TWO ARMIES IN A JUNGLE.

The First Night and the Dawn of the Second Day in the Wilderness.

Musings on Mortality While Waiting for the Coffee to Boil.

*The Startling Suggestions Offered by the First Musket Shot and the Ambulance Train.

The Wild Greeting by Which the Boys Knew They Were Finally "In."

Written for The Republican.

When we lay down to rest in the Wilderness on the night of the fifth of May we knew there was no voice on earth of sufficient authority to stay the slaughter of the morrow. Notwithstanding the appalling butchery of the day just gone, neither one of the commanders dared risk his future by a retrograde movement. Fate was remorselessly pushing them on. So far as the two armies were concerned, the blood already shed had only whetted the appetite for more, and in the hours of darkness the giant wrestlers, like Antheus of old, were receiving strength from contact with old mother earth.

I think that night must have been one of supreme anxiety to Grant and Lee. For the first time during the war they had felt each other's strength, and each must have been convinced that in the other he had found something like his match in daring as well as skill. Grant had set the example by his attempt to move across the face of a vigilant and active enemy on that enemy's own ground. Lee responded by his prompt and dextrous blow at an enemy who outnumbered him considerably. The first day's battle had been fought in fragments, but the tramping feet of thousands pouring up to the front through the long hours of the night promised the completion of filled-out lines by the morning sun. And while we slept—we, the workmen, who were to furnish the manual labor for the execution of the architect's plans—they, the designers, thought and planned and paced their tents, knowing that a single word from them would fill the air with sulphur and fatten the lean earth with blood.

About an hour before daylight I awoke with the impression that some crafty enemy had stolen into camp and was joggling my ribs with his bayonet. An investigation revealed the presence of a sharp stub upon which I had been lying, and which, in the course of the night, had penetrated my blanket and clothing. As our bed chamber was o the amplest dimensions, I sought another couch a few feet distant, and drew my "martial cloak" about me, but the "pleasant dreams" refused to materialize. After a number of "flops," to which the would-be sleeper is generally given, I relinquished all hope of dropping off and found comfort in a strong pipe with my back against a convenien stump.

All about the earth was covered with little mounds, dispersed in the rear of the long line of gun stacks, which, quite plainly seen at the nearest point, faded away to the right and left in the obscurity. Among the sleepers, the dim forms of the camp guard moved with careful step. Now and then one of the dreamers muttered something in a smothered tone, or turned uneasily in his sleep. And as my eye wandered over the multitude and witnessed these evidences of life, I wondered was it some voice that came to tell them the close of the coming day would find their hours numbered, or was it the angel of death brushing them with his wings, as he swept through the darkness in his noiseless flight? From somewhere in the forest at intervals the querulous cry of a whip-poor-will came floating down on the quiet air, and passed along, cleaving the night like the wail of a dying child. So still, and yet under that brooding silence 200,000 soldiers lay, awaiting the coming of day to begin their woful task. All round the long, black line of woods lay heavy against the lighter sky, and out of the great dome the stars twinkled and gleamed, those silent sentinels on the heights of heaven.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves." Constitutionally timid myself—or, at least, not constitutionally brave—it may seem strange that in my speculations on the fate of the sleeping ones before me I was forgetful of the fact that the doom to which I assigned so many of them might well be my wn. The grim archer would that day shoot, into the herd at exceedingly short range and, while to many the shaft was certain, it was possible to all. Recalling the characteristics of each, I could think of but few within my range of acquaintances whose companionship I would readily relinquish. A great many individualities are necessary to supply the wants of one. This one furnishes amusement; that one instruction; another stirs you into energy; a fourth soothes; still others bring to you relaxation from care, friendship almost pure, devotion, or some other need, while to a few is reserved the unhappy privilege of constituting themselves frightful examples of everything undesirable, and affording a foundation for the doctrine of instinctive dislikes.

