

AMAZON TRIP ON THE AMAZONS

BY DR. J. H. PORTER.

A glance at the map printed in the last issue will show the Upper Madeira flowing from the Bolivian Andes in many streams, which unite to form a great waterway through these vast uncivilized regions we had already traversed. Westward rose the Andes. To the north and east extended little-known or altogether unexplored tracts comprised within the provinces of Solimes, Para, and Matto Grosso.

Before going into the highlands of Brazil, it remained to finish our acquaintance with the Amazonian system by a descent of the main stream itself, and retracing our way we finally arrived at Santarem. By this time most necessities belonging to civilized life were expended, and all its luxuries. A more desolate and fatterdemalton pair than ourselves could have been difficult to find. We were in want of everything, and a new outfit was necessary for another journey.

Here also took place the final parting with our ship's company, who were most complete and irreclaimable backsliders by birth, training and disposition. Immediately upon being paid off, the Captain and his companions took to rum and cards; they disappeared, and were seen no more.

Santarem is the metropolis of Amazonia; it contains nearly 3,000 inhabitants, and has a majority of whites among its citizens. One is at once struck by this unusual state of things in walking about the streets, because at other settlements throughout the river country, nine-tenths of their populations are what is called in

reaches and deep-blue bays rolled on through scenes whose serene and gracious beauty could not be surpassed.

There is something, however, in every situation to mar that satisfaction which its advantages excite. Here, on the lower Tapajós, insects innumerable, inhabiting the air, the sand, the woods, the water, crawled over and smeared things; hopped, flew, buzzed and stung; bit, bored into you—did everything in fact, to make themselves disgusting, intrusive and intolerable.

There was a certain humming bird in these parts we respected greatly—a big, fork-tailed, blue-and-green fellow, who had abandoned the frivolous habits of his race and devoted himself to destroying bugs. He perched much, which is an unusual act, looking out for opportunities, and when they arrived, instead of sucking honey, this meritorious insect made havoc among the winged nuisances that beset us.

When the wind blew hard, myriads of beetles rode upon the blast. They crawled over food, got into pipe bowls, tangled themselves in one's hair, and made their way into a man's shoes and shirt. Fleeting persecutors of this class, likewise, lived under every stone or piece of bark. I examined a bush, or walked along some forest aisle studying those insects which nature had wrought on every side, crowds of dragon-flies, some seven inches long, whirled past your eyes as if shot out of cross-bows. Ants, fleas, gnats, mosquitoes, and sand-flies, ticks and leeches sucked our blood.

All along those beautiful shores a well-defined

posited little green wasp toiled. We watched one with interest. First it built a little subterranean gallery, digging and throwing back the soil, and then it went off after a fly. This was scientifically stung so as to paralyze movement, and forthwith thrown into the above-said prison, whose entrance it was carefully closed. Instead of ever thinking they had enough, as idle insects might have done, these industrious beings worked all day long, and since their nests were very large, flies in immense quantities and of every degree of harmfulness must have thus perished, and principally those known as mosquitoes, which are the suckers above all others among these depraved species.

Many kinds of bees live on the campos—unforested land goes by that name in Brazil—and they may be called uncivilized bees, for the same reason that this term is given to aboriginal men dwelling here. Everything these insects do is in a rude, imperfect way. They cannot build regular combs, and instead of living in organized swarms, their associations are loose and altogether incomplete. There is a like difference between Brazilian bees' nests and those belonging to Europe, or constructed through which they flow, the honey of the United States, as there is between an Indian village and a civilized town.

No subject has been more frequently used and abused in moral discourses than the wonderful instinct and surpassingly good behavior of ants and bees. Some varieties of the latter in this country do rather better than others, but none have reached that degree of development which is commonly thought to be natural and universal, and as for that type of patient industry the ant, there are whole groups of these who will die of hunger while a plenty of food lies around, rather than take the trouble to feed themselves.

