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ATTORNEYS.

C. BIRD, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office on Convention street, between Third and Church streets, Baton Rouge, La.

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PIPER'S Furniture and Undertaking Establishment, Main street, well supplied with everything in this line.

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BATON ROUGE, LA.



REED'S TONIC
IS A THOROUGH REMEDY
In every case of Malarial Fever, and Fever and Ague, while for disorganization of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

FOR SALE BY
Druggists, Grocers & Wine Merchants Everywhere.
HENRY BUSCH, Agt.,
Will supply the trade at Manufacturer's prices.

EFFORT EVER WINS SUCCESS.

BY
L. C. HARRY.

Heaven born of light divine,
Pierce into this heart of mine!
Shine upon my soul forlorn!
Rest my brain—tis dull and worn.
Aspiration tears my breast—
Kill it, then, and give me rest.
Steep the path that leads to fame;
Long the time before my name.
Wreathed within an immortal fire,
Shall be carved where I aspire,
Soothe the ambition's pulse to sleep,
Whelm me in the common deed!
Still this turmoil and this strife—
Make me be content with life!
I no more shall lift my eyes
To the star within my skies,
That is pointing ever higher
To the summit of desire.
Child of earth? Why this despair?
I, thy genius, hov'rst near:
I, who watched upon thy head
When within my grabled bed,
During childhood's happy hour,
Mine it was to wield the power,
That thy tender thoughts could lead
To the pathway they should tread,
Soon I saw thy strengthening mind
Burst all trammels—unconfined!
Seek the woodland's deepest shade—
Learning from the sylvan glade
Thoughts of beauty; songs of love
From the chorons of the grove,
Kneeling on the flowered sod
Heard thee lift thy voice to God,
Praying, "Father, give me light;
Lead me to a grander height,
Make my mind both strong and broad;
Let my heart beat in accord
With the needs of human life,
When I mingle in the strife
Of the world's restless tide,
Let ambition be my guide—
Till I reach that point of fame
Where I hope to carve my name
On a glowing scroll, unwrought
With the flowers of my thought."
Thus thou pray'dst—and God was good,
Granting to thy mind a food,
Strong and rich for all thy needs—
Drawn from human motives, deeds
That to others nothing told,
Taught thee lessious pure as gold,
Having guided thee for years,
Shall I yield now to thy fears?
Quench within thy soul the spark
That has led thee thro' the dark?
Leave thee groping dumb and blind,
With the weakest of thy kind!
No! for thou wouldst lose the day
When thy genius fled away!
If thy soul would conquer rest,
Seek it on the topmost crest—
For thy peace shall be attained
When the highest height is gained!
Inspiration's star shall shine
Relating light divine,
Every thought of thee shall be
Famed to nature's melody.
Once thou boasted of thy will—
Canst thou not exert it still?
Seize the pen within thy hand,
Bend each thought to thy command;
Try, and thou shalt soon confess
Effort ever wins success!
Houston, Texas, July 7, 1881.

BULL RUN TO-DAY.

Appearance of the Country Twenty Years after the Memorable Event.

Philadelphia Times.

The lapse of twenty years has left the fields and wooded hills upon which the battle of Bull Run was fought much as they were when on that hot Sunday in July, 1861, the young armies of the people for the first time joined in combat. At this spot twenty years ago the raw nucleus of the Grand Army of the Potomac fell upon the equally undisciplined enemy and forced him through thick woods, across ravines, up hillsides, and into what promised to be utter route, but accident of war turned the tide of battle and under vigorous counter attack the assailants fled dismayed to the banks of the Potomac. What the writer wishes to set down in plain terms is the appearance of the battle field now and the impressions that the surroundings make upon an admirer of those who fought.

Bull Run is best reached from Manassas village, a pretty place which shelters snugly on level land a few hundred people, who, being at a point on the Virginia Midland Railroad, thirty miles west of Washington, take the trade of the country for a considerable distance around. Riding north on the road to Sudley Springs one sees the clearly marked outlines of a fort in a corn field, and, passing farther, the eye is attracted by the beautiful line of the Blue Ridge far away to the Northwest. At the end of a six-mile trot through a pleasant country of farms, the most interesting part of the battle field, Henry Hill, is reached.

THE FIELD'S KEY POINT.

