The Bossier Banner.

VOLUME 16. BELLEVUE, LA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1877. NUMBER 33.

OCTOBER.

...ing beneath his load October comes,
...dreamy depths of gray-blue sky,
...smoke-wreaths floating over quiet
...lie.

...the lone flowers, the honey bees
...restlessly, and fail to find
...mer morning dew's rich, fragrant
...
...oses held enshrined.

...rple grapes hang ready for the kiss
...lips sweeter than their wine;
...the turning leaves they soon will
...
...crimson apples' shine.

...through the soft and sunlit air
...great hawks fly, and give no heed
...sweet songsters, that towards the fair,
...lands of summer speed.

...the hills, wild asters bend to greet
...roadside's wealth of golden rod;
...by the the fences, the bright sumachs
...meet
...morning light of God.

...the shadows of the clouds drift o'er
...hillsides, clad in opal haze,
...butterflies seek the rich
...store
...spent summer days.

...is dusted gold, the tall elms stand
...in the edges of the wood;
...near the chestnut sentinels the land,
...shows its russet hood.

...maple flaunts its scarlet banners where
...marsh lies clad in shining mist;
...mountain oak shows, in the clear, bright
...air,
...crown of amethyst.

...like a silver line, the sparkling stream
...murm'ring through the meadows
...brown,
...the radiance, seeming a sad dream,
...oiless boat floats down.

...and ... a glory seems to fold
...wide land where October stands,
...leaves of green and scarlet, brown and
...gold,
...falling from his hands.

...the presence that with gladness crowns
...long, long days of toil and care;
...smile shining where November
...frowns,
...snow rime in his hair.

—*Thomas S. Collier, in the Cottage Hearth.*

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

[...is related in a French life of Ali Pasha (... Mrs. Hemans in preface to this lyric) ...everal of the Suliote women, on the ...ce of the Turkish troops into the ...tain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty ...and, after chanting a wild song, pre... ...ed themselves, with their children, ...chasm below, to avoid becoming the ...of the enemy.]

...e stood upon a lofty peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky;
...bitter ... was on her cheek,
And ... flash in her eye.

...thou see them, boy?—through the
...dusky pines
...thou see where the foeman's armor
...shines?
...thou caught the gleam of the conquer-
...or's crest?
...that I cradled on my breast!
...dst thou spring from thy mother's arms
...with joy?
...sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

...or in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son;
They had heap'd high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

...they have cross'd the torrent, and on they
...come:
...for the mountain hearth and home!
...where the hunter laid by his spear,
...where the lyre hath been sweet to
...hear,
...where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
...but the blood-stain our trace shall
...keep!"

...and now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbals clang,
Till even the upper air was stirr'd,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"...they bring music, my joyous child!
...the trumpet to Suli's wild?
...light thine eye with so quick a fire,
...glance of thine armed sire?
...thou still!—there are brave men
...
...wouldst not smile couldst thou see him
...now!"

...nearer came the clash of steel,
And ... the horn,
...farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

"...st thou the sound of their savage
...mirth?
...thou wert free when I gave thee birth—
...how cherish'd, my warrior's son!
...blessed thee, as I have done!
...must his loved ones be—
...young Suliote! for thee and me!"

...from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And ... fair child bore,—
...upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was o'er.

GOOD LITTLE SAMARITAN.

...Betty Van Dyke had curled her... up in the corner of the capacious ...ow-sill in her mother's kitchen to ... Fifine flute the flounces of her In... muslin. Miss Betty was as pretty ...resh as a rose; her eyes were of ...n's own blue, her hair like threads ...old, her cheeks "like a Catherine ...the side that's next the sun." ... was nothing more than a bundle ...bones wrapped in a piece of parch... ...she was a native of Lorraine, ...d lately married an Englishman, ...arly known as "George," whom ...loved for many a year.

