

# THE BOSSIER BANNER.

Official Journal of Bossier Parish.



W. H. SCANLAND, Editor.

## TERMS:

The BOSSIER BANNER is issued every Friday morning; subscription, per annum, three dollars—in advance. Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent one. Liberal deductions made in favor of yearly advertisers, who will be required to confine themselves strictly to their legitimate business. Professional and business cards inserted by the year, for ten dollars; five dollars for six months. Announcements of candidates will be inserted for ten dollars—to be paid in advance. All articles inserted for the benefit of parties or individuals, at their own solicitation, will be charged for as advertisements. Job work to be paid for on delivery.

## BELLEVUE:

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1859.

T. J. Semmes, democratic candidate for Attorney General of Louisiana, will address the people of Bossier on Saturday next, 10th instant, at the court house, in this place.

We have received Harper's Magazine for September; as usual, its pages are embellished with attractive and interesting matter, suited for the miscellaneous reader.

Wonder how Franklin & Fitzpatrick feel about now. We guess they feel more taken down by our "free notice," than by the letter we wrote them. Whenever we are swindled intentionally we intend letting the world know it.

The weather has been of all kinds this week—cool enough to make warm clothing and fires indispensable.

We call special attention to the new advertisements in to-day's issue.

Col. John M. Landrum, democratic candidate for Congress, delivered a very appropriate address at this place, on last Monday.

Col. J. M. Sandidge has been rusticated in the anxieties of our town for several days past. The Colonel never looked in better health or finer spirits than now; in fact he is just in the vigorous prime of life, and no doubt will live many a year to serve his countrymen.

The District Court has been in session for the past week; as yet, the docket is not cleared. Judge Egan, is still laboring under the disabilities of the injuries received by his fall several months ago, but we are happy to know that he is recovering.

By reference to the candidates department, it will be seen that Major R. K. Coombs, is out as an independent candidate for Representative. Major Coombs is capable of supplying the wants of the office, should he be elected. It now remains for the ballot-box to say who shall represent Bossier at the next session of the Legislature.

We understand a democratic candidate was duly nominated for the office of District Attorney, for this District, by the democratic convention which was held at Minden, on Saturday last. So far, we are not "authorized" to say on whom the convention conferred the honors of that office. But we can vouch for the fact that our friend A. B. George, Esq., is out, duly equipped and well qualified, for the favors of the office—and he is not afraid to let the citizens of Bossier know it.

Be cautious ye breathless and impatient reader! oh! speak it not in anger, but breathe it in accents low, unto the inspired muses—where the rippling winds shall whisper to the twinkling stars, and bear gently to the "man in the moon" his "circumstantial evidence," that the Louisiana Democrat has arrived—as an exchange to the Banner. Let us lift up our voices and be thankful to Halsey, the Nimcompoop of Yangtze.

## EDITORIAL DUELS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Editors in New Orleans must accustom themselves to the use of the pen and pistol, at least, many of them, says the Eldorado Times, have been called upon to exhibit their proficiency in the use of the latter weapon. The editors of the Crescent have been frequently called to the field of honor; in 1852 Mr. Frost was shot in a duel with Dr. Hunt. The successor of Mr. Frost, Mr. Carroll was engaged in two duels. Mr. Nixon, a subsequent editor of the same paper, was engaged in a duel with Breckinridge, of the courier—the latter gentleman was maimed for life. After this, Mr. Gibbons, one of the local reporters of the same paper, fought two duels, in the last of which, with Halan, of the True Delta, he was severely wounded. Lumsden, of the Picayune, shot off the thumb of Peter K. Wagner then of the Courier. Kennedy and Maginnis, of the True Delta, and Walker of the Delta, have each "fought their man." The effect of this has been to exclude from the press of New Orleans much of the vulgar personality and blackguardism which, unfortunately, characterize the press in other sections of the country. A malignant scribbler will generally be more circumspect when he is aware that, in all probability, the future soundness of his body depends upon the use of prudent and temperate language.