The Henry House stands upon Henry Hill, a flat bare crest, the field's key point whence came the first great outburst of battle and across which forwards and backwards the contending lines surged from noon until the day was lost. The house is a pleasant structure with marks of newness about it, and is made inviting by a lawn in which there is a large elm and several small locust trees. The eye of the approaching visitor does not rest upon these trees, however, delightful as they appear, for the objects of prominence are a little God's Acre grove in front of the house and a rude monument in the rear.

"Coase I waz heah just arter de fight in," said Sheddick, the darkey driver, as we climbed the hillside road to the house; "coase I wuz, en I seed moah dead uns stretched stiff in dat ar oat field ober dar den I eber hab seed afore no sense. Dar's Marse Henry, he kin tell ye."

Under the elm sat an elderly gentleman bending over what I afterwards saw were Latin text books. His soft hand, heartily extended, pointed as a sure index to its owner as one concerned with the windrows of learning rather than those long lines of fallen grain in the trail of the reaper which at that moment was seen swinging slowly down a distant Fairfax hill. From the warmth of his welcome Mr. Henry, who is a professor in the Alexandria Academy, soon made his visitor feel in its fullness that which has been so much praised—the hospitality of the old time Virginian.

A GLANCE FROM A HILLTOP.

"Be so kind as to stand under this 'tree," he said; "this point is the best from which to study the battle-field. General Sherman so regarded it when he called here some time ago. I was sitting in the place where you saw me reading to-day when I observed the General approaching across the field. He came to the house, and standing here, pointed out with wonderful accuracy the various positions held during the battle. Sir, that ridge beyond the Bull Run stream is in Fairfax county. Look to the east. On this side of Fairfax Ridge lay the Federal army on the night before the battle. The country there was partly cultivated then as it is now, but, turning your eyes further to the north you see a forest extending to the stream. Through that forest, now of larger growth, the Federals, who were to turn Beauregard's left, moved, cutting their road as they went to Sudley Springs, which you see in the distance there to the north. Then crossing Bull Run they come down directly upon this point. There remain few evidences of that movement. The oak and pine stands as it did then. Now, mark, sir! The Confederate Colonel Evans, 'Shanks,' as they called him, faced Tyler just down there at the stone bridge, on the Warranton Pike. Is it clear to you? Well, sir, Evans, suspecting something wrong, faced up stream, and with Colonels Bee and Barton, threw himself into that field just beyond the valley. You see the field now; it is still

clear. To make a long story short, when the Federal attacking column, clumsily handled, struck Evans; they thought Beauregard's whole army was in their front. If they had pushed on they would have crushed Beauregard. No doubt of it. Evans, with a handful of men held them for an hour and a half, and when he was forced back, he retreated to his plateau, where the fiercest fighting was done. The Confederates ran past this house towards Gen. Jackson, who had just posted his brigade at that ridge a few hundred yards to the northeast of the house. Jackson's men were lying flat on the ground, but Jackson was on his horse. He sat there as still and steadfast as this monument. Now and then he waved his hand to his men, among whose shells were falling and around whose heads bullets were flying like bees in harvest time. A soldier of that brigade was here a few years ago, and told me that he thought it too hot to stay. He was slipping back, when Jackson seeing him, raised his hand. The fellow dropped back to his place."

WHERE JACKSON BECAME "STONEWALL."

As he talked Mr. Henry led his visitor beyond the lawn into a field where grew long grass, daisies, dandelions, dock weeds, blue thistle and thickly matted blackberry briars. Slightly in advance and at the further end of the field was a line of young pines which have sprung up since the battle, making the field narrower now than it was then. Beyond this growth of small pines stretches a wide belt of oak timber, then standing. Eating blackberries as we walked on, we came to a slight ridge near the woods. It needed no one to explain that this was where Jackson stood "like a stone wall." From this spot, where his horse's hoofs made their memorable mark, I could trace by the red road-bed leading to Sudley Springs, one line of Federal approach, and immediately below, in the little valley of Young's Branch, I could see the Warranton Pike that brought Union help from Stonebridge across Bull Run. Far away in beautiful undulations roll pleasant fields and sternly in the background still grow the very oaks that once were bruised and shattered in the shock of battle.

BATTLE-FIELD FANCIES.

Standing where Jackson stood, it is easy to repeople this beautiful crest, and with slight effort fancy fills in the picture. Panning after a hot run of a mile and a half, Bee's men and Barton's huddle panic-stricken at the edge of the woods. The rebels are routed. The hard-worked men of the North, driving constantly forward, cross Warranton road, push up the hills and reach the plateau. Their batteries sweep the crest and send death-dealing bolts, hissing hot, into the woods. Bee is in sore extremity. His face is streaked with the smut of powder. His eyes are wild. His sword is in constant motion above his head. His voice is husky, for shouts of command long since gave place to whispers of entreaty. Over the field he comes in search of his badly smitten run-aways.