While singling out those whom I would be most willing to give up, the line which begins the preceding paragraph drifted through my mind, and for a few moments I was decidedly uncomfortable. I had been coolly disposing of my friends as a Fiji potentate would designate which of his chums he would have served up for dinner, and here was a set back of the most pronounced character. But I fell back on the soldier's philosophy, which was only that of the fatalist in another form: "When your time comes, it has come, and what are you going to do about it?" and relapsed into a state of indifference or resignation.

A gray band in the east, gradually enlarging, and edged with a dull yellow, ushered in the day of battle. The dim, rounded outlines of the forest resolved themselves into sharp spurs and projections in the growing light, and there was a gradual emergence of surrounding objects into definite shape. The bundles of humanity behind the line of stocks went through a season of agitation, and before the advancing day had routed the shadows from the face of the earth each man was bending over his little fire preparing his frugal breakfast.

As yet no sound came from within the jungle to indicate the presence of two mighty armies standing face to face. As peaceful as nature in her most genial mood, the landscape stretched out on all sides in the thin mist of the early dawn, which shrouded without hiding its fresh verdancy.

"I thought they would begin at daylight," said Capt. D., as he leisurely sipped a cup of coffee, the chief merit of which lay in its high degree of temperature.

"Good heavens! man," exclaimed Lieut. K.; "if you were running this machine, I should want to get a mild wound and a ninety day leave of absence in the first fight of each campaign. There wouldn't be enough men left in a week to bury your dead."

"There's something going on at the colonel's tent," said the captain, looking off to the rear at the canvas structure which, in this early stage of the campaign, sheltered the person of our regimental commander. Later in the season colonels fared no better than privates in the matter of quarters.

"I can't see anything strange there," returned the senior lieutenant.

"Why, the officers are all going that way. I suppose the old man has got his usual lecture to deliver: 'Now, gentlemen, for the honor of the command,' &c., &c., &c., ad libitum, ad nauseam. I don't need to be told about my duty. Plagonit! I can recite the articles of war like a well-educated parrot now. I wonder what it means, though. We haven't even been invited."

"There's nobody there but the adjutant and old Stick-in-the-mud Carter, and the rest of the gang that are always hanging under the shadow of the colonel's coat tail for favors. They're suckers, every dod-darned one of them!" responded the lieutenant. This was a sore point with him because of his inability to secure favors from our commanding officer which were freely granted to others.

An orderly approached at that moment and delivered his message.

"The colonel wishes to see all the company officers at his tent."

"Of course," exclaimed the captain, as he returned the messenger's parting salute. "Buckle on your swords and come on. Thank heaven! I haven't any sash. When I got into that infernal bandage I feel all trussed up like a fat Christmas turkey."

"And he growls and girds at everything in that heathenish style till 11 o'clock," said Lieut. K. to me, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the captain.

"Is it corns or indigestion?" I inquired, gravely assisting the lieutenant in his mild attempt at insubordination.

"I think it's only the mollygrubs, but the doctor says it's a serious attack of the fantods. It will wear off when he gets a little more hispidulous," said the lieutenant, looking intently at the sky.

This allusion to the captain's ghost of a mustache never failed to start the color in his cheek, but before he could frame any suitable expression of opinion we had reached the colonel's tent. We found there the remainder of the officers, and the colonel prepared to deliver his address. Throwing a heavy tragedy scowl at the adjutant, who was his pet aversion, Lieut. K., slipped behind me, whispering in my ear:

"That monkey-faced popinjay expects to walk into heaven in front of the archangels."

"We are going in, gentlemen," said the colonel; "and, for the honor of the command (here the captain nudged me in the side, and puckered his mouth up as if he was about to emit a little toot of a whistle) I hope every officer present will do his duty. As you all know, we have a number of new men in the regiment, who have never been under fire, and they should be looked after. The line will be formed immediately." And in a courteous salute we were dismissed.

As we left the tent, the weird clamor of the bugles filled the air, and the men were bustling about, many of them drinking their coffee while hurrying to their places in the ranks. In a few moments the line was formed and turned over by the adjutant to the colonel.