The Democratic convention which met at this place last Monday for the purpose of nominating candidates for Representative, passed off as peaceably as could be expected—it is a wonder to us, that the convention passed off as smoothly as it did—considering the amount of "Democratic whisky," drank on the occasion. By reference to another column it will be seen that Dr. J. R. Evans and E. R. Boon, Esq., were duly nominated. Now that all nominations are made, and we believe all candidates are out that intend running, we hope to see all spread themselves in their characterized lecturing chicanery—create a devil of a nuisance—dissolve the Union—put down grog-shops—open the "chicken-trade," and occasionally stand treat—no matter what office the aspirant is seeking.

Can any one tell us something about the mail arrangements touching at this point—we want to be enlightened on this subject. Our present mail arrangement is as good as none, and a sight worse; the Western mail due this place on last Monday, at 2 o'clock P. M., was a failure; the Eastern mail due Tuesday at 11 o'clock A. M., did not arrive at all. There is a screw loose somewhere, and we intend that it shall be remedied if possible. Fiat lux.

Owing to the irregularities of the mails, we are unable to give our readers as interesting sheet as we intend, but appear as interesting as possible. Nevertheless, we intend to bring out our paper in due time, not caring a cuss for the mails, as long as our comic almanacs don't fail.

The opposition party of Caddo Parish made the following nominations at their convention, held at Greenwood on the 3rd instant: B. L. Hodge and Reuben White, for Representatives; Thomas R. Simpson, for Sheriff; and Chauncey B. Ford, for Clerk.

It is thought to be quite creditable to the disciples of Faust that there is not a printer in the New Jersey Penitentiary, and but one in the present Legislature.—Ex.

The one in the Legislature is equally as discreditable as if there were half a dozen in the penitentiary.

An exchange says the best cure for palpitation of the heart, is to leave off hugging and kissing the girls. If this is the only remedy that can be produced, we, for one, say, "let'er palpitate."

The Richmond (Va.) News is out in favor of John M. Botts for President subject to the decision of the National Convention.

A Tennessee editor calls loudly upon a neighboring editor to give him "proper credit." He certainly needs credit badly, but his neighbor has none to spare.

**SOUTHERN EDUCATION.**—In the last number of that sterling Democratic paper, the Yazoo Democrat, we see an article on Southern education, which every Southern man should read and ponder. With the editor of the Democrat, we agree that it is strange that while our public men and journals are daily discussing, with furious vehemence and untiring insiduity, theoretical bearings, this important subject receives so little action. Is not the climax of folly, the Ultima Thule of stupidity, for men who are eternally abusing the Yankees, and seem fully alive to their impudent encroachments to be without complaint or an effort to remedy the evil, continually patronising their institutions and sending their children to be educated from Southern orthodox and gentility in that Yankee selfishness and sordidness which they profess so permanently to abominate? Yankee fanaticism, Yankee manners, Yankee encroachments, and Yankee views of slavery, they sufficiently hate and most zealously curse, but at the same time we see them, by deliberate choice, apparently ambitious of having the facile minds of their progeny moulded into the views of those they war with. They buy the tadpole but denounce the frog.

It is high time that Southern men were abandoning this shameful inconsistency and confining their practice within the bounds prescribed by their earnest and creditable preaching. If they detest the Yankees on account of their nefarious deeds and meditated hostility, they should certainly have pride enough to hold themselves equal to the Yankees.—Memphis Avalanche.

