

THE BOSSIER BANNER.

W. H. SCANLAND,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—THEN GO AHEAD."

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME 1.

BELLEVUE, BOSSIER PARISH, LOUISIANA, JULY 22, 1859.

NUMBER 4.

THE BOSSIER BANNER.

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

TERMS:

The "BOSSIER BANNER" is issued every Friday morning; subscription, per annum, three dollars, in advance. One square, 10 lines or less, first insertion, \$1.00 One square, 10 lines or less, each subsequent insertion, 50 Special contracts made for advertising by the year, on liberal terms. Announcements of candidates will be inserted for TEN DOLLARS—to be paid in advance. Job work to be paid for on delivery.

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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 provisions. v1n1

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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, new Polkas, Waltzes, Ballads, Songs, etc. The assortment will be replenished weekly. EMMETTE RANKIN,

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glitter on the sea.

But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower;
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;

But words that breathe of gentleness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

And O, if those who cluster 'round
The altar and the hearth,
Have "gentle words and loving smiles,"
How beautiful is earth.

AN UNFOTUNATE INDIVIDUAL.

The fact is, Jake, I must have been born on a Friday, for I'm the most unlucky man born in old Pike. Well the fact is, I aint had no luck since you left here, and how in the thunder I'm alive now is more'n I can tell. About the end of December, the old man told me to take eight bales of cotton to Montgomery and sell it, and if I wanted to get any little traps for myself to do it. Well I took the cotton to Montgomery and sold it for ten cents a pound, and it 'twant two hours after that I met Joe Sparks, who had sold fourteen bails of wus cotton than mine for eleven cents a pound—if he didn't I'll be darned! Well, I stayed round about Montgomery for two days seein' the sights, and at last Joe and me meets up with Ben Wescott. As we were going to leave for home next morning, we thought we would have a good time of it that night; so we went to a rustrat, or whatever's the name of it, to have a good bit of suthin to eat.

A tall feller, with a sheet tied on front come into the stall where we wus settin and commenced a bowin and scrapin and grinnin, and handed Ben a program. Ben handed it to me cause he couldn't read, and I made out to read "shad," right on the top of it. Now, Jake, you needn't laugh, for I never seed a shad in all my life till then, and I allurs took up an idea, that a shad were a fish about the size of a pyrch, and could eat about half a dozen pyrch any time, and reckoned Ben and Joe could do the same; so I just told the fellow with the sheet on, to bring along eighteen shad, and have them fried brown at that! Well, we set there and talked, and the shad didn't come till bimeby Joe started to go call the fellow when he met three niggers a comin, and each nigger had a tray with six shad in it. Great Golly Jake of the bestest of them shad want a foot long, I wish I may be darned! says I look here, stranger; what do you call them ere?"

"Shad," says he,
"Shad!" says I,
"Yea sir," says he; "and fine ones too—first of the season, sir."
"What's the tax on em?" says I.
"\$3 apiece," says he.
Jake was you ever kicked by a mule if you was you mought know about how I felt. Says I—
"Boys I'll pay for the fish; but ef I eat enny of 'em I hope they may choke me!"

I gave the fellow \$54 outen the old man's money and as I was going out, he hollered at me to give him a call next time I came back to Montgomery Jake you know I'm not a very stout man, but I'm reckoned some up in Pike, and if he'd been that instead of Montgomery there's no tellin' how I might have disfigured that face of his'n. Well I left Ben and Joe a setting thar and went to the hotel and got into bed. That night somebody busted open the door while I was asleep and took my breeches and every darned cent of the old man's money. Thar I was Jake with no money and no breeches and what to do I didn't know. I was afraid to go home without the money; the old man would have never got over me. I sent for Ben Wescott and borrowed twenty-five dollars and a pair of breeches from him, and took the first boat for Mobile, and I be darned if I'd stop this side of Texas if I could help it. When we got down to Selmy, it was night and I went ashore while they was takin' in cotton. Just as the boat was a startin' a fellow steps up and sez he, "mister wish'd you'd give me a half dollar for two quarters." I give him the half, took the two quarters, and the boat started. I looked at the quarters as soon as I got into the cabin of the boat, and Jake, I be confoun'd if they wasn't both five dollar gold pieces. I didn't say a word to nobody, but I reckon I struck a line for my state room about as fast as anything you ever seen, for fear some one would come and claim the money. Next morning I went to the bar and took a drink. By the by, Jake, they keep mighty nice lickin on the boat. I drunk the whisky and slapped down one of my gold pieces, and told him I had no smaller change. The feller looked at the money sharp and looked at me sharper, and bimeby he says, sorter savage like, "look here, stranger, where did you get that?"

