

The Bossier Banner.

W. H. SCANLAND,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—THEN GO AHEAD."

Editor and Proprietor.

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PLANTER'S HOTEL,

WM. A. KELLY, PROPRIETOR, BELLEVUE, LA.

Having lately made 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

THE UNSEEN BATTLE FIELD.

There is an unseen battle field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight;
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder cloud,
His voice the bursting storm;

His captains, Pride, Lust and Hate,
While troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force,
Is but a little band;
Yet there with an unquailing front,
These warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of god-like form,
Of countenance serene,
And blowing on his naked breast
A naked cross is seen.

His captains, Faith Hope and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign,
And gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure—
That to be victors; they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime in the wildest strife
Imparts a holy calm—
For ever ready blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win the battle-field,
Past toils are quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had
reigned

Becomes a hallowed spot—
A spot where flowers of joy and peace
A spring from the fertile sod;
And breath the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

HOW I WAS CAUGHT.

BY MADEL SOMMERVILLE.

Ralph Sommerville spent some months at our house. He was a noble-hearted, generous fellow, and I soon found that I took more than a passing interest in him. Though generous as I have said, his disposition bordered on sternness. There was something silent and mysterious about him—not repellent, to be sure, but seeming to speak a love of solitude, a quiet communion with his own thoughts. I was a wild, romping girl, and perhaps it was this contrast of dispositions which drew me towards him with a warmer magnetism. He was certainly not handsome, neither particularly well formed; and yet in the fire that kindled in those grey eyes, or the soft smile that wreathed his lips, there was much of beauty to me. The tones of his voice were clear and distinct; and his earnest words, before we were better acquainted, caused the same singular emotions I experienced when I first stood by the 'sounding sea,' or, earlier still, when the mellow notes of a church organ first sunk down into my soul.—It seemed strange that he could bind with the spell of attention a nature like my own—but he did.

I loved him devotedly—I must confess it sooner or later in this little waltz anyhow—and he returned this devotion I had every reason to believe.—A little thing occurred however, which was near making him go opposite ways through life, like ships that part at sea.

Coming into the study one morning I found an unfinished letter lying on the desk. Ralph was out, and curiosity, the failing of our sex, led me to glance over it. Part of it was in reference to myself; this discovery made me more than merely glance over it. It was a letter to his sister; the following clause stirred up all the opposition and wilfulness my heart was capable of:

"I am now certain that Mabel loves

me. And yet, so perverso is she, that were I soberly to ask her to become mine, I no doubt would meet with a peremptory refusal. If I let her alone, she will tell me herself that she loves me before very long."

I felt my cheeks tingle, and I believe that I bit my lips with vexation.
"Do you think so, Ralph?" I cried.
"We shall see."

In a minute afterwards I was down in the parlor, improvising at the piano in a manner which, under any other circumstances, might have made my fortune.

Well, two more weeks passed by, I did not avoid Ralph's society, yet in other ways expressed an extreme indifference to it. A shade of anxiety and thoughtfulness began to settle on his countenance.

One morning Ralph took an early train for the South. A collision occurred, and a number of persons were killed and wounded. The news made my heart flutter like a frightened bird. The most painful solicitude was awakened in regard to Ralph.

In the evening of the same day I heard voices on the porch, among which I distinguished my uncle's. I heard him say: "How had we best break it to her?"

My heart seemed turned into ice at these words; my brain reeled, and I caught at the table for support. What dark forebodings were creeping into my soul! I rushed out upon the porch.

"You may break it as abruptly to me as you please, uncle. Ralph is—dead! Oh, my best beloved! that I should see this hour!"

I felt very faint then, and the tears steamed down my cheeks like down the cheeks of a weary child.

Whose arms were those around me? What low, sweet voice spoke such earnest words of love? What has pressed such warm kisses to mine?

Why, Ralph's! He hadn't been hurt at all, and had been commissioned to bear sad news to another. How provoking it was I came to try it! but I don't care now. Ralph is worth a dozen of your common husbands.