"General," he exclaimed reaching Jackson, "they are beating us back."

"Sir," replies Jackson, we will give them the bayonet." Again Bee's sword waves encouragement to his troops, in rain of bullets he runs forward, saying to some who are with him:

"There is Jackson standing like a stone wall!" Instantly thereafter Bee smites his breast, and, stumbling, falls backward upon a clump of briars. To and fro across his body fly the bits of lead, regiment meet regiment in the fierce charge and the thick of the fight is on. A dozen rocks in the midst of a tangle of pine bush, mark the spot where Bee died, and a few steps distant a similar mound designates the place of Barton's fall. One conviction forces itself upon the visitor who walks from point to point in this field—that the people never have done justice to the heroism of the Union soldiers who through no fault of their own lost the battle here.

"May I ask what has become of the hall in your house?" said General Sherman to Mr. Henry.

"The house had to be rebuilt," was the reply, "and it was remodeled."

"I thought so," said Sherman with a grim smile. "I was in that hall, but it got too hot for me."

It is not very pleasant for the gentleman who, with an aged sister, made deaf by the battle and so remaining now, occupies the Henry mansion to tell of the fighting in and around the house. In the graveyard grove is a tombstone with the inscription:

JUDITH HENRY.

Killed near this spot by the explosion of shells in her dwelling during the battle on the 21st of July, 1861. When killed she was in her 58th year and confined to her bed by infirmities of age. Her

husband, Dr. Isaac Henry, was a surgeon in the United States Navy, on board the frigate Constellation.

When the artillery began to rock the hill and shot came tearing through the house, Mrs. Henry's invalid son took his mother in his arms and bore her across the field, down the hill, to a sheltering place. When the tide of battle momentarily rolled away to the right, the party returned to the house, but scarcely had they reached the lawn when a fiercer storm than ever circled around. Mrs. Henry was shot in several places, one of the daughters was made deaf for life, and the terrible shock hastened the son's death. Great locust trees that then stood around the lawn were broken off and swept down, and from their stumps the lesser locusts now standing have grown. In a grove of these trees, on a grass-covered mound in the rear of the house, is a monument of rough, red granite, whereupon are scratched the names of visiting veterans. The shaft is capped with shells, one of which was hurled by "Long Tom" from Fairfax Heights far across Bull Run. Though the monument was put up by Union soldiers, the bones of five Confederates are buried beneath. Pushing aside some hollyhocks, now in flower around the mound, I was able to read the inscription:

In Memory of
THE PATRIOTS
Who fell at
BULL RUN,
July 21, 1861.

DOWN AT THE BRIDGE.

With taut reins Sheddick let his horses down the farm road leading from the plateau, and, crossing Young's Branch, we emerged upon the Warranton pike. The Stone House known to history still stands at the intersection of the Sudley Springs and Warranton roads, and we drank from the same well whence thirsty hundreds drew refreshing draughts twenty years ago. From the Stone House along the pike to the stone bridge across Bull Run it is a long mile, the road being up hill and down and twice crossing the rivulet.

"The Yankees retreated along this road after the fighting on the Henry farm, didn't they, Sheddick?"

"Is free to say, sir, dat dey kind o' made for de bridge."

"But didn't they run?"

"No, sah; when de rebels got de Union gemmon on the go back dey kind o' went along dis road toards de bridge."

"But what's the difference between 'on the run' and 'on the go back'?"

"Heap o' difference, sah, heap o' difference."

This cute distinction appeared to tickle Sheddick, who at the time of the battle, was a slave and who, in his respect for the North, could not be induced to admit that those who set him free were driven in wild flight across the bridge now before our very eyes. The bridge looks old but steadfast. A wall of stone is on either side and the road-bed on the bridge is of red clay, just as on the pike itself. The stream that passes under the bridge is now narrow and sluggish, but a rain storm sends the waters roaring down between the high walls of red rock and the dry undergrowth of summer in the run's race-track is frequently submerged. To the east is Fairfax county, filled upon this side with fields and thick woods, in the depths of which the bones of men and horses are found to this day. To the west, along the road that took us thither, stretch the undulating lands of Prince William county. Things are somewhat desolate at the bridge, but it is a novelty to sit on the stone buttress and read of war's deadly doings while from the rank grass and water below the bull-frog mocks the drum.

