

# The Bossier Banner.

W. H. SCANLAND,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—THEN GO AHEAD."

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME 1.

BELLEVUE, LOUISIANA, DECEMBER 30, 1859.

NUMBER 27.

## 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. MCKENZIE,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Minden, La. vnl

**R. J. LOONEY,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Bellevue, La. vnl

**R. W. ARNETT,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Bellevue, La. Will practice in  
the seventeenth Judicial District  
Court. vnl

**T. M. FORT,** B. F. FORT.  
**FORT & BRO.,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
Bellevue, La. vnl

**W. H. HILL,**  
Attorney of Bossier Parish, La.,  
will give prompt attention to all  
business entrusted to him in said  
capacity. vnl

**L. M. NUTT,**  
Attorney at Law, Shreveport, La.  
Will practice in the courts of  
Caddo, Bossier, Claiborne and Bienville. vnl

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

**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. vnl

**R. G. LISTER,**  
House, sign and ornamental painter.  
Paper hanging, gilding, glazing  
and imitation of all kinds of wood  
and marble, upholstery, &c.  
Orders left at the Banner office will  
meet prompt attention. vnl

**DR. J. J. CARSTARPHEN,**  
Bellevue, La., being permanent  
located in Bellevue, would respect-  
fully tender his professional services  
to the citizens of this place and vicinity.  
Office next door south of Spurrin &  
West's store. vnl

**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. vnl

**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. vnl

**V. SHIDER,**  
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. vnl

**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 Canal street,  
Union Row, New Orleans. vnl

**PLANTER'S HOTEL,**  
WM. A. KELLY, PROPRIETOR.  
BELLEVUE, LA.

Having lately made  
additions to his  
already commodious  
house, would respect-  
fully inform the travelling public, his  
old friends and customers, that he is  
now better prepared than ever, to ac-  
commodate 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. vnl

## RED LAND

### MALE AND FEMALE INSTITUTE

BOSSIER PARISH, LA.  
The Second Term of this  
Institution commences  
on Monday October 3d, and  
will continue without intermission—except  
a week at Christmas—for the term  
of forty weeks. The course of instruction  
is complete, and the corps of teachers  
efficient.  
The large and comfortable new building  
being finished, we can now offer  
as many facilities for instruction as may  
be found in the South-west. The  
Institution is located in a high and  
healthy region of country, watered by  
the best of springs, which makes the  
situation a desirable one. A church is  
situated near by, so that students may  
attend divine service regularly. A good  
physician is also located at this point,  
who will superintend the students in  
cases of sickness.

CHARGES PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS,  
PAYABLE AT CLOSE OF EACH SESSION.  
Primary Department.....\$15 00  
Secondary ".....20 00  
Academical.....25 00  
Musical.....30 00  
Ornamental.....10 00  
Greek or Modern Languages.....10 00

Board in private families from 7 to  
\$8 dollars per month.  
By order of Board of Trustees,  
V. WALKER, President.  
R. A. CAVETT, Secretary.  
Plainville, Bossier Parish, La. n20

## COTTAGE GROVE

### MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY

BOSSIER PARISH, LA.  
The next regular session  
of this institution will  
begin on the first Monday,  
in October, 1859, under the supervision  
of THOS. B. HANCOCK, assisted by such  
other teachers as the interest of the  
school may demand.  
Students entering within two weeks  
after the commencement of the session  
will be charged for the regular term,  
and no deductions for absence, except  
in case of protracted illness.

TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY WEEKS.  
Primary Department.....\$15 00  
Intermediate ".....20 00  
Advanced ".....25 00  
Music on piano, with use of in-  
strument.....30 00  
Guitar, with use of instrument.....20 00  
Ornamental work.....5 00  
Contingent fee.....1 00

No extra charge made for Lan-  
guages.  
Tuition will be required at the end  
of the session, or note with interest.  
Boarding procured at eight dollars  
per month. v1-n15-5ms

## RED RIVER

### MALE AND FEMALE SCHOOL

NEAR BENTON, BOSSIER PARISH, LA.  
The first regular session of this  
School will commence on the 3rd  
Monday 16th day of January, 1860.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS.  
Primary Department.....\$12 00  
Secondary ".....15 00  
Academical ".....20 00  
Board in private families from \$6 to  
\$8 per month

RICH'D J. HANCOCK,  
v1n26 Principal

## SUCCESSION SALE.

325 Acres of Red River Land.  
By virtue of an order and commission  
of the Honorable District Court  
of Bossier Parish, State of Louisiana,  
and to me directed, I will offer for sale  
at public auction, on

## WEDNESDAY

the 18th day of January, 1860, that  
valuable and finely improved tract of  
land situated on Red River, in said  
parish, and known as the "Deputy  
place," containing about three hundred  
and twenty five acres, sold as the  
property of the succession of Dempsey  
McMullen and Elizabeth D. Butler, de-  
ceased, for the purpose of partition  
among the heirs and legatees.

