THE BOSSIER BANNER.

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

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THE BOSSIER BANNER.

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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 provender. v1n1

SHE CAME TO ME.

There were arbors in my path,
  There were pensive glens that cheered,
When my soul from hideous scath
  Fleeing on their depth appeared,—
Fleeing as from shapes of wrath
  That its inmost being feared.

And the flowers that sprung like smiles,
  And the birds that sang unto me,
All the sweet coquetting wiles
  That the soft winds played to woo me—
Coming far through wooded aisles—
  Breathing faint of hill-sides bloomy,—

Made those arbors—made those glens
  Glimpses of the fadeless life.—
Glancing light that Heaven sends
  Where are ghastliest miseries rife,
That with deepest darkness blends,
  Bringing amity from strife.

Yet I lingered there alone;
  Came no one with circling arm;
But the Light, from Heavens own,
  Brought an unsubstantial form,
That a moment danced and shone,
  Beaming then a memory warm.

And alone I wondered on;
  And the glens no more appeared,
I was tremulous, listless, wan;
  Nothing soothed, or, smiling, cheered,
Till there came the blessed one,
  Shedding radiance as she neared,—
Till there came the earnest one,
  Driving forth shapes I feared;—
Substance of the form that shone
  Dancing in that hour long flown.

Johathan Spike's Speech on the Protection of Hen-Roots.

Mr. President: I've sot here and listened to Tom Hone's pusillanimous attempts to git you to vote agin this bill for the protection of hen roosts till he's siz up the roderous sensibilities of my intellectual capacities! But Mr. President, what care I? His high-toned urgifying languge is dull enough to put a bull-yerling to blushes! Oh harken to him no longer, most high an' mighty hoss, for he's gone—hushed up, jumped into the depth of unlimited space; or, in the tentacious language of Shakespoke, when 'er lickin' the ingins—"Div kerslash into the ocean!

Mr. President, I'm blazing with the smoke of vengeance agin Tom Hone, and to show you that sumthin' must be done for the protection of hen roosts I shall a tale unfold whose litest words
Will barrer you up—freeze yer blood
Make yer eyes like stars start out'n thar spears,
An' yer combined locks to stan' on eend,
Like quills on the dreadful porcupine!

Mister President—Hark! The nite is dark an' fearful, and the tom cats make it more it more so by their awful yelling. The thunder rolls through the cordage, aa' fierce litenin's split the sky. There, close by Uncle Ebenezer's barn—is the peaceful and happy hen house! Inside quietly reposin' on their majestical roosts, are the virtuous and lamb-like hens, the aged rooster, wot can lick anything in the bird line that carrys legs. Their thoughts are sweet as a sap yoke, an' happy as a gal bride. But a lass! "A change comes e'er the spirit of my dream,"—Methinks I see a wretch enter that joyous and happy wigwarm, and with unflinching hand tear from their peaceful abode these innocent hens, an' slams 'em in a bag notwithstandin' their suplications for mercy and thar life.

Mister President, I are sea sick at the atrocity of sich a scene, an' I turn from it like I would from a skunk. You may sarch all over creashun, from the tippermost peaks of the Alleganys down inter the innermost depths of the Medaria Sea, and you couldn't find another sich a barberous savage.

Mister President, I believe the procrastinated delirum of this distiffed republic is centred on passin' of this bill. If it is passed, yer eyes will be semi-circled with diadems of glory. If it ain't the turkey buzzards of remorse will gallup through your dreams, and ten legged roosters will pearch on yer bedsteads an' crow—peace! peace!! there is no peace!"

Mister President, I'm done. Give us a chaw of tobacker.

I NEVER GOSSIP.

Oh no, I never gossip I have enough to do to take care of my business without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith. Why, there's Mrs. Croaker, she deals in scandal by the wholesale; it does seem so me a though that woman's tongue must be almost worn out; but no, there's no danger of that. If everybody was like me there wouldn't be much trouble in the world. Oh, no. I never gossip. But did you know that Miss Elliot had got a new silk dress, Mrs. Smith? You didn't! well she has; its a real brocade; I say it myself. I do say it's shameful for her to be so extravagant; I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith. You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well, I don't care if he did; why, it's only two months since her father failed, and now, to see her dash out in this style, its a burning shame. I suppose she thinks she's going to catch young lawyer Stanhope, but I guess she'll find herself mistaken; he's got more sense than to be caught by her, if she has got a brocade silk dress.

And there's the upstart dressmaker, Kate Manly, setting her cap for the doctor's son; the impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be, for my own part; I never did like her, with her mild, soft look, when any one's around, my word for it, she can look cross enough when there ain't; then she says she's only seventeen! Goodness knows she as old as my Arabella Lucreatia, and she's—well, I wont say how old, but she's more'n seventeen, and I ain't ashamed to say so, either; but I quess Dr. Skesick's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her.

