The Bossier Banner.

W. H. SCANLAND, Editor and Proprietor.

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—THEN GO AHEAD."

VOLUME 1. BELLEVUE, LOUISIANA, DECEMBER 16, 1859. NUMBER 25.

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.

J. H. REID,

General Land Agent, Natchitoches, La. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in said capacity. n24 3t*

S. G. McKEMIE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Minden, La. v1n11

T. M. FORT,

Notary Public, Bellevue, Bossier Parish, La.

R. J. LOONEY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law Bellevue, 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 immitation of all kinds of wood and marble, upholstering, &c. v1n1

DR. J. J. CARSTARPHEN,

Bellevue, La., being permanent located in 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. v1n4

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. v1-n1

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. v1-n3

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

A POETICAL MIXTURE.

The moon was shining silver bright;
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
When freedom from her mountain light
Exclaimed, Now, don't be foolish Joe!

An hour passed on; the Turk awoke;
A bumble bee went thundering by,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
And spread a pall upon the sky.

His echoing axe the settler swung;
He was a lad of high renown;
And deep the pearly eaves among
Giles Scroggins courted Sally Brown.

Loud roars the wild, inconstrnt blast,
And cloudless sets the sun at even;
When twilight dews are falling fast,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!

Oh, ever thus from childhoods hour,
By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Beneath yon ivy-mantled tower,
The bull-frog croaks his serenade.

O, my love is like the red, red rose;
He bought a ring with posey true;
Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

THE ACTED DREAM.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Peace had been proclaimed in all the Western States. There were great rejoicings on the occasion among the settlers who had suffered for so many years.

"Well, wife!" exclaimed Colonel Poe, returning from a hunting expedition one day, "we can move outside the door, now, with some comfort, thank God!"

The Colonel was a tall, noble looking man and had been celebrated for his skirmishes with the red faces, in particular the Wyandotts, who yet cherished a hatred for the 'big foot' as the leaders of the whites was called.

The 'thank God!' was echoed with a fervent spirit by his wife; and going to an entrance, Col. Poe cried, "here Hannah!"

A beautiful girl appeared at the door.

"Peace is proclaimed, my girl, and now you can marry Hawkins as soon as you please."

"O, father," exclaimed the girl, her cheek crimsoning.

"Yes, the young fellow has been a brave, good boy, I shall give my little Hannah to him. Come and kiss me darling!"

Hannah Poe was the Colonel's only daughter. Her slight frame and serenely lovely face, framed in curls of wavy, paling gold, had something angelic, and etherial in them. She was the pride of her parents, the pet of her three elder brothers, the joy and sunshine of the house hold.

For five years they had lived in a rude cabin, near the fort, subject al the time to the annoyance of Indian warfare. Three children had been ruthlessly killed by the savages, they had therefore reason to pursue the merciless enemy.

"Well, I am glad we can breathe free once more," said the Colonel, seating himself, while preparations for the evening meal went quickly on. "I am sure I am sorry for the part I've taken; but then I've been forced into it. I've sent some gallant souls into the other world before their time, and some treacherous demons, too, who ought to have gone sooner."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the river a delegate from the tribe of the Wyandots was holding a conference. The head chief had just spoken, and a signiffcant 'ugh!' testified to the gratification of those who sat in council.

"Big foot must die, and the family of big foot must die!"

"Who will avenge us?" asked the others.

"I will go."

An Indian much above the ordinary height, graceful, yet powerful; a man whose face denoted more than usual penetration and intelligence, arose as he spoke.

"Rhoyennah had lost two brothers," he said: "The word has been spoken. Big foot must die. I will do the deed."

Thus saying, he walked in a stately manner from the circle, and took his direction towards the cabin. He entered, looking hautily around.

"Ha, brother!"—at the word brother the Indian started, and a fiush darkened his swarthy cheek—"we are brothers now, are we not?" said the colonel in a hearty voice. "Come in, come in, and welcome. Hannah place another seat for our guest—here, sit by my side, brother, and let us eat our meal in peace. There has been hate between us; but let us forget our warfare. Shall we not bury the hatchet?"

"The pale face has spoken," said the chief, slowly taking his seat and looking warily round.

"Very well, very well; help him to corn cakes Hannah—I'm glad we can meet as friends. By-and-by we shall see you raising corn with us, bullding cabins and making gardens; shall it be so?"

"The white man has said," replied the Indian, in the same unmoved manner.

Hannah watched his dark, handsome face, while her brother and her father conversed unsuspectingly. She noticed that every few moments he knit his brow and glanced from under them in a suspicious, unsteedy way. Never before had the colonel seemed so frank and genial. He smoked with the chief, told stories of the campaign, and treated the red man with every possible kindness.

"You hnd better stay over to-morrow, brother, and you will see a white man's wedding," he said laughingly, as young Hawkins came in.

"Rhoyennah would rather see a brave's wedding," replied the chief, removing his pipe and gazing steadily at Hannah.

