

# The Bossier Banner.

W. H. SCANLAND,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—THEN GO AHEAD."

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME 1.

BELLEVUE, LOUISIANA, OCTOBER 28, 1859.

NUMBER 18.

## 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. M. JONES, P. M.

## S. G. McKEMIE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Minden, La. v1a11

## R. J. LOONEY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Bellevue, La. v1a11

## T. M. FORT,

Notary Public, Bellevue, Bossier Parish, La. v1a11

## R. W. ARNETT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Bellevue, La. Will practice in the seventeenth Judicial District Court. v1a11

T. M. FORT. D. P. FORT.

## FORT & BRO.,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Bellevue, La. v1a11

## W. H. HILL,

Auctioneer of Bossier Parish, La., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in said capacity. v1a14

## L. M. NUTT,

Attorney at Law, Shreveport, La. Will practice in the courts of Caddo, Bossier, Claiborne and Bienville. v1a11

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

KILLPATRICK & PENNALL  
Attorneys at Law, Shreveport, La. Will practice in the courts of Caddo, DeSoto and Bossier. v1a11

## 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. v1a12

## R. G. LISTER,

House, sign and ornamental painter. Paper hanging, gilding, glazing and imitation of all kinds of wood and marble, upholstery, &c. v1a11

## 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. v1a11

## 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. v1a11

## RICH'D W. TURNER,

Attorney and Counsellor 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. v1a11

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. v1a11

## 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. v1a13

## 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 the country affords. He has also attached to his house a large and well ventilated stable well supplied at all times with good provender. v1a11

## A HOME SCENE.

Come, let us pull the curtain down,  
And lay the work aside,  
And gather up the playthings  
You've scattered far and wide;  
And place the lamp upon the stand,  
Beside the great arm chair,  
And bring the last good newspaper,  
And do it all with care.

Now heap the coal upon the grate—  
He loves a cheerful fire—  
See how the flames dance merrily,  
And leap up high and higher;  
Now place the slippers on the rug,  
And get his dressing gown;  
For papa will be tired and cold  
When he comes back from town.

Come let me bathe your glowing cheeks,  
And make your hair look neat,  
And put your bright pink apron on—  
There, now you're clean and sweet!  
Now sit down on the little bench  
That grand-pa made, and see  
How still you'll be while good mamma  
Goes to lay the cloth for tea.

The tea-kettle sends forth its hum,  
The biscuits are so light;  
I wish he'd come, it seems to me  
He's rather late to-night;  
Hark wasn't that our gate that clicked?  
"Hurrah!" shouts little Will,  
And ere I've time to tell him hush,  
He's bounded o'er the sill.

And "papa's come!" he shouts again,  
And climbs up for a kiss;  
And "papa's tum! Oh, pa, a's tum!"  
Echoes his little sis.  
Oh! happy group that live and love  
Within that humble cot;  
Many who dwell in palaces  
Might envy them their lot.

## DIVORCED BY MISTAKE.

One Winter there came to Trenton, New Jersey, two men, named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs on the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife and was in love with a pretty woman—he wished to be divorced from his bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who, by the way was a widow, with black eyes and such a form! Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce.

Smith had a good wife, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike or plank road to extend from Pig's Run to Terapin Hollow.

Well, they, with these different errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with usual arguments. First, suppers mainly composed of oysters with rich background of venison, second, liquors in great plenty, from "Jersey lightning," which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquor shape, Newark champagne.

To speak in plain prose, the divorce man gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with champagne breakfast under the molifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills; and Jones and Smith—a copy of each bill in their pockets—went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stony coaches.

Smith arrived home in the evening, and as he sat down in the parlor, his pretty wife beside him—how pretty she did look—and five of her children overhearing the other five studying their lessons in the corner of the room, Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike my dear, I am one of the directors and will be President. It will set me up, love; we can send our children to the boarding school, and live in style out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty little wife, who was one of the nicest of wives, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face, "let me see it," as she learned over Mr. Smith's shoulder.

But all at once Smith's visage grew long; Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an oath.

"Blast us, wife, those infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!"

It was too true; the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the names of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in frightfully legible letters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Here's a turnpike," she said sadly, "and with the whole of our ten children staring me in the face, I ain't your wife! Here's a turnpike."

"Blast the pike and the Legislature and—"

Well, the fact is that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, enacted into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark and most of the denizens of Smith's town had gone to bed, Smith bade his late wife to put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the clergymen of this church.