No Divorce.—In South Carolina there is no divorce after marriage; wed for life must be the fact in law when an instance of divorce has never been known there! It has been authoritatively settled that no judicial tribunal in the State has authority to declare a decree of divorce for any cause whatsoever. If the power exists at all is in the Legislature, which has hitherto never thought proper to exercise the power. Farther, it has been determined by the courts of South Carolina that a marriage solemnized in that State is dissoluble by the sentence of any court in a sister State so as to affect the rights or conditions of the parties in South Carolina. It will be seen, that it is much easier to tie the knot than to undo it. With rare exceptions the ceremony of marriage is in fact, performed by a clergyman; but the indissolubility of the marriage contract is not only part of the law, but it is the fixed and habitual sentiment of community on the subject of divorce.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Parlington, looking up at the column on the Place Vendome, during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," was the answer. "Well I never did," she exclaimed "and that's his pillow! He was a great man to use that—but it's made of Iron, I do believe. Ah! Isaac, see what it is to be great. How hard his head must have rested on that iron pillow!"

The love of the beautiful and true, like the dewdrop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and pure in the inmost shrine of the soul.

LIFE.

Life is but death's vestibule; and our pilgrimage on earth but a journey to the grave. The pulse that preserves our being beats our death march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it onward to the deeps of death. To day we see our friends in health to morrow we hear of their decease. We clasped the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we close his eyes. We rode in the chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the last black chariot must convey us to the home of all living. Oh, how closely allied is death to life! The lamb that sporteth in the field must soon feel the knife. The ox that loweth in the pastures is fattened for slaughter. Trees do but grow that they may be felled. Yea, and greater things than these feel death. Empires rise and flourish! they flourish but to decay, they rise to fall. How often do we take up the volume of history and read of the rise and fall of empires. We hear of the coronation and the death of kings. Death is the black servant who rides behind the chariot of life. See life! and death is close behind it. Death reacheth far throughout this world and hath stamped all terrestrial things with the broad arrow of the grave. Stars die mayhap; it is said that conflagrations have been seen far off in the distant ether, and astronomers have marked the funerals of the worlds—the decay of those mighty orbs that we had imagined set for ever in sockets of silver to glisten as the lamps of eternity.—But, blessed be God, there is one place where death is not life's brother—where life reigns alone; "to live" is not the first syllable which is to be followed by the next, who die." There is a land where death knells are never tolled, where winding sheets are never woven, where graves are never dug. Blest land beyond the skies! To reach it we must die.—Spurgeon.

ADVERTISING OBITUARY.—The following strange bit of obituary we clip from a New Jersey paper:

Departed this life, on the 11th inst, at his shop, No. 30 Greenwich street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was an amiable; as a hatter he was upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family.—He was snatched from the world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any house the city. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality.

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said:

"A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action as—Peter is beaten. Now what did Peter do?"

The boy paused for a moment, and with great gavis replied,—
"Well, I don't know—I s'pose he hollored."

A man of rich and high parentage is in danger of thinking that the honor bequeathed him, as well as the estate, is sufficient to support his quality, without his struggle to acquire more of his own.

To make a pretty girl's cheeks red, pay her a sweet compliment. To redden these of an impudent fellow, slap them. Two, perhaps, can play at that game, however.

YOUNG MEN.

Our young men are painful study. As they lounge about the streets with bold, leering faces, poisoning the air with oaths, or whirl madly along behind lashing horses, or loom up dimly amid the smoky glare of haunts of folly sin and shame it is sickening to think that with them rest the future of the country, and in them lies its hope. It is no wonder that the hearts of fathers, mothers and sisters are filled with dread and grief. No wonder that the perpetual and earnest advice to the young men is to go into "ladies' company." The advice is good.—There is positive safety for him in the company of a vain, giggling, trifling girl. The most empty-headed and empty-hearted of coquettes is a more harmless companion for him than a cursing, tippling fellow who thinks all manner of silliness and sin manly, and will travel fast, although he dawns at the end of the road. Yes, your young man's salvation is in the sweet smile and voice, the beautiful graces and accomplishments of some fair creature, attractive alike in mind and body.

But a young man dare not go and see a young woman he fancies, and make a friend and companion of her. Will not all the Mrs. Grundies think and say that it means something and immediately and vigorously set to work to whisper their suspicious loud enough for the world—including the respective families of the young persons to hear them. Is not your man a flirt a desperate fellow in whom there is danger, if he is known to go to see a half a dozen girls at the same time? Has not this propriety which yerrades our fine modern life something to do with the terrible outlawry and viciousness of the young men? Has not rigid, ghastly etiquette driven them from the parlor to the rum shop? In the days when some of us were boys and girls, it was not a proof that two young people were engaged to be married that they were often together happy in the interchange of interest and sympathy and all kindly feelings. And some how there were better boys then than now. And better girls too, for that matter.—Philadelphia Journal.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.—To destroy Rats—Catch them, one by one, and flatten their heads with a lemon squeezer.

