

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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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.
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The Wife that Meets one at the Door.

The following beautiful lines we find in an exchange. To those who appreciate such sentiments—they are certainly beautiful; what better blessing could man wish to be crowned with, than gentle words and loving smiles," as nears the cottage door.

I never leave my home a day,
How'er with others it may be—
But what I get, when I come back,
Welcoming smile and hearty smack,
That make me love, still more and more,
The wife that meets me at the door.

Her dress is always neat and clean—
A pretty wife, and yet not vain—
And when she sings my favorite song,
How sure am I the man is wrong
Who weds not—be he rich or poor—
A wife to meet him at the door.

The little chickens run to meet,
And pick the crumbs up at her feet;
Old Towser licks her proffered hand,
And frolics 'round her in the sand;
There's nothing like, I've said before,
A wife that meets one at the door.

In social hall her smiling face
In every heart wins quick a place;
The gayest lad that walks the green
Will tip his hat when she is seen,
And hopes to meet, when teens are o'er,
Just such a wife at his own door.

OUT WEST.

An exchange paper gives the following answers to queries relative to going West:

The first question comes from Brainbridgeport, Mass., and reads as follows: "Which is the best time for going West, the Summer or autumn?"

The best time for going West is where you have the most money about you, and the least fear of losing it. If you come in the Spring you are sure to shake yourself to death with the ague before Fall. If you come in the Fall you may live till Spring if you don't freeze to death before you get here. If you come at all, you had better get your stomach lined with water-proof cement, so as to digest corn bread, bacon and whisky; for that is all we have to eat, except a few French hogs and billious looking tadpoles, which we catch when the river runs down.

Second question—"What part of the West is the best to emigrate to, taking into consideration the healthiness of the climate?"

A variety of opinions about that, my dear fellow. Our senator, Mr. Douglas, says that Nebraska is the best. So it is, if you want to go into the stock business, raising an unruly kind of mixed colored cattle, that will stray off to Canada in spite of the Compromise of 1850 or 1856, or of Senator Douglas. If you want to speculate in papposes, white scalps, and get your own scalps taken off scientifically, go to Nebraska by all means. If you play poker for a living, live on corn bread and bacon week days, and slippery elm bark on Sundays, come to Illinois. If you want to come to go where they have no Sundays, nor anything to eat, only what they brought from the East go to Iowa; or if you want to go grass on all fours, like all other cattle do, go to Salt Lake.

I you want to go where they receive the mails annually, where they live on wild cranberries crumbled in water from the Mississippi river, where three wigwags make a city, and a paper of pins and a bar of Yankee soap, a merchant; go to Minnesota.

Third question—"Does the fever and ague prevail much in Wisconsin?"

Of course it does. Nobody is fool enough to ask such a question. Everybody shakes; even the trees shake, you can't coax a crab apple tree to stay when it is good for nothing; it will shake a man out of bed, and kick him out of doors and shake the bodstead at him until he gives it up

Fourth question—"How does a pre-emption hold flood?"

That depends on circumstances. If you have a good rifle, and know how to use it, you have a chance in ten to live till you starve to death. But if you can't stand fire, and are not a good shot, a quick one, take my word for it, you had better tarry in Jerico, until your beard be grown; they are too sly for you in these woods.

Fifth question—"Is land to be had in the north part of Ohio for \$1 25 per acre, and it is good?"

That's all fudge, got up by speculators to gull some greenhorn like you or me, for to the best of my knowledge and belief, Ohio was worn out ten years ago. The who business of the railroads in warm weather, is to carry folks who have been fools enough to come West. All the railroads have been doing this winter is carrying dirt out of Ohio into Michigan to raise a few beans and oats to keep the folks from starving to death next summer.

As to the land in the north-west of Ohio, it is eighteen inches high under water most of the year, and will probably be worth \$1 25 per acre when water snakes and copper heads bring as much per barrel in the New York market as potatoes are worth per bushel in Alton.

And lastly, he wants reliable information—a short article in your paper on the subject—and he wants to go to a healthy location, decent land and fair water.

Exactly! Why, my dear sir, there is no such thing as reliable information out West unless you give him five hundred dollars and then you can't believe half he says.

A witness won't tell the truth unless you first scare him to death, and make him swear he won't lie, and then neither himself nor anybody else knows whether he tells the truth or not.

On the whole, if you feel obliged by our "short article," so no wa. If you want to go to a healthy land, stay at home, and don't be a fool like myself come out West. And as for "decent land" my dear fellow what do you mean! You must know that our prairies are very indecent, especially where it is burnt over and left as naked as it was born. 'Tis true, nature weaves a rot of fig-leaf apron every summer, out of a coarse kind of grass, but it soon gets burned off, and is as indecent as ever.