"Goodness, bless me!" exclaimed the good man as he saw them enter, Smith looking like the last of June, and Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron—"Goodness bless me, what's the matter?"

"The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off," replied Smith.

"Marry you!" ejaculated the clergyman with expanded fingers and awful eyes: "are you drunk, or what is the matter with you?"

However, he finally married them over straightway and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone that he might give vent to a suppressed laugh that was shaking him all over; and Smith's wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their children. The little Smiths never knew their father and mother had ever been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment.

Meanwhile, and on the same night, Jones returned to his native town—Burlington, I believe—and sought at once the fine black eyes which he had hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat on the sofa, a white handkerchief tied carelessly about her round white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves against each rosy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her dimple chin; "the fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll be married to-night. I know how to manage those rascals at Trenton. A champagne supper—or was it breakfast that did the business for them. Put on your bonnet and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest."

The widow, who was among widows as peaches among apples, put on her bonnet and took Jones' arm, and—

"Just look how handsome it looks put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling out the document before her; "here's the law that says Jacob Jones and Ann Caroline Jones are two."

Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder she did look at it.

"O dear!" she said, with her rosy lips, and sank back fainting on the sofa.

"O blazes!" cried Jones, and sank beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand; "here's a lot of happiness gone to ruin."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced, and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply, by the Legislature of New Jersey, incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorized to run from Burlington to Bristol! When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will observe the extreme hopelessness of Jones' case.

"It's all the fault that turnpike man who gave them the champagne supper or was it the breakfast?" cried Jones in agony. If they'd chartered me to a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terapin Hollow, I might have borne it; but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol bears an absurdity on the face of it."

So it did.

"And you ain't divorced," said Eliza a tear running down each cheek.

"No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, "and what is worse, the legislature is adjourned, and gone home drunk, and won't be back to Trenton till next year!"

It was a hard case.

The mistake had occurred on the last day of the session, when legislators and transcribing clerks were laboring under a champagne breakfast. Smith's name had been put where Jones' ought to have been, and "wisely wery," as the Latin poet has it.

TEARS A MARK OF POWER.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They are messages of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man was not mortal I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotion of the breast when the soul has been agitated, when the fountains of feelings are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh! speak not harshly of the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despire not woman's tears; they are what makes her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted into sympathetic tears; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears, an awful pleasure. If there was none on earth to shed tears or me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave I could never die in peace. Dr. Johnson.

THE EDITOR.—The man who is expected to know everything, tell all he knows, and guess at the rest; to make out to his own good character, establish the reputation of his neighbor, to elect all candidates to office; to blow up every body, suit everybody and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and have the epitaph on his tomb stone, "here lies his last," in short he is a locomotive running on the track of public notoriety; his lever is his boiler, filled with ink; his tender is his scissors, and his driving wheels is public opinion: whenever he explodes, it is caused by a nonpayment of subscriptions. He is expected to work for nothing and board himself—and if he is unfortunate enough to have a family, he will either have to run in debt for their support, or take lodgings in the almshouse. Poor fellow! he is nothing but an editor!

Look Up!—"Look up!" thundered the captain of a vessel, as his boy gazed idly while gazing from the topmast. Look up! the boy looked up and returned in safety. Young man, look up, and you'll succeed. Never look down and despair. Leave dangers uncared for, and push on. If you falter, you lose. Look up! Do right, and trust in God.

In the middle ages, a fool had so bitterly angered his sovereign by some of his pointed jests, that the monarch passed sentence of death upon him, but permitted him to select the mode in which he would prefer to die. Then I choose to die of old age, was the ready reply.

Why is money like a theatre? Kase it takes wings.

## "THE ORASHUN."

Here is a part of Artemas Ward's Fourth of July "Orashun."

"Ine a Union man. I luv this Union man from the Bottom of my Hart. I luv every hoop pole in Maine and evry sheep rance in Texas. The cow-pasters in New Hampshire is deer to A. Ward as the rice plantashuns of Mississippi. There is meen critters in both of them air States, and there is likewise good men and troo. It don't look verry pretty for a lot of inflammatory individuals, who never lifted their hands in defence of America, or did the fust thing towards skrewin our independence, to git their backs up and sware they'll dissolve the Union. Too mutch good blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that highly respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her at this late day. The old gal behaved herself too well to cast her off now, at the request of a parsul of addle-braned men and wimin who never did nobody at all no good, and never will again. Ime sorry the picture of the Goddess never giv her no shoes or stockings, but the banl of stars around her head must continue to shine briter so long as this Erth conigues to revolve on her axletree.

