

The Bossier Banner.

VOLUME 16.

BELLEVUE, LA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1877.

NUMBER 23.

THE WAVING OF THE CORN.

Norman, whose gnarly hand yet kindly
wheeled
to ring this solitary tree
The clover, whose round plat, reserved
field,
The cool green radius twice my length may
be
the corn thy furrows else might
yield.
The measure August, bees, fair thoughts, and
me.
That here come off together—daily I,
wheeled prone in summers' mortal ec-
stasy.
It thanks to thee, as stirs this morn-
ing
With waving of the corn.

Then, the farmer's boy from round the
hill
Plucks a snatch that seeks his soul un-
sought,
And fills some time with tune, hoybeit
the
The cricket tells straight on his simple
thought—
Say 'tis the cricket's way of being still;
The peddler bee drones in, and gossips
naught;
He down the wood, a one-desiring dove
brings
The beating of the heart of love;
And these be all the sounds that mix, each
morn.
With waving of the corn.

from here to where the louder passions
dwell,
The heaves of hilly separations roll;
The ends where you far clover ridges
swell.
The terrible towns, ne'er claim the trembling
soul
That, craftless all to buy or board or sell,
out your deadly complex quarrel stole,
To company with large, amiable trees,
To honey-stroke with unclean bees,
To take Time's strokes as softly as this
morn.

Takes waving of the corn.
—Sidney Lanier, in Harper's for August.

ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Description of the Robbers' Stronghold in Mexico—How the Texans are Robbed—Losses, Direct and Indirect, Sustained by the Settlers.

[From the New York Herald.]
SAN ANTONIO, July, 1877.—Texas is continually raided by armed bands of Mexicans or Indians, and sometimes by mixed bands of both at one point or another from the mouth of Devil's River, 100 miles west of San Antonio, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, the great boundary line. For the past year or so there has been less cattle stealing than usual on the Lower Rio Grande—say from Ringgold Barracks down, a distance of 120 miles—the cause for which will be elaborated elsewhere. The stealing of stock from Ringgold Barracks up the river, for a distance of 200 miles is comparatively moderate.

STRONGHOLD OF THE ROBBERS.

The home of the Indian banditti in particular, and their safe retreat when pressed, lies in Mexico, between degrees of longitude 100 and 103, and north of the Rio Grande River, between 25 and 28 degrees, as far as the twenty-fifth parallel, containing an area of about 10,000 square miles, and is bounded on the north, east and west by the Rio Grande. This portion is at the present day the only territory in North America that is absolutely terra incognita, now that the United States scouting and surveying parties have explored and surveyed the Staked Plains. Among all the maps at these headquarters, including the carefully drawn charts prepared by the Austrian and French engineers during the days of the ill-starred Empire, there is not one that pretends to furnish the slightest geographical or historical information about this terrene horocorido. It is barely possible that the records of Franciscan or Jesuit orders of the early days of the conquest may contain a description of it, otherwise it has never been trod by the foot of any human being except the savage Indian tribes. The Mexicans themselves are afraid to venture into it. All that is known of this territory is that it is very mountainous and rugged, but being cut in all directions by gorges and canyons, and also that it is very poorly watered, as it has no streams flowing into the Rio Grande.

INDIANS MERE CATSPAWS OF THE MEXICANS.

To the Indians living in these inaccessible, barren hills, Texas is the source from which they draw, not only all the horses and cattle they require for themselves, but enough to supply that entire portion of Mexico. Owing to the wear and tear of unceasing revolution, the supply of horses in particular has become exhausted, consequently stealing from Texas has become a very lucrative business. With all due respect to our Mexican neighbors, they are lacking in the courage, endurance and activity requisite to make these raids a success. I do not believe that there is any falling off in the intention, when it comes to the performance of his wily, hawk-eyed Kickapoo, who will rush on his pursuers and fight to the death with the zeal of an ancient Crusader, in by infinite odds the superior of his employer, the effeminate mongrel, who are expended in revolutions that result in one of the snowball fights of the North.

A RAID INTO TEXAS IS ORGANIZED.