...Betty was romantic, and it so de... ...her when George at last yielded ...idolatry of poor Fifine, that she ...her father into leasing a bit of ...woodland, with a tumble-down ...to George, so that he ...garden and potato patch, ...some chickens, and take nice ...poor Fifine. Miss Betty even ...scended to go to them during the ...finishing and the honeymoon, and ...Fifine in her little domestic fur... ...and adorning, and advise George in relation to his garden, his potato patch, his chickens, and wood-splitting.

But, truth to say, George had so studied the character and attributes of the noble Indian that he modeled his life upon it, so far as resigning all domestic duties to Fifine. He gave over to his spouse the entire supervision of the garden, potato patch, chicken-raising, and even the wood-splitting. He was of a dreamy nature, and would sit for hours on a rude bench he had placed near the water, and there he would smoke and meditate until Fifine had tidied up the house, and fed the chickens, and hoed the potatoes, and washed a couple of dozen pieces for one of her patrons, and split some wood, and got dinner upon the table; then George would come in and eat dinner with Fifine, and tell her of all he had been thinking about while sitting there upon the bench under the trees.

Fifine was very happy. She knew that George was superior to her in mind, but he had told her time and again that it was right he should be her superior, and he loved her all the better for it.

But Miss Betty had her misgivings, and one day, when she was curled up like a lovely kitten upon the window-sill, she said to Fifine, "What does George do, Fifine, toward the support of the household? It seems to me that you are always slaving and toiling. What does George do?"

Then Fifine shrugged her shoulders, which had become somewhat crooked and bulgy from the heavy burdens they had borne all these years, and elevated her eyebrows, which were rather scraggy and gray, and said, with a world of feeling in her voice, "What does he do, my angel? He gives to me the happiness which is my all; he gives to me the conversation which is beautiful; he tells me of what is going on in the big busy world; he pities, he consoles—ah, my little one, he *loves* me!"

Miss Betty blushed and was silent, and thought, foolish child, that, after all, this was every thing. She left Fifine to iron the tucks and furbelows with which Mrs. Van Dyke delighted to adorn her daughter Betty, and went out under the grape vine, and walked to and fro, and thought that if somebody—and here she trembled and blushed at the thought of his name—if he would read to her again, would talk to her again, would tell her of the big beautiful world once more, if he would love her—ah, what would she not be glad to give in return! She would work for him—ay, she would work her slim fingers to the bone, only, of course, he wouldn't let her; he was too noble and generous and thoughtful. But if the necessity should arise, how glad she would be to do even like poor Fifine, if only he would love her in return.

But, alas! the superiority of mankind was here also pre-eminent. He was the new minister, the Rev. Reginald Roake. The consistory had thought it best to get a young man, so that he could board around among the parishioners, and thus save the rent of a parsonage. Captain Van Dyke, Miss Betty's father, had thought it best to economize in every way that they could, and had even taken the young man to board at first. He told his wife they'd scarcely miss what the parson ate, and the church must be helped along as much as was prudent and possible.

But the Captain, after a few months, suddenly changed his mind. The young minister was very fertile in imagination and quick in thought; his sermons were speedily prepared, and the long summer days had so many sweet hours to fill! Miss Betty's duties were also light; her mother was still active and robust; there were two sturdy young women in the kitchen, besides the occasional artistic work of Fifine. The Captain's sight was keen and strong; when he was out sailing in the bay he could see a couple of figures bending together over some book in the summer-house, or wandering among the rocks or along the sands upon the shore. The Captain would come home hot and vexed, and take his wife to task for this misdoing.

"I don't want any beggarly parsons hanging around my daughter," said the Captain.

The good lady would look very much shocked, and really tremble in her heart at the Captain's temerity, for she thought it was almost temping Providence to cast a contemptuous word upon the clergy; but she had that wholesome fear of the Captain that she had never ventured to remonstrate with him. She sighed in secret with her daughter when the Captain managed to transfer the preacher to the care of a wealthy and comely widow in the neighborhood.

"He can poach all he pleases in that domain," said the Captain; and shortly after, he was delighted to see the reverend gentleman riding out with the fair widow, and gathering grasses and ferns in the pretty woodland haunts about Granville.