WHERE THE PORTER TROUBLE BEGAN.

A year after the first battle the second battle of Bull Run was fought upon the same ground. But in the second battle the positions of the opposing forces were reversed. Henry Hill and the adjoining Bald Hill are the points from which the operations during the second battle can best be studied. Far to the west stretch the Bull Run mountains, and in the distance the Blue Ridge. Thoroughfare Gap, through which Jackson marched and in which Ricketts disputed Longstreet's passage, looks like a notch in a huge saw. Bones have been found within the last few years in the Gap, but it behooves the searcher for such meanness to beware lest he himself be turned to bones, for in the Bull Run Mountains the rattlesnake lurks. There are slight traces of Jackson's entrenchments on the highlands near Groveton, and the unused railroad cut, in which there was fierce fighting, remains to-day as it was in August, 1862.

The Fitz John Porter case has caused

a number of army officers to visit the Henry House and some adjacent points recently, and not long ago General Warren passed several days in the vicinity preparing maps for use in the trial. The people of the vicinity are interested in the development of the case, almost all taking sides with Porter, who, as a Manassas man put it, "is merely the scape-goat of a lost battle."

A year or so ago Senator Don Cameron found himself at the Henry farm, and, having examined the two battle-fields, he said to Mr. Henry: "What will you take for your property? I've a notion to buy it." The reply was that the spot was too dear to be bought; a place full of pitiful memories for the owner and of sad reflection for the friends of those whose gathered ashes rest at Arlington.

G. M.

A CLASSIC DRUNKARD.

If the Providence Journal states the fact correctly, the barkeeper was about to close up. He had said so several times, and had put out all the lights but one. The old fixtures had shook the sawdust from their feet and reluctantly directed their footsteps homeward. Only a stranger remained, a dark, saddened man, who sat demurely on a stool and kept his thumbs revolving around each other like white mice turning a wheel.

When the coast was clear he stepped up to the bar and said softly: "May I whisper a word in your ear?" "You may, mister, if you will be quick about it," replied the drink-maker, with his hand on the lamp-screw.

"I want you to fill me a flask of your best whisky for family sickness," said the stranger, drawing out an ancient wallet with twenty fathoms of leather string wound around it—a well-worn wallet, that looked as if all the waves and billows of bad luck had beat upon it, and gone over it and through it, and flattened it, and washed it out clean.

The barman filled him up a pint, shoved down the cork until it squeaked, wiped the bottle dry and sat it upon the counter.

"The autumnal air is getting a trifle tartish," soliloquized the stranger. "Would you have any objection to my taking a little liver padder from my bottle?"

He filled the tumbler quite full, took it as he did paregoric in the days of his infancy and then remarked:

"Perhaps, on the whole, as the night has far waned, and my family are on their spiral springs and in their trundles, you had better put my bottle away on the upper shelf, and when Phebus Apollo begins to canter his golden prancers along the avenues of the pumping east, I will then call for it, and you may then assess me the appropriate amount of ducats."

The barkeeper sprang over the bar and began to kick him.

"What?" he said sweetly, "you kick me after that? Don't you know better than that? Kick me with both feet—I cannot feel you even then. Before I took that glass, if you had but shook your fist at me you would have wounded me—hurt me; but now I scorn the physical punishment. Good-night," he said, as he stood on the doorstep. "I see by the shadow on the sidewalk that you have kicked me again. You should remember, my irascible publican, what the dear old poet said, 'Fate cannot harm me now; I have dined to-day.' So say I. I have drunk to-night. Good-night, taverner! How much the sparkling firmament looks like a far-off city, lit up for a festive night! Farewell! I shall see you later."

ROUGH ON ALTOONA.

A Breakfast Table correspondent sends us the following good one. He says that Altoona was at one time about the hardest town along the Pennsylvania Central. One day a stranger, who was pretty well soaked with Texas whisky, went into a ticket office not far from Altoona, and said:

"Give me a ticket."

"Where to?"

"To h—"

"Twenty-one cents, sir."

"What for?"

"To Altoona."

"All right. Hand 'er out."

To further prove Altoona's hard reputation our correspondent goes on to state that the fellow lost his ticket before he was in the train long. When the conductor found out that the drunken passenger had no ticket, he asked him where he wanted to go. The stranger still adhered to original principles and proved his continued desire to bask in the shades of Hades by saying again:

"Want to go to h—"

"All right," said the conductor; "I will let you off at Altoona."—Williamsport Breakfast Table.