The day had now fairly broken, but so far as we could hear no shot had yet smirched the purity of the fresh, young morning. We did not know then, as we knew afterward, that Grant had ordered the delivery of the blow at 5 o'clock, though Lee had laid out a programme the performance of which started our right wing in business at 4:45.

While we waited for the order which should launch us into the struggle about to begin, all our senses were on the alert to catch its first manifestation. Suddenly the Acadian quiet of the scene was broken by the sharp report of a musket, and the first bullet of the battle went flying to its mark. I have always thought I would like to know who was this man, more watchful or more bloodthirsty than his fellows, that inaugurated this titanic fight; and I have frequently pictured him peering out of his ambush with murderous eyes, impatiently watching for a living target. A scattering skirmish fire immediately sprang up, like the crackling of dry brush burning under a camp kettle, blazing out fiercely for awhile, and then dying away almost to silence. Evidently there was no advance yet of the line of battle, and even the skirmishers were hardly yet warmed to their work.

While the puttering fire continues, we will take a glance at the general army movements. During the night Burnside was brought up and swung across a part of the gap in the union center, while on the confederate side a division of Hill's corps, which had not arrived on the preceding day, came to Lee's hand and confronted Burnside and Hancock. Longstreet was still on the march, with directions to double up the union left and drive the "Yanks" back to the river.

In this disposition of the forces, the bulk of each army was on its southernmost flank. The general direction of the lines of each organization was from northwest to southeast, with a peculiar fish-hook shaped curve just south of the center. Behind the center of the union front was a tract of open country known as the Lacy clearing, Lacy's house standing near its western border. In this open space the bulk of the union artillery was placed, with the grim muzzles pointed at the woods, threatening destruction to the confederate force, should it push back the union troops and become visible in the clearing. Directly opposite, in a smaller clearing, now occupied by one Faulkner, there was a similar concentration of confederate artillery, which would have given an exceedingly hot reception to the union force had they penetrated the thick belt of timber lying between.

As neither of the contingencies mentioned above arose, the battle was fought almost exclusively with musketry. Every available man was pushed in, and within these gloomy precincts nearly 200,000 trained soldiers, furnished with the most approved means of blood-letting, plied their murderous trade. No part of Virginia ever was, and probably never will be, so densely populated as was this desolate region on the 6th of May, 1864.

Standing in line, waiting for the order to move, we listened to the light firing, and wondered that it was so long confined to the skirmishers.

"I'll bet fifty cents the Johnnies skeedaddled last night!" exclaimed little Barney.

"If you wouldn't want to borrow the money from me to bet with," retorted Rowland, "I'd go you a month's pay on it. You take my word for it, Younker, they're there, lots of 'em too."

"Now, ef you'd bin at Chancellorsville," put in a grizzled old vet, "you wouldn't a thought there's a reb 'thin fifty mile, w'en Stunwall Jackson kim out 'o the bresh."

"At-ten-tion, bat-tal-ion!" came the long-drawn order from the colonel, and every mouth was closed and every eye fixed to the front.

Our time had come. Moving by the right flank far enough to place the brigade opposite a gap in the line of battle, we came into line by the left flank and plunged into the jungle. The firing was growing warmer, but as we scrambled and tore through the undergrowth its sound was somewhat deadened by the local noise we were creating in our struggle with the chapparel. In a brief halt, which we made to rectify the alignment, as far as possible, there came a pause in the firing, which was broken by a tremendous crash.—I know of no other word so appropriate—and the real battle of the Wilderness had begun.

"Any Johnnies there, Barney?" inquired Rowland, with a satirical smile.

"I guess there is," returned the bloodthirsty little scallawag; "I was afraid they'd all run away; but it's all right now!"

The cheerful audacity of the small man drew a laugh from everybody within hearing, but from more than one it came through pale lips. Though small in body, Barney had the spirit of a giant. He was one of nature's heroes in miniature, and his splendid conduct in the battles of that desperate campaign put to the blush many a man who could have almost put him in his pocket.

