.

FORT & BRO.,

ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law. Bellevue, Bossier parish, La. v1n1

T. M. FORT,

NOTARY Public, Bellevue, Bossier Parish, La. v1n1

DR. L. H. FISHER,

HAVING permanently located in Bellevue, would respectfully offer his professional services to the people of Bellevue and vicinity, in the various branches of his profession. Office adjoining the Planter's Hotel. n1

J. H. KILLPATRICK. J. W. PENALL.

KILLPATRICK & PENNALL.

ATTORNEYS at Law, Shreveport, La. Will pratice in the courst of Caddo, Desoto and Bossier.

L. M. NUTT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Shreveport, La. Will practice in the Courts of the parishes of Caddo, Bossier, Claiborne and Bienville.

PLANTER'S HOTEL

W. A. KELLEY, Propridtor.

BELLEVUE, LA.

HAVING LATELY made large additions to his already commodious house, would respectfully inform the travelling public, his old friends and customers, that he is now better prepared than ever, to accommodate all favoring him with their patronage. His table will always be supplied with the very best the country affords.

☞ He has also attached to his house a large and well-ventilated stable, well supplied at all times with good provender. v1n1

GEO. A. PIKE,

GENERAL AGENT, Baton Rouge, La. Immediate attention to collection of saliries, claims against the State; bills of exchange, drafts and accounts; also the entry of Land. Information without charge.

NEW MUSIC!!!

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO INform the Ladies of Shreveport and its vicinity that he has just received direct from the publishers a large collection of

MUSIC.

embracing all the favorite Piano Airs, new Polkas, Waltzes, Ballads, Songs, etc. The assortment will be replenished weekly.

EMMETTE RANKIN,
At the Post Office, Shreveport.

☞ Orders received at this office.

TERMS REDUCED.

THE cheapest paper in the South. In consideration of the increased and stil increasing patronage of the Memphis Appeal, under the cash system, the proprietors have determined upon the reduction of the subcrription price of the Weekly Paper.

For clubs under ten, or single subscribers, the Weekly Appeal will hereafter be furnished at $2 50 for each copy.

When we consider the mammoth size of our weekly impression, and the vast amount and variety of reading matter it contains, it may justly be claimed that, at these rates, it is the cheapest newspaper published in the South.

Clubs may be made up in neighborhoods without respect to post office.

Any person sending us a club of twenty, at the foregoing rates, will be entitled to receive one copy gratis for one year. Old clubs may be renewed from year to year on the foregoing terms. Address McCLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL, Memphis, Tennessee.

I Wept Beside thy Grave Mother.

BY FRANK MYYRTLE.

I wept beside thy grave Mother,
My heart is weeping still,
And fondly lingers near thy tomb,
On yonder lonely hill;
I do not hear thy parting words;
I did not see thee die;
But thy last message came to me,
When death was hovering nigh.

I've been a truant boy, mother,
And caused thee many a pain;
But I would heal the wound I made;
Could'st thou return again;
My boyish heart would not obey
Thy mild command I know,
And o'er my waywardness to thee;
My tears will overflow.

I was thy cherished pet mother,
Thy love was fond and true;
Thy kisses oft bedewed my cheek,
E'er manhood's care I knew;
Affliction's child from infancy,
You loved me but the more,
And o'er we wept as oft ye tho't
Life's pilgrimage was o'er.

I've wandered many a league mother,
From where we used to dwell;
No cherished one is near me now,
Of those I loved so well.
But oft my weeping heart returns,
Across the foaming sea,
To where they precious relic lies;
And there it weeps for thee.

THE BONAPARTES.

Our readers have noticed that the stirring events in Europe are bringing to the surface and into notoriety, various members of the Bonaparte family. In the accounts lately received, it has been mentioned that Jerome Bonaparte is to remain in France with the Empress Eugene and her young son of three years, now heir to the throne. Mention, also, is often made of Prince Napoleon, who is to be put in command of the divisions of the French Italian army, and of Capt. Bonaparte of the United States. It is interesting to know who all these Bonapartes, and how connected with the great Napoleon. The Emperior Napoleon's family of brothers and sisters consisted of eight, born relative as follows: Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Eliza, Pauline, Caroline and Jerome. Of these, only one survives to-wit: Jerome, who was the youngest brother.