**BE JUST.**—To be constantly conscious of the rectitude of one's intentions is a great source of comfort, as well as a strong stay in the hour of adversity. It will certainly make one bold to hold up his head. Crime and vice and meanness are cowardly. How mean and debased must feel the villain who has cheated the widow and orphan of their little property and perhaps their living! How can such a wretch hold up his head and look towards God? But some there have been, and no doubt there are yet, dressed in the livery of Heaven, put on to serve the devil in, who have done and do such deeds. If judgement be according to the character of their deeds, where will such appear? But on the other hand, when one is conscious of having done justice in other words, of being an honest man what freedom from remorse—what peacefulness in his bosom—must characterize his whole existence! Though he may have troubles and difficulty to contend with in life, the river of his conscience will flow on sweetly and forever unrippled, save by the gentle breezes of delight and pleasure! Such a one, it seems to us, can ask God to forgive his imperfections, and look up! Such a one, erect in the image of his Maker, it is said, is his noblest work! Then strive to be such a one. If you achieve success, your glory will be greater than his who conquers a city. Then trouble and misfortune will rest lightly on your head:

The storm that wrecks the sky  
No more disturbs your calm repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

Colorado Citizen.

**DOLBEAR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.**—It will be seen by public notice given through this paper that the Board of Trustees of "Dolbear Commercial College of the city of New Orleans," incorporated by the Legislature of the State, will open books of subscription to the capital stock of \$250,000 early in the fall, to be subscribed in shares of \$25. It is presumed that citizens will come down liberally in aid of this local scheme for the furtherance of educational interests, which will doubtless prove a desirable investment, and perhaps some of our philanthropic capitalists may emulate or surpass the illustrious example of McCormack, of Chicago, who recently gave \$100,000 toward the establishment of a college in that city. *Nous verrons*, and meanwhile we commend this matter of the New Orleans College to the consideration of our citizens, expressing the hope that they will make up their minds to take up the stock with a rush when the books are opened.—Crescent.

## DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

A convention called by the Democracy of Bossier Parish, for the purpose of nominating two candidates for the House of Representatives in the Legislature of Louisiana, met at the Court House at Bellevue, on this, the 5th day of September, A. D. 1859, when on motion, Mr. L. Rathbun was called to the chair, and Mr. J. L. Waples to the Secretary's desk.

On motion of T. M. Fort, Esq., a committee of three were appointed by the chair for the purpose of examining credentials of members, and to establish a basis for the regulation of the number of votes each Ward is entitled to. That committee consisting of Col. D. I. Hooks, David Burnham and T. M. Fort, reported a number of delegates from each Ward, except Ward No. 6, which was represented by a number of gentlemen from that Ward, who cast the vote of that Ward, at the request of the meeting and according to a resolution of the primary meeting that called this convention. The following gentlemen took seats in the convention, to wit: from Ward No. 1, B. F. Lane, J. W. Hudson, E. C. Atkins and D. I. Hooks; from Ward No. 2, J. S. Sanderson, D. M. Burnham and Wm. Arick; from Ward No. 3, W. E. Edens, J. M. Sandidge; from Ward No. 4, J. L. Maples, R. K. Pridmore, T. M. Fort, B. F. Crowner, L. Rathbun, W. G. Springfield, J. M. Jones and J. Braden; from Ward No. 5, E. Hudson, E. F. Connell, James Ford; from Ward No. 6, E. L. Strange, R. Jones, Wm. Coyle, J. N. Leech, and B. F. Deck. The following resolutions were reported by the committee, and adopted by the convention, viz: Resolved, That each Ward cast a vote, for each ten votes cast for E. W. Robertson, in the last general election and one for each fraction of five or more. When it was found that Ward No. 1 was entitled to 3 votes, Ward No. 2, to 6 votes, Ward No. 3 to 14 votes, Ward No. 4 to 8 votes, Ward No. 5 to 6 votes, and Ward No. 6 to 9 votes. The names of Col. E. R. Boon and Dr. J. R. Evans were then put in nomination. At this juncture Mr. B. F. Lane withdrew from the convention. No other names being brought before the convention, Col. E. R. Boon and Dr. J. R. Evans were declared by acclamation the nominees of this convention. A committee was appointed to wait upon these gentlemen and inform them of their nomination, when the committee brought them in before the convention when each gentleman accepted the nomination accompanied with a few pertinent remarks. Col. Landrum, and Mr. Pearce each addressed the convention on invitation. Mr. T. M. Fort then moved that the Editor of the Bossier Banner be requested to publish the proceedings of this convention, which was adopted. The convention then adjourned.