Thus far our observations must be regarded as applying only to tracts lying near the Tapajós mouth. We could not go further south without men who might be depended upon when it was necessary to fight, and also in sufficient force to encounter those hostile bands of fugitive slaves who during our stay have settled in this desolate region and elapsed into savagery—at Serra de Mururu, for instance, and along the Irura and Panema rivers.

The future held in store enough encounters with wild men and wild beasts which could not be avoided. Moreover, much precaution, and calling to each other among unsafe places, and we would have been ashamed to seek useless risks, like a couple of recruits who knew nothing about actual service.

In the mean time it was better to study natural science—hunt, observe or collect, and when weary, lie at ease in some grove thronged with living things, and watch the action of life's varied drama as it scenes went on. An endless variety of animal and vegetable forms were at hand. Sometimes a sleek, glossy black musquit tired of roaming the great plains, and came in for a change, one by one, using much precaution, and calling to each other in assurances that all was safe. Radiant, but silent and solitary toucans went about their business of looking for insects or grubs with a preoccupied air, taking little notice of those singular creatures who lay in the shade looking on.

Sulky, unsocial trogons, gorgeously beaked with green and rose-colored plumage, sat in contemplation, motionless or hours, and seemed as if challenging us to guess what they were thinking of. Blue and black butterflies flapped their large wings among lofty tree-tops, and the faintly distinct hum and bustle of invisible bees, buzzed in the air, and from a lower inmate world, were at times overpowered by the loud splashing of large, hideous water-bugs, and the splash of an infant and then disappear; or by the scurrying of still larger land species of like kind, chasing one another over fallen leaves and dead twigs.

Tracks of deer, tiger-cats, and opossums were frequently seen, as also those of the jaguar himself—broad footprints stamped upon the damp soil at many a point of stream; but to us the campos showed no quadrupeds of any size, and we remained content to wait for panthers and tigers until they should be met with in those gloomy Amazonian forests, where our campfires would soon be burning.

There was nothing to stop or stay our journey south. No villages where our men could get drunk; no peril of hostile savages, or dangerous wild beasts. Nature's "great unwritten book" lay open for us to read in peace.

This river's shores are clothed with a fringe of forest, broken here and there by cliffs of bare clay. The rapidly spreading numerous inlets along its banks and a whole chain of little pond-like lakes near by. They are inundation formations; but do not dry up in any very great extent, and while existing seem always full of wading birds and water-fowl of many varieties.

Bright-hued flowers bloomed, splendid plants festooned the trees, and in this luminous air the great stream with its long

journeying overland from Santarem.

history, monerels—men of mixed blood. A combination of Indian, negro, and Portuguese does not produce choiced specimens of the human race. Anywhere, however, can read about Santarem, or see pictures of it, if they choose. The object here is to give information not easily elsewhere, and to give information not easily elsewhere, and to give information not easily elsewhere.

South and west from the Tapajós enters the Amazon, an immense, elevated plain, the highlands of Brazil, destined hereafter to be a great history despite all present drawbacks. Underneath comparatively thin layers of soil lies a vast sheet of granite, old as the world. Between primeval ages and this present time nothing intervenes. Looking towards Amazonia, everything is new, but has no future place in the annals of mankind. Incalculable as are the periods during which its rivers have made the country through which they flow, this country, as yesterday when compared with that of the other tract's duration.

Here the newest and most ancient in nature lie side by side upon an unequal scale; but while the latter seems full of promise, there is more hope of the Sahara itself becoming populous and prosperous, than that the sea of the future will ever be peopled, or possess any human interest otherwise than as the home and last refuge of a race that failed.

As it was our intention to make a preliminary tour along the Tapajós River, most of those belongings we intended to embark on the Amazon, and were with one Jose Murillo to take care of them, in a house that was rented upon first coming to these parts. We paid 12,000 rees, or about \$7 a month for it, and were much more comfortable there than if staying at any public establishment.

This part of our journey was made on land, and, therefore, mules or horses were necessary, together with some attendants. Nothing could have been more easily acquired than the first; but servants were infinitely hard to get. All liberated slaves and natives disinclined to hire themselves, and at last we started off with four varrants unmatchable for worthlessness, and though they did not exhibit those active and energetic villainies by which our late associates were distinguished.