We were on the verge of the fight, but not yet in, although a few wandering bullets were tearing the bark from the limbs above our heads. Our entree was delayed a few minutes by an unfortunate incident, which rendered some of the new men a trifle shaky in their nerves. An ambulance train coming out of the woods by a narrow road which lay directly on our line of march caused the brigade to halt, in order to let these wagons, full of mutilation and death, clear our front. In the heat of an engagement the appearance of mangled bodies has but little effect on the soldier; but taken cold, as it were, the human being must have stouter nerves than I who can look upon them without a sudden sinking of the stomach.

I can yet see one of the unfortunates who lay across one of these loads of lacerated humanity with his head hanging far down over the sids. A musket ball had passed through his face from cheek to cheek, in its passage, almost severing the tongue, and that organ, black and swollen to four or five times its natural size, protruded from the distended mouth of the victim, furnishing one of the most horrible portraits now hanging in the picture gallery of my memory. Fresh, crimson blood dripped from the vehicles as they moved slowly along, and the red trail could be followed by the eye until it curved out of sight with the sweep of the road. You may be sure we gazed very solemnly indeed upon the grisly procession; yet into the maelstrom which produced this horrid spectacle we were about to plunge.

While shaking off a cold chill, which seemed to be clutching at my heart, as the bloody panorama rolled by, I felt a tug at my coat, and turned quickly, expecting to find myself in the grasp of some horrid mangled thing that had once been a man. To my relief it was only one of the men in the company.

"Will you take these, lieutenant," he said; "and——and——."

The poor fellow's lip quivered and his voice broke as he held out a small square package. It was a photographic group of himself, and his wife and child, with the little one's wee face pressed against the cheek of its mother; and with it were a few flowers, whose dried petals exhaled only the ghost of an odor, and a couple of letters, one old, and stained, and dogs-eared from much usage, while the other was crisp and new.

"Would you take them and send them to—to—to her, when I'm dead?" and the strong, bearded man pressed his jaws together to stop the convulsive working of his features.

"Oh! pshaw! Walden; you'll come out all right. Everybody don't get killed in a battle."

He was one of the recruits, and I considered it my duty to hearten him up a little, although I was not standing on the firmest ground in that direction myself.

"No; I'll never come out of this alive. I know it. I dreamed it all out last night. But I ain't afraid, lieutenant—don't go to thinkin' I'm afraid," and a little ripple of a contemptuous smile passed over his face. "But just see there!" and with trembling fingers he opened the last letter, and directed me to a passage, which read about as follows:

"Daisy sends kisses to papa. [Here follows a number of ink blotches made under the guidance of the mother by a little hand that held in its grip the heart of the great, strong man beside me.] Don't let any thought of us at home here weaken your arm in the day of battle, but do your duty so that your little wife and Daisy will be proud of you when you come back. And you will come back to us, won't you, George?"

Brave, cheering words, coming straight from her woman's heart, crushing down her own fears lest they might unnerve the hand of the man to whom came the sacred message. God bless the women of the war! They gave up their most precious treasures—sons, brothers, husbands, fathers—and bore the long agony with brave faces that masked their aching hearts. Away out of the sound of the fight, yet every gun fired found a wailing echo in some woman's breast. And so they suffered and smiled with a patient resignation, as woman has ever suffered and smiled in her suffering from the first day of recorded time until now.

"That's my wife!" said the soldier, his face glowing in its misery with conscious pride, "and that's my little girl. You'll send them, wont you?"

"Of course, if I come out all right; but your chance is as good as mine"——

"No; I'll never come out; and I know you will."

This was a cheerful prophet for me, at any rate, and I don't know but I felt somewhat relieved in mind by his assurance.

"I ain't afraid," he continued. "You'll see whether I am or not—why! a man *couldn't* be a coward with a wife like mine!"

I took the package and placed it in my breast pocket, intending to keep my eye on him in order to ascertain whether his presentiment would be realized. As to his courage, I had no more doubt of it than I had that he stood before me.

The train passed out to the rear, and we resumed our advance. In front the musketry had swelled into the majestic rhythm of a great battle, bringing to my mind the thought of a myriad cyclops sounding the long roll on as many gigantic kettledrums. A solitary cannon at regular intervals belched forth its loud challenge, but its fire was directed on some other line than that by which we were approaching.