"We can't keep a parson single," chuckled the Captain at his dinner-table: "the women won't let him alone, do what we may. But the widow Benson owns her own house, and that will save rent for a parsonage."

The morsel upon Miss Betty's fork remained untasted, and the Captain in this way spoiled many a meal for his daughter.

And so the summer waned, and September was at hand—September with her soft blue haze and rich warm sunshine; and though the widow had a brilliant garden of her own, she was fond of the wanton wild flowers that grew so luxuriously in the woods of Granville. She and the young minister filled the house with great clusters of golden rods and asters and big purple pokeberries. One day the pony phæton stopped before the door of Captain Van Dyke, and the widow was led into the sitting-room, where she found Miss Betty almost hidden by a mosquito netting which she was busily patching.

"Come, child," said the widow, "put away that rag, and run get a pretty dress on. I've promised myself this many a day we should take this drive together, and I declare to you it shall be the rarest one you ever had in your life. The day is made richly to order for it; the balmiest air, the goldenest sunshine—not a cloud in the sky! Run away, and make yourself look as pretty as you can."

"You are very kind," said Miss Betty, with a little trip of cold jealousy on her tongue; "but I must mend this netting for poor Fifine. She is sick with a fever, and the mosquitoes are dreadful down there in the wood. Mamma says I may have this netting if I can make it do; it is so badly torn," said poor Betty, "and so perplexing! But I could not sleep, Mrs. Benson," she added, with an air of gentle dignity, in which there was also a slight sniff of reproach—"I could not sleep in my own bed of luxury, and know that poor Fifine was languishing there, a prey to fever and mosquitoes."

If the widow had thereupon offered to drive to town with Miss Betty and buy for Fifine a brand-new canopy, Miss Betty would have put the old netting aside; but she was at heart very glad that the fine lady offered no such sacrifice to charity, for she could not bear to find her altogether perfect.

"Ten chances to one, my dear," said the widow, "you'll have your labor for your pains. These poor creatures are very superstitious and queer, and don't know what is best for them. I've no doubt, in any case, she has pretended to be sick to get rid of some clear-starching for your good mother. Fifine would rather work at home, so that she can be with that lubberly lout of a husband of hers. She is the finest and best of laundresses, and sorry should I be to have any thing befall her; but you must not believe all that these wily Frenchwomen say."

The color mantled high in Miss Betty's cheeks as these slanders fell upon her ears, and she steadily refused to put her work aside.

"You are a little goose," said the widow at length. "Must I tell you, then, that we shall have some charming company with us? We are to stop at my house for Mr. Roake—there, now, Miss Betty, run away and dress."

The color fled from Miss Betty's cheeks, and the needle trembled in her fingers. As she raised her blue eyes to the fine black ones of the widow, a tear or two trembled within them.

"You are welcome to your charming company," she said. "I will go on with my work for poor Fifine."

The widow laughed heartily and went away, leaving poor Miss Betty to struggle on with her troublesome task, which was more and more irksome now that she knew how some other people were spending their afternoon. As rent after rent yawned before her, and her weary little fingers grew less and less nimble, more than once the question arose within her whether it was better to go on. Since nobody cared for her, why should she care for any body? But her generous heart conquered all these bitter temptations, and nearly at night-fall she ran up stairs to slip on the pretty muslin robe, all smoothed and crimped by the art and industry of poor Fifine. The netting was not a heavy burden, but she carried also a kettle of ice with her and a pot of jelly. She took the road through the woods, and though it was growing darker, and her heart beat rapidly, and she could not brush the mosquitoes away because her hands were so full, yet she was upheld by the thought of rescuing poor Fifine. Since she could not save her from the stings of slander and reproach, she should at least be free from those of mosquitoes.

At last through the trees she could see the chicken-coops of Fifine, and soon she was at the poor woman's bedside. The heart of Miss Betty was fired with indignation when she remembered the cruel words of the widow. Fifine lay upon a rude bed in the corner. Always thin and brown, she might now have been taken for an exhumed Queen of Egypt, and Miss Betty could not imagine how all these mosquitoes could find it in their anatomy to prey upon poor Fifine when the fat and unctuous substance of George was temptingly at hand upon the bench outside, where he was enjoying his evening pipe. Miss Betty stooped over the sick woman, and said, "I have brought you some ice, dear Fifine."

