

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.
Office hours on Sundays—from half past 10 till half past 11 o'clock. A. M. Opens again at 2 and closes at 3 o'clock P. M.
J. H. LOFTON, P. M.

S. G. MCKEMIE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Minden, La. v1n1

R. J. LOONEY,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Bellevue, La. v1n1

R. W. ARNETT,

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

T. M. FORT.

B. F. FORT.

FORT & BRO.,

Attorneys and Counselors 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

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. v1n1

R. G. LISTER,

House, sign and ornamental painter. Paper hanging, glazing, glazing and imitation of all kinds of wood and marble, upholstering, &c. Orders left at the Banner office will meet prompt attention. 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

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. 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

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. v1n3

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

PLANTERS HOTEL.

WM. A. KELLY, PROPRIETOR.

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

AT CHURCH.

At church once more. Towards her seat I turn my eyes in fear;
No need this flutter of the heart—
Be calm—she is not here.

Oh, blank despair! How can I pray?
The virgin does not come,
To take my poor petition up,
And bear it to the throne.
I hear the preacher read and pray,
I hear the choir sing;
My worship is the hand that sweeps
The harp without a sting.

No priestess here before the shrine,
I bear my gift away,
For on the altar of my heart
No incense burns to-day.

THE MINER'S TALISMAN.

The hour of parting came. We were standing by the sea-side, and the last warm pressure of the hand had been given.

"I will not expect you Christmas my dear boy; but remember the motto you are to carry with you—never forget 'Mother, Home nor Heaven!' And thus we parted.

A few months later, and I stood beneath the roof of one of California's most noted gambling saloons. There in piles, thousands and thousands of dollars were before me, and it seemed as though I could win a fortune without a struggle. The dealer, winning or losing, presented the same calm exterior while those who were staking their all upon the cards, betrayed their intensity of feelings by looks and actions. As I gazed upon the gold before me, the dealer came and collected, listening to the cry of triumph, or the curse of despair, as the excited betters won or lost; heard the hum of strange voices around me, the soft music floating through the room; saw the wild and exciting revelry—everything calculated to please the taste or excite the mind was there—I began to partake of the general feeling; and almost involuntarily, my hand sought for the little remaining gold I had, and as I was about to take it from my pocket and place it upon the card, those magic words—the gift of a mother's love—flashed upon my memory, and a mysterious power I could not resist, led me from the temptation.

Again—far up in the Sierra Nevada, where the storm king reigns, I had sought for the glittering ore. Months of toil and hardship had been endured—the race had been dug, the dam was built, and the river been turned from its bed, but we found no gold to reward our labor. The summer was gone and winter was coming on apace. No money, no claim, no shelter! Disappointment and despair were in every heart, but we were too proud to show it. It was resolved to have a drunken spree, and leave the river. Ere long the fun, as it was called, grew fast and furious. Songs, toasts, and sentiments ruled the day, and it was with a half vacant attention that I watched their proceedings.

Christmas would soon come, and I was just learning the first great lesson of life. Up to this time they had not noticed my absence from the circle they had formed; ere long they sought and found me, and without ceremony I was carried to them. The hot, steaming liquor was poured from the camp-kettle into a tin cup and handed to me—"Drink," they exclaimed: "drink to our past and future hopes!" They did not think it wrong, and no eye that truly loved could see me they are jolly and jovial—drowning care with drink.

I pleaded former habits, urged many very many reasons against joining them. Laughter and jeers were the only answers. They seized me, one holding my head and another my hands, while a third attempted to empty the liquor into my mouth. I was about to give

up. There could not be much harm in drinking, else they would not urge it upon me so strongly. I signified my acceptance. They at once released me and all filled up, ready for a toast, a song or a story.

I must give one or the other. I stood there, the youngest of the band. I was the pet of the camp, and for the first time I was going to join them in their revelry. Wild and tumultuous shouting went forth from that band of brave and warm-hearted fellows; they never thought of what the end might be. They had conquered. It was a frolic, only a frolic, and I was going to give them a toast. Standing before them, with a cup in hand, thinking of what I should say, my mind travelled back to the parting. The veil was lifted from sacred remembrances. Again, in memory, I knelt before my mother, heard her prayer, and remembered that this was one of the temptations she had prayed I might resist.

But none would see me. No eye was upon me that, in after years, would cause me to blush when I met it. No! I was in the mountains, down in a deep canon, and it was only to satisfy those with whom I had toiled: it would never occur again, and they would think me silly if I failed to comply with my agreement.

I was about to propose our future success, when the magic words came to my heart, to my lips, almost involuntarily. "Mother, Home, and Heaven!" If it was unexpected to me, it was still more so to them. Every cup was set to the ground, and an honest, manly tear was to be seen in many an eye, as they gazed upon me. I was saved—rescued—and they loved me; before, they only liked me.