As for fair water, we have none; it is all a billious compound of liquid mud, dead buffaloes, fish and rotten rattlesnakes.

Our common drink, when we can't get whisky, is one third coffee, one third prairie mud, and the other tobacco juice.

Upon the whole, if you have good water, and get half enough to eat, stay where you are.

WHAT WE CALL DUTIES.—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can.

Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can.

Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can.

Every representative of Congress and the State Legislature ought to inform their constituents what they are doing—if they can.

Every man should be honest and sober if he can.

Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can.

Every man should please his wife—he can.

Every wife should rule her husband—if she can.

Every woman should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can.

Every lawyer should tell the truth—if he can.

Every preacher of the Gospel should be a christian—if he can.

Every person may be a fool—if he can.

Every woman should quit using snuff—if she can.

And finally, every man may tend to his own business—if he can.

GROWLS FROM DIOGONES.

Soyer, the great cook, has written a book, in which the art of the kitchen is set forth in a rather novel manner. The two heroines go among the poor and impart the receipts of the great chef. Diogones says, and we beg our readers not to skip this extract because it is legty:

Although this book ought to be in every gentleman's kitchen, still we do not think that M. Soyer has made the most of his subject. Could he not, in his second edition, give us a few scenes, something like the following:

APPLE FRITTERS.—It was a lovely night. The warm breezes floated by laden by the perfume of flowers—sweet incense, rising up from nature's kitchen! The moon shone brightly as a bird's eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays, until the landscape seemed silvered and pure as a wedding cake.

"Let us walk in the garden," said chere Hortense, clasping dear Eloise to her heaving bosom.

In a few seconds the two noble and enthusiastic girls were 'neath the orchard trees.

"Do you perceive those apples?" remarked Hortense, scarcely able to repress her emotion.

"Why this grief?" sighed the gentle Eloise. Then turning her large pale gray eyes in the direction of the fruit, she added in a disappointed tone, "they are baking apples if I mistake not!"

"They are! they are!" cried chere Hortense, bursting into an agony of tears.

Poor girl! they remind her of her home.

Some moments elapsed before Hortense could resume her wonted calmness. At length with an effort, she said, "Forgive me, dear Eloise, I was silly, very silly! but whenever I see an apple, I always think of him."

"You must indeed have loved," sighed Eloise.

"Loved! aye child, madly!" continued Hortense. "The day we parted, I remember we had apple fritters for dinner. He himself prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced crossways a quarter of an inch thick, the rosy fruit before him, he breathed in my ear the first avowal of the love he felt for me. He then placed in a basin, about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspoonful of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moistened by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring the compound with a spoon. I thought I should have fainted for my heart was breaking.

"Dear Hortense," exclaimed Eloise. "Ah how you must have suffered!"

"It is past now," sighed the brave girl. Then resuming her story, she said "When the whole formed a smooth consistency to the thickness of cream, he beat up the white of an egg till firm, mixing it with the butter. I could endure my agony no longer. I could endure my agony no longer. 'Alexis! I cried, beware how you trifle with me!"

"Proceed! you interest me greatly," remarked Eloise. "What was his answer?"

Hortense, with an effort, continued. "When the mixture was hot he put the apples in one at a time, turning them over with a slice as they were doing. Suddenly he turned towards me, his face glowing with passion.

"Nay, say not so!" interrupted the kind Eloise perhaps the heart of the fire, and not passion had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl; I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. "Hortense," he whispered, "the apple fritters are now soaked. Let us,

perhaps for the last time eat together!"

For a few seconds Hortense was speechless. Rising from the mossy bank, she gasped out, "Eloise, as you love me, let us hurry home! I shall die if we remain here."

"And the fritters?" inquired the gentle Eloise.

"They were excellent," continued Hortense, in a clamor tone, "that evening he presented me with the receipt for making them, together with a lock of his hair, which, however, formed no part of the receipt. Two hours afterwards, he was on his road to London and the Reform club. But to this day, even the sight of an apple makes me tremble. Alas! such is the love of poor food woman."

BRUDDER JOHNSON GOIN' UP.—A friend of ours who once attended a sable "night meeting," thus reports:

Then Mr. Johnson arose and exhorted substantially as follows: "Brud-dren, I'm gwine to gib you a sample ob de pius man and de opius man. Now, you are the opius, and where do ye spose ye'll die when you go to? I know! Ye'll go down, down into de pit! (Tremendous sensation.) Yes, and dar ye'll burn, for ever! No use hollerin' dar! cause ye can't get out! (Shudder throughout the meeting.) But, brud-dren, whar shall I go?" resumed the speaker, rolling up his eyes "I shall go up, up, up, and the Lord'll see me cummin, and he'll say, 'Angels make way dar.' And de angels say what fur Lord, what fur? And den de Lord'll speak up sharp, and say, 'I tell ye, angels, make way dar, don't you see? Johnson's cummin'!"