Some folks call her handsome? Well, I don't. She ain't half so good looking as my daughter, Jane. Then the way she does up her hair in such fly-away curls; and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me that she couldn't make her hair straight as my Martha Ann's. Impertinence! if she'd let curling papers and curling irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be as straight as anybody's.

But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her! well, all I can say is, you've got a very peculiar taste. Why, she's pround as Lucifer; been married a whole week, and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time? I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, any way; and then above all things, to get that little girlish looking thing. Why didn't he take one of his parishoners? There's my Arabella Lucretia would have made him a better wife than he's got now. Then she's just about the right age for him. She's two years older than the minister! I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my own daughter's age, Mrs. Smith! If some folks would mind their own business as I do, I'd thank them!

☞ "Is your horse perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got, if that is a fault, is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoops now and then." "By extending his hinder hoops you don't mean kicking. I hope?" Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it is only a slight reaction of the muscles—a disease rather than a vice.'

☞ If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

☞ "John has the doctor arrived?" "Yes, sir." "Then go immediately for the undertaker."

DAIRY OF AN OLD MAID.

Last week we gave our readers the "Dairy of an old Bachelor;" in the present number we have the pleasure of presenting that of the much abused class—an old maid.

At 15 years, is anxious for coming out and obtaining the attentions of men. 16. Pretends to have some idea of the tender passion. Sweet 16. Slight palpitations of the heart towards a mustachoed gentleman. 17. Talks of Love in a cottage, and disinterested affection. 18. Fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her. 19. Is a little more difficult, in consequence of being noticed. 20 Commences fashionable life, and has a taste for dashing young men. (a lady seldom gets any older than 20, but we shall continue the remainder of the dairy at random) 21. Acquires more confidence in her own attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment. 22. Refuses a good offer, because the gentleman is not a man of fashion. 23. No objection to flirt with any well behaved gentleman. 24. Begins to wonder she is not married. 25. Becomes rather more circumspect in her conduct. 26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable. 27. Affects to prefer the company of rational men. 28 Wishes to be married in a quiet way, with a comfortable income. 29. Almost despairs entering the marriage state. 30. An additional attention to dress is manifested. 31. Professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get good partners. 32. Wonders how men can neglect the society of sedate amiable women to flirt with chits. 33 Affects good humor in her conversation with men. 34. Too jealous of the praises of other women—more at this period than hitherto. 35. Quarrels with her friend who has lately been married. 36. Imagines herself slighted in society. 37. Likes talking of her acquaintances who have married unfortunate, and finds consolation in their misfortunes. 38. Ill nature visibly on the increase. 39. Becomes meddling and officious. 40. If rich, makes love to a young man without fortune. 41. Not succeeding, rails against the whole sex. 42. A partiality for cards and scandal. 43. Too severe against the manners of the age. 44 Exhibts a strong predilection for a Methodist parson. 45. Enraged at his desertion, and accuses the whole sex of inconstancy. 46. Becomes desponding, and takes snuff—openly! 47. Attunes her sensibility to cats and dogs. 48. Adopts a dependant relation to attend her menegerie. 49. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents her ill humor upon her unfortune keeper of animals.

☞ Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg, thankful that it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolved to see this world on its sunny side and you have almost half won the battle at the outset.

☞ The world caresses the rich, however deficient in intellect or morals, and avoids the poor man of merit, in the thread bare coat.

☞ The man who waited for an opportunity has gone on; and the man who was fired with indignation, has been put out.

☞ The old man looks down, and thinks of the past. The young man looks up, and thinks of the future. The child looks every where, and thinks of nothing.

☞ Carlyle says: Experience is an excellent school-master, but he does charge such dreadful high wages.

A LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

We take the following extract from the Knickerbocker, the truth and force of which will be acknowledged by all our ladies, should they read it. After a short introductory, the writer says:

This brings me to the criticism I wished to make; you are too credulous. You will pin your faith to the veriest shadow; and not all the world, not even your own bitter experience, can shake it. How often you grant a man his most preposterous assumption. If he says he is wise and witty, you will believe him, although his fellows say he is a blockhead. He lays his soft hands on yours and prates of uprightness and purity, and you smile upon and trust him, although half the world knows that he is a worthless profligate. A gentleman said in my hearing the other day, in speaking of your sex: "How we do humbug them!" and to his own disgrace and the injury of trusting woman, I know that he spoke the truth.