NAPOLEON III.

Napoleon III, or Charles Louis Napoleon, present Emperor of France, was a son of Louis, fourth brother of Napoleon I. and Hortense Beauharnais. Hortense was the daughter of Josephine. the beautiful winow whom Napoleon I, wooed and won, and—failing of off spring—brutally discarded. Thus the grandson of the discarded Josephine occupies the throne Napolcon I. hoped to give to his own heir that he should have by marrying Maria Louisa, of Austria. Napoleon and Mary did have male issue, but Napoleon II., known as Duke of Reichstadt, died in 1832, at the age of 21 years, and during the reign of Louis Phillipe.

Those who supposed that Napoleon III. is a mere interloper in France, having no title to that throne, will perhads be surprised to know that by the edits passed in 1804, the usual order of decent was set aside and the succession fixed in the line of Louis, the fourth brother of Napoleon I., instead of in that the elder brother, Joseph. This, of course, was upon the failure of direct succession. Hence the present Emperor has, at least, color of title. Although Louis and Napoleon I. came to be enemies, Hortense was a great favorite with Napoleon I., and she even parted with Louis and left him when King of Holland, and coming to Paris with her children, joined her fortunes to those of Napoleon I. Hortense was a woman of very doubtful character, to say the least. She, in compliance with the wish of Napoleon I., gave up a love, when she married Louis, and when the Emperior even discarded her mother, Josephine, Hortense still adhered to Napoleon. Hortense had lovers after her seperation from Dutch among them. Admiral [illegible] whom is attributed, by naval [illegible] many, the paternity of Napoleen III. the presennt Emperor.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

Jerome, the only surviving brother of Napoleon I, was born in 1784. Coming to America, he fell in love with the famous Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and married her. He took his bride to France, but Napoleon I. forbaee her landing, and issued orders against her landing at any port under French rule. Beside this, Napoleon I compelled Jerome to discard his wife, and had a a decree passed annulling said marriage. The Pope, however, refused to confirm such decree, and his successors never have confirmed it. Jerome, by dictation of Napoleon I was married to the daughter of the King of Wurtemburg.

The first wife of Jerome—Miss Patterson—had a son, Jerome, born in 1804, who now lives in Baltimore, but between her and her son there is an estrangement, which has existed for years, so that they do not even speak to each other.

Jerome Bonaparte, the elder, is now in Paris, and is the one referred to by Napoleon III in his late manifesto. He has been noted rather for extravagance than anything else, but was called to France by the present Emperor, was made a Marshall, also the President of the Senate, and is declared to be successor to the Throne in case of failure of direct discent.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Prince de Montfort—or Prince Napoleon—was a son af Jerome by his marriage with the daughter of the King of Wurtemburg. He was born in 1822, and named Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul. He is the one spoken of in the accounts as Prince Napoleon, and who is to have command of a division of the French-Italian army.

CAPTAIN BONAPARTE.

This is one of the Baltimore branch of the family, and is son of Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and grandson Jerome the elder. He was born in 1832, and named Jerome Napoleon. He was educated at West Point, was for a short time in our army, but went to the Crimea as a sub-Lieutenant in the French service, and was at the siege of Sevastopol. He is now in the French army as a Captain. His grandfather Jerome does not acknowledgo precedence for the Baltimore Bonapartes, and only recognizes him as a Patterson. If the validity of the marriage of Jerome with Miss Patterson should be recognized by French law, this Captain Bonaparte would, of course, take precidence of Prince Napoleon Jerome the elder has never, since discarding his first wife, acknowledged her except as a Patterson.

This makes a strange conglomeration but exceedingly Frenchy, and who knows but the day may come when the Baltimore branch may assert and maintain its claim to the Throne; that is, if Jerome the elder should get on and off. Cleveland Herald.

An Annecdote with a Lesson.

Two painters employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral stood on a rude scaffold constructed for the purpose some forty feet from the floor One of them was so intent upon his work that he became absorbed and admiration stood off from the picture gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was he moved back slowly surveying critically the work of his peneil until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly and almost frozen with horror beheld his iminent peril; another instant would the enthusiast be precipitate upon the pavement beneath.