On the eastern border of the unexplored region already described are a number of small Mexican towns, the names of some of which are San Fer-

nando, Remolino, Santa Rosa and Zaragoza. The only trade or business activity of these partially animated graveyards (so incomprehensibly dull are they) is the traffic that is carried on in horses stolen from Texas. The Indians, several hundred families in number, according to the best authorities, used to live in and about the Mexican towns, but ever since Gen. McKenzie broke up their housekeeping arrangements at Remolino, several years ago, they have preferred the more salubrious atmosphere of the mountains, where United States cavalry can not penetrate. These Indians, however, do all their trading and obtain all their supplies, arms, ammunition, etc., at these Mexican villages. The expense of the trip of supplying ammunition and provisions (for there will be time for hunting and fishing picnics during the raid) is borne by the Mexican Hidalgo, often a Government official. The Indian raiders, and the few Mexicans who accompany them in the hope of becoming their equals in the higher branches of horse-stealing, are paid, as a general thing, by the day. In some cases a percentage is allowed on the net proceeds; the greater the number of horses stolen, the smaller the percentage allowed. Your correspondent has read a letter from a perfectly reliable gentleman in one of those Mexican towns, a German, by the way, who mentions incidentally that the *muchachos* (boys, youth), instead of taking advantage of the last full moon, had struck, giving as a reason for the demand for more favorable terms that on the last raid the Texans had captured one of their number, a Mexican named Jesus, and had hung him. But this is a digression.

WHERE AND HOW THEY GET INTO TEXAS.

A line of hills extends from the mouth of the Pecos River east, and in the direction of San Antonio. This line of hills and the country to the north of it, thanks to the activity of the Indians and the strict neutrality uniformly preserved by the Mexican Government, so it claims, are totally uninhabited. The country to the south of these hills and between them and the Rio Grande is the paradise of the American stock raisers. Along the banks of the Honda, Seco, Sabine, Blanco, Turkey and other creeks flowing south from this range of hills are the large stock ranches, on which are raised the fine horses that the raiders drive off. Here are the cabins and liomes of the pioneers of that irrepressible army of immigrants, steadily pushing westward, and before whose advance the Mexican must give way, sooner or later, as the Indian has already. To all intents and purposes this range of hills is the frontier, and will continue to remain so until by some means or other this brigandage has been put a stop to, for a great many families have been obliged to fall back into the more thickly settled portion of the country for protection. The raiding party, usually consisting of about 30 men, supposing an Indian like Sambo to be a man and a brother, emerge from our sister republic as if they had unexpectedly become disgusted with her, somewhere between the mouths of the Devil's and the Pecos Rivers, and immediately take to the hills, on the south of which are the horses that do not belong to them yet. Following along this line of hills the banditti sometimes approach within 35 miles of San Antonio. Dividing, usually, into several small parties, the invaders sweep through the valleys, driving the horses that do not belong to them and taking the scalp of any who may chance to be in the way. Having fresh horses, and being able, owing to their knowledge of the country, to ride day and night, it is no wonder that before the pursuers, who have no fresh horses and who have to lie over at night, can overtake the thieves they are safe and sound on the Mexican side of that sacred stream, the Rio Grande, bringing their sheafs with them, so to speak. They usually recross the Rio Grande about 150 miles below the point where they enter Texas, and at a point where there are towns and cities, into which they fly for refuge when pursued by United States cavalry, which was of late, owing to the excitement of the pursuit, contracted the habit of crossing over after the thieves, and sometimes not very much after them either. Once on the Mexican side the thieves are among friends and admirers. The horses of the American brands are driven to the ranch of that kind, good man who fitted out the expedition. The *muchachos* are paid their honest wages, and the employer can now fill some of the orders he has had on hand from the interior for good horses.

THE LOSS SUSTAINED BY AMERICAN CITIZENS.

