

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, NOVEMBER 27, 1895.

HEALTH.—Our city of late, has been quite healthy, much to the gratification of the people, and satisfaction of the doctors.

As Douglas has favored us with several copies of his reply to Judge Black, we have sent one copy to our one-sided cotemporary of the Southern Times. Mr. can you tell us which way the wind blows.

We are under obligations to S. A. Douglass for a copy of his reply to Judge Black—"Popular Sovereignty in the Territories." We have not had time to give Judge Douglas' reply a perusal, but shall do so at an early date, and shall probably have something more to say on the subject.

THE WEATHER.—The clerk of the weather must certainly be on a 'bust.' For the last week it has been as 'warm and balmy' as the spring time. We hardly know how to keep up with the weather of late, when we write an article on cold weather, by the time our paper is out, it is sure to turn warm. It is currently reported that we will have some more weather shortly, provided it doesn't rain.

DOLBEAR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—In another column will be found the advertisement of this worthy institution. It was established twenty-seven years ago, by Mr. Dolbear, as a Southern institution, and for the benefit of the Southern people; it now stands as one of the brightest ornaments of our land; it comes well recommended, and asks the Southern people for their support.

We have just received the December No. of Godey's Lady's Book. It seems like Godey is determined to excel all others in his line, his sole object is, to please the ladies. With the January number, commences a new volume of this invaluable periodical. Terms, \$3 a year. The Banner and Lady's Book, will be furnished to subscribers at \$5 per annum, in advance.

Arthur's Home Magazine for December is now on our table. The principal contents of this No. are highly entertaining. To those of our lady friends who are desirous of obtaining a good fireside monthly, we would recommend them to Arthur. Terms \$2 per annum; four copies \$5; Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book one year for \$3 50. Send for a specimen number, furnished gratis to those who are desirous of making up clubs. Address T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia.

Our friend Dalton of the Creek-ett (Tex.) Printer, doesn't seem to coincide with us in our historical views of that harmless animal, the hog. Well Dalton, we didn't intend to spile your good appetite for "gravy" when we placed the hog in such a humiliating position as to class it as next to man—in the animal kingdom. We like the spoils of the hog itself, particular when it is in the shape of "gravy"—if any doubt our statement, we refer them to our landlord. If we have been guilty of offending you or any of your family, Dalton, we crave pardon, and beg that you smother the calumny of peace with us; and we do hope the matter will be properly adjusted without leaving it to "seconds" to make "further arrangements."

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

No one can imagine the extent of the plans which were laid by the Northern Abolitionist, in the dreadful and unfortunate outbreak of the Harper's Ferry affair. That their schemes were deep and laid in certain, but fortunately, the blow was struck at an unlucky time for the accomplishment of their hellish designs.

It now remains to be seen, whether Gov. Wise will demand the surrender of the parties who have contributed money to carry out this plot. It is a duty which devolves upon him, and he will be guilty in not exercising it.

Gerrit Smith ought to be demanded in company with his associates, and should be delivered over to the hands of justice, to be dealt with according to his deserts. If the State of New York refuses to surrender him, then indeed will it be a good cause for the South to arm, from the youth of twelve years to the age of sixty. Let her be up and doing, for if she refrains from the pursuit of the path pointed out by the finger of justice and humanity, then indeed, ought her dirge be sung, and the last spark of manly honor may well be said to have departed from her sons. Let the cry go forth from Maryland to Texas, a wrong has been inflicted, her peaceful citizens have been butchered in cold blood, and should the South refuse to act promptly, efficiently and in earnest; should she be content to repose in trembling, anxious and humiliating security at the feet of these Northern Abolitionists—woe be to her future, for it is dark and gloomy indeed.

We would not indulge in wild and unreasonable braggadocio, but our earnest conviction is expressed when we say that the South has an absolute right to demand the surrender of these men and that a refusal is tantamount to an endorsement of the action; this is being so, the "Union" is not worth a straw, and its continuance is a farce which has been played but too long upon the too credulous Southern states.

If these remarks should fall under the notice of some Northern hostile, or some Southern recusant, and he should conclude that because they are the ebullitions of an editor, young in age, and in a humble sheet issued in a North Louisiana village, that hence they should be treated as idle garrulity, he "counts with his host." WE PRESENT THE TRUE STATE OF THE SOUTHERN MIND.