Perceiving his looking colonel soon changed the conversation. Hannah contrived once to detain her father aside, saying, "I feel my old fear of the Indians; must he stay all night?"

"To be sure he must my child," replied the colonel. "You have nothing to fear, for he shall sleep in my own loom. Besides, he knows that peace is restored, and that it would only be the beginuing of wholesale butcheries if he was to harm us. No, no, never fear Rhoyennah, he is a high souled and would never consent to see us treacherously dealt by, after we have treatedly him so kindly."

Hannah was not quite convinced; but still she plaeed great faith in her father.

Night came rapidly on—the fire grew low—and young Hawkins took eave of Hannah, his heart beating at the thought that on the morrow she would be all his own. One by one the members of the family retired taking hospitable leave of Rhoyennah. The colonel spread a bed of mats upon the floor, before the hearthstone, and his wife and himself retired in the same apartment.

Rhoyennah threw himself down but his dark keen eyes closed not in sleep. Glowing like the few embers still blazzing they turned towards the fire, growing bright and more fierce as revengeful thoughts leaped in his bosom.

"But for the pale face who sleeps there,' he said to himself, "my two young brothers would walk the hunting grounds of their fathers to-day. He has murdered the best of my tribe—I must revenge them. Still have I eaten with him; I have smoked the pipe with him, and he has treated me like a brave! It is a cowardly act to strike him now, but I have promised. Rhoyennah must keep his promise to his tribe."

Still as the tiny flame upon the hearth flickered and glowed, he lay uneasily turning, bitter emotions from time to time filled his heart. He heard the heavy breathing of the Colonel, who having the utmost confidence in the honor of his guest, had not even taken the precaution to place his gun within reach. They were asleep now, so probably was the whole household—entirely at his mercy. He looked at his tomahawk, his gun, his keen scalping knife, and thought of the traditions of his tribe.

Darker and darker grew the room; its beams overhead were lost in the blackness of the shadows. Deeper and deeper grew the sleep of the tired family. It approached to midnight, and the house was wrapped in silence.—Rhoyennah lifted himself steathily, and strove with his sight to penetrate the gloom of the apartment. He grasped the tomahawk firmly, and stood in another moment beside the bod of the Colonel. And there, rs if rivited to the spot, he gazed, and though his nervouse fingers gere moving over the weanon o destruction.

"Is this like a brave?" he murmured, stealing, skulking, watching a helpless foe! But my promise! They will laugh if I show mercy;' and up went the fatal weapon.

At that moment a flash of light illuminated the whole room—a stick set to dry in the corner had suddenly taken fire, blazed up, and revealed distinctly the features or the doomed, who at that moment smiled. The arm of Rhoyennah fell powerless at his side, as the fitful flames played from length of the great room; and with something like remorse in his heart, he crept back to his bed of mats, and there began to recount his wrongs to himself, that he might feel his vengeance. Once more overpowered, stealthily he moves again towards the unsuspecting sleepers, when suddenly a door swung noislessly open on its leather hings and a form draped in a long white garment stood in the opening. The Indian was awed. Again his tomahawk fell noislessly—he stood undecided, gazing in trembling and awe towards the being who seemed approaching him. Slowly she came with supplicating jestures, and falling on her knees at his feet, lifted her arms imploringly, then pointed towards the bed. So she knelt while he moved farther and farther away, at last placed his weapons at some distance from him and folding his arms sat down upon his bed. The figure lifted itself gave a mute expression of gratitude, passed him and vanished; but as she went by, he saw that the eyes were tightly closed.

The brave white man was safe. Little did he dream of the mysterious events passing about him while he was totally unconcious. Little did he suppose that he had been doomed to the tomahawk, and his cabin to the flames. His first act in the morning was one of the Indian brave, who more moody than was his wont yet with a look of deep satisfaction spread over his features, conscous that he had done a good deed.

"I'm so glad," said Hannah with a sigh of relief. "I dreamed that he stood at your bed-side, father, ready to kill you and mother, and that I went and implored him to spare you were smiling in your sleep, father and looked so pleasant! When I awakened, I felt as if it had really happened, and could not persnade myself, till I stole to the room ann saw the great brave on his mat sleeping:"

"Foolish child!" said her father laughing; "as if your father's sagacity was ever at fault! I know in whom to put my trust my daugter."

How little he knew, the reader is aware. However, Rhoyennah never visited the cabin again, and Hannah became the happy wife of young Hawkins, little thinking that an acted dream had saved the lives of the household.

THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD WOMAN. I sometimes think the influence of a good woman greater than that of a good man. There are so many avenues to the human heart left open to her gentle approach, which would be instantly barrrd up at the sound of rougher footsteps. One may tell anything to a good woman. In her presence pride sleeps or is disarmed. The old child-feeling comes back upon the world-weary man, and he knows not why he has reposed the unsought confidence which has so lightened his heart. Why, he goes forth again ashamed that one so feeble is so much mightier. Why he could fly from the foe whose approach she courrageously tarries. Why he thinks of the dagger or pistol, or poisoned cup, while she, accepting the fierce blast of misfortune meekly bows her head till the whirlwind be overpast—believing, hoping knowing that heaven's bright smile of sunshine will break through at last The world-weary man looks on with wonder, reverencing yet not comprehending. How can we comprehend? He who stands in his pride, with his panting soul uncovered, in the scorching sahara of reason, and then complains that no dew falls, no showers descend, no buds blossoms or fruit cheer him? How can he who faces with folded arms and decant attitude, comprehend the twining love-clap and satisfied heart-rest which comes only of love? Thank God, woman is not too proud to take what she so much needs. That she does not wait to comprehennd the Infinite before she can love. That she does not plant her foot and refuse to stir, till her Guide tells her why he is leeding her by this path instead of that; and though every footprint be marked with her hearts blood, she does not relax her grasp or doubt His faith. Well may her glance, her touch, the rustle of her garments even have power to soothe and bless; well may the soft touch of such upon brows knotted with the world's strife bring coolness and peace. Oh, woman, do not with your arms akimbo, leave it to profane Delliahs to hold Sampson by shearing his locks! Be strong minded as you will, if only you be pure and gentle-hearted.

WELSH SAYINGS.—Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, and to please all in everything thing that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well-water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold.

Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three warnings from the grave—"thou knowest what I was; thou sees, what I am; remember what I was; remember what thou art to be."

Three things of short continuance—a woman's love, a chip fire, ana a brook flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the house-wife.

Three essentials to a false story-teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

Three things seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a drooping roof, and a scolding wife.

☞ Boys if you multiply 50 cents by 50 cents what is the product? When you get this done, then multiply 4 apples by 2 pairs of socks and tell what the answer is.

FAULT FINDING.—One of the common and most pernicious of human habits, is fault-finding. If a portion of it were self-applied, it might possibly prove a redeeming virtue, but freely as we find fault with others, we find fault with others, we seldom do so with ourselves. Our eyes magnify errors and imperfections, and dwindle to a point in which we can pick no flaw. If our fault-finding were the guaranty of power and disposition on our part to mend the fault, but in the aggregate it is no such thing. It is not the excellence of our own conceit and skill that burthens us, but we are so envious of enjoyment that we cannot bear to see others self-satisfied or praise-gratified. Therefore in the middle or at the completion of everything they attempt, our baggy wisdom plays the fault-finding critic. With that of which we really know nothing, as that of which we know something, we are glib in suggestion of mistakes. Of course the encouragemant we scatter among our fellows by this temper, must be large! Pleasant is detraction—and what else than detraction is this spirit of habitual, and therefore indiscriminate, fault-finding. Approval and praise, rather than depreciation and blame, is what man wants to spur and perfect him. It is not by exaggerating his defects and dwarfing his merits that his heart is to be buoyed, his hand strengthened, and his whole purpose exalted and refined. It is well said by an ancient, that though a fool might destroy a temple by finding fault with it in detail, he could not reconstruct even its foundations. So easy is it for us to impeace by hasty judgment that which we do not contrive or do ourselves. Let us ever keep in mind the Golden Rule, and by making it our rule, we shall mend in this fault-finding as in many other evil propensities.

THE INDIAN HELL AND HEAVEN.—The deceased Indian has, according to them, a long journey to take towards the west, until he comes to a deep rushing river, which separates him from the happy hunting grounds. The two shores of this river are connected by a long pine trunk, stripped of bark and polished, which must be used as a bridge. The good man passes with a firm and secure step across this slippery bridge, reaches the happy hunting grounds, and enters on the possession of eternal youth and strength. His sky is always clear, a cold breeze is perpetually blowing for him, and he passes his time in sailing, hunting, dancing, and boundless felicity. The bad man, when he steps upon the bridge, sees the two over-hanging shores totter, he attempts to escape, and falls into the abyss below, where the water is rushing with the sound of thunder over rocks; where the air is poisoned by the exhalations from dead fish and other animal bodies, and the water whirling round and round, brings him always back to the same point where all the trees are withered; where it swarms with lizards, snakes, and toads; where the dead are hungry, and have nothing to eat; where the living lead a diseased life. The shores are covered with thousands of these unhappy beings, who climb up to get a glance into the happy hunting grounds, which they can never enter.

THE LAST DAY.—To everything beneath the sun there comes a last day Let the sanguine then take warning and the disheartened take courage; for to every joy and to every hope and every fear, there will come a last day; and man ought to live by foresight, that while he learns in every state to be content, he shall in each be prepared for another, whatever that may be. When we see an acorn, we expect that it will produce an oak; when we plant a vine we calculate upon gathering grapes but when we lay a plan for years to come, we may wish, and do no more, except pray that it may be accomplished, for we know not what tomorrow may bring forth. All that we do know beforehand of anything is, that to everything beneath the sun there comes a last day.