Over rocks and fallen trees, and through dense copses, which under any other circumstances would have successfully resisted an attempted passage, with nothing visible ahead but the tangled underbrush, and here and there a tall tree trunk, we pushed on. The bullets began to strike lower down, and their drawn out singing tone was exchanged for a short, sharp hiss. Frequently a cry or a commotion among the men at a special point told that one shot had found its mark.

Men's eyes began to light up with the fire of the fight. Springing branches, pressed forward by those in advance, slashed the faces of those in the rear with as little notice taken of the stinging blow as would have been taken of the stroke of a feather. Shorter and sharper grew the venomous hiss of the little missiles. Men dropped and were left where they lay without one comrade's glance turned upon them. All fear had vanished, and the hot blood surged through one's veins as if it were ejected from some boiling caldron.

Passing over the crest of a hillock we rushed down the hillside in the mad race. The foremost men had nearly reached the foot of the incline, when, out of the bushes on the opposite slope, belched a flamy mass of white smoke, and with a sound like the tearing of a piece of stout sail cloth, but infinitely harsher, the enemy's first round tore through us. We were "in." J. R.

Woman as a Sportsman.

Mrs. O. M. asks through the *American Field*:

"Can a woman write anything to please a sportsman?" I know of one that can shoot something to please a sportsman wonderfully well.

I suppose I may as well be honest, and say I have seen the day I disliked a dog, was afraid of a gun, and had a very poor opinion of any man who carried one. But a change has been wrought. I cannot explain the modus operandi; suffice it to say, I have traveled over miles of prairie, gun in hand. Straying from my companions, I have encountered the notorious cowboys, experienced the fearful blizzard, witnessed the magnificent spectacle of prairie fires, and have never at any time suffered from fatigue, fright, or sickness, but on the contrary have gained in health, strength, and muscle, seen something of the great west and border life, and returned to our home with many trophies to add to our collection, which my hunter and myself have gathered from year to year as we have taken these delightful, instructive, and healthful trips.

I am looking forward now to September 1, when I expect to be on board the Worcester excursion car, Jerome Marble, en route for the Yellowstone National park. We ladies will take not only our guns, but conveniences for curing any skins we may secure, materials for photography, and for sketching whatever scenes we wish to paint. I hope you will hear favorable accounts of our trip at that time.

Aliens on United States Vessels.

In answer to an inquiry from the acting secretary of the treasury, the attorney general has informed him that an alien seaman cannot exercise the functions of an officer on a United States vessel, although he may have declared his intention of taking out naturalization papers.

Voluntary Tribute of Gratitude for Benefits Received.

DEAR SIR. Please allow me the privilege of giving my testimony regarding the wonderful curative properties of your invaluable medicine, Hunt's Remedy. During the past six or seven years I have been a great sufferer from Kidney disease, and during a great part of the time my sufferings have been so intense as to be indescribable. Only those who have suffered by this dread disease know of the awful backache, and pains of all kinds, accompanied by great weakness and nervous prostration, loss of force and ambition which invariably attend it. I had all these troubles intensified, and was in such a bad condition that I could not get up out of my chair except by putting my hands on my knees, and almost rolling out before I could straighten up. I tried the best doctors, and many kinds of medicine, but all failed to help me, and I experimented so long en cavoring to get cured that last spring I was in very poor shape, and in seeking for relief my attention was directed by a friend to the remarkable cures of Kidney diseases, &c., which were being accomplished by Hunt's Remedy. I was induced to try it, and began to take it, and very soon "limbered up" as it were; my severe backache, and the intense pains I had suffered so long speedily disappeared, notwithstanding I had been bothered with this complaint so many years.