A mind taking cognizance of deep and grievous wrongs, inflicted upon us by those who should have been of the best and dearest of our political and social companionship. No idle declamation; no ephemeral resolves will be brought up for the occasion. But we take our time to reflect upon what is best to be done, and when is the best time to do it. We ask no counsel, for our people are sufficient for these things. We beseech no clemency, we ask no forbearance from our enemies. The sentiment of all classes, upon the issue of the question of Southern Rights or Disunion, is the same. Let it come in the word—let it come now, whatever may be its aspects, let it come.

We assure our fellow citizens of the free States, that things will be managed more to the purpose and the point than formerly. Heretofore it has been as though we said to them, as every outrage occurred: "Well, just say you are sorry and you can kick us again." "Sorry" won't do now. Justice is the demand of the South and she will have it. We do not know, of course, how the "Republicans" will deport themselves in Congress, or in the several State Governments, nor do we much care. We would rather prefer that there should be something tangible, that they may be even as plain and candid as their representative, the ruffian Brown, and then we shall feel that we shall soon test the black, unsocial hypocritical ties that bind the States together. Mutual respect and esteem are gone, confidence is lost, and very little else keeps up the appearance but the trade—not the peril of life, or limb or liberty—but the peril of the dollar.

If the bloody issue must come, our abolition citizens must not be surprised if the battle for the constitutional rights of the South; the contest for the protection of slavery, is fought upon the soil of the free States. But more of this hereafter.

A physician in St. Paul asserts that 3,000 babies were born last winter, and that the crop the coming winter will be still heavier.

MACK'S BAYOU.

Our cotemporary of the Caddo Gazette calls upon us "to urge the good people of Bossier to raise a sufficient fund to open the bayous and Lake Bodcaeu." We think as the Gazette does, that navigation can easily be opened in Bodcaeu, and at little cost. As the raft at the mouth of Mack's Bayou has already been consumed by fire, we think that it now presents a most favorable opening for good navigation to the citizens on Bodcaeu coming within a mile of this place. At what cost this work can be done—opening through navigation on Bodcaeu to Shreveport—we are not apprised of; but entertain a high opinion with but little cost, and no one will doubt on these terms, but what it will result in material benefit to the citizens of this parish; and more direct, to the shippers and owners convenient to the benefit of this navigation. "Let us reason together on the question." Will the citizens of Bossier take this matter in hand? Shall we have a cheap and profitable navigation or not? The opening is a good one, and offers every inducement to our shippers as a rewarding profit for securing navigation within their immediate wants. Will our citizens respond to this call? Let us go to work on this subject at once, their is nothing to impede our progress in this prospering enterprise—and but small expenditures. The outlay in cleaning and opening navigation in the bayous and Bodcaeu to Shreveport, would be but a trifling sum in comparison to the good resulting from such an enterprise. Surely any enterprise resulting in good to our parish should meet the warm encouragement of its citizens; and particularly when said enterprise would result in an economical outlay, and immediate benefit two-folds equivalent to the expenditures. We believe that all enterprising citizens will agree with us in this matter—there is no room for cavil or doubt. Let our citizens have the proposed navigation; it cannot do otherwise than eventually, if not immediately prove a growing enterprise of no small importance. We call upon our citizens to go to work with a determination sustaining itself, that we will let no such an enterprise of so much importance slip through our hands by negligence, and not attempt to avail ourselves of the rare opportunities offered. With a small appropriation from the Police Jury, with little expense and labor, these facilities of navigation so economically offered to our immediate vicinity, might be easily accomplished, and the good resulting from such a source none can foretell.

In the meantime, we shall investigate this matter further, and urge upon our citizens the propriety of giving their attention to this useful and economical enterprise. Ad referendum.

It would be a good idea if all those editors who are celebrated for inflicting long, prosy editorials upon their readers week after week, could so manage it as to compress all their thoughts into one issue of their paper, for in that event their readers might skip them all at once, and thereby save themselves the trouble of making a skip for each separate editorial.—Madison Journal.

Wonder if the Journal is casting insinuations at the spasmodic Midnight Musings of the Minden Monitor.

EDITORIAL COURTESIES.—Last week, Greeley, in a labored article in the Tribune, advocated Bennett, of the Herald, as a proper person to represent our country as Minister to France. Bennett, next day returned the compliment, by trying to prove that Greeley was concerned in the Harper's Ferry insurrection and ought to be hung.

It is said that "Bonner of the New York Ledger, has offered Douglas \$5,000 to write an article for his paper every week for a year, defining in each his position anew on the subject of popular Sovereignty.

The Montgomery Mail says: "The sentiment is universal that the first of January, 1862, must find no single free negro within the limits of Alabama." Good!

