

# The Bossier Banner.

W. H. SCANLAND,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—THEN GO AHEAD."

Editor and Proprietor.

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## MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Northern Mail—Leaves Thursday 6 A. M. Arrives Friday 9 P. M.  
Southern Mail—Leaves Friday 6 A. M. Arrives Saturday 6 P. M.  
Eastern Mail—Arrives Daily 11 A. M. Leaves 12 M.  
Western Mail—Arrives Daily 11 A. M. Leaves 2 P. M.  
Walnut Hill—Leaves Monday 7 A. M. Arrives Tuesday 6 P. M.  
J. H. LOFTON, P. M.

## S. G. McKEMIE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Minden, La. v1n1

## R. J. LOONEY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Bellevue, La. v1n1

## T. M. FORT,

Notary Public, Bellevue, Bossier Parish, La. v1n1

## GEO. WILLIAMSON,

Attorney at Law. Will continue the practice in the parishes of Bossier, Caddo and DeSoto. He will also attend to all the business of Landrum & Williamson, in the above parishes. v1n12

## R. G. LISTER,

House, sign and ornamental painter. Paper hanging, gilding, glazing and imitation of all kinds of wood and marble, upholstery, &c. v1n1

## DR. J. J. CARSTARPHEN,

Bellevue, La., being permanent location. Bellevue, would respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of this place and vicinity. Office next door south of Spurlin & West's store. v1n1

## R. W. ARNETT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Bellevue, La. Will practice in the seventeenth Judicial District Court. v1n1

T. M. FORT. B. F. FORT.

## FORT & BRO.,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Bellevue, La. v1n1

## W. H. HILL,

Auctioneer of Bossier Parish, La., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in said capacity. v1n1

## L. M. NUTT,

Attorney at Law, Shreveport, La. Will practice in the courts of Caddo, Bossier, Claiborne and Bienville. v1n1

J. H. KILLPATRICK. J. W. PENNALL.

KILLPATRICK & PENNALL.

Attorneys at Law, Shreveport, La. Will practice in the courts of Caddo, DeSoto and Bossier. v1n1

## RICH'D W. TURNER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Will practice his profession, in the District courts of Bossier, Bienville, Claiborne, and in the Supreme court at Monroe. Mr. Turner pledges himself to give his undivided attention to the prompt discharge of all business entrusted to his care. Office, Bellevue, La. v1n1

## DR. L. H. FISHER,

Having permanently located in Bellevue, would respectfully offer his professional services to the people of Bellevue and vicinity, in the various branches of his profession. Office adjoining the Planter's Hotel. v1n1

G. W. LOGAN, JR. EUGENE SONIAT.

W. C. C. CLAIBORNE, JR.

LOGAN, SONIAT & CLAIBORNE

Successors to Duncan & Logan. Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, No. 57 Carondelet street, Union Row, New Orleans. v1n1

## V. SHIDET,

Watch-Maker and Jeweler. Dealer in fine watches, jewelry and diamonds. Texas street, between S. Haber's and A. Marx's stores, Shreveport, La. Watches and Jewelry repaired and warranted. v1n1

## 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 of 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

## For the Bossier Banner. CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

BY AMICUS.

Civil government was a subject of vast importance with our forefathers when the subject of taxation, without representation was presented before them, in a practical point of view. The very small tax upon tea could have been paid by them, without little inconvenience, but the principal upon which it was required, they spurned in their hearts and resolved to strike for freedom, and taxation only upon the principles of equality and rights. Even so ecclesiastical government being identified with man's spiritual interest and enjoyments becomes a question of no common magnitude; the proof of this proposition is readily furnished by the fact, that when the reformers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, established a periodical in 1824, in order to discuss the question of the government of that Church, and had formed Union Societies for the purpose of ascertaining the numerical strength of the friends of reform, and to combine in one united memorial to the General Conference, all of which they had a natural and moral right to do, they were unfeelingly, and unwantonly expelled from the communion of the Church, by the menice power, for the so-called offence of being the patrons and readers of the Mutual Rights and members of the Union Societies; no charge of immorality being alleged against them. Legislation without representation produces all this. The government of the Methodist Episcopal Church does not secure the mutual rights of ministry and laity, nor concede to the laity one of the great excellencies of the Protestant reformation, the right of delegated representation in the Governmental affairs of the Church.