San Santarem the country is open, undulating, and often hilly. Its surface is overpread with delicate, hairy grasses, looking beautiful during wet weather, but unfit for forage. Single trees stand sparsely here and there, or cluster in small groves, showing a great variety of species for their limited extent. Complete solitude reigns throughout the entire tract.

There are a few wretched settlements four or five miles out from Santarem; but beyond that, nothing alive is met with except nature's wild denizens. These do not change with successive seasons nearly so much as this prairie-land itself, which, as drought or abundant rains prevail, is either fresh with verdure or scorched into a dry yellow stubble, intermingled with fallen leaves—although it should be said that, owing to occasional showers, there is no such general dearth of life in dry weather as many other tropical countries display.

Besides some refreshment from rains, the trade wind blows steadily and for ever across these uplands of Brazil. Towards February, however, its regularity ceases. Violent squalls come out of the west, and sudden rains, most frequently occurring at night, burst upon the coast. This is pleasant climate, nevertheless, and by no means an unhealthy one, being strongly contrasted in that respect with those fever-stricken forests which await us later on.

"THE AMERICAN CONFLICT."

Leading Incidents and Episodes of the War of the Rebellion.

By HORACE GREELEY.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

(Continued.)

NEW TROOPS SLOW IN MANUVERING. THE BATTLE ON-THE TERRIFIC FIGHTING OVER RICKETTS' BATTERY—JEFF DAVIS ARRIVES—REBELS FOR THE UNION TROOPS. REBELS DO NOT PURSUE—THE LOSSES.

The movement of our army was to have commenced at 2:30 o'clock a. m., and the battle should have been opened at all points at 6 a. m.; but our raw troops had never been brigaded prior to this advance, and most of their officers were utterly without experience; so that there was a delay of two or three hours in the flanking divisions reaching the point at which the battle was to begin.

Gen. Tyler, in front of Stone Bridge, opened with his artillery at 6:30 a. m., eliciting no reply; and it was three hours later when Hunter's advance, under Col. Burnside, crossed at Sudley Spring; his men, thirsty with their early march that hot July morning, stopping as they crossed to drink and fill their canteens.

Meantime, every movement of our forces was made manifest to Beauregard, watching them from the slope two or three miles west, by the clouds of dust that rose over their line of march, and reinment after regiment was hurried northward by him to meet the imminent shock.

No strength was wasted by him upon, and scarcely any notice taken of, our feat on his right; but when Burnside's Brigade, after crossing at Sudley, had marched a mile or so through woods down the road on the right of Bull Run, and come out into a clear and cultivated country, stretching thence over a mile of rolling fields down to Warrenton turnpike, he was vigorously opened upon by artillery from the woods in his front, and, as he pressed on, by infantry also.

Continuing to advance, fighting followed and supported by Hunter's entire division, which was soon joined on its left by Heintzelman's, which had crossed the stream a little later and further down, our attacking column reached and crossed the Warrenton road from Centerville by the Stone Bridge, giving a hand to Sherman's Brigade, of Tyler's Division, and all but clearing this road of the rebel batteries and regiments, which here resisted our efforts; under the immediate command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Here Griffin's battery,

Beauregard's official report of the battle, which was dated Manassas, Aug. 26, (after he had received and read all of their front and under the necessary force of the battle at this time: "Heavy losses had now been sustained on our side, both in numbers and in the personal worth of the slain. The 8th Ga. regiment had suffered grievously being exposed, as it took and maintained its position, to a fire from the enemy, already posted within a hundred yards of their front and by force of bayonets and other cover. It was at this time that Lieut.-Col. Gardner was severely wounded, and also several other valuable officers; the Adjutant of the regiment, Lieut. Branch was killed, and the horse of the regimented Barlow was shot under him. The 4th Ala. suffered severely from the deadly fire of the thousands of muskets which they so contemptuously fronted, under the leadership of Bee himself. Its brave Colonel, E. J. Jones, was dangerously wounded, and many gallant officers fell, slain or horsed out of combat.