The sale to take place on the pre-  
mises, where Cicero C. Bates now resides.  
TERMS—One eighth to be paid in  
cash, and the entire remainder on such  
terms of credit as a family meeting may  
direct, which will be publicly declared  
at the time and place of sale.

C. C. BATES,  
n25 5tpf30 Administrator.

## RED CHUTE FERRY TO LET.

Notice is hereby given that the  
Ferry across Red Chute at Capt.  
Isaac Brown's will be let out to the  
highest bidder at Bellevue on the first  
Monday in January next, 1860, on con-  
dition that the lessee cross all citizens  
of this parish and their property free  
of charge. The lessee to give bond  
&c., as heretofore.

By order of Jas. Ford, Pres. P. J.  
Dec. 8th, 1859. W. H. HILL,  
Clerk.

## POETICAL DUN.

The following exquisite lines, after  
the fashion of Longfellow's Hiawatha,  
are worthy a place in our columns.  
Their authorship is unknown. We  
hope our readers will not be too high-  
ly wrought up by this effusion, although  
we commend it to them as worth care-  
ful perusal:

Should you ask us why this dunning,  
Why these sad complaints and murmurs  
Murmurs loud about delinquents  
Who have read the papers weekly,  
Read what they have never paid for,  
Read with pleasure and with profit,  
Read of church affairs and prospects,  
Read of news both home and foreign,  
Read the essays and the poems,  
Full of wisdom and instruction;  
Read the table of the markets,  
Carefully corrected weekly—  
Should you ask us why this dunning,  
We should answer, we would tell you  
From the printer, from the mailer,  
From the kind old paper-maker,  
From the landlord, from the carrier,  
From the man who takes the letters  
With a stamp from Uncle Samuel;  
Uncle Samuel the rowdies call him;  
From them all there comes a message,  
Message kind, but firmly spoken,  
"Please to pay us what you owe us."

Sad it is to hear such message,  
When our funds are exhausted,  
When the last bank note has left us,  
When the gold coin all has vanished,  
Gone to pay the paper maker,  
Gone to day the tolling printer,  
Gone to pay the landlord tribute,  
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,  
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel;  
Uncle Sam the rodies call him;  
Gone to pay the Western paper,  
Three and twenty hundred dollars.

Sad it is to turn our ledger,  
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,  
Turn and see what sums are due us,  
Due for years of pleasant reading,  
Due despite our patient waiting,  
Due despite our constant dunning,  
Due in sums from two to twenty.

U. B. Darned says he overheard  
the following "rail-fence soliloquy," the  
other evening during the rain, from an  
individual who seemed "tightlually  
slight:" "Sing'ler a fellow can't go  
out to hev a little recreation 'though  
it must rain; just as if it hadn't rained  
ever since New Years day,' last New  
Year's day, last August. Well let'er  
rain, I don't keer—I'm havin' a extra  
hollerday—I mean to have a extra  
hollerday (hie) hollerday every day  
this year 'ceptt Sundays—them days  
—them's meetin' days—I shan't keep,  
I'll get drunk them days. Lem me  
see—I'll hev two hundred Fourth o'  
July, and a hundred and forty New  
Years, and about two hundred and ten  
Christmases—Thankgivin's—yes I'll  
hev them twice a week all the time—  
wonder if them's all the days in the  
year—if there's any over I'll hev some  
more Thankgivin's. Guess I'll take  
suthin." Hullo, what's that? Shoot-  
in' cannons, eh! (Here a clap of  
thunder "yanked" things generally.)  
Shootin' for some hollerday—thanks-  
givin', I 'spect. Hoopee! Gota can-  
norn here myself, I'll just load 'or and  
shute a salooter "Hooray!" Here  
tightly tried to load the small' end of a  
wagon tongue with his jug, using big-  
foot for a rammer. Presently jug smash-  
ed, and he desisted. "Hullo, ball bust-  
ed, and powder wet—can't shute—  
never mind come up'te bar and take  
a drink—'Y'all rite, boys!" And he  
got up to a frame where customers  
hitch their horses, and ordered "a fly  
with a lemonade in it." The last we  
saw of him he was tugging at one of  
pegs of the rack, trying to pull the cork  
out. There was nothing out of the  
way in this, for the last words we  
heard him articulate was, "'Y'all (hie)  
rite boys!"