It is very difficult even to approximate the loss sustained annually by the citizens of Texas at the hands of these thieving scoundrels. Hardly a full moon passes without their taking advantage of it, and occasionally as many as 150 head of horses are either driven off or killed. Then, again, these raids are almost always attended by loss of life. About ten months ago, eleven American citi-

zens were killed outright by one single band of Indians and Mexicans. This systematic robbery damages the people of Western Texas in another way. There is a strip of country of about 200 miles in length by 100 in breadth on both sides of the Pecos River, constituting a portion of the table lands of Western Texas, which is beyond a doubt the best country in the world for raising sheep. There is not only perpetual herbage fit for grazing purposes, but the whole country is covered with a shrub called the *wecache*, on which the sheep thrive. There is, moreover, sufficient water, and the sheep are remarkably free from disease. This section of country is capable of growing millions of pounds of the finest grade of wool. There are now in San Antonio more than half a dozen men from Australia, California and elsewhere, men of wealth, who wish to start large sheep ranches in that section of the State, but who are unwilling to take the risks, since they and their shepherds would be liable to be murdered and scalped every time the moon was full. Owing to the great drought in California this entire Pecos country would be settled by sheep-raisers from California, but they have the same objection to being scalped every full moon that the native Texan has. But, in all seriousness, the progress and growth of Western Texas, affecting indirectly the prosperity and development of the whole State, to say nothing of the direct loss of life and property, is retarded in order that the Mexicans may enrich themselves.

THE POSITION OF THE MEXICAN CENTRAL AUTHORITIES.

Of their own free will and accord, the local Mexican authorities, although able to do so, will never put a stop to the stealing, it being a perpetual source of revenue to some of the most influential men in the country. The Central Government can, if it will, compel the local authorities on the Rio Grande to prevent the raiding parties from going into Texas; but, if President Diaz or any other Mexican President were to attempt to punish the raiders, or were to yield to the demand of the United States to extradite the Indian thieves and murderers, he would be accused of funkyness to the hated gringos. Herein lies the gravity of the situation. The Indians and Mexicans on the Rio Grande have been stealing from Texas for such a length of time that nothing but a Mexican army on the Rio Grande can stop it, and the Mexican President who would give such an order would be hurled from power as a friend of the Americans. Lerdo's conciliatory policy on the Rio Grande had much to do with his being driven from the country. No Mexican President is able to hold his own unless he protects the thieves and defies the foreigners. On the other hand, President Hayes can not recede from his policy to protect Texas from this chronic invasion; and, of course, the only practicable way to do so is to follow the thieves into Mexico and punish them. This mode of procedure can not fail to bring about collisions between the Mexican regulars and the United States troops.

GEN. ORD'S FORCE INADEQUATE.

Along the line of the Rio Grande, nearly a thousand miles in length, Gen. Ord has at present available for active service in the field only 1,700 men, two-thirds of whom are cavalry. Should it happen that a scout were to pursue thieves across the boundary—and it may happen at any day—there is every prospect that every available man would be required to extricate the scout. The consequence would be that some of the frontier forts (which are not forts at all, however) would be left at the mercy of any body of Mexicans who chose to cross over. I have it from Gen. Ord himself that two regiments of infantry are indispensable to garrison the posts during the probable temporary absence of the cavalry in Mexico. It should be remembered in this connection that the present numerical strength of a regiment of infantry is only about 250 men for active service. There are at present two cavalry regiments on the Rio Grande, but, owing to discharges and other causes, they have dwindled down very much. Now the law requires two full regiments to be stationed on the Rio Grande, and no time should be lost in bringing them up to the proper standard. A failure to properly re-enforce the troops on the Rio Grande may cause the nation to lament over another Custer massacre.

The World's Death Rate for 1877.

The following interesting death-rate table for the first quarter of the present year illustrates the relative healthfulness of the chief cities of the world during that period:

Alexandria.....	41.4	Edinburgh.....	20.7
Amsterdam.....	28.2	Lisbon.....	34.9
Athens.....	20.8	Liverpool.....	28.2
Berlin.....	27.1	London.....	23
Bombay.....	55.4	Madras.....	146
Boston.....	20.8	Munich.....	36.1
Brussels.....	27.3	New York.....	23.3
Calcutta.....	27.9	Paris.....	22.4
Christiana.....	18.4	Philadelphia.....	22.5
Copenhagen.....	24.9	San Francisco.....	20.4
Dresden.....	33.2	Stockholm.....	30.4
Dublin.....	29	Vienna.....	36.7

Clergymen's Fish Stories.