L. RATHBUN, Chairman.

J. L. MAPLES, Secretary.

## CROPS IN THE WEST.

The St. Louis Democrat, of the 5th ult., says: We have received news from almost every quarter of the Western States, where at one time the crops of corn, potatoes, etc., suffered much from drought, that several showers of rain have revived the parched crops, and dispelled the fears of the farmers. Indiana, from all accounts, has received the greatest benefit from the rains, as there the "dry spell" had lasted longest and the crops looked worse. The drouth had also been great in Ohio, but the crops now promise well.

A critic of Dickens, dwelling on the pleasure he apparently takes in death scenes and mysterious and sentimental taking-off, says a list of the killed and missing of his novels would read like an "Extraordinary Gazette." An interesting child runs as much risk at his hands as any of the troops who stormed the Redan in the Crimean war.

The general belief is that diseases of the stomach are caused by a bad liver. A "good liver" brings them about quite as often.

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether or not he was still in the land of the living; "No, but I am almost there."

Where, oh! where is the much beloved South-Western?

## NEVER ATTEMPT TO GET OUT OF DEBT.

The man who owes nobody is a poor miserable being, nobody manifests any interest in your welfare—nobody cares a continental cent whether he lives or dies. He is a lean, hungry, and generally as poor and wilted as were the pen feather's on Job's turkey. Look at our great men; they are all debtors—owe everybody; our men of science, our authors, our sensation ministers—all, the entire catoot of them, are deeper in debt than Pharaoh's army were in the Red Sea. Debt ennobles a man; gives him a more expanded and liberal view of human nature; keeps him moving—especially if he never pays rent. Nothing will cure the consumption quicker than a strong dose of debt properly taken. To owe is human; to pay is divine. Therefore, till man becomes superhuman, he shouldn't attempt to emulate divinity. The science of payment, the true, modern science, is to get in debt to somebody enough to pay somebody else whom you owe. By this means you avoid getting out of debt, and yet maintain a reputation of paying. The greatness of a nation increases with its national debt. Make a note of this at ninety days.—[Quiz.

We think a great many of our subscribers must agree with the author on the above subject.

## THE DAILY NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

The editor of a weekly paper, in speaking of the daily newspaper reporter, thus pungently comments on the peculiar habits of that busy animal: "Tell the reporter that a horrible murder has been committed in the next street, and that the victim lies there 'bathed in gore,' and he utters a hearty 'God bless you!' and dashes away at high-pressure speed to make a full report of the happy circumstance. Inform him that there is a fire up town in which a woman and five children were consumed alive, and he hurries off in the highest glee, impatient to get the full particulars with the latest embellishments. If he knew that an assassination was to be committed on a certain corner at a given hour of the night, he'd be sure to be on the spot—not to prevent the murder—oh no!—but to be able to give a 'reliable version by an eye witness,' and a minute and particular account of the surroundings, and heart rending description of each dying groan. He'd take this down in a kind of penmanship peculiar to his class, which looks like wrapped rain-bows and spoiled flashes of chain lightning. If his highly respectable father should be hung for piracy on the high seas, the enterprising reporter would be at the gallows, pencil in hand, and in the intervals of his grief and tears, would find ample time to take full short-hand notes of his parent's last speech and dying confession.—Ex.

## A GOOD ANECDOTE.

The following conversation was overheard among the volunteers of the Rio Grande. Scene—night. Two volunteers wrapped in blankets, and half buried in the mud: "Jim, how came you to volunteer?" "Why, Bob, you see I have no wife to care a red cent for me, and so I volunteered—and, besides I like war!" "Now tell me why you came out here!" "Why the fact is you know I-I-I have got a wife, and so I came out here, because I love peace!"

Hereupon both the volunteers turned over in their blankets, and got a new pastering of mud, and went to sleep.