The government of the Methodist Protestant Church does not secure the mutual rights to the ministry and laity, and concedes to the laity one of the great excellencies of the Protestant reformation, the right of suffrage, and representation in the rule making department of the church.

Therefore, the question of government is a matter of vital importance to the church, as the polity of the one is shown to the other.

[To be continued.]

PUNCTUALITY.—Men who commence business should be careful how they neglect their obligations, and break their word. A person who is prompt can always be accommodated, and is therefore "lord over another man's purse," as Franklin would say. Never make promises upon uncertainties.—Although the best men may sometimes fail to do as they would, the case is exceedingly rare. He who is prompt to fulfill his word will never make a promise where it is not next to moral certainty that he can do as he agrees. If you would succeed, be punctual to the hour. Return borrowed money the moment you promise. In all things, if you are thus prompt, we will risk you through life; you will succeed; you cannot help it. Those who are prompt in their business affairs are generally so in every department of life. You never knew them to be late at church at the polls, or to pay the printer for advertising. A promptness in every characterizes them.

That was a smart boy who owned that he liked everything good, with the except a good whipping. The same boy liked a good rainy day—too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go a fishing.

If you wish to be happy keep busy, idleness is harder work than ploughing, a great deal more fun in sweating an hour, than there is in yawning a century.

If a fee of fifty cents were charged to see the sun rise, nine tenths of the world would be up in the morning.

## "PAPA GOES THERE."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

'Mayn't I go with you, papa? Please say I may, won't you?'

The words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreating tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listener.

It was a boy of seven years who lisped them, a beautiful boy, with fair, high brow, around which there clustered a glorious wreath of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes; cheeks rosy with health; lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds that taste them. There were tears in those eyes at this time, though, and the dimple mouth was quivering.

It was a man of some five and thirty who listened to this plea; a man who had been of noble love, and princely bearing. Aye, had been, for the blighting truth was written over form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes—red, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks, too, and a brutish look to the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him, he said, in a stern voice, "No, no—its no place for you."

Again those fair, small hands encircled the knees.

'You go, papa. Why can't I too? Do let me go.'

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure souled boy would enter. He took the child tenderly in his arms, and kissed him as of old; then putting him down, he said kindly:

'You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys, and seizing his hat, he hurried from the room, murmuring to himself as he paced his way to the brilliant bar-room, and no place for men, either. Would to God I had never gone!'

For a long time Willie stood where his father had left him; then turning to the low embers that faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair, and resting his head upon his mother's lap, he said earnestly:

'Mamma, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to be there.'

It was a trying question for the poor, heart broken woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him, or that his pure and gentle heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlet for a while, then said endearingly, 'Papa knows better than you, what is best for his little boy? When you grow older you will earn why he does not wish to take you.'

Then rising, she carefully put down her babe upon its little bed, and tied on her hood and cloak.

'Mind the cradle now, Willie, I'll come back soon, and then you shall have some supper and nice fire to sit by, too,' and taking a large basket of ironed clothes, she went out. A wealthy mother would have been frightened at the thought of leaving so young a boy at night fall all alone, with an infant to care for, and an open fire-side to sit beside. But poor Mrs. M. knew well she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up, there was not coal enough to thaw his blue stiff fingers. No, the did not fear to go and leave him, for he had thus been left many a time, and always carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now; but poor little fellow! his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store, where he knew his father always went at evening; and his brain was busy with eager

wonderings. He knew his father loved to go, and knew there must be something that he liked, for he never came home again till long after Willie was asleep. What lay behind those scarlet curtains, was a mystery he sought to unravel.

At length he whispered eagerly as if to encourage a longing wish, "Papa used to tell me, if I wanted to know anything very bad, to persevere, and I would find it out. Now, I do want to know what makes him love to go there so. I know that there must be pretty things behind those windows. I should not wonder"—and his cheeks were glowing—if it was like a fairy house. Why can't I go.