In a diemna, during the time  
that a man has been standing like a  
fool fumbling for an excuse, a woman  
will have invented a dozen

THE MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.—"I am  
what the 'old women' call an odd fish;  
do nothing under heaven without a  
notice—never. I attempt nothing  
unless I think there is a probability of  
my succeeding. I ask no favors when  
I think they are not deserved. And  
finally, I don't wait upon the girls when  
I think my attentions would be dis-  
agreeable. I am a matter-of-fact-man  
—I am. I do 'nothing seriously. I  
once offered to attend a young lady  
home. I did seriously; that is, I  
meant to wait on her home if she want-  
ed me. She accepted my offer. I  
went home with her, and it has ever  
since been an enigma to me whether  
she wanted me or not. I bade her  
'good night,' and said not a word. I  
met her again and she gave me two  
hours talk. It struck me as curious.—  
She feared I was offended, she said and  
couldn't for the life of her conceive why.  
She begged me to explain, but did  
not give a chance to do so. She said  
she hoped I wouldn't be offended; ask-  
ed me to call; and it has ever since  
been a mystery to me whether she  
wanted me to call or not.

"I once saw a lady at her window.  
I thought I would call. I did. I in-  
quired for the lady and was told she  
was not at home I expect she was.  
I went away thinking so. I rather  
think so still. I met her again. She  
was offended; said I had not been  
'neighborly.' She reproached me for  
my negligence; said she thought I had  
been unkind. And I've ever since  
wondered whether she thought so or  
not.

"A lady once said to me that she  
should like to be married, if she could  
get a good genial husband who would  
make her happy or at least try to.  
She was not difficult to please, she said.  
I said I should like to get married too,  
if I could find a wife that would try to  
make me happy. She said 'Umph!'  
and looked as if she meant what she  
said. She did. For when I asked her  
if she thought she could not be per-  
suaded to marry me, she said she  
would rather be excused. I excused  
her. I have often wondered why I  
excused her.

"A good many things of this kind  
have happened to me that are doubt-  
ful, wonderful, mysterious. What then  
is it that causes doubt and mystery to  
attend the ways of men? It is the  
matter of fact. This a matter-of-fact  
world, and in order to act well in it,  
we must deal in a matter-of-fact way."

The famous Dr. Johnson never  
suffered an oath to go unrebuked in  
his presence. When a man of some  
note, was once talking before him, and  
interlarding his stories with oaths,  
Johnson said, "Sir, all this swearing  
will do nothing for our story; I beg  
you not to swear." The narrator went  
on swearing. Johnson said, "I must  
again entreat you not to swear." The  
gentleman again swore, and Johnson  
indignantly quit the room.

"I say, landlord, that's a dirty  
towel for a man to wipe on!"  
Landlord with a look of amazement,  
replied: "Well, your mighty particu-  
lar. Sixty or seventy of my boarders  
have wiped on that towel this morning,  
and you are the first one to find fault."

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes'?"  
asked a lady of a green liberian, whose  
face was swollen by the toothache.—  
'No ma'am; but I have a blasted  
'toothache.'"

Byron was disenchanted when  
he saw his "Inamorata" eating. In  
other words, he faltered when youth  
and bean were at steak.

As the oil however rich it may  
be, cannot be productive without cul-  
ture, so the mind without cultivation  
can never produce good fruit.—Seneca

"THE OLD MAN."—"George, you  
used to attend the the Bible class;  
where are you now? Why don't you  
come?"

"Don't like to," answered George,  
"I only came there because the old  
man made me."

There was something wrong in this  
young man's answer, not only in his  
dislike to the Bible class, but in the  
disrespectful and unfeeling manner in  
which he spoke of an excellent father-  
in-law. "The old man," and all similar terms  
which boys sometimes use in speaking  
of their father, show a coarse, unfeeling  
spirit which has no grateful and affec-  
tionate sense of a father's worth. In  
fact it is a bad symptom; for a boy who  
does not honor his father and speak of  
him with respect, will be likely to break  
away from parental restraint, and run  
a course of disobedience and folly.—Ex.

MODESTY.—Not all the bright jewels  
and gay apparel that kings and queens  
can put on, are so adorning as the gra-  
ces of meekness and modesty.

No brilliancy of art, no wealth, no  
learning, no beauty nor title, can make  
up for the absence of modesty in man  
or woman. It is the chief grace which  
makes all other graces more beautiful  
and nothing is more quickly noticed or  
more universally condemned than its  
absence. It commends itself to all as  
a mantle of virtue and good sense, and  
opens the way to universal esteem and  
influence. Modesty and humility are  
sure to be exalted, while a haughty  
spirit is sure to be abashed.

