



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.

BELLEVEUE:

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1895.

The weather has been as warm and genial as balmy Spring time, for the last week. Wednesday night there was a light rain—not enough though to do any damage.

We direct attention to Mr. J. M. Jones' card in another column headed "War Declared." We advise all to whom it may concern, to read his call, and if that is not sufficient, read the article on the first page, headed "owe no man anything," and instantly pay themselves out of debt.

Any person desiring a good paper published at the North, free from the abuses the Northern press are generally given to, we would recommend their attention to the Southern Monitor, published at Philadelphia, by J. B. Jones. The Monitor is a fearless advocate of Southern rights, and gives war to the hilt against the fire-eaters of the North.

Godey's Lady's Book for November is decidedly a snub number, and we are certain cannot be excelled by any periodical. Godey certainly deserves the unlimited praise of all the ladies in chrisendom.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Red Land Seminary. Those who are in favor of home education would do well to patronize our parish schools. We have as good schools in Bossier as can be found any where else in the State. There may not be probably as much "ginger-bread examinations," as are generally found—but as for sound practical education, excluding foreign humbuggy—we commend the schools of Bossier.

THE ELECTION.—W. H. Hill and R. P. Crownover were elected Justice of the Peace for Ward No. 4; John R. Miles and Jacob Hartman, constables.

We learn from Claiborne Parish that Berry and Martin are elected Representatives; Moreland is elected Senator by a small majority; over Gen. Young, the democratic nominee. A. B. George, independent candidate for District Attorney, carried that Parish by a handsome majority. Mr. George is elected by at least 500 majority. We have not the full vote of Claiborne, but will give it in our next.

Mr. Pierce's majority in Bienville is 151 over Looney. Total 201. We suppose Henry Gray is elected Representative, as there was no opposition.

In Caddo Parish Robson (dem.) and White, (opp.) were elected Representatives over Hodge (opp.) and Lacy (dem.) It seems that "single shooting" was the order of the day in Caddo, as well as in Bossier and Claiborne. Hoas (dem.) was elected Sheriff over Simpson (opp.) by 194 majority; Ford (opp.) was elected Clerk over Wright (dem.) by 4 majority; Crisp (dem.) was elected Assessor by 100 majority over Christian (opp.). Our old friend Richard S. Carnes was elected Coroner without opposition. Here is our Richard, we hope you'll never have to hold an inquest over our "form" when knocked into pi by death's cold embrace.

We shall give the full details of the election as fast as received.

The Harrison (Texas) Flag says that Douglas is the daddy of all the followers of the Squatter Sovereignty doctrine. What a bad set of children Stephen must have!

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

This may appear rather ominous as a newspaper leader—the world as it is, not as it should be. One might naturally think that we intend regenerating the whole world, from the time of the eventful career of Adam up to the present epoch of Modern goaheadativeness. But no such thing—we intend writing a small piece of advice intended for nobody, or nobody else. Every man is not exactly like his neighbor, and is impossible to make him so. This world of ours is made up of a vast variety of men and women, differing widely from each other in all possible directions. As life is a checker-scene of infinite vicissitudes, so human character is endlessly diversified, and the outward appearances of individuals are not more distinctive and unmistakable than are their mental differences, which, though themselves invisible, are constantly manifested in the conduct and actions of us all. For want of considering this fact in nature, men have been guilty of rash judgment, scandal and persecution since the world began. It is hard to get rid of the notion that all men are made alike, or that mischievous form of it, that all others are made like ourselves. We expect everybody else to see with our eyes, and to think as we do. The consequence of this is that we come to regard those who dissent from our conclusions, especially in important matters, as perverse or wicked; from which flows all manner of evil. We are apt to think that if a person is wrong in one point, or under certain circumstances, he must be wrong in every thing else; and that men who have demonstrated themselves to be no saints, must necessarily be the most abominable and hopeless sinners. Bulwer, in one of his earlier productions, has cleverly hit off this prevailing error. He draws the picture of a man young, rich and admired, seen at first nothing but rose-colors in life; looking upon every one as good, and regarding rascality as an unreal abstraction. From this dream he is awakened by the ungrateful conduct of a person whom he has befriended, and who severely criticises a literary effort of his in one of the magazines. Then he is cheated by an acquaintance in whom he has reposed confidence; and sundry other circumstances fall out unfortunately, and bring him at length to the conclusion that this is a very bad world, and that the people who have served him ill are consummate and unredeemed scoundrels. While he is in this morose state of mind, he becomes acquainted with a generous action performed by a person whom he presently discovers to be the ingrate who had abused him in the Review; and subsequently, the person who had cheated him is proved, to his surprise, to be in the habitual exercise of charitable and kindly deeds. In the same way, the other delinquent characters are discovered to have much good in them after all; and the hero becomes convinced that misanthropy is a mistake, and learns, finally, not to look for impossibilities, but to keep cool, and take the world as it is.