"Now, however, with the surging mass of over 14,000 Federal infantry pressing on their front, and the necessity of having at least 20 pieces of artillery, with the fresh brigades of Sherman and Keyes approaching—the latter already in musket range—our lines gave back, but under orders from Gen. Bee.

"The enemy, maintaining their fire, pressed their swelling masses onward as the 8th Ga. retreated, and the slaughter for the moment was deplorable, and has filled many a Southern home with lifelong sorrow.

Under this inexorable stress, the retreat continued until arrested by the energy and resolution of Gen. Bee, supported by Barlow and Evans, just in the rear of the Robinson House, and Hampton's Legion, which had been already advanced, and was in position near it.

"Imboden's battery, which had been handled with marked skill, but whose men were almost exhausted, and the two pieces of Walton's battery, under Lieut. Richardson, being threatened with living things, and obliged to fall back. Imboden, leaving a disabled piece on the ground, retired until he met Jackson's Brigade, while Richardson joined the main body of his battery near the Lewis House."

which, with Ricketts', had done the most effective fighting throughout, was charged with effect by a rebel regiment, which was enabled to approach it with impunity by a mistake of our officers, who supposed it one of our own. Three different attacks were repulsed with slaughter, and the latter remained in our hands, though all its horses were killed. At 3 p. m. the rebels had been driven a mile and a half, and were nearly out of sight, abandoning the Warrenton road entirely to

OUR VICTORIOUS TROOPS. Gen. Tyler, on hearing the guns of Hunter on our right, had pushed Sherman's, and soon after Keyes', Brigade over the run to assail the enemy in his front, driving them back after a severe struggle, and steadily advancing until checked by a heavy fire of artillery from batteries on the heights above the road, supported by a brigade of rebel infantry strongly posted behind breastworks.

A gallant charge by the 2d Me. and 3d Conn. temporarily carried the buildings behind which the rebel guns were sheltered; but the breastworks were too strong, and our men, recoiling from their fire, deflected to the left, moving down the run under the shelter of the bluff, covering the efforts of Capt. Alexander's pioneers to remove the heavy abatis, whereby the rebels had obstructed the road up from the Stone Bridge.

This had at length been effected; and Schenck's Brigade and Ayres's battery, of Tyler's Division, were on the point of crossing the run to aid in completing our triumph.

But the rebels, at first out-numbered at the point of actual collision, had been receiving reinforcements nearly all day; and, at this critical moment, Gen. Kirby Smith, who had that morning left Piedmont, 15 miles distant, with the remaining brigade of Gen. Johnston's army, appeared on the field. Cheer after cheer burst from the rebel hosts, but now so downcast, as this timely reinforcement rushed to the front of the battle? Smith

accounts by REBEL NEWSPAPERS. The Richmond Dispatch of Aug. 1 has a special article on the battle, by an eye witness, writing at Manassas Junction, July 22, from which we extract the following:

"Between 2 and 3 o'clock, large numbers of men were leaving the field, some of them wounded, others exhausted by the long struggle, who gave us gloomy reports; but as the day wore on, and the rebels steadily, we felt sure that our brave Southeners had not been conquered by the overwhelming forces of the North. It is, however, difficult to say how much of the result at this hour hung trembling in the balance. We had lost numbers of our most distinguished officers. Gens. Barlow and Bee had been struck down, and Col. Johnson, of the Hampton Legion, had been killed; Col. Hampton had been wounded.

"But there was at hand the fearless General whose reputation as a commander was stated on this battle. Gen. Beauregard promptly offered to lead the Hampton Legion into action, which he executed in a style unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Gen. Beauregard rode up and down our ranks, between the enemy and his own men, regardless of the heavy fire, cheering and encouraging our troops. About this time, a shell struck his horse, taking his head off, and leaving the bones of his head protruding from his neck.

"Gen. Beauregard's Aid's deserve honorable mention, particularly those of our official reports, Gen. W. P. Archer, Miles, James, and Col. W. M. Martin, who were with Gen. Beauregard. Gen. Johnston also threw himself into the thickest of the fight, seizing the 8th Ga. regiment, and rallying it to his charge. His staff signalled themselves by their intrepidity. Col. Thomas being killed and Maj. Mason wounded.

