

The Bossier Banner.

W. H. SCANLAMP,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—THEN GO AHEAD."

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME 1.

BELLEVUE, LOUISIANA, DECEMBER 23, 1859.

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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.

J. H. REID,

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

T. M. FORT,

Notary Public, Bellevue, Bossier Parish, La.

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.

R. G. LISTER,

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

DR. J. J. CARSTAPHEN,

Bellevue, La., being permanently 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.

R. W. ARNETT,

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

T. M. FORT, R. F. FORT,

FORT & BROS.
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Bellevue, La.

W. H. HILL,

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

L. M. NUTT,

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

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

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

RICH'D W. TURNER,

Attorney and Counselor 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A sparrow caught upon a tree
The plumpest fly; all unheeded,
With struggles, cries, and agony.
As for his life the victim pleaded;
'Nay,' quoth the sparrow 'you must die,
For you are not so strong as I.'

A hawk surprised him at his meal,
And in a trice poor sparrow spitted;
In vain he gasp'd his last appeal,
What crime sir hawk have I committed?
'Peace!' quoth the captor, 'you must die,
For you are not so strong as I.'

Down swoop'd an eagle who had spied,
With grim delight, the state of matters;
'Release me, King,' the victim cried,
'You tear my very flesh to tatters?'
'Nay,' quoth the eagle, 'you must die,
For you are not so strong as I.'

A bullet whistled at the word,
And struck him ere his feast was ended;
'Ah, tryant!' shriek'd the dying bird,
'To murder him who ne'er offended,'
'Oh!' quoth the sportsman 'you must die,
For you are not so strong as I!'

A GAME DINNER.

We heard an amusing story the other day of a novel feast that we do not recollect ever to have seen in print before. It is too good to be lost, and, although it will certainly lose in our telling, we may succeed in giving the point.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain, an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his ground with a high, tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman—one of the olden time—with the exception that none but the elite of the province and the officers of the neighboring garrisons were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, and was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into some sort of mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of the fort, without meeting any game and on his return seeing a crow on a tree within the enclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, and brought down his game. Colonel, or whatever his title may have been—we will call him Colonel, anyhow—witnessed the transaction, and advanced while our soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, he gulped down his passion for the moment, and merely asked if he killed the crow. The soldier replied he did.

'I am sorry,' said the Colonel, 'he was a pet. By the by, that is a very pretty gun—will you be so kind as to let me look at it?'

The soldier complied with the request—and the Englishman taking the gun, stepped back a feet, took deliberate aim and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding by an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized and entreated. It was of no use. The Colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and sternly repeated his command.

There was shoot in the Englishman's eye—there was no help for it—and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast—his dinner the day before, and it really appeared that he would throw up his toe nails. The Englishman

gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave. When he had got through vomiting and wiped his eyes, the Colonel handed him his gun, with the remark, "now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach upon a gentleman's enclosure."

The Yankee soldier took the gun, and the Colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back a few paces he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him to finish the crow. Angry expostulations, prayers and entreaties were useless. There was shoot in the American eye then as there had been in the English eye before. There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinners he had lately eaten the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and, while Colonel was in an agony of sickness, the soldier escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early, the Commandant of Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when Col. —, was announced. "Sir," said Col. —, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my enclosure and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to find out who it is you mean," said the officer.

The Colonel described him as a long dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean. He is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom," said the officer.

In a few minutes Tom made his appearance and stood all attention, as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said his officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I-I-I," said Tom stuttering awfully but retaining the usual gravity of expression natural to his face; "I-I-I did-dined with him yesterday!"

We believe Tom was not punished.—Ind. Sentinel.

ABSURDITIES.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To get drunk, and complain a headache next morning. To ask a fellow if he don't feel a little sick when you see him vomiting. To judge of peoples piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy because it is "not bed time." To make your servants tell lies for you and get angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets and believe other folks will keep them. To render a man a great service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it. To praise the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not belong to somebody else.

How to Vote.—A Nebraska paper gives the following to illustrate "how they vote in Nebraska." A "sovereign" came up to the poll, and voted in his blouse, stepped aside, exchanged the blouse for an overcoat and voted again; passed back, took off his coat and voted in his shirt sleeves; went out and in a few moments returned in a citizen's dress and voted the fourth time; then got an old hat, a ragged, dirty coat, and came up and voted the fifth time.