The great body of mankind are neither monsters of iniquity nor paragons of virtue. They are of mixed composition; and we must bear this in mind, and not expect too much of our neighbors, nor be over hasty in forming a sweeping judgment against them upon partial grounds.

A highly interesting controversy is now going on between the Southern Mercury and Eldorado Times, as to which is the best beverage, buttermilk or clabber, and whether it is best to take it 'strate' or with sugar. Come gentlemen, can't you get funny on the occasion and write us a history of "potlicker," how to sop in the dish, etc., it is highly edifying and decidedly amusing.

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!"

The above quotation, taken from the scriptures plainly show that even in the ancient days of yore, the ladies were in the habit of showing their ankles, and are commended for it in the Bible.—Who can blame them for it now? not us surely.

McCranie, of the Southern Times says that Prentice is a retailer of falsehoods. We suppose that Prentice will retaliate by saying that McCranie is a wholesale dealer.

A JEW D'ESPANT.—When a Jew becomes excited at a joke; how would you describe his feelings? A Jew desperate.

The abuse of a fellow mortal after his demise is as strange as his death is melancholy. We are not puritans, neither are we the expounders of the religion of any particular denomination, but we are nevertheless not so vile, sinful and inhuman as to denounce a fellow creature when his mortal remains are mouldering in the dust.—Washington Irving's article on "Sorrow for the Dead," is pathetic, truthful, and could be read with profit by persons who denounce a being who can never, never, return to speak words of contrition. 'Tis strange, passing strange, that persons will suffer their political predilections and personal hatred of a man for defining his political views, to persist in their abuse when the object of censure lies in his grave. A public man, when he acts wrongly, should be denounced whilst living, but when the grave which should "bury every error—cover every defect, and extinguish every resentment" is the receptacle of his remains, humanity, respect for the dead bids the tongue of scandal and abuse forever cease. Broderick—poor mortal—is dead: he had his faults—who has them not? and he who attempts to defame him now, certainly possesses no traits of character which we would ever envy. "To err is human"—the best of men are prone to wickedness, but when a being has gone to render an account to his God for the sins committed, it is time for men to cease their denunciations. Christianity does not sanction the censuring of the dead, but then all are not christians nor never can be—for their souls are too deeply imbued in the blackest spots of infamy.

The Baton Rouge Gazette and Comet expresses our sentiments exactly in relation to the notorious Brown of Harper's Ferry insurrection notoriety. This black hearted murder, and the Abolition hireling of Greely, Seward & Co., is now treated as a prisoner of war—holds cabinet meetings with the highest officials of the day, and makes as big threats as ever. Verily, it is fame to be wholesale murderer, instead of punishment. If this outlaw had have been immediately hung on the spot it would have been a credit to the country, but as it now stands, it is a burlesque on the impotency of the law. Brown will next be openly received to the hospital bosom of Greely, and welcomed as a persecuted individual.—Blondin had better look to his laurels. This is an age of humbuggy, and the one who plays his hand the boldest generally wins. Brown—the magnanimous Brown—the persecuted Brown—only thought he was doing a christian act in cutting the throats of slaveholders.

The Southern (Ala.) Mercury editor says that he will hereafter either publish a better paper or quit the business. A good idea for some newspaper men we know of not a thousand miles from North Louisiana; but we can't get along without the Mercury, that's certain—according to its own statement.

The Secretary of War has received an insolent letter purporting to come from Cook, of Harper's Ferry, insurgents, dated at Chambersburg, Pa., in which he threatens to retake Harper's Ferry and Charlestown Va., with an army of several thousand men. He also says in his letter that he will throw open all the jails and liberate all the prisoners, and perform many other very ridiculous feats.

The St. Charles and St. Louis Hotels, New Orleans, are now connected by a telegraphic wire, and communications are being made hourly between the two Hotels, by all who desire to do so—it is the first thing of the kind attempted in a southern city, and promises to be eminently useful to both proprietors and sojourners.

POST OFFICE OPERATION.—The following post offices in Louisiana have been discontinued by the Postmaster General: Bisteneau, Bossier Parish, Red Bluff, in De Soto parish.

A Boston mechanic, it is said, has invented what he calls a "blowing machine." If it can beat the blowing machine of the Claiborne Advocate, it will do.