P. T. Barnum delivered a 4th of July oration at Bridgeport, Conn. Here is an extract:

The American Eagle is a considerable of a bird—may she fly forever—but if every vagabond who can stuff ballot boxes and swindle his way into office is allowed to pluck a feather: if the Bird of Liberty is to be despoiled by unprincipled politicians; if she is to extend her wings over the slave trade and piracy; if she is to protect repudiation and be made responsible for all the crimes which congressional, legislative and municipal bodies can commit, she will be naked as a well dressed turkey.

BURSTS OF ELOQUENCE.—The following burst of eloquence was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania: "Your honor sits high on the aborable seat of justice, like the asiatic rock Gibraltar, while the eternal river of mercy, like the cadaverous of the valley, flows meandering at our feet."

The following is the commencement of a speech of a lawyer in New Jersey: "Your honors does not sit there like statues, to be wafted about by every windy breeze."

Another orator thus commenced his harangue: "The important crisis which were about to arrive have arisen."

Another thus expatiated: "The court will please observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus, soaked with old Socrates, ripped with old Euripides, and cantered with old Cantharides, but what, your honor, does he know about the laws of Wisconsin?"

Extract from the argument of a young lawyer before a Mississippi justice: "May it please the court—I would rather live for thirteen hundred centuries on the small end of a thunder bolt chew the ragged end of a flash of lightning—swallow the corners of a Virginia worm fence, and have my bowels torn out by a green briar than to be thus bamboozled by these gentlemen."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said a showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lions den. Daniel can easily be distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

Many a true heart, that would have come back like a dove to the ark after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgetting soul.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

When a woman arrays herself a la Bloomer, it may be said that she pants for notoriety.

The best adhesive label you can put on a baggage, is to stick to it yourself.

Why is the Mediterian the dirtiest of seas? Because it is the least tide y.

When a man runs off with the wrong idea can he be compelled to bring it back again?

Why is the east wind like a famous American painter? Because its Ben West.

A German writer observes that in the United States there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

In a charity sermon in behalf of the Blind Asylum, the preacher gravely remarked, "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be."

Why is the mischievous boy who attaches a tin lantern to the candle appendage of his dog, like the poet's hero? Because he "Points a moral and adorns a tale."

Woman is justly called "one of the most glorious works of heaven," and she is a sort of work that we like to address ourself to.

Fowls seem exceedingly grateful for the gift of cold water. They never swallow a drop of it without turning up their to heaven.

"Will you stand my second?" said a gentleman, who proposed to fight a duel. "No, indeed—for you wouldn't stand a second yourself."

A poet says; "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came and left its traces there." The author don't state what became of the harness.

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

Money is the root of all evil. Nevertheless it is an eminently excellent root, and I vote that we dig for it my friends.

"Mama," said a promising youth of some four or five years, "if all people are made of dust, ain't niggers made of coal dust?"

A school master asked one of his fair pupils, "Can you decline a kiss?" Dropping a perplexed courtesy, she modestly replied, "yes sir, but I don't like to." Very likely!

An absent wife is here called upon to return to bed and board: "Jane, your absence will ruin all! Think of your husband—your parents—your children. Return—all may be well—yes, happy. At any rate, enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

The distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little six year old. She was eating something which she appeared to relish very much. "Do you love it?" asked her aunt. "No," replied the child, with a look of disgust, "if loved it I should kiss it."

"What ho you mean, you little rascal!" said an individual to an impudent youth who had seized him by the nose in the street. "Oh, nothing, only I am going out to seek my fortune, and my father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that turned up."

An old lady, meeting a Cambridge man asked him how her nephew behaved himself. "Truly, madam," says he, "he's a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall, (name of a college.) "I row," says she, "I feared as much; he always had a hankering after the girls from a boy." He won't be worth a cent, if he didn't.

What bar is it that opens but never closes? A crowbar.

What bar never opens to close. A sand bar. What bar is always open? Our musquito bar. What bar will catch lawbreakers? A bar-rister. What bar catches fast young men? Collin's bar. What bar will a stop to this unnecessary bar-tering? A bar-cade.

A Boston paper says that many years ago the whole town of Nahant was purchased by a farmer for a suit of clothes, and that then its only inhabitants were wolves and deer. The same may be said of most of the inhabitants now, only the wolves are in sheep's clothing and the deer in crinoline!