CAN'T.—A friend suggests that we ought to publish the births that occur in our town and vicinity. It won't pay; we would have to issue an extra every week—the subject is too fruitful.—Ex.

THE SNOW.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE
PIERIAN AND AONIAN SOCIETIES, BY
MISS SNOW FLAKE.

The snow! how majestic and beautiful it looks, as it falls so softly upon mother earth—as sweetly as a young babe im-posing upon its mothers bosom. The snow is "so nice," and yet is so cold to the people. But then we are taught by the wisdom of philosophy to be prepared for the snow, and so our fathers and mothers make the servants out plenty of wood to make big fires when the snow is so cold. The snow is sometimes very la-Boreas, and blows in the people's faces and makes them feel very uncomfortable—then I think of the sublime words of Col. Brix:

The wind it blew,
The snow it snew;
And kicked up perfect thunder,
With chicken coops—
The ladies' ho—
And all such plagued plunder.

How vast different are the uses of the snow! Rude boys sometimes make great large snow-balls as large as a small meeting-house, and throws it at each other, and hits one another in the eye, and then the one that's hit in the eye cries, and tells his ma, and then the other gets a whipping for so doing. This is all on account of the snow! Oh! nature how wonderful are thy doings! with a little sweet oil and perseverance almost any thing can be done! except making young men keep away from the groceries—nothing can do this, not even the tears of lovely woman. But let's leave this sad picture and discuss the affinities of our subject.

To resume—the snow is transient, like all other beauties, it soon fades away, leaving desolation behind. The snow and the young men's love are equally compared—both are subject to short duration. How can such things be—young men be so false; I would not believe it, if I did not know it to be so. Words fail to give expression to my amazement.

The snow is again used by men, by putting it in a glass with some kind of "liquid refreshments" called by the men "eye-openers," and used dexterously for the inner man. And when they have no snow they put ice in it, and call it mint julep—and suck it by a procees of the gastric tube somewhat like a straw—which imperitively reminds me of a young man in the full-prosperity of life, sucking molasses through the bung-hole of a barrel.—And sometimes when they have no specie, the men "refresh" themselves on a credit; which leads them to despair and the very precipice of ruin—besides it ruins their marrying. This is a most humiliating sceptre. Besides, the imbibition of intoxicating spirits is so con-jurious to their in-situations. When men do not indulge in 'ghostly' refreshments themselves, they always have a bottle-ful trying to make everybody else spiritually com-posed like twemselves. Now, how can a young lady get a husband when the young men will re-sist upon doing so bad—by keeping their noses so red when the snow is on the ground. A young lady might as well condescend at once, and marry an editor or a lawyer, as to marry such a young man as above por-trait! So ends the mid-night musings on ye snow!

We don't know who wrote the following a horism, but he was a sharp observer of men and thing, that's certain:

"The commencement and the decline of love may be recognized by the embarrassment we fell at finding ourselves alone with the beloved."

"Well," said his honor to an old negro who had been hauled up for stealing a pullet, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nuffin but dis, bos; I was crazy as a bedbug when I stole that ar pullet cos I might hab stole de big rooster, and never done it. Dat shows clusive-ly dat I was laboring under the delirium tremendous."

EASY PEOPLE.—Easy people are the hardest people in the world—for other folks at least, if they are not so for themselves, and we opine that they are that too. Easy people never trouble themselves to put anything away, and of course they never know where anything is when they want it. They never take care of what they have, therefore they never have anything in usable order; they never trouble their heads with forethought or care, therefore they are always finding themselves in some sort of trouble or want, unless some friend takes thought for them. And this is the usual state of the case, for few persons are so desolate and friendless as to have no one with or near them who will not rather take a double portion of trouble and care than to see brother, or sister, or any near relative, or dear friend, suffer less, even from his own fault.