How gratefully is the name of MOTHER associated with our earliest recollections. She has guided, counselled and prayed for us. Time, distance, or circumstances can never blot the love she bears for her child from her heart.

Home is ever present in our mind, endeared by a thousand tender associations; and one of our most ardent wishes is to be permitted once more to cross the old familiar threshold, and greet the lovely ones, face to face; to take by the hand the friends and companions of our youth; to meet them with a clear and open brow, conscious that no stain dims the escutcheon of our honor.

HEAVEN—the resting place! To it we can look for the re-union, if denied to us on earth. 'Tis there many a loved one has found a welcome; 'tis there many a prayer has been entertained for the voluntary exile; 'tis there all desire to enter, when feeling they are approaching the portals of the tomb.

Aye! they are magic words—the three sweetest of our language carrying with them a thought, a feeling, a sympathy, that the world's sophistry can never destroy. None can resist the influence they breathe whether high or low, rich or poor, honored or degraded, the exile will at times think of Mother and Home—perhaps of a departed Mother—and from thence his thoughts lead to the future, and Heaven presents itself as the place of re-union.

Men sometimes think the high, dark cliffs of sorrow will darken their stream of life for ever, but suddenly the upland meadows spread far away in pastoral beauty, and the daisies bloom along the banks where the willows hang with bending gracefulness.

A German resident in New York has such a remarkably hard name, that he spoils a gross of steel pens endorsing a note.

Mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.

STORMING IT.

Reader! did you ever attend a "storm party?" If you never you are either a barbarian or a heathen—particular if you live in Bossier, where such things "come over us like a summer cloud," without even exciting our special wonder. Lately, we partook of the pleasures of attending a storm party which came off not a thousand miles from Bellevue; and to say that we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest sense of the word, would only be conceding with the sentiments of all who were present on the occasion. The ladies, who always look pretty on every occasion, seemed to outvie the bonds of beauty, and looked as if "Heaven were nestled in their smiles." And for the men—the younger portion—all looked as interesting as possible, each striving to make themselves agreeable, and some of them looked like they had just taken a "stimulation." Storm parties are somewhat like the ladies, great institutions in their way, and we don't see how the young folks could get along without them. We lately had an adventure at one of these so-called parties, which served somewhat to drown our too deep admiration of said institutions. To make a short story long, we shall commence on the eve of our departure for homeward bound.

Having enjoyed ourselves to the utmost extent—listening to the music's "voluntary swell," and "look love to eyes that spoke of ruin"—until the eyes grew heavy and dim—we then proceeded to turn the "rains" of our faithful steed towards our local habitation—minus our better thoughts, which we left mingling in the gey through far behind us. Accompanied by our faithful friend Nightmare and a black bottle which our friend assured us contained nothing but cilibub. We had occasion to doubt the veracity of his remarks. The night was as dark as paragonic, and as still as the tinkling of a distant cow-bell. Indeed, it was so dark, that one could hardly tell a white man from a Black Republican. We had hardly travelled the distance of a mile before our friend Nightmare suggested that as the night was dark and rainy, we had better take some "cilibub." Took some and felt better. Nightmare took a nip and winked at us. Didn't know what he meant, but suppose he meant that we should take another wink—strate. Nightmare said he had a violent head-ache, but attributed it to the "mazy dance." Spurred up and tried to console him—found him holding to a grapevine, instead of the bridle, making a circuitous route around a parental oak, belonging thereto. Both unanimously concluded to take some "cilibub." Took some, and attempted to find out in what locality we were. Nightmare said we were either lost, or in the sixteenth section, he knew which—it being both one and the same. Concluded that he was a rational being, and ought to be awarded a drink of cilibub, whereupon said article was duly administered without the least repulsion on his part. We again set out for home, neither one knowing where we were, we let our faithful steeds take their own course. Nightmare amused himself by singing his favorite ballad, "Root hog or die," with the latest variations; while we amused ourselves by attempting to multiply four drinks by one, with a sling gin included. All at once, were drawn from our mathematical deductions by hearing Nightmare announce that we were near home—we inquired his reasons for so stating, when he pointed to the light at Mac's, and to our utter astonishment we were then greeted by the beautiful tinkling of that musical instrument the cow-bell and the church bell—in a horn! Nightmare insisted that it was a band of wild Camanches taken possession of the town, while we insisted that it was only the cilibub that caused such vocabulary demonstration on their part. The storming ended—and everything went merry as a cow-bell.

WE, US & CO.

Vice is the most dangerous when it puts on the semblance of virtue.