The editorial correspondence of the Richmond (Va.) *Christian Advocate* contains the following story: "The Pamunky reminded me of a fish story. So I told it to Brother Peterson. It ran this way: A shark came up that river. A citizen saw it, took a sturgeon harpoon, went out in a canoe, and sent the steel barb into the shark. The shark darted. The cord to the harpoon hung in the bow of the boat, and that end of the canoe started under the water. The man jumped up to the stern, and leaned back over the rudder to keep the front from dipping. The shark was doing his best, making (say, roughly,) fifty miles an hour. The fisherman could not go forward to unhitch the cord, for the boat would go right under like a mole in a plowed field, but quicker. So the man had to 'rare' back, like he was driving a fast horse in a sulky before his sweetheart's house. His neighbors hailed him from the banks, but he hadn't time to talk. They went home and told their wives, and wondered. The boatmen on the river shout at him as he skeeted by. He was going too fast to answer. The shark turned out the Pamunky into the York. Capsized in a river three miles wide, and a mad shark close by, was an ugly thought. The man wished that he had been from home the day the shark came by his house, and way 'regretful' generally. The shark made a wide circle in the York, and returned up the Pamunky, and nearly opposite the starting point suddenly stopped, rose to the top—dead. The man was glad. Now, this is not a small story. It is of the Centennial Krupp iron caliber. I watched Brother Peterson. He didn't seem to give way under it as I liked. He took a fresh bite of tobacco and said: 'I know a bigger one.' 'Tell it.' 'I will. In Charleston harbor a fish swallowed the anchor of a schooner, put out, and dragged the vessel under.' 'Oh,' said I, 'that's apocryphal. Mine was a true story. Dr. Leroy M. Lee vouches for it.' Brother Peterson chewed briskly a second or so, and said; 'I heard Bishop Wightman say that he knew mine was true.' A schooner against a canoe, a Bishop against a Presiding Elder, the odds were too great, worse than 'eight to seven,' it was no use, 'to attempt Gibraltar with a pocket-pistol.' As at Appotomattox, 'yielding to superior numbers and overwhelming resources,' I quit."

A Grouse Flirtation.

In the breeding season, the cocks select some hollow fallen tree, and strutting up and down, beat it with their wings, making a muffled, drumming sound, that can be heard for half a mile. The beat is at irregular intervals, beginning slowly and measuredly, and gradually increasing in quickness, until it ends in a roll. If the bird succeeds in finding a dry log, perfectly hollow and well placed, his tattoo of welcome can be heard a mile, and is one of the pleasantest of woodland sounds. It has the same accelerated pace, and is about the same duration as the call of the raccoon, and is only heard in the day-time, as the raccoon's is only heard at night. When its mate hears the drumming, she slowly approaches, and, coquettishly picking at seeds she does not want, comes within sight of the drumming-log. No maiden is seemingly more unconscious of the man she desires to attract than is this russet dame of her gallant musician. A snail is on the May-apple plant right before her; she pecks at it three times before hitting it, then scratches negligently at imaginary seeds. The cock rises his ruff till it looks like Queen Elizabeth's; the yellow skin beneath flushes with pride; he spreads his tail like a fan; he thrums his guitar, clucks an introductory welcome or two, and launches himself out and flies to his bride. If, however, another cock hears the drumming, he feels insulted at the sound on what he considers his own domain. He flies to the drumming-log and dashes at the brave drummer, and the one who is inferior in courage and strength yields his place to the bolder, and retires discomfited.—Charles E. Whitehead, in Scribner's for August.

A Practical View of Advertising.