"Your correspondent heard Gen. Johnston exclaim to Gen. Coker, just at the critical moment, 'Oh, for four regiments!' His wish was answered; for in the distance our reinforcements appeared. The tide of battle was turned in our favor by the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith, from Winchester, with 4,000 men of Gen. Johnston's Division. Gen. Smith threw white on the Manassas railroad cars, the rear of battle. He stopped the train, and hurried his men across the field to the point just where he was most needed. They were at first supposed to be the enemy, their arrival at that point of the field being entirely unexpected. The enemy fell back, and a panic seized them, cheer after cheer from our men went up, and we knew the battle had been won.

"The Louisville Courier, a thoroughly Secession sheet, had an account from its correspondent, 'Se De Kay,' who was an officer in the Kentucky battalion attached to our soldiers' brigade, which reached the battlefield among the last, and who, writing from Manassas, Monday, July 22, after stating that Beauregard had been driven two miles, said: 'The fortune of the day was evidently against us. Some of our best officers had been slain, and the flower of our army lay strewn upon the field, which was gaped with wounds. At noon, the cannonading is described as terrific. It was an incessant roar for more than two hours, the havoc and devastation at this time being fearful. McDowell, with the aid of Patterson's Division of 20,000 men, had nearly outflanked us, and they were just in the act of possessing themselves of the railway to Richmond. Then all would have been lost. But, most opportunely—I may say providentially—at this juncture, Gen. Johnston, with the remainder of his army, came, as we fondly call it, for we have been

almost instantly fell from his horse, wounded; but the command of his brigade was promptly assumed by Col. Arnold Elzey, (a Marylander who did not 'go with his State,') who pressed forward, backed by the whole reassured and exultant rebel host, who felt that the day was won. Our soldiers, who had been 13 hours marching and fighting, weary, hungry, thirsty, continually encountering fresh rebel regiments, and never seeing even a company hurrying to their own support, became suddenly dismayed and panic-stricken. Elzey's and Early's fresh battalions filled the woods on their right, extending rapidly toward their rear, firing on them from under cover, and seeming, by their shots and cries, to be innumerable. Two or three of our regiments recoiled, and then broke, rushing down to the run.

JEFF DAVIS ON THE FIELD. Jefferson Davis, who had left Richmond at 6 a. m., reached the junction at 4, and galloped to the battlefield just in time, it was said, to witness the advance of his cavalry, 1,500 strong, under Lieut.-Col. Stuart, on the heels of our flying troops. He telegraphed that night to his Congress as follows:

MANASSAS JUNCTION, Sunday night. Night has closed upon a hard-fought field. Our forces were victorious. The enemy was routed, and fled precipitately, abandoning a large amount of arms, ammunition, knapsacks, and baggage. The ground was strewn for miles with those killed, and the farm-houses and the ground around were filled with wounded.

Pursuit was continued along several routes, toward Leesburg and Centerville, until darkness covered the fugitives. We have captured several field-batteries, stands of arms, and Union and State flags. Many prisoners have been taken. Too high praise cannot be bestowed, whether for the skill of the principal officers, or for the gallantry of all our troops. The battle was mainly fought on our left. Our force was 15,000; that of the enemy estimated at 35,000.

JEFFERSON DAVIS. Had Davis been aware of the utter demoralization of our soldiers by panic, he would doubtless have had them pursued, not only toward Centerville, but, if possible, into and beyond it; and he would not have needed so grossly to understate the strength of his army in order to magnify his victory.

NO PURSUIT BY THE REBELS. Before 3 p. m. there had been fitful cannonading and skirmishing, but no serious engagement, on our left. But, when our defeat on the right became manifest, Gen. Johnston again ordered Ewell to advance and attack; which he did, but was received by the Second Brigade, Col. T. A. Davis, with so rapid and spirited a fire of grape and canister that he precipitately retreated.