YOUNG AMERICA WONDERS.

Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to work all day and then says it is wicked for me to build my rabbit house on Sunday!

Wonder why our minister bought that pretty cane with the lion's head on the top, and then asked me for my cent to put into the missionary box? didn't I want a jewsharp just as much as he wanted the cane!

Wonder what makes papa tell those nice stories to visitors about his hiding the master's ratten when he went to school, and about his running away from the school mistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up me up all day in a dark room, because I tried, just once, to see if I could not be a smart boy as he was!

Wonder why mamma tells papa he is cross when he comes home at night and says the tea is cold, and then ties a handkerchief over my mouth, so I can neither speak nor breathe, because I said she was cross!

Wonder what made papa say that big word when Betsy upset the ink all over his papers, and then slap my ears because I said it when my kite-string broke?

Wonder why mama told Betsy the other day, to say she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed every time I tell a lie!

Wonder what makes papa, when he is telling mama how much money he has made in the month, and all about how he made it, say "little pitchers have large ears?"

Oh, dear! there are lots of things I want to know. How I wish I was a man!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting in the night-fall of age, and the shadow of the past years grow deeper and deeper, as if life were on its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of years. If we have a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends gathered have been gathered together by our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching in the evening of age.

At an early hour on the morning when the Aurora Borealis so brightly illuminated the heavens, the servant boy of an eccentric gentleman, observing the phenomenon, rushed into the house in an excited manner, exclaiming—"Master, the day of judgment is come—just look at the skies on fire!" The master, who was considerably shocked at this, to him, untimely news, sprang from his bed, and, hastening to the door, showed, by his fervent supplications, that he too, was not satisfied with what he saw; but after a moment's reflection, turned upon his heels and walking to his bed, jumped in, and drawing the covering over him, replied—"Well Jack, I don't care much if the end has come, for there are a sight of d—d mean men in this town that ought to be destroyed."

Garrick said of Sir John Hill, the physician and author, "The worst I wish the Doctor is, that he may be compelled to take his own physic and read his own plays. You must reverse the punishment, said a wag, "any man who takes the doctor's physic won't live to read his plays."

A gentleman who spoke of having been struck by the beauty of a lady, was advised to kiss the rod.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

The shortest way to a man's heart is through his pocket.

Can a miss be said to play the piano in a masterly manner?

Hope cannot satisfy, it merely appeases; the man who "lives on hope" is generally apt to be hungry.

Mr. Smith, the hog are in your corn-field. Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy. Corn won't hurt 'em.

"My bark is wrecked," as the dog said when thrown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic.

There is a firm in New York under the mild and soothing title of Snapp & Byte.

A baker's shop is the best place for loafing, and bakers are the only loafers who should be tolerated.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

A man who had been married twice to ladies, both named Catherine, advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

Jo. Cose, on being asked what he should do if he were banished to the woods, replied that he "thought he should split."

Little Tommy was in a musing mood the other day, and his mother asked him what he was thinking about. Oh, said he, I was thinking of old times.

An editor down East apologized for a day's delay in the issue of his paper on the ground that he had an extra "male" to attend to during the week.

Not long since, a gentleman, man asked by his wife to procure for her a copy of Household Words, called at a bookstore and inquired for the Caudle Lectures.

I say, John, where did you get that loafer's hat? Please yer honor, said John, it's an old one of yours that misses gave me yesterday, when you were in town.

I will lay you a wager, said Bouncer, that I will shoot more crows to-day than you! O, yas, replied his companion, you always beat me at at crowing.

A convict who was about to be sent to the House of Correction, was told they would set him to picking oakum. "Let 'em try it," said he. "I'll tear the thing to pieces!"

At a spiritual meeting, a short time since Balaam was called up and asked if there were any jackasses in his sphere? No, replied he, indignantly, "they are all on earth."

It is better to love a person you cannot marry, than to marry a person you cannot love. This is a short text for a long sermon, which human experience will continue to preach "until the last syllable of record time."

So you would not take me to be twenty, said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka a few evenings ago. What would you take me for then? Better or worse, he replied. Sensible fellow.

A little girl, nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness; I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by tears. Ah, said he, tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloradum of sodium, and water.

A gentleman of very small stature, asked a young lady to join him in the pleasures and troubles of this world for life. She replied: "I do not know, sir, that I would have any use for you; you are too large for the cradle, and not large enough for the bed."

An Irish servant having entered the drawing room with the mistress' favorite poodle wringing wet, "How is this Bridget; how came Fido to get so very wet," inquired the lady. "An faith, mum, an' it was little Tomy that had the tiny basto lashed to the end of poll, and was washing the winders wid him."