THE CRIMINAL CRAZE.—People are morbid about criminals, and woman are crazy about them and their concerns. If a poor wretch it going to be hung, they are importunate in their knocking at the jail gates for a sight of his interesting physiology, and the greater his crime, the more ravenous is their diseased curiosity. A good man may starve in his fever cellar, and no one will come to see him die—certainly no one, except some Sister of Charity, or poor City Missionary, will send him a crust of bread to eat, or a stick to keep him warm. But let a murderer receive his death warrant, and he immediately assumes tragic proportions, and everybody is interested in him, and pities him and will pay down handsome sum for an inch of the rope which has strangled him. At the late sale of furniture of Lane, the New York defaulter, this morbid and evil feeling ran so high that it amounted to "enthusiasm"—"great enthusiasm," as the papers expressed it—and Lane himself was exalted into a hero. "A large crowd assembled at the auction room," and the things sold, in some instances, at extravagant prices, especially the sofas on which young Lane and his mistress had sat in cuddle communion, "I know not," as Hamlet says, "how oft!" All the fashion of New York were present— young ladies, and old dowagers, and puppies in pants, and grey-haired old men, "spectacles on nose," and all greedy bidders and buyers—the ladies bidding enthusiastically for different articles of elegance," that they might hereafter point out the same to their friends, as having once been the property of a felon, and a "woman of easy virtue!" Who would not be a criminal, since crime is at premium value, and fashion and beauty are its adorers and purchasers?—Olive Branch

THE LATE SENATOR BRODERICK.—Of this individual the New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier says:

In 1848 Davy Broderick kept a three cent porter-house on the corner of Hudson and Perry streets. He did not make much money at it, but he made a good living. He sold out about the close of 1848 and went with the first rush to California. He ran in 1848 as a candidate for Congress, but was beaten by Gen. Fred. Tallmadge. Davy was a rough and very rough specimen of the Roughs of that city, but he changed in 1849, and seemed to become a new man. He studied hard—was never immoral, and would have succeeded in political life by his indomitable perseverance. I knew him well, and I had occasion to observe before he went away to California that his perfect knowledge of primary organizations, of the rule of debate, and how to preside at a meeting, would stand him in hand in new State. It did so, and he made his mark to become a senator. As between Gwin and Broderick, I think that Mr. B. had more principle than his colleague. Both were political adventurers—both achieved a certain amount of success. Gwin cheated Broderick most unmercifully in the matter of the federal appointments for it is certain that poor Broderick gave Gwin his election on the solemn condition that he (Gwin) should not meddle with the appointments! Broderick knew no more about pistol shooting than about flying. He paid the penalty of his ignorance, and there is an end of it. I suppose Terry will be elected to fill the vacant Senatorship!

A dervise, walking in his little garden, looked up, and lo! a genius stood before him: "I am commissioned," said he, "to inform you, oh dervise, that you are destined to commit one of three great faults—murder, adultery, or drunkenness; but you are allowed to choose your offence." The dervise instantly chose to be guilty of drunkenness, as the least fault of the three, the consequence was, that while intoxicated he committed the other two.—Exchange.

The above is worth more than half a dozen temperance lectures—if were only heeded.

The Abolitionists of Worcester, Mas., propose contributing a sum of money for the purpose of employing able counsel to defend Brown at the coming trial in Virginia.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.—The London Times, after a review of the actual condition of the West India Islands and a contrast of their former prosperous condition with their present state of decline, closes with the following emphatic paragraph against the black emancipation.

We wish to heaven that some people in England—neither government people, nor parsons, nor clergymen—but some just minded honest and clear sighted men would go out to some of the islands—say Jamaica, Domenica or Antigua not for a month, or three months, but for a year—would watch the precious protegee of English philanthropy, the freed negro in his daily habits; would watch him as he lazily plants his little squares; would you see him as he proudly rejects agricultural or domestic service, or accepts it at ludicrously disproportionate to the value of his work. We wish, too, they would watch him while, with a hide thicker than that of hippopotamus, and a body to which fervid heat is a comfort rather than annoyance, he dralngly lounges over the prescribed task on which the intrepid Englishman, unaccustomed to the burning sun consumes his impatient energy, and too often sacrifices his life. We wish they would go out and view the negro in all the blazonry of laziness, his pride, his ingratitude, con temptuously sneering at the industry of that race which made them free and then come and teach the memorable lesson of the fancies who have perverted him into what he is.

VANITY OF STUDENTS.—The Petersburg (Va.) Express takes off the self conceit of the student in the University in that State in the following style. The students in our Georgia University are not quite so puffed up, perhaps, they have no reason to be:

Of all vain creatures, undoubtedly the University student is the most self conceited. The pride of the unfledged youth who leaves behind him the village school for College groves, is unworlthy of notice. The grand climacteric of human vanity is consummated in the walk, talk, lounge and laugh, of the University student; all other vanities sink into insignificance. On his way to the University he is anxious that all should know the fact; he ties his card—not omitting "University of Virginia" on his umbrella, and walking cane; tucks it on valise and trunk; prints his name on gloves; scribbles it on his "Harper," on his beaver box, in his cap, on the top of his boots, and in fact, on every available spot of his clothes, visible and invisible. He registers name at Hotels—"University of Va.," talks about nothing else in restaurants and clothing stores; at the street corners; in Depots; on the cars and off; he speaks of it everywhere; in every condition, every hour, and in every manner possible. Colleges are derided; old foggies despised; "mean whisky" abhorred, indifferent cigars detested. A short residence at this devoted place, like a taste of the fabled locuous fruit, turns into oblivion the past scenes of life. One begins a new existence; the past becomes an ill-defined dream and matriculation issued in the dawn of a glorious future.