There were still more than three hours of good daylight when the rebels saw our routed right rushing madly from the field, like frightened sheep, yet their pursuit amounted to nothing. They came across Bull Run, preceded by their cavalry, and seem to have taken a deliberate, though rather distant, survey of the Fifth Division, drawn up in good order along the slope west of Centerville, and eagerly expecting their advance. But they appeared to have been aware that their victory was a lucky accident, and they did not choose to submit its prestige to the chances of another fray.

Having gratified their thirst of knowledge, considerably out of musket-shot, they returned to their previous hiding-places in the woods skirting Bull Run. During the forepart of the night, some of our men, who had not been stampeded, went down toward the battlefield and brought away one or two guns, which had been abandoned in the flight, but not captured by the enemy. Our

friends and brothers in camp and field for three months—reappeared, and made one other desperate struggle to obtain the vantage ground. Elzey's Brigade of Marylanders and Virginians led the charge; and right manfully did they execute the work.

Beauregard, in his official report, thus lamely explains this modesty: "Early's Brigade, meanwhile, joined by the 19th Va., Lieut.-Col. Strange, of Cooke's Brigade, pursued the now panic-stricken, fugitive enemy. Stuart, with his cavalry, and Peckham, had also taken up the pursuit along the road by which the enemy had come on the field that morning; but, soon encumbered by prisoners, who thronged his way, the former was unable to attack the mass of the fast fleeing, and the Federals, withers, R. J. Preston's, Cash's, and Kershaw's regiments, Hampton's Legion and Kemper's battery, also pursued along the Warrenton road by the Stone Bridge, the enemy having opportunely opened a way for them through the heavy abatis which my troops had made on the west side of the bridge, several days before. But this pursuit was soon recalled, in consequence of a false report, which unfortunately reached us, that the enemy's reserves, known to be fresh troops, with considerable strength, were threatening the position of Union Mills Ford."

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A Hunting Trip on the Amazons. By Dr. J. H. Porter. The following, among other things, will appear in future at an early date:

Home Worker Abroad. By Elsie Pomeroy McElroy. This is a series of letters from Europe by this gifted young writer, with whose work our readers are familiar.

Inside of Rebeldom. By Dr. J. P. Cannon. A second installment of this graphic narrative, going back to the beginning of the war.

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The testimony received from physicians to the value of this remedy would fill a volume. Here is one leaf signed by Richard H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

"It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the success which your preparation of Sarsaparilla has had in the treatment of a vitiated condition of the blood. Were it necessary, I might give you the names of at least fifty individuals who have been cured of long-standing complaints simply by the administration of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One very remarkable instance was that of a quite old woman who had lived at Cantonville, near this city. She had been

afflicted with the rheumatism for three years, and had taken as she had informed me, more than one hundred dollars' worth of medicine to obtain relief, yet without any beneficial result. I advised her to try a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and told her that if it failed to do her good, I would refund the money. A short time afterward, I learned that it had cured her, and that Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the approval and entire relief of his complaint by its use. This is the universal result of the administration of your Sarsaparilla. It is without exception, the best blood purifier with which I am acquainted."

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Fifth Division, constituting the reserve, now become the rear-guard, of our army, remained in position until after midnight; when, under peremptory orders from Gen. McDowell, it commenced its deliberate retreat to the environs of Washington.

The impression that the rebels had they pursued, might have captured or dispersed our flying forces, is unsubstantiated by facts. For between the panic-stricken fugitives and the victors were not merely the reserve (Fifth) Division, which remained in position, and had not fired a shot, but the First (Tyler's) Division forming our left, which had suffered little loss, but had signally repulsed the demonstration made upon it at the close of the fight; while the better portion of our beaten right and center, including the Regular infantry and cavalry, still stood its ground and sternly faced the foe. Maj. Barry, our Chief of Artillery in the battle, in his official report, after noticing the loss of 10 of his guns at the close, through the flight of their supporting infantry, says:

"The army having retired upon Centerville, I was ordered by Gen. McDowell in person, to post the artillery in position to cover the retreat.