To resoom—G. Washington was a clear headed, warm-hearted, brave and stidly goin man. He never slop over! Prevailin weakness of most public men is to slop over! They Rush things. They travel too mutch on the high presher principle. They git onto the popular hobby hoss, who trots along, not carin a sent whether the best is even goin, clear sited and sound or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they get throwed eventooly if not sooner. When they see the multtitude goin it blind, they go Pel Mel with it instid of exertin themselves to it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearn them triumphantly on its shoulders will soon discover its Error, and cast them into the hoss pond of oblivium, without the slightest hesitashun. Washington never Slopt Over. That wasn't George's stile. He luvd his country deely. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angelin a 3-cornered hat and nee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My friends we can't all be Washingtons, but we can all be patriots, and behave ourselves in human and christian manner. When we see a brothergoing down hill to Ruin, let us not gve him a push, but let us seize right hold of his coat tails and drag him back to Morality.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—How touching the tribute of the Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence:

My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have never gambled, and I cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute it to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all time.

Dobbs says that a woman knows nothing of magnanimity. If she invite a friend to dinner it is not to display her hospitality, but "these silver forks" which "consin Isaac" gave her yesterday.

"I can't bear children," said Miss Prim, disdainfully.

Mrs. Partington looked over her spectacles mildly before she replied: "Perhaps if you could you would like them better."

I Must Die.—Reader, are you accustomed to think this as true of your self as it is of others? You may be in perfect health to day; but has the thought, "I am mortal," occurred to you? Swift and sudden, death has come to multitudes; if it should come to you now, are you prepared for it? To day have you thought of the end for which you were created? Have you remembered that though you must die, the soul will live forever, and that God will give to every man the just reward of his deeds to the righteous eternal life—to the wicked eternal death? Let no care, however pressing, no pursuit, however eager, lead you to forget this truth, "I must die," and after death the judgement. Says the writer:

In the giddy whirl of the world men too little pause to reflect that they are mortal. On and on they delve and toil, strive and contend, criminalizing and recriminating, throwing their whole souls into vortex of the world, as if it and its objects were worthy to absorb their whole being. Painful object of contemplation! A few more passing seasons, and all who are engaged in the exciting and maddening strife of the world will, one after another have silently dropped into the bosom of death, no more to be seen of men, soon to be remembered no more on earth. How important, then, to the disembodied spirit, will appear the trifles which to day are so much magnified, and which by partial, interested and selfish views, are clothed with so much consequence. I must die! This short sentence frequently uttered and pondered upon, would go far to moderate asperity of feeling to eradicate enmity from the heart to cool the ardor of worldly pursuits, to abate strife and jarring discord.

A MODEL LETTER.—We find the following unique specimen of an affectionate letter in one of our exchanges:

Most Transcendent and Egregious Wife: Would that my pen were dipped in the dyes of the rainbow—plucked from the wing of an angel and mended with the paryer of an infant's wit. I then might expect to paint the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence has enkindled. Thou sunbeam of sentiment—soft moonlight of Modesty. Thy voice is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dream. Thy steps as light as the silk-footed zephyr which fanned with the wing of perfume the new born paradise. Thy eyes are two brilliant stolen from a seraphic crown.

Thy lips are risen rose-buds moistened by the honey-dew of affection. Thy words are like drops of amber. Thy teeth are snow-flakes set in a bed of verbenia. Sweet spirits of camphire, double-distilled essence of homopathy—sour krout of my hopes—sauce of my thoughts—butter-milk catsup of my fancy—tiger-lily of innocence—log wool of perfection. Thou art the minjulp of my dreams—the ginger-pop of my waking visions—and the cherry bounce of my recollection.

Thou art harmless as the tiger—harmless as the elephant—melodious as the lion—meek as the hyena—spotted as the leopard bright as the struggling, sneezing, sunlight passing through the mortal crocks of an old barn loft, or a greased streak of lightning charned to consistence in the milk way, and peppered with a shower of turnip tops, comets and percon roots from the crust of eternity. Thou onion of the soul; pickled pumpkins; preserved crabs of the garden of Hesperides—Thy glance is as melting as old butter in summer time. Thou art a drop of water from the cup of the gods or the juice of a rotten pine-apple.

No man ever talked to a virtuous, high-minded woman one hour without conferring a benefit upon himself.