A few months ago the London journalists were laughing about the exploits of a worthless vagabond, calling himself Count Puffemupskihi, or some such name It appeared that he lived by making love to the weathy ladies, and then robbing them. When I get through with one, I take another, was his cool confession. He found women enough to swallow his story—"a Polish noble exile," and so they pityingly received him to their hearts and their purses. It seems incredible that a woman should believe all a stranger chooses to say of himself, and give her faith and her honor upon the strength of his unattested declartions; yet cases of this kind are of constant occurrence.

* * * You turn with a haughty injured air from one who would defend you in all which you ought to value, as valiantly as ever knight of old, but he has too much straight forward honesty to pay you a single unmerited compliment, or to praise your foibles; you turn from such a one, to smile and blush at hollow vapid adultation.

* * * * *

Now I would not have you suspicious or prudish; furtherest from it. I would have you believe that the world is full of true hearted, trustworthy men. But they are oftenest those who tell the rough rugged truth in plain English; who detest the surface and unpretentiously weigh your true worth. If they find you empty; gilded toys, they will scorn you, but if they see in you unaffected delicacy, combined with artless candor, a pure, trustful *woman-heart*, they yield you a whole-souled reverence, which any woman might be proud to win.

If you would be true to yourselves as to your own best instincts; true men will love you with a nobler love than such sham sentiment as would lead them to humor and pet you, while they neither trust nor respect you. Sister, be worthy of it, and those whom for ages you have called 'lords,' will reverently look up to you as a guiding star and will regard you as a holy trust.

☞ Mr. John Gorrie, M. D., of Apalachichola, has invented an aparatus for freezing by steam! The next step in science will be to warm ourselves with a snow bank.

☞ The Turkish men hold that women have no souls, and prove by their treatment of them that they themselves have none.

☞ A writer in Blackwood says the peculiarity of Louis Napoleon is that he consults everybody and follows his own advice.

☞ It is time to leave when a young lady asks you if it isn't dangerous to be out late at nights, alone!

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

☞ There is a man at Camberwell so fat that they grease the omnibus wheels with his shadow.

☞ A lady was dreadfully affronted the other day because a gentleman accosted her as "an old friend."

☞ This is what they call a fellow feeling for a man, said a loafer, as a watchman was groping for him in the dark.

☞ Pious Gentleman—"My boy! my boy! you do very wrong to fish on a Sunday!" Boy—"It can't be any harm, sir—I ain't catch'd nothing!"

☞ "Tommy, my son what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?" Trying to catch cold ma, so that I can have some of them cough lozengers you gave me yesterday.'

☞ A German physician has published a tract in which he takes the ground that ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone. There are many who will agree with him.

☞ What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots and fourteen three story houses!

☞ Tom—Don't you think some werses would touch her, Charley, a beautiful pome?' Charley—Oh, hang your werses, Tom. If you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and the gals altogether, and jine a fire company.

☞ It is said that a girl in Pittsfield was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

☞ The latest case of abscence of mind is that of a ship carpenter who bit off the end of a copper spike and drove a plug of tobacco into the vessel's bottom. He did not discover his mistake till the ship spit in his face.

☞ A young Irishman, who had married when about 19 years of age, complaining of the difficulty to which his early marriage had subjected him, said he would "never marry so young again, if he lived to be as old as Methusalem."

☞ A pair of sweet lips, a pressure or two of delisate hands, and a pink waist ribbon, will do as much to unhinge a man as three fevers, measels, a large sized whooping cough, a pair of lockjaws, several hydrophobia, and the doctor's bill.

☞ A man who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Cole, of Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about getting justice. Justice, replied Cole, "you can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you."

☞ A man having hurt his forehead, was advised to rub it with brandy. Some days after, being asked if he had done so, he promptly answered: "Well, I have tried several times, but can never get the glass higher than my mouth.' A general failing, that.

☞ Many women prefer the shallowest praise to the deepest affection. Lord Peterborough said to Pope, "I have more than once seen a woman turn from a lover to a flatterer.' 'Ah, my lord, that was a good many years ago."

☞ Scene, a religious bookstore: Ragged boy, (with taste for startling literature)—"I want a copy of the Revengeful Rover of the Remorseless Relf, or— Clerk—We haven't got it my son. Boy—Havent got the Revengeful Rover? How do you expect to make a living if you don't keep the literature of the day?

☞ Rev. Mr. ——, an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth not long since in Detroit. A young man arose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you would rather go to hell than to hear me preach, you can go!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I beleive I would,' went on.

☞ Mr. Blank and his wife were sitting a few days since quite close to each other, in their home; the husband feeling somewhat lover-like, although for years a married man, put his arm arouud his wife and saluted her affectionately. The wife pushed him away, saying: "You should not do such things when the door is open and people passing. They will think we are not marrried if they see us kissing each other."