Poor Willie! The temptation to know was too strong to be resisted; so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow, and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice, should they sally out ere his return.

'I won't stay long, pretty dear,' said he, pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lids, and drawing the blankets close over her fair arms. 'No, I'll come back soon, but I do want to take one peep.'

Swiftly his little feet bore him over the pavement and in a trice he stood behind the curtained door.

'How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must all be very funny there.'

A cold, November blast swept around the corner as he spoke, penetrating his worn summer clothes, and causing his flesh to quiver and his teeth to chatter.

'I don't believe they'd hurt me, if I should go in awhile; I am such a little boy, and I am so cold out here,' he said, as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipping in, and closing it without a breath of noise. For awhile he was bewildered with the light and clatter, and half wished he were away. But the warm air was grateful to his limbs, and finding that no one seemed to notice him, he stole towards the glowing grate, and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar were drinking when he entered. Soon, however, they sat down their glasses and dispersed around the room.

'Hallo, said one in a loud tone, as going to the fire hespied Willie. 'What are you doing here, my little fellow?—Who are you and what do you want?'

'I don't want anything, only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M. My papa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the window, I thought I'd like to. But I must not stay long, for I've left the baby alone.'

The man's tones were softened, as he spoke again to him.

'And where is your mother, b y?'

'Oh she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't have as much work as he used to once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him.'

'And does it look as pleasant in here as you thought it would, my child?'

'Oh, yes, it does, sir. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much; it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he'd bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all those pretty bottles, and those flowers with lights on them. 'Please, sir,' and he earnestly seized the rough hands of the listener, please, sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their father?'

'For God's sake do not tell him, Bancroft!' said a deep, anguished voice. He deems me pure and unholy. Heavens! what a wretch I am! My boy, my boy! you have saved me from earth's vilest hell! Here with my hand upon thy sinless brow, I promise never again to touch the cup I have drank so deep. And my brothers in sin, as

you value your soul's salvation tempt me not to break my vow. Help me, Heaven—help me, men, so to live hereafter, that papa may never blush to take his boy along—that if papa goes there, Willie may go too.'

Silently the door closed after them, and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them. The preacher had been there in cherub form, and crazy, loose, unholy thought, or light and ribald jest was hushed. One by one they stole away; and many a wife wore smiles that night nor did the old bar tender, even, curse the little one that robbed him of so many dimes—too deeply in his heart hap sunk the voice of that cherub preacher.

'Don't you like me, papa? Are you cross at me?' asked Willie in a hesitating tone, as they stood a few moments on the pavement; for the scene in the bar-room was an enigma to the child, and he half feared a reproof.

'I was thinking what mamma would like best for supper,' said the father.

'Was you? was you?' was the eager question, in a glad voice. 'Oh, then I know you ain't cross. Oh, get oysters and crackers and tea, papa; and a candle, 'cause there is only a piece. And please, papa, tell mamma not to be cross to me, 'cause I left the baby. I don't believe she will, though, 'cause you know if I hadn't gone as I did, you wouldn't perhaps have come home yet, and she does love to have you home so much. Oh, I feel just like crying, I am so glad.'

'And I feel like crying, too,' said his father, solemnly; and ere midnight he did cry, and his wife, too, but they were holy tears, washing his heart of the dust that had gathered on its beauty, and hers of the sorrow that had draped it as a pall.

PATIENCE OF GOD.—How wonderful it is! Think what he hears and sees and yet though immaculately holy, so sin is infinitely offensive to him and infinitely powerful, so that he can punish it, how he spares! Take the oaths that are uttered. He hears them all, and they soar up in one horrid chorus to the skies. Take the cries which wrong and outrage extort from widows orphans and the oppressed. He hears them all, and how, as Abel's slaughter-corpse called from the ground, must pierce his ears and demand vengeance. The blood which is unjustly shed, drawn from the veins of innocence, he sees it all, and it is sufficiently to make rivers. What foul stench seeks up from corrupt cities, dwellings, and hearts of depraved humanity! And it all amounts to him. And yet he spares—keeps beck the struggling thunders. How amazing His patience! He is a God and not a man, and therefore his compassion fails not.