Well, I was afraid to tell him how I got it, and says I boldly, "I got it in Montgomery."
"Well, it's counterfeit," says he, it aint worth a cent."
I run my hand in my pocket and took out the other gold piece, and showed it to him, and I wish I may be darned, Jake, if they wasn't both counterfeit.
It was no use a talkin; I knowed I was innocent, but then there was two counterfeiters, and they swore I was trying to pass spurious money. They run to my state room to search my baggage, they just swore I wasn't all right, for they said a man as is all right and sqa'r don't generally travel all the way from Pike county to Texas without some baggage. The barkeeper and the mate, and the captain and the cook, all rared and charged and got the passengers together, and they held a confab and finally agreed to be easy on me. They wuld not take me to Mobile and put me in jail, but they just run the boat agin the bank, put out a plank, and told me to make telegraph time in gettin' off. Jake, I knowed I was innocent, and told 'em so, but it was no use. I reckon I got off that boat quicker'n I got on it.

The place whar they put me out was a regular cans brake, and the mud was about two feet deep. I got out after a while, and walked two miles before I got to any house, and when the derved niggers seed me they sikit the dogs on me, and tired as I was, there wasn't one of 'em could ketch me. Well, I wandered about from place to place till at last I got down here to Mobile. I had a little money left me from payin' my passage at Montgomery, and got me some common clothes. Waitin' round here to see if I could find anybody that knowed me and helped me on to Texas, the guard took me up as a suspicious character, found the same gold pieces in my pocket when they searched me, and kept me in the guard-house till they could find out somethin' about me, and I'd been there yit if I hadn't thought of you, and told 'em you knowed me. You're a trump, Jake, and I reckon I'll take your advice—go back home and tell the old man a straight truth about the matter. We heard "Jake" tell him to call at his store the next morning and get some money, after which we left, coagitating upon the glorious uncertainty of appearances, the fickleness of fortune, and the high price of shad.

SIZE OF THE BRAIN.—Mr. Fowler says that a very accurate conclusions can be drawn as to the intelligence of an animal from the size of the brain and swelled heads who have hitherto boasted of the size of their hairs have no exemption from the rule. The average of a man's brain is as 1 to 27, the fox as 1 to 205, the horse as 1 to 400, the elephant as 1 to 500, and the rhinoceros as 1 to 2000. A canary's brain is as 1 to 14, that of an eagle as 1 to 160 that of a goose as 1 to 360. The brain of the tortoise is as 1 to 2240, that of the sea tortoise as 1 to 5688, while the space of the brain of crocodile is so small that it will scarcely admit a man's thump into it.

A wag, on seeing an old gobbler trying to swallow a cotton string very factiously remarked: "That was the last attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey."

There is a lady at Tanton so handsome, and so proud, that she says there is only one thing in the world worth looking at, and that is—a mirror.

DAIRY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

At 16 years' incipient palpitations are manifested towards the young ladies—17. Much blushing and confusion occurs when addressed by a handsome woman. 18. Confidence in conversation with the ladies much increased. 19. Becomes angry if treated by them as a boy. 20. Betrays much consciousness of his own charms and manliness. 21. A looking-glass becomes an indispensable piece of furniture in his dressing-room, and in some instances, finds its way into the pocket. 22. Insufferable puppyism now exhibited. 23. Thinks no woman good enough to enter the marriage state with him. 24. Is caught unawares by Cupid. 25. The connection broken off from self-conceit on his part. 26. Conducts himself with airs of much superiority towards her. 27. Pays his address to another lady, not without hopes of mortifying the first. 28. Is mortified and frantic on being refused. 29. Rails against the fair sex in general, as heartless beings. 30. Seems morose and out of humor in all conversations on matrimony. 31. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than previously. 32. Begins to consider personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly. 33. Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband. 34. Consequently has the hope that he may marry a chicken. 35. Falls deeply and violently in love with one of seventeen. 36. au dernier despair! another refusal. 37. Indulges now in every kind of dissipation. 38. Shuns the best part of the female sex, and finds some consolation for his spleen in the society of ladies of easy dispositions. 39. Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing. 40. Begins to think he is growing old, yet still feels a fresh budding of matrimonial luxum, but no spring shoots. 41. Ancient buxom young widows begins to perplex him. 42. Ventures to address her with missed sensations of love and interest. 43. Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection. 44. The widow jilts him being full as cautious as himself. 45. Becomes very day more gloomy and averse to the fair sex. 46. Gouty and nervous symptoms now begin to assail him. 47. fears what may become of him when he gets old and infirm; but still persuades himself he is young man. 48. Thinks living alone irksome. 49. Resolves to have a prudent young woman as house-keeper and companion. 50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout. 51. Much pleased with his new house-keeper as a nurse. 52. Begins to feel some attachment to her. 53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her. Is in great distress how to act. 55. Completely under her influence, and very miserable. 56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her, attempts to gain her on his own terms. 57. Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess. 58. Feels very ill, sends for her to come to his bedside, and promises to expose her. 59. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favor, and makes his exit from all his troubles, and falls gently in her arms.

A Missouri Legislator, who was opposed to a project for a new county, "came down" upon the locality after the following fashion: "The soil is so poor that pennyroyal will not grow. Sir, you might mow the country with a razor, and rake it with a fine-tooth comb, and you would not get enough fodder to keep a sick grasshopper through the winter. Sir, they plant corn with crow bars, and hold the sheep by the legs while they nibble the grass in the cracks of the cliffs."