The Oswego Times tells a story of a man who is so lazy, that after sitting at the dinner table an hour and a half, he often goes away hungry being too lazy to eat!

There must certainly be some very classic voters in Louisiana, as an instance of the fact we give the names of a few queer individuals voted for at the last general election. In West Baton Rouge, we learn from the Sugar Planter that some legal qualified voter did, with malice aforethought, vote for the "Devil" for Congress—Third District—in preference to any other candidate in the field. No doubt this was done for no other purpose than to create a stir in the political circles in that section—though we must say the move was a very appropriate one, and shows the voter to be a sensible man. It would take the devil to represent the Third District properly anyhow.

From the Daily Crescent of a recent date, we learn that the following votes were actually polled in New Orleans: For Governor, Sans Souci; for Lieut. Governor, N'importe; for Attorney-General, Simon Suggs; for Auditor of Public Accounts, John Smith; for Secretary of State, Nom de Plume; for Superintendent of Public Education, Nix for Stay; for Commissioner Board Public Works, Absalom Snooks. Here the voter gives a few real names, which though on account of the bogus names were rejected. This wise man of the "alps" winds up his ticket by voting for P. Doesticks Justice of the Peace. He should then signed himself Doestick's friend.

DOUGLAS ON BRODERICK.—Senator Douglas being invited to take part in the New York firemen's obsequies of the late Senator Broderick, on Sunday, the 13th, declined on account of the illness of Mrs. Douglas. In his letter, he says, of Broderick:

"No man under circumstances so unpropitious, ever established in that body a prouder and more enviable reputation in so short a period. His vigorous intellect, the frankness and sincerity of his character, his resolute purpose and resistless energy, his fidelity to principle, to duty and to friends, commanded the respect and excited the admiration of his associates. His sudden death will cast a gloom over the Senate, as it startled and shocked the whole country. It is peculiarly appropriate that his old friends in your city, among whom he had spent the greater portion of his life, and who loved him most because they knew him best, should manifest their admiration for his virtues and their sorrow for his untimely death in a manner becoming the subject and the event."

Some one has said that wine, women and gaming are the three greatest plagues of man. The truth of this assertion—at least as regards the former—was exemplified in Cincinnati a few days since. The Enquirer says:

A "prominent citizen," who has recently been very assiduous in his attention to a certain lady, volunteered to send her a basket of choice wine, just received from the importers. The beverage was dispatched in charge of a blundering porter, to whom was intrusted a note, informing the lady that the donor would call and spend the evening. Most unfortunately for all parties, the basket was delivered at the wrong number—a house occupied by a savagely jealous man and his beautiful wife alone. The basket and letter fell into the hands of the gentleman, who, burning with a desire for vengeance, called upon the generous youth, and without as much ceremony as "by your leave," gave him a sound "punching." After the flagellation had been artistically administered an explanation ensued, which, we trust, was satisfactory to both parties.

We are not advised whether lady No-one has yet received her allowance of wine.

The Richmond Whig's editor is trying hard to figure out a duel. Hear what he says of Mr. Wallack of the Washington Star: "He would sell his soul, if he had one, for thirty pieces of silver. He is a professional jobber and swindler, and derives his meat and bread from habitual depredations upon the public treasury. He would lie or steal, or murder without any hesitation, for those who would pay him.

Gerrit Smith has lost his reason and is now confined in the Lunatic asylum.

PROMPT ACTION.—So soon as the news reached the Government on Tuesday, by a telegraphic despatch from the collector of New Orleans, of Texas, measures were immediately taken to order the despatch of the United States troops from Baton Rouge; and we believe that at the moment of our writing the troops are on the way to the seat of disturbance. Within an hour after the receipt of the despatch from Collector Hatch, the order was issued for the march of the troops from Baton Rouge.—Washington Constitution of Wednesday

There is only one sense in which the foregoing paragraph expresses the exact truth. It is true that so soon as orders were sent from Washington, a company or two of United States troops had rapid dispatch for Brownsville, but it is equally true that the Government has been criminally negligent—if not absolutely indifferent—to the condition of things on our Texan frontier. For weeks even months, what has now actually happened was threatened and predicted—the people of Brownsville and vicinity entreated, warned and expostulated with the authorities, but all to no effect. And now when Brownsville is in the possession of a guerrilla band, and her citizens either killed or prisoners at the mercy of a notorious ruffian and outlaw, the Government despatches a few troops to the scene of devastation and blood, and the court journal, with accustomed schyphny, pronounces the action prompt. It is just such promptness as has made this administration almost a "by-word and a hissing" wherever the American flag floats.