A HEARTLESS WRETCH.—A base wretch in the form of a man, was, a few weeks since, introduced to a lovely and confiding girl of sixteen. He pressed her hand and said in a thrilling tone that he thought the "recent sleighing had rendered the ladies more lovely than ever." She blushed and said "very." Her parents considered the matter as settled, but he basely deserted the young lady, after addressing their pointed language to her, and has never called at her house since.—Ex.

A little girl said: "Mother, is Tom a good cat?" "Yes." "Well he'll go to heaven won't he?" "I suppose so, but if you are not a better girl you will never get there." "Oh," said the little girl, "I'll hold on to Tom's tail."

## "THEY SAY."

Of all the mischief-makers in the world, the gentleman whose name serves us for a caption is the greatest. By breath, he blights hopes, diminishes prospects, darkens the future, taints the past, and ruins reputation without the least remorse or responsibility.

The worst of it is, that while he falsifies and prevaricates in the most ingenious manner, to say nothing of lying openly, everybody seem to regard his whispers as law and gospel—something to be received without question—like the miracles, on sheer faith alone.

It is next to impossible, too, for the most conscientious and clear-sighted judge in the world to escape being more or less influenced by this wholesale dealer in mendacity. "They say," is generally accepted as a world's verdict instead of the guess of one or two individuals; and woe be to the unfortunate of whom it is reported "they say" he is no better than he should be!

The French, under the same name ("on dit") also slaughter the character and upset expectations. "They say" is confined to no country. He is terribly cosmopolitan, and wherever he goes, leaves a train of misfortunes behind, caused by his half-expressed, half-inferred falsehoods. He ought to be suppressed, put down; but the question is, how to do it? Perhaps if everybody would be careful to repeat only those rumors that concerned themselves, and to repeat them exactly as they were first told, this bug-bear of a social age would be shorn of a great portion of his terrors.—Ex.

**THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.**—Greely of the Tribune, corresponding with his paper during a late journey to the West, says:

A word on the Salt Lake mail. Of the seventeen bags on which I have ridden for the last four days and better, at least sixteen are filled with large bound books, mainly patent office reports, I judge—but all of them, undoubtedly, works ordered and printed at the public cost—your cost, reader! by Congress, and now on their way to certain favored Mormons, franked (by proxy) "Pub. Doc. Free, S. M. Bernhisel, M. C." I do not blame Mr. B for clutching his share of this public plunder and distributing it so as to increase his own popularity and importance; printing books by wholesale, at the cost of the whole people, for free distribution to a part only. It is every way wrong and pernicious. Of the \$190,000 per annum paid for carrying the Salt Lake mail, nine tenths is absorbed in the cost of carry those franked documents to people who contribute little or nothing to the support of the Government, in any way.

**"THE COMING MAN."**—In the imagination of every young lady, the coming man is a handsome young officer with pearly teeth, coral lips, rosy cheeks, curly hair, blue eyes, and black mustache, who is dying desperately in love with her, and is coming some day on a prancing gray horse with a long flowing tail, to propose to her. Money is no object, for the thought of money does not vulgarly intrude itself into the young lady's imagination in connection with her coming man, only he must be beautifully dressed, and have a handsome riding whip, and jingling spurs, and neatly-rolled whiskers as tight as watch springs. Alas! how many thousands are still waiting impatient, and yet confidently, for the advent of this coming man!

**THE ROWDY.**—The rowdy is a terrible nuisance. Hear how the poor Dutch landlord described his sufferings at the hands of one of these amiable beings: "Ter rowdy comes in and axed me to sell him some beer. I tells him he had more as would do him good. He calls me von Tutch liar, and pegun to break two tumblers. My wife she call for de vetch ouse. 'Fore de vatch got dare, de rowdy kick Hans Scruggles pehnt his pack, kissed my daughter Petsy before her face, proke all ter tumblers cept ter old stone pitcher and spit my wife and todder pear parrels down in ter cellar."

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?

If you want to learn to bow, just watch a mean man when he bows to a gentleman of wealth.