HE HAD HIM THERE.—A traveller once arrived at a village inn after a hard day's travel, and being very tired requested a room to sleep in, but the landlord said they were entirely full, and that it was utterly impossible to accommodate him; that his wife had to sleep on the sofa and himself on the floor; but he would see what his wife could do for him. The good woman on being applied to, said there was a room he might occupy, provided he would agree to the conditions, viz: to enter the room late, in the dark, and leave it early in the morning, to prevent scandal, as the room was occupied by a lady. This he agreed to do. About two o'clock in the morning an awful noise was heard in the house, and our friend the traveller was heard tumbling heels over head downstairs. The landlord, on arriving at the spot, inquired what the matter was; the traveller ejaculated as soon as he was able to speak—

'Oh, Lord that woman is dead.'

'I know that,' replied the landlord; 'but how did you find that out?'

Our 'boy' cannot find in any arithmetic how to calculate the weight of indignation.

WHAT IS MODERATE DRINKING?—It is the great deceiver of nations, promising health and long life, yet destroying more its tendencies than war, famine or the plague.

It is a sweet morsel in the mouth, but gravel in the stomach.

It is the A. B. C. of drinking; the picture-book leading the young and thoughtless to the worst lessons of intemperance.

It is a regular quack medicine, making splendid promises, but performing no cure, and yet demanding enormous pay.

It is the starting point to the work-house, the asylum and the gallows.

It is a light fingered gentleman, who feels every corner of the drawer, and to the very bottom of the purse.

It is the first step in an inclined plane of rapid descent, smooth as marble and slippery as glass, ending in an abyss of ruin.

It is a beautiful serpent, in whose fangs deadly venom are concealed by the dazzling of its coils.

It is hypocrisy personified, and affected outside sobriety, while all is agitation and uncleanness within.

It is the landlord's bird-line, by which he secures his victims and fastens them in a cage.

It is an ignis fatuus, tempting its fated followers over trembling bogs, and tumbling them down a frightful precipice.

It's whirlpool of ruin in which thousands have sunk to rise no more.

It appears as an angel of light, assuming the smiling countenance, but in reality a demon of the bottomless pit.

It is like a perpetual dropping, injuring a man's constitution far more than occasional drunkenness.

It is the birth-day and birth-place of all the drunkards we have in the land.

It provides an army of reserve to recruit the ranks of the sixty thousand destroyed annually by strong drink.

AN INDIAN'S DREAM.—In 1839, during the administration of President Jackson, our friend Mr. George Moran who resides at Grosse Point, went to Washington with some Indians, the chief of whom was Mecoonse, on their way to see their "Great Father," to make a treaty, the band stopped to rest at Cleveland, and while their chief saw in front of a store a trunk which was studded with brass nails. He seemed to fancy it, and eyed it attentively for some time but said nothing. The next morning before Moran got up, there came a rapping at his door. He opened it, as Mecoonse entered. On being asked by Mr. Moran why he had risen so early, his reply was that he had had a "dream." He was then asked what it was. The chief would not answer until Moran had promised him that he would "make the dream good." Mecoonse then said "I was sleeping, and thought you come ask me, "do you want trunk?" I said yes, and you give me the big bright trunk."

There was no backing out, so the trunk was purchased for eight dollars and given to the Sachem, who was very proud of it. Arrived at Washington, Moran went to the chief's door one morning about daybreak and knocked. He was admitted by Mecoonse, who inquired what the matter was. Moran told him that he had had a dream too, but would not tell it, because "Indian won't make it good like pale face." The chief promised the dream should be made good, and Moran then told him that while sleeping he was walking through the woods with Mecoonse, when the latter give him a section of land. The chief was surprised at the dream, and started back, saying, "Ti-ya George you dream hard!" But seeing that he was fairly entrapped, he said Moran should have the land. It was impossible, however, for the Indian to convey it; so he compromised the "debt" by paying eight hundred dollars. He was often heard to remark afterwards, "white man too smart for Injun."—Detroit Advertiser.

No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.