The imperilled and butchered citizens on the banks of the Rio Grande, could their voices be heard, would probably pronounce a different verdict from that of the obsequious organ at Washington. Promptness, indeed!—Mobile Advertiser.

A MODEST PROPOSAL TO POLITICAL FAULT FINDERS.—Under this head the National Intelligencer copies from the Boston Transcript some reflections on party ethics, with a portion of which we are so well pleased that we cannot resist the inclination to give our subscribers an opportunity of perusing them:

"Let the excited partizan look into the records of special conflicts long since ended, and how pitiful seems the miserable sophistries, the bitter invectives, the insulting personalities which degrade the annals of controversy! Viewed when the winds of the tempest are laid, and the smoke of the battle has dispersed, how unworthy of christian men such means and appliances appear! So, too, when one withdraws himself from the irritating and pestilent atmosphere, and looks around upon other scenes and interests, how he wonders at the narrowness and egotism, the prejudice and the passion, that once blinded and infuriated him! There is nothing like historical reading and foreign travel to expand the mind and lift it above the range of local and party influences. When one realizes how vast the world is, how identical the wants and instincts of humanity, if he has a soul within him, it expands to a vivid comprehension of the fact that the place and the questions which he imagined were universal are but units in the mighty sum of life, and as such to be regarded with a broad view, looking before and after."

MUSIC.—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits—to the very core and root of our soul. Music soothes us, stirs us up; it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is language by itself, just as perfect in itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words; just as divine, just as blessed.—Kingsley.

The British Government is drawing largely on the white oak forests of Virginia. Over three hundred men are employed in getting timber in the mountains near the Cheat River which is to be used for gun carriages. The contractor has orders which will take twenty years to fill. The Cheat River oak is said to be the best yet imported into England, and far surpasses the Canada oak, which it is fast superseding.

Girls kiss each other before marriage because their instincts teach them to kiss somebody; but they never kiss one another after marriage because they have discovered a better article.

For the Bossier Banner. LINES ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

INSCRIBED TO C. N. ARDIS, ESQ.

Far back along the chequered path of time, My heart once gathered flowers fair and sweet; Flowers that bloomed in a bright sunny olime, But faded as the sands of life must fleet.

Man's mind is so construed as to live, And oft review his childhood's burning hopes; Which here and there like some faint odors give, The sense a knowledge of some bloom that opens.

The youthful heart is like an opening bloom That sparkles in the morning's dewy ray— Or like the swooping eagle's screaming loom, When rising from the ocean's briny spray.

'Tis like the smiling violet's blue eye, Which opens to greet the coming rays of dawn, Or like the stars that gem the azure sky, And deck the streams they seem to float upon.

But soon the spring of youth will fade away, And summer's rip'ning fruits will cheer the heart Yet they must pass as fragments of the day, As calmly sun-set's golden hours depart.

My heart is entering now the Jung of life; A fleeting month will quickly wait it by, Then scattered o'er the bill'wy sea of strife The ship-wrecked hopes of joyous youth will lie.

All, all, the glorious past, it's bygone hours Like dreams, are stealing on my vision now,— They come with gorgeous wreaths of faded flowers, To place a mocking crown upon my brow.

Before my mental gaze in one long train, They rise upon the vision's golden strand, And softly lay their gifts in mem'ry's fame, Then flit away to the bright spirit land.

Each kind and loving friend that I have known Each soft and earnest kiss on lip and brow— The dreams of youth, though faded once and gone, In freshness steal upon the vision now.

The walks we used to take across the hills, Where waving blue-grass bent before the wind, Each stroll we took along the flow'ry rills, All, all the joys of youth live in the mind.

The mem'ry of the frost is all that's left, All that is left, of earth, for me to love, My soul was of its earthly jewel left, My heart is with an angel form above.

The tears I once could shed, all, all have dried,— But then what use can be for shedding tears? The blushing hopes of youth, alas, have died, 'Till scarce advice or friendly smile endears!

My harp is still! no more its saddened strings In dirges from the buried past shall moan; But like the roaring lark on golden wings, Shall rise from the carol of its maker's throne.

MYSTERIUM. BOSSIER PARISH, La., 1859.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the temptations that beset it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown; for qualities that will "wear well." One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton or a mere scollar may find enjoyment in study; a man of literary taste can receive from books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—N. Y. Ledger.

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and got reduced to its last quarter.—Exchange.

Wonder if it don't stop cutting up its shins about that time? The following is alarming evidence of the progress of the photographic art: A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographer, and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original. Very likely—