At a late meeting of the stove manufacturers of the country at Detroit, Michigan, the President denounced the ineffective and expensive advertising that had been much indulged in by the trade, the tawdry lithographs and other sensational machinery, and recommended instead the more exclusive use of the best newspaper. "If we would make the best possible use of our money," he continued, "we should patronize ably conducted and responsible newspapers. The newspaper is immeasurably the best medium open to our trade; the most liberal and expert advertisers testify as to its value, and in the employment of its columns we would find a means of escape from wasteful, undignified and ineffective methods, to which so many resort in their eagerness to secure attention and patronage."

The Ape that Most Resembles Man.

Professor Garrod lately held a reception in the Monkey-house at Zoological Gardens, and discoursed to the people about the anthropoid apes. The Professor made it plain that the anthropoids are the simial aristocracy, even if we may not more accurately call them our poor human relations. As prosecutor of the Zoological Society, the Professor stated that he had dissected seventy apes out of the anthropoid class, and one of them exhibited the vermiform appendix of the cœcum, or blind gut, which is characteristic of man. But the anthropoids have it quite humanly developed. The hands and feet of an orang recently dead were exhibited along with those of a man, and exhibited the same structure. The manners and customs of gorillas were described from authentic observations, and their domestic arrangements, their sleeping hammocks, and use of stones in cracking nuts increased the impression made that this animal is very human-like, indeed. Professor Garrod showed that the structural resemblances between the anthropoid apes and man are so close that the reason for the mental and moral differences remains still an unsolved problem. Perhaps the most striking and important portion of his discussion was that in which he proved that the vocal organs of man are present also in the anthropoid ape. The ape does not converse, and yet the difference between his vocal apparatus and that of man is so infinitesimal as to defy observation. It is at this point, however, that physiological investigation must now be particularly directed.

Professor Huxley declares that, to his mind, the only thing that promises to explain the mental difference between the anthropoid ape and man is this phenomenon of language. This he said in a lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons. Language implies consultation, comparison of experience—necessarily embodied itself in the written form, becomes the storehouse of facts, results in inferences, and in the wisdom which can control and modify nature where the dumb creature is controlled and modified by nature. By the power of intelligent and purposeful selection and combination so secured by the ability to talk, the animal so endowed might gradually build up a better brain on the same structure as that possessed by an animal that could not talk, and so could not obtain the complete co-operation of his fellows for the work of improvement. If it should be ultimately determined by physiologists that there is absolutely no difference between the vocal organs of the anthropoid and man, refuge would have to be taken in the hypothesis that there is some point in the animal brain corresponding to the vocal power, which does not exactly rhyme with the latter in the anthropoid, but does rhyme with it in the man. M. D. Conway's Letter to the Cincinnati Commercial.

Eloquence in Rags.

The Rockville correspondent of the Terre Haute (Ind.) *Express* says: "Hon. A. F. White was posted for a speech on last Saturday night in the Court-house. At the conclusion of his speech, which was one of his effective efforts, a call was made for general remarks. After a moment's silence in the audience, a tramp, who had been notified to leave town, came forward from the rear of the audience, where he had been an attentive listener to Mr. White, and began to speak in a calm, measured voice. Every body was puzzled to know who he was, whence he came, whither he was going. His dress betrayed the hay-stack, hollow-log and box-car lodging, and a lack of change for wash-day. As he progressed the wonder increased—there was such discrepancy between his appearance and his intelligence and manner. His rhetoric and elocution were perfect. His points were clear and forcible. In brief, he acquitted himself so well that the curious and romantic decided to have him speak again last night. In the course of his remarks he mentioned having lived in Terre Haute when a boy, and served in the office of a prominent lawyer, since become insane, and to which place he was sending his tired way, in hopes of striking some employment."

HENRY MERIS will have the line of the Cuyeo Railroad in Peru finished as far as the ancient capital of the Incas by the end of the year. He is still continuing his three-mile tunnel into the Cerro Pasco Mines, situated on the side of one of the highest peaks of the Andes, and is pushing his railroad to the head of navigation on the Amazon, so that it is probable that in a short time Lima will be within three weeks of Liverpool, instead of being from six weeks to two months.

UNMUZZLED dogs are killed in Philadelphia by being put in a close room, where a charcoal fire is started, the carbonic acid gas doing the business in about two minutes.