To Shake Carpets—Collect all the dogs in the neighborhood in the backyard and worry them with tom-cats. Then hand the carpet to them—they'll shake it for you.

To drive Flies out of the House—Put your molasses barrel and preserves in the back-yard, in the sun.

To kill Cockroaches—Get a pair of boots, then catch your cockroaches; put them in a barrel and dance.

To kill Bed-bugs—Chain their hind legs to a tree, then go round in front and make mouths at them.

To catch Mice—On going to bed, put a few crumbs of cheese in your mouth, and lay with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat, bite.

To keep Fish from Smelling—Cut off their noses.

To make Hens lay—Tie them flat on boards and put pillows under their heads.

To prevent dogs from getting mad—Cut their tails off close behind their ears.

To keep healthy—Take a brandy smash early every morning, and throw it out of the window, after which take a walk, and then eat your breakfast.

To kill your enemies—Treat them to rotgut whisky.

The lady who made a dash has since brought her husband to a full stop.

GEN. HOUSTON TO THE WOMEN OF TEXAS.—The closing part of General Houston's Nacadoches speech is one of the most eloquent tributes to woman ever uttered:

"Ladies, I know that politics are always uninteresting to you, yet I believe you have in the general result an abiding interest. It is always a gratification to me to behold my fair countrywomen in assemblages like these. It is always a guarantee that their husbands and fathers and brothers are men of intelligence and refinement, who appreciate their mental capacities, and desire their countenance in their undertakings. Your presence exercises a calming influence upon these antagonisms, which are to often engendered in the heat of political contests. All parties desire your presence. I know that in the direct administration of political affairs you have no share; but yet, reigning as you do, supreme in the realm of love, your influence often controls the destinies of nations. Woman's love is the great lever which arouses man to action. The general, as he plans the strategic combinations which are to insure victory, looks forward to a recompense dearer than the laurels upon his brow; the soldier, as he trudges along on the weary march, or mingles in the scenes of the battle-field, even with death around him, forgets awhile the carnage, and turns his thoughts to the fond girl he left behind him; the mariner, tempest-tossed, driven by the rude waves sings merrily aloft as he thinks of the little cottage by the shore where his wife and dear ones await him; the statesman, as he devises amid deep and painful thoughts plans of government, which are to tell upon his own and his country's fame, never loses sight of the joys which await him when cabinet councils are over, and he enters the portals of fame; the sentinel, as he paces his weary watch, loves the moonlight tramp, that he may look beneath its rays at the dear memento of a mother's or a sister's love. Over man, in all his relationships, the influence of woman hangs like a charm.—Deprive us of your influence, which dignifies and stimulates us to noble deeds, and we become worse than barbarians. Let it be ours, and we can brave the cannon's mouth, or face danger in ten thousand forms. You stimulate us to all that is good. You check us in ignoble purposes. You have also an important influence upon posterity. The early impressions which the child receives from you outlive all the wisdom of later days. Sages may reason, and philosophers may teach, but the voice which we heard in infancy will ever come to our ears, bearing a mother's words and a mother's counsel.—Continue to instill into your children virtue and patriotism. Imbue them with proper veneration for the fathers of liberty. Learn them to love their country and to labor for its good, as the great aim of their ambition. Bid them proudly maintain our institutions. Point them to the deeds of their ancestors. Make these their esoutecheon, and bid them hand it down to their children as free from stain as it came to them. Do this, ladies, and your influence will not be lost in the future.—In the language of the poet, it will still be said:

Woman is lovely to the sight,
As gentle as the dews of even,
As bright as morning's earliest light,
And spotless as the snows of Heaven.

A New York preacher has invited Mrs. Sickles to stay at his house while her husband is at Washington. Don't let her do it, Daniel, he might play Key on you.

"Jimmy do you go to school?"
"Yes, sir, to the school kept by Miss Post."

"Miss Post!—not a whipping Post I hope."

"O, no, sir—she is a guide Post!"