If he spoke to him it was certain death; and if he held his peace death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind and seizing a wet brush flung it against the wall spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring.

The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings but started at his ghastly face. He listened to his recital danger looked shuddering over the dread space below and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that had saved him.

Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the picture of the world and in contemplating them step backwards unconcious of peril when the [illegible] images mercy dashes [illegible] the time when we are complaining of his dealings into his out-stretched arms of compassion and love.

Religious Convictions of Distinguised Men.

A strong argument in favor of evangical religion, might be drawn from the religious convictions of men who never embrace it. It is an interesting fact that many of our own distinguished statesmen, who manifested no interest in religion in their early life, left their decided testimony in its favor, in their riper and maturer years. Many who never personally embraced it, were decided in their intellectual convictions. Some of them embodied these convictions in their wills as e. g., Patrick Henry, and John M. Clayton. The first says: "I leave to you my dear children, first of all, the Christian religion. With it, you are rich without a shilling; without it, you are poor, though you have all the world." The latter says: "Let my humble testimony stand in favor of the Christian religion. I am deeply and thoroughly convinced of its truth." One class have left their testimony in this manner. There is no other class who have left his regrets, like James K. Polk, Aaron Burr and John Randolph. Said Mr. Polk to Dr. Edgar, "If I had supposed twenty years ago that I should have come to my death-bed unprepared, it would have made me a wretched man; yet I am about to die. Said Mr. Burr: "God will not let me die till the prayers of my farther and my mother are answered. It is impossible that a child of so many prayers will be lost. Mr. Randolph's significant 'Remore.' doubly underscoured, is known throughout the Christian world. There is another class of statesmen still, whose convictions on religion are dropped to their friends all along through their mature life, like those of the late Secretary Marcy and Mr. Webster, There is still another class who have made a profession of religion in their old age, or as they drew near the period of three score years and ten. Of these were Gen. Jrckson, Jeremiah Mason, Henry Clay and, we may add, General Harrisson, who was intending to make a public profession of his faith the Sabbath after his decease, if he had lived. The testimony of such men, thus expressed, though not so decided as we could wish, nevertheless carries great weight with it in favor of evangelical truth. The strong convictions of men of a truth which a pride of heart or fear of man will not allow them to embrace, have peculiar force. It is conviction against inclination, interest, and all that a worldly heart loves. These the testimony of dying statesmen, who have surveyed all that is attractive in high life, and have worn the highest crown of honor which a great nation could bestow, ought to have its weight with the thousands who are saying, when my laurels are won *hereafter*. The testimony likewise, of men of war, and senatorial conflict, after their battles are won, in their old age, with ripe judgment and calm deliberation, should be regarded. When such men come forward to the baptismal altar, give their assent to the Articles of Faith in the Christian Church, and thus confess their wrong in early life, as well as their purpose now to do right; then young men should inquire their duty. Here are experience, talent official standing, and in many instanees' large mental endowments. Here are men who have traveled the whole circumference of worldly honor, who have stood upon the highest pinnacles and looked far off into the fields of pleasure, and at last have come back to die in the arms of the once neglected and despised church.—Ex.

☞ Dr. Adam Clark had perfect adhorrence of both pork and todacco.—He is reported to have said. "If I were to offer a sacrifice to the devil it would be a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco."

The Modern Belle.

The daughter sits in the parlor
And rocks on her easy chair;
She is dressed in silk and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simples
And simples, giggles and winks,
And though she talks but little,
It's vastly more than she thinks,

Her father goes clad in russets—
All dirty and seedy at that;
His coat is out al elbows,
And he wears a shocking bad hat,
He is hoarding saving his dollars.
So carefully day by day,
Whilst she on her whims and fancies.
Is squandering them away.

She lies in bed of a morning
Until the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she's called so soon!
Her hair still in papers,
Her cheeks still daubed with paint,
Remains of last night's blushes
Before she attempted to faint.

Her feet so very little,
Her hands so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light,
Her color is made of cosmetics—
Though this she'll never own;
Her body is mostly cotton,
Her hearts is wholy stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with foreign air,
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair,
One of the very best matches,
Both are well mcted in life,
She's got a fool for a husband,
And he's got a fool for a wife.