The batteries of Hunt, Ayres, Tidball, Edwards, Green, and the New York 8th regiment, (the latter served by volunteers from Wilcox's Brigade,) 20 pieces in all, were at once placed in position; and thus remained until 12 o'clock p. m., when orders having been received to retire upon the Potomac, the batteries were put in march, and, covered by Richardson's Brigade, retired in good order and without haste, and, early next morning, reoccupied their former camps on the Potomac."

Col. J. B. Richardson, commanding the Fourth Brigade of Tyler's Division, remained unmolested in position one mile in advance of Centerville, on the Blackburn's Ford road, until 2 a. m. of Monday; then retreated, per order, through Centerville to Fairfax and Arlington, entirely unassailed.

Our reports admit a loss of 17 guns; other accounts make it 22. Beauregard, writing on the 26th of August, should have been able to state the exact number. His statement of the number of muskets taken at "over 500," including all those dropped by our dead and wounded, proves that the stories told by excited correspondents and other fugitives, of our men throwing away everything that could impede their flight, were gross exaggerations.

At 7 a. m. of Monday, the 22d, the last of our stragglers and wounded left Centerville, which a rebel cavalry force was about to enter. But there was no pursuit, and no loss on our part after the battle, but of what our men threw away. Beauregard explains his failure to pursue, after our discomfiture, as follows:

"An army which had fought like ours on that day, against uncommon odds, under a July sun, most of the time without water and without food, except a hastily snatched

meal at dawn, was not in condition for the toil of an eager, effective pursuit of an enemy immediately after the battle.

"On the following day, an unusually heavy and unintermittent fall of rain intervened to obstruct our advance, with reasonable prospect of fruitful results. Added to this, the want of a cavalry force of sufficient numbers made an efficient pursuit a military impossibility."

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The causes of reverse to the Union arms at Bull Run are set forth in a graphic and historically valuable way in the next installment. Other great events of the civil war will be detailed in future issues.

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GEN. MCDOWELL AND HIS ORDERLY.

Gen. McDowell reports our losses in this engagement at 481 killed and 1,011 wounded, but says nothing of how many wounded or others were taken prisoners.

Among our killed were Col. James Cameron, brother of the Secretary of War—of the 79th N. Y. (Highlanders); Col. Slocum, and Maj. Ballou, of the 2d R. I., and Lieut.-Col. Haggerty, of the 63th N. Y. Among our wounded were Gen. David Hunter and Gen. S. P. Heintzelman, commanding divisions; Col. Oliver B. Willcox, of Michigan; Col. Gilman Marston, of the 1st N. Y.; Col. A. M. Wood, of the 14th N. Y.; Col. H. W. Slocum, of the 27th N. Y.; and Col. N. L. Farnham, of the 11th N. Y. (Fire Zouaves). Col. Willcox was also taken prisoner, as well as Col. Michael Corcoran, of the 69th N. Y. (Irish), and Maj. James D. Potter, of the 38th N. Y.—both slightly wounded.

Gen. Beauregard reports the rebel

PARTIAL PROSPECTUS.

Some Features of The National Tribune, 1898.

We have to announce this week that we have already sent to the front as our special war correspondent Maj. Henry Borenay, 44 more extended notices of whom will be found in another column. He will be heard from in next week's issue. His record as a soldier and his talents as a writer warrant great expectations.

We shall also have a weekly letter from Asst. Surg. Guy C. M. Godfrey, of the U. S. Light Artillery. Awake and imbued with the spirit of this enterprising age, we have stopped at nothing in the way of trouble and expense to secure at once:

Our object is to enlist the largest army of readers marshaled under the flag of any publisher in America.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is a current review of the great questions which occupy men's thoughts from week to week. The interests of the Nation are paramount, and therefore such important matters as the Spanish-American war, Hawaiian annexation, British complications, and Alaskan gold discoveries are treated in a cyclopedic manner as they arise.

With all these features THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is a pictorial paper, illustrated as well as an monthly magazine. We are now publishing:

The Story of Paul Jones. By Augustus Buell, author of "The Cannonier." This writer needs no introduction, as his place in the regards of