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

An old album leaf, on which Byron, had written four lines of verse, was purchased at Venice by a Russian for \$1600.

The River of Life.

Blood is the mighty river of life the mysterious center of chemical and vital actions as wonderful as they are indispensable soliciting our attention by the many problems it present to speculative ingenuity, than by the practical conclusions to which those speculators lead. It is a torrent impetuously rushing through every part of the body, carrying by an elaborate net work of vessels, which, in the course of the twelve months, convey to various tissues not less than three thousand pounds weight of nutritive material, and convey from the various tissues three thousand pounds weight of waste. At every moment of our lives there is nearly ten pounds of this fluid rushing in one continuous throbbing stream, from the heart through the great arteries, which branch and branch like a tree, the vessels becoming smaller and smaller as they subdivide, till they are invisible to the naked eye, and then they are called capilleries (hair like vessels), although they are no more to be compared to hairs, than hairs are like cables.

These vessels form a net work fine, than the finest lace—so fine, indeed that if we pierce the surface at almost any point of a needle, we open one of them, and let out its blood. In these vessels the blood yields some of its nutrient materials, and receives in exchange some of the wasted products of tissue; thus modified, the stream continues its rapid course back to the heart through a system of veins, which commence in the myriad of capilleries which form the termination of the arteries. The veins, instead of subdividing like the arteries become gradually less and less numerous, their twigs entering branches trunks, until they reach the heart. No sooner has the blood poured into the heart from the veins, than it rushes through the lungs and from them back again to the heart and arteries, thus completing the circle, or circulation.

This wonderful stream, constantly circulating, occupies the very center of the vital organism, mid way between the function of nutrition and exertion feeding and stimulating the organs into activity, and removing from them all their useless material. In its torrent, upward of forty different substances are hurried along; it carries gases, it carries salt—it even carries metals and soaps! Millions of organized cells float in its liquid; and of these cells, which by some means are considered organized entities twenty millions are said to die at every pulse of the heart, to be replaced by other millions. The iron which it washes onward can be separated. Professor Bernard used to exhibit a lump of it in his lecture room—nay one ingenious Frenchman has suggested that coins should be struck from the blood of great men.

The Dying Never Weep.—It is a striking fact—the dying never weep. The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around, produces not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and stiff already in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be, for he asks for his father's hand as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and learns on the breast of mother and brother, or sister, with still conscious affection; and just expiring at eve after a long day's converse with the angel of summons he says to his brother—the last audible good night of earth—"kiss me kiss me! It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings with the Father in Heaven and his angel through led on by the Son Himself and what are the griefs of mourning tears of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in vision bright of immortal life and ever-lasting reunion!

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

The first step toward love is, to play with a cousin.
Life is a farce to the rich; a comedy to the wise; a tragedy to the poor.
Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of man's making.

"Much remains unsung," remarked a tom cat, as a brickbat cut short his serenade.
It is exceedingly bad in husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.
The reason why some people put on airs, is because they have nothing else to put on.
The most economical time to buy cider is, when it is not very clear, for then it will settle for itself.

The man who couldn't trust his feelings is supposed to do business on the cash principle.
Men in a passion should be treated like kettles—when they boil over they should be taken off.
The latest novelty is a dog who has a whistle growing on the end of his tail. He always calls himself when wanted.

A strange genius, in describing a lake in Minnesota, says it is so clear, that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.
A Yankee, according to the poet Saxe, is a diving man. "He sees aqueducts in bubbling springs, buildings in stones, and cash in everything."

Somebody has invented and patented a machine for setting up ten-pens. Couldn't some of our wisemen possibly contrive a machine to "set up" folks in business?
An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream. "True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside him, "a beaver naturally takes to the water."

A letter was received lately at the Chicago post-office, directed "To an honest Man." The chief clerk sent it to the dead letter department, with the candid confession that the man addressed did not live in Chicago.
"Charley, my dear," said a loving mother the other day, to her hopeful son, just budded into braeches. "Charley, my dear, come here and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie, "I've got in some tobacco."

A cute Yankee, in Kansas, sells liquor in a gun-barrel instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute that he is selling liquor by the barrel. Of course the "cute Yankee's" customers are liable to go off half-cocked.
A fellow was told at a tailor's shop that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

"Jack, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?" "No father, you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain before long, I laid the umbrella up."

An editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says the manner in which his wife handled a broom is not very pleasing.
A lady, some time back on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance whether they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell? Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's something very strange; they have one at Oxford."
It is said that a lady on putting on her corsets is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because in so-lacing herself she is getting tight. It shall be said that a lady on drawing on her stockings, it is like a man who is courting a widow with five children, because in so (ad) dressing, she is putting her foot in it.

A lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying, "I know the prisoner at the bar and he bears the character of being a consummate scoundrel!" Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued: "But what great and good man ever lived, who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries!"