"Ah, my angel! my angel of light!" said Fifine, "thou hast of hearts the most merciful; but, alas! I can not have the ice. I am too cold already, my little one. There is a cold hand at my heart. No, no; I can not have the ice."

"Very well, Fifine," said Miss Betty, putting down the kettle which had been such a nuisance to her, "you shall not be troubled with the ice; but here is some jelly."

"Ah, my blessed one!" cried Fifine, "thou art like a saint from Heaven; but talk not to me of jelly. They have given me of jelly many years ago, after some bitter medicine, and I have since that time no hunger for jelly. Ah, my rose of the wildwood! it makes me sick to think of it."

"Then do not think of it, Fifine," said Miss Betty, putting aside the jar, that had grown heavier and heavier at every step of the journey. "But these dreadful mosquitoes, they are devouring you."

"Ah, yes, my adored one, they are demons without mercy; they have drawn all the blood from my body, and their dreadful song is madness to my brain. But rest tranquil; death will soon put an end to my misery."

"But see here, my poor Fifine," cried Miss Betty, exultingly unrolling her precious net; "now you can sleep in peace. We will spread this over you, George and I, and not one of the monsters can reach you. See, my poor Fifine, we will draw this over you—so;" and suiting the action to the word, Miss Betty pulled the net over the high post of the bedstead, when suddenly a terrific look upon the sick woman's face stayed her hands, and she cried out to Fifine, in dismay, "Don't you want the net over you, Fifine?"

"Ah, life of my life!" said Fifine, "it is sad, it is terrible! I know not how to deny thee, after all thou hast done for me; but, oh, my little one, I can not have it over me. I have tried, for thy dear sake, to bear it. I told myself that I would say no word against it—at least till thou wert gone, when George could pull it away—but I can not even for one little moment. Ah, my angel, wait until I am dead, and then they can draw over me the pall, and put candles at my head and feet, and do with me what they will; but while I am yet alive I can not be treated like a dead body."

Miss Betty said no further word of entreaty or remonstrance, but let the miserable flimsy thing fall out of her hands upon the floor; and having smoothed Fifine's pillow, and held some milk to her lips, and promised to come again in the morning, Miss Betty took the woodland road home again.

It was now quite dark, and big shadows seemed to threaten every step of her way. Her heart was heavy within her, and her poor little feet seemed scarcely able to carry even her light weight along. What a wretched, abortive attempt had been hers to alleviate the misery of poor Fifine! It was as the beautiful widow had said, she had had her labor for her pains—the beautiful, mocking widow, who was no doubt riding home through the gloaming with the Rev. Reginald Roake.

At that very moment Miss Betty heard the tramping of hoofs behind her, and stopped aside to let the light-limbed pony of the widow pass by. The basket sides of the phæton were filled with wild flowers, and the white hands of the minister held a bunch of shy, sweet forget-me-nots as blue as Miss Betty's eyes.

The widow drew up her pony, and bade Mise Betty get in by her side, lest the hobgoblins of the wood should devour her; but the young girl stoutly refused, nor would she be coaxed from her decision.

"I am not afraid of hobgobiins," she said, thinking in her heart there could be none so greedy and rapacious as the beautiful widow herself.

"Now what is to be done with this obstinate child?" said the widow. The minister had long since leaped from the wagon and approached Miss Betty; but she turned her back upon him, perhaps to hide the tears of wretchedness which were falling out of her eyes.

"Pick her up and put her in here by me," said the widow. "I am myself a little afraid of the satyrs of the wood. Come, child, do not be a goose and get jealous of your grandmother. The gentleman there has gathered a pretty nosegay of forget-me-nots for you that were left over from spring. We have been looking for you far and wide, and he has done nothing but talk to me of his love for you till I am sick of the refrain.