Therefore, where there is in a family one of your easy people, somebody has to suffer. Just so much trouble and care must be taken by any given number of persons; and where one skirts, there is always one who is over-burdened. If there is one who will not keep his things in order, there is another who must do more than his share, or the house will be in constant confusion and disorder. Then brother, or the sister, or the husband, or the wife, who is too easy to keep things in proper places, is not always too easy to get furiously angry when said things are wanted and cannot be found. Then what a jam pig there must be all the family! The easy one's case is the disquietude of half-a-dozen people.

Ah! don't talk about your amiable, easy individuals. Give us the person who knows his own rights just as well—no better—as he does his neighbors, and who will use them just as well; who is uneasy enough to take care of his own rights, and to wish to have everybody else uneasy in like manner. It is no credit to any one to be 'easy.' We never hear a person described thus without a conviction that for that person, if the description is true, somebody suffers.—Exchange.

A HINT TO THE LADIES.—It is very rarely, indeed, that a confirmed flirt gets married. Ninety-nine out of every hundred old maids may attribute their ancient loneliness to juvenile levity. It is very certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms or any other place of gaiety; and as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or other allurements of dress, our opinion is ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery which women decorate and load their persons with go for nothing, so far as husband catching is concerned. Where and how, then, no men find their wife? In the quiet home of their parents and guardians, at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as humble.—Against these all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance.

NEVER BE HAUGHTY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me and called me a dralling dolt." "Impossible," exclaimed the humming bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice—never insult the humble as they may some day become your superior."

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the provisions of the Constitution, said "For my part I should be glad to see 'em. Heaven and all of us knows provisions is scarce enough and dear enough, and if they can turn the constitution to so good a use, I'm glad of it. Anything that will have a tenderness to cheapen the necessities of life, like came running in at that moment, and asked her if he shouldnt give her a 'tig wicket."

A story is told of a very eminent lawyer is Ohio receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that Mr. A—, should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

Lawyer—"How old are you?"

Witness—"Seventy-two years."

Lawyer—"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

Witness—"I do not know but it is."

Lawyer—"State some circumstances which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

Witness—"I appeal to your Honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent!"

Judge—"You had better answer the question."

Lawyer—"Yes, sir, state it!"

Witness—"Well sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B—'s office did you not?"

Lawyer—"Yes."

Witness—"Well, sir. I remember your father came into my office saying to me, "Mr. D—my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes. I remember also sir, that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it was yesterday."

Lawyer, [considerably abashed]—That will do, sir."

Witness—"I presume it will."

THE LUNGS.—A recent writer says that the injurious effect of compression of the chest is shown by the fact that a man in a nude state is capable of inspiring 190 cubic inches of air at a breath, and when dressed only 130 inches. Ladies, who encase themselves in tight-fitting under-garments, should remember this fact. Though we draw into and eject from the lungs a similar quantity of air, it is not of the same quality. The air thrown out of the lungs has lost much of its oxygen, and has gained from three to five per cent, of carbonic acid, a large amount of vapor, traces of ammonia, hydrogen and other volatile substances.

COMPOSITION FOR A BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS.—"The Rose."—The rose is the prettiest and most perfumable of all flowers. Although a little out of fashion, it is very nice, and so sweet! The rose has several languorous all speaking of love. It is so nice to converse with flowers, I do love it so much. The rose blows in the early winds of June. The early winds of July blows the rose away. That is so sad; so much like human life; the rose is so much like a beautiful maiden, and the road wind so much like the cold and unfeeling world. It is not nice, but alas! so very sad!"—Hill Science Spirit!!!

A Methodist exhorter, once a resident of the Wolverine State, upon ascertain occasion bantered a friend of his, something of a wag and a poet, to write an epitaph; where upon the following was got off impromptu:

Here lies James D. Potter,
Who lived as he hadn't orter,
But as a methodist exhorter,
Was a regular ring tail snorter.

A witty auctioneer was trying to sell an old hand-organ. To that end he was grinding out the music, and the crowd, in sport, began to throw out pennies, when a dandy standing by said, "Sir you ought to have a monkey." "My good fellow," replied the auctioneer, "so I had; step right up here." The dandy vanished.

A person who undertakes to raise himself scandalizing others, might as well try to sit down on a wheelbarrow and wheel himself.

The only love in which a man has no rival, is in the wonderful love he generally has for himself.