From a pile of exchanges now before us, as well as from information derived from a number of our best and most experienced sugar planters, we are perfectly satisfied that the present crop will fall short of 300,000 hhd. The cane is both short and small, and the stand is not a good one. There is not one single planter parish who can boast of a first rate crop.—Iberville Sentinel.

Judge Terry, who killed Senator Broderick in a duel, in California, emigrated from Christian county, Kentucky, to that State. It will be recollected that his course in California drew down upon him the denunciation of the San Francisco vigilance Committee, and that he made a narrow escape with his life out of their hands.

The New York Herald rejoices over the news of the capture of the fillibusters, and thinks that achievement a very tall plume in Mr. Buchanan's cap. It seems to be only feather about the whole concern. A fowl with only one article of wearing apparel is in a good position "put on airs."

A RACY PROPOSITION.—The local editor of the McKean Citizen throws out the following laughable challenge to M. Blondin:

A single telegraph wire shall be extended from the American to the Canada shore, without a single guy, directly over the cattract at Niagra Falls. The "Local" of this paper, wearing a pair of cowhide boots and dressed in the costume of a female Dutch cook, will proceed to the middle of the wire with a common clay pipe as a balancing pole, driving before him a hog and cow and carrying on his back a cooking stove, a coop of chickens, a bed and bedding, a keg of lager beer, a barber's chair, and various other cooking utensils. He will then unload himself and immediately go to bed. After a snooze of fifteen minutes he will rise dress himself, take a glass of beer, milk the cow, kill the hog, dress it, cook fresh pork for breakfast, after which he will eat a wolf's meal. He will then throw one hundred and thirty summersaults, sucking an egg while in the air at each evolution, alighting the last time on the tip of the cow's horn, and while in this position will take the chicken coop, and after having taken the chickens one at a time and wrung their necks consecutively, will balance the coop on the tip end of his nose, balance the cooking stove on his right hand thumb, balance the bedstead on his left thumb, at the same time finishing the beer, and making a Dutch speech to the admiring crowds on either shore. After which—after the manner of Levi North's celebrated one horse act—the "Local" will perform the one cow act. The foreman of this paper will then come out on the wire, blindfolded and shackled, walking on his hands. Then there will be a representation of Heenan and Morrissey's prize fight, in which the "Local" and foreman will exchange sundry knocks and kicks, and black eyes. The last scene will be both parties standing on their head, and will in this predicament, play a rub of twenty-one games of old sledge for the treat of all hands. The whole to conclude with a representation of some of the loving scenes in Romeo and Juliet.

A returned Pike Peak wagon passed there, says the Des Moines Citizen, a few days since, with these words rudely daubed on the cover: "Fizzle—ask no questions." That told the whole story as well as it could be told in half an hour, and saved the time of the travelers, who already felt that they had wasted too much.

A VERY ANCIENT COIN.—An opulent Israelite in the vicinity of Salina, Alabama, possesses a silver shekel, coined in Judea one thousand seven hundred and fifty years ago. It is of the size of a half dollar piece, but its silver is only worth fifteen cents. It has been for five hundred and eighty years in the same family.

FARMING GIRLS.—There is a widow living in Erie county, Minnesota, named, Roberts, who, with her four daughters does all the labor on a farm of one hundred acres. The eldest daughter has charge of the plowing department, while the youngest superintends the team. The other two daughters assist as their services required, both in and out of the house.

COTTON IN ARKANSAS.—The yield of cotton in the Arkansas Valley, it is said, has never exceeded the promise of the present season. Heavy pickings are now made, and the weather is dry and extremely favorable. The upland crop is alike promising.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—Washington city has recently been flooded with counterfeit coin, in the shape of bogus gold dollars. The former are well executed, and the latter would not be detected except on close examination.

The Hon. J. R. Giddings of abolition notoriety, has published a card in which he denies ever being consulted by the notorious Brown concerning the late Harper's Ferry insurrection, or upon any other matter whatever.

A lady was recently asked to join one of the divisions of the daughters of temperance. She replied.—"That it is not necessary, as it is my intantion to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks."

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "Yes," he replied, "but you don't know how difficult that is!"