Betty turned a swift, melting glance behind her. In a twinkling the minister had lifted her to the widow's side, and forgot to take his arm away. It was quite dark, and the only star that shone in the sky was that of Venus. They drove rapidly on, Miss Betty's heart thumping in unison with the hoofs of the pony.

"I told you," said the widow, "you'd have your labor for your pains. We stopped at Fifine's. The poor creature was full of adoration for you. She called upon every saint in the calendar to shower blessings upon your head. She said that you had brought her some beautiful ice and some delicious jelly, and a net that was most wonderful."

"But she refused them all," said Miss Betty.

"Ah, yes," replied the widow; "but George did not refuse them. He had chopped up the ice in his milk, and had spread all the jelly upon his bread, and had wrapped himself up in the mosquito netting, and lay upon the lounge when we entered, snoring, as Fifine said, like an angel. Fifine was parched with fever and devoured with mosquitoes, but she declared to me that she was quite comfortable and happy. I do not understand it."

But Miss Betty did. She nestled closer to the arm about her, and lifted her flushed and radiant face to the one above her own.

"My sweet little Samaritan!" he whispered; and although the widow could not understand the happiness of Fifine, it was quite clear to the heart of Miss Betty.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Wish Ma Was Here.

It appears that a young man named Jubal Shine arrived in Detroit two days ago on one of the up-river boats. It also appears that in due course of time he was found drunk in an alley and taken to the Station-house, and from thence to the House of Correction for 30 days. He left behind him a memorandum book. It would seem from the entries that Mr. Shine is a young man who desires to keep himself posted, and that he is also a close observer of things, and a warm friend of his mother. The first entry was made as soon as he arrived. It reads:

"Beats any thing I ever saw! Saw four locomotives just now in one yard! Saw more'n a hundred barrels of flour in one pile! Saw over forty horses soon as I got off the boat! Saw almost three policemen the first thing! Wish ma was here."

After an interval of half an hour he wrote again:

"Counted 347 people on the streets in ten minutes, and tisn't Fourth of July, either! Saw over 300 grindstones piled up before one place! Counted eighteen telegraph wires on one post! Wish ma was here."

He probably waited awhile again before making his third entry, which reads:

"I've counted more'n sixty stores already! Never saw such a place for stores in all my life! Believe I've seen over two hundred women! Just went by a store where over thirty pairs of breeches were hanging out! Wish ma was here."

Some hours must have elapsed before he wrote again, as he began:

"I've seen morn'n a million things! Believe I've seen over six hundred people! I've walked over a mile, and haven't come to the end of the city yet! Boys and girls walk right along the same as any body else, and I heard a boy sassing a man who sells peanuts! Guess I've heard as many as seven bells at different times, and I came pretty near seeing three dog fights! Darnedest place I ever see for houses! Them things they call street cars run on wheels and won't turn out for nothing! Wish ma was here."

Some time during the evening he wrote:

"Begin to feel as if I had always lived here. Man asked me what time 'twas, and I told him just as naturally as if I had lived here 10 years! Got two of the darnedest best meals I ever had! Let a feller take as much butter as he wanted to! Just had a drink! Greenhorn from the country was treating me to beer! Wish ma was here."

His last entry was perhaps made by starlight, after getting into the alley. The hand was unsteady, and some of the words ran clear across the page. It reads:

"Saw mor'n a hundred greenhorns from the country! Sat down here to cool off an' klect my thoughts! Drank lots of beer, but it's hard on the beer as on me! Sheems be good place here—guess I'll sthay all nize! Wozzer—Wozzer—where—w-h—wish ma waz—hic—here!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Settling Up of Ashtabula.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern has indemnified the relatives and heirs of 65 out the 81 persons who lost their lives in the bridge accident at Ashtabula. The balance of the claims are in a fair way of speedy settlement. The largest amount paid to any one party was $9,000. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, a newly married couple on their wedding tour, were killed, and their bodies burned beyond recognition; yet their lives have been settled for at the comparatively small figure of $3,000. The claims against the company have generally fallen under $5,000.—*Chicago Times.*