THE SMITH FAMILY.—"Gentlemen," said an enthusiastic candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name If however there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dickey, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort.

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original *Smith*; not a SMITHE, nor a SMYTH, but a regular natural S-M-I-T-H, Smith. Putting the Y in the middle, or an E at the end won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of SMYTH or SMITHE? Echo answers *who*, and everybody says *nobody*. But as for Smith, plain S-M-I-T-H, why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored name. Who were the most racy, wity, and popular authors of this contury? Horace and Albert Smith. Who the most original, pithy, and humorous preacher. To go further back—who was the bravest and boldest soldier in Sumpter's army in the Revolution? A Smith. Who palavered with Powhatan, galivanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia? A Smith again. And who, I ask—and I ask the question more seriously and soberly—who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, and married the most windows? History says, I say, you say, and everybody says, John Smith!"

☞ There is a jail in Arkansas the inner door of which is tied with a tow string and the outer door fastened by a fense rail proped against it with a board driven in the ground at the foot. A prisoner offered a reward of five dollars to any one who would shell an ear of corn at the lower end of the rail and leave the rest to the hogs.

☞ The deluded men who went out to the pretended gold regions of Pike's Peak are coming back by thousands utterly destitute of the necessaries of life and begging at the stations for food to keep body and soul together.

☞ Napolean III is now a month more than 51 years of age. His birth day occurred on the 20th ult.

Ladies the Best Company.

It is best for you to pass an evening once or twice in a ladies drawing-room even though the conversation is slow and you know the girl's song by heart than in a club tavern or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admited rely on it are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers who are sucking the buts of billiard cues all night call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water fancy and brown bread and butter. I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman.

One of the great benefits a man may derive from women's society is that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your mortal man depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves we light our pipes and say we won't go ont; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray.*

Reflections of a Low Thief.

A phiosophic covey who in doing the State some service at the Ohio Penitentiary, up the river breaks out in the following strain which the local of the Cleverland Plaindealer lucky man picked up in the street:

My name is Jim Griggins. I'm a low thief. My parents were ignorant folks and my advantages for getting a eddycation was limited. I have bin to the penitentiary once afore and sarved my time like a man. I went in for prigging a watch. Now I'm locked up again for stealing two or three ornery ovecoat. I'm to stay here three years. I shall always censure my parents for not eddycatin me. Had I been eddycatid I could with my brilliant native talents have been a big thief—I believe they call'em "defaulters." Instead of confining myself to prigging overcoat watches and overcoats, watches, and sich like. could have plundered thousands of dollars and the law would never tech me or I should be smart enough to get elected State Treasure or have sumthin to do with the bank perhaps a little of both. Most likely I should. The two businesses seem to be one and insufferable. Then you see I could ride in my carriage live in a big house with afree stun front drive a fast toam and drink as much gin and sugar as I wanted to. A inwestigation might be made and the noospapers might come down on me heavy but what the d—l would I care about that having previously taken precious good care of the money. Besides my "party" would swear it out that I was as innersunt as a new born babie; and a great many good people would wink very pleasant an say, "Well Griggias undestands what HE's 'bout HE does."

But having no eddycation I'm only a low thief—a stealer of overcuts and watches—a ornery cuss anyhow—and the law puts me through without mercy. It's all right I s'pose and yet I sometimes think it's hard to be shut up here a wearing checkered clothes a living on cold vittles a sleepin on iron bedsteads a lookin out upon the world through iron sketer bars a poudin' stun like thunder day after day, week after week and year after year while my brother theieves (for between you and I there ain't no difference between a thief and a defaalter; except that the latter is about forty times was) who have stolen thousands of dollars to my one cent, are walking out their in the bright sunshine dressed up kill store clothes on their backs and piles of gold in their pockets.

But the law cant tach defaulters "NOT ANY." Who was it that said ther wasn't no difference 'tween tweedledee He lied in his throat like a villain as he was! I tell ye thore's a tremendous diffarence. Oh that I had been liberally eddycated!

JIM GRIGGINS.