A country apothecary being  
out for a day's sooting took his errand-  
boy to carry the game-bag. Entering  
a field of turnips, the dog pointed, and  
the boy overjoyed at the prospect of  
his masters success, exclaimed—"Lor,  
master there's a covey; if you get near  
'em, wont you physick 'em?" "Phys-  
jock them you young rascal, what do  
you mean?" said the doctor. "Why,  
kill 'em to be sure," replied the lad.

A schoolmaster in Connecticut  
on one occasion, examined a boy from  
Rhode Island in his catechism, and  
asked the following question:

"How many Gods are there?"  
The Providence Plantation subject  
scratched his head for a while, and  
then replied:  
"I don't know how many you have  
got in Connecticut, but we have none  
in Rhode Island."

CENTROSTES.—The chair in which  
the sun sets.

A garment for the naked eye.  
Brass nails from an elephant's trunk.  
The hammer which broke up the  
meeting.

The animal that drew the infer-  
ence.

Eggs from a nest of thieves.

If your sister, while tenderly  
engaged in a tender conversation with  
her tender sweetheart, asks you to  
bring a glass of water from an adjoining  
room, you can start on the errand  
but you need not return. You will  
not be missed, that's certain. Don't  
forget this little boys. Ahem!

"My dear," said a wife to her  
husband, "did you ever read of the  
plague in London?"  
"No, don't want to read of it! It is  
enough to have a plague at home," was  
he reply.

Without confidence friendship  
is but a mockery, and social intercourse  
a sort of a war in disguise.

The Advertiser, of Mobile, esti-  
mates the present population of that  
city at 32,000.

When a man calls you a clew-  
er fellow, don't you believe it. He may  
be mistaken.

## HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

To be worthy of an office now-  
adays one must be entirely unworthy  
of anything else.

Even a railroad engine is not  
the toughest material in the world, for  
it has its 'tender' part attached to it.

An architect proposes to build  
a "bachelors hall," which will differ  
from most houses, in having no 'Eves.'

The poorest in the world may  
avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing  
boots or going barefooted.

A time for all things. The  
time to leave is when a young lady  
asks you how the walking is.

The barber who dressed the  
head of a barrel, has been engaged to  
fix up the locks of a canal.

A young man, who received a  
"blowing up" from his sweetheart, re-  
torted by calling her a "wind-lass."

A Western paper speaks of a  
man who "lived without the aid of a  
physician."

"That's what I call capital pun-  
ishment," as the boy said when his  
mother shut up in the closet among  
the preserves.

Mrs. Brown says her husband  
is such a blunderer, that he can't even  
try on a new boot without putting his  
foot in it.

Some think life too short, never-  
theless find it long enough to outlive  
their characters, their constitutions,  
and their estates.

At an agricultural dinner the  
following toast was given: The game  
of fortune—shuffle the cards as you  
will, spades will always win."

An eastern editor is accused of  
"taking a stand," but of what kind  
our informant did not mention. Guess  
it was an ink-stand.

Whatever we may think of wom-  
an's right to vote and legislate, there  
can be disputing her right to "baro  
arms."

A writer on ornithology inquires  
what kind of eagles fly highest? We  
don't know; but unquestionably golden  
eagles generally fly fastest.

The first confidence woman—  
Eve. She played the ball game with  
an apple, on a gentleman from the  
rural districts, named Adam.

The rhymster who wrote the line  
"Dear to me is the surf-tossed beach,"  
probably hid in his mind a recollection  
of his bill at some sea-side hotel.

The annexed is a choice extract  
from an Album kept at the Niagara  
Hotel: "Next to the bliss of seeing  
Sarah, is that of seeing Niagara."

A Yankee in Iowa has just  
taught ducks to swim in hot water,  
and with such success that they lay  
boiled eggs. Who says this is not an  
age of improvement?

An old Grecian philosopher ad-  
vices all men to know themselves.  
That's advising a good many to form  
very low and disreputable acquaint-  
ances.

Instead of retaliating upon the  
man who calls you a villain, a liar, or  
a thief, coolly inform him that you  
have not sufficient confidence in his  
veracity to believe him.

We read of an editor at the East,  
who went into ecstasies over some  
"hose" that he saw on a clothesline.  
Wonder how he would have felt if he  
had seen the handles to them.

A clergyman, who found it im-  
possible to provide for himself and  
family out of his slender income, wrote  
to a friend thus: "I give up my living  
to save my life."

A genius out West has just  
patented a machine for making sweet  
potatoes. He is a brother of the old  
gentleman who put handles to prickly  
pears and sold them for curry combs.

"Hell, my dear hearers," ex-  
claimed an Irish clergyman, while ad-  
dressing a barn full of barbarians in  
the back part of the Emerald Isle—  
"hell is a place of inexpressible tor-  
ment, besides being altogether incon-  
venient."