When I began to take Hunt's Remedy I was considerably run down in my general health, and suffered also from loss of appetite. Ever since I have been taking the Remedy, however, my improvement has been most marked; my former complaints, aches, pains, &c., have disappeared, and I now feel like my former self, hale, hearty, and sound in health. I shall always keep Hunt's Remedy with me, and would most earnestly recommend all those who are sufferers from Kidney or Liver diseases, or diseases of the Bladder or Urinary Organs to use Hunt's Remdey, and take no other.

Yours very truly,
HENRY H. SHELDON,
No. 280 Westminster street, Providence, R. I.

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GOOD BYE. GOOD BYE.
GOOD BYE. GOOD BYE.
GOOD BYE. GOOD BYE.

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THE ZULUS. THE INDIANS.
THE ZULUS. THE INDIANS.

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FELS & CO.'S

Liquid Coffee.

Coffee from which has been extracted the dead and useless portion, and in which the true flavor and aroma have been preserved by passing through scientifically constructed machinery, which has taken years to bring to present perfection.

This Coffee should be used in preference to any other Coffee, because it is cheaper than any other form of Coffee, is always uniform, always ready for use, always delicious. No time or Coffee is wasted in the making. Boiling water, sugar and milk to taste, and in less time than it takes to tell it the Coffee is ready for use. No grounds, no sediment, no hurry, no fret.

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Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting,

SANITARY PLUMBING A SPECIALTY.
CONTRACTS FOR NEW BUILDINGS SOLICITED.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Travelers' Guide.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THE MODEL FAST AND THE ONLY LINE BETWEEN THE EAST AND THE WEST VIA WASHINGTON.

DOUBLE TRACK! JANNEY COUPLER STEEL RAILS!

Schedule to take effect SUNDAY, NOV. 12, 1882.

Leave Washington, from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C street—

For Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis, daily, at 4:05 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 9:35 p. m., with through coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars to above points, without change; 10:15 a. m. daily to Chicago, except Saturday.

For Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Detroit at 10:15 a. m. and 9:40 p. m. daily; 8:40 p. m. is a solid train to Pittsburg, with Sleeping Cars attached.

Trains for Philadelphia and New York at 8:10 a. m. daily, except Sunday; 3 p. m. and 9:40 p. m. daily, with Parlor and Sleeping Cars attached.

For Baltimore on week days, 5, 6:30, 6:40, 7:15, 8:10, 9, and 10 a. m., 12:10, 2:20, 2:35, 3, 3:30, 4:30, 4:40, 5:15, 7, 7:15, 9:40, 11:30 p. m.

For Baltimore on Sundays, 6:30, 7:45, 9 a. m., 1:15, 2:35, 3, 4:40, 5:45, 7, 9:40 p. m.

For Annapolis, 6:30 a. m., 12:10 and 4:40 on Sunday, 9 a. m., 4:40 p. m.

For way stations between Washington and Baltimore 6:30, 9 a. m., 12:10 p. m., 3:30, 4:40, 7, and 11:30 p. m.

For Stations on Metropolitan Branch, 8:10, 8:40 a. m., 4:05 p. m., daily, except Sunday, 4:45 p. m. daily; for Staunton, 8:10 a. m. daily, except Sunday; for Hagerstown and Frederick, 8:40 a. m., 10:15, 4:45 daily except Sunday.

Trains arrive from the West daily, 6:20, 7:35 a. m., 2:25, 8:25 p. m.

From New York and Philadelphia, 2:55, 8:15 a. m. daily, 2:10 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

From Annapolis, 8:30 a. m., 1:50, 6:37 p. m.; Sunday, 10:40 a. m., 6:37 p. m.

From Staunton, 2:15 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

From Frederick, Hagerstown, and intermediate points, 8:25 a. m.; Frederick and way stations, 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 4:10 p. m. and 7:20 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

Trains leave Baltimore for Washington at 3, 4:45, 6:40, 7:10, 7:15, 9, 9:10, and 10:30 a. m., 12:15, 2:30, 4, 5, 6:25, 7:30, 8:45, and 11:30 p. m. On Sundays, 3, 4:40, 7:10, 9, and 9:10, a. m., 1:30, 5, 6:25, 7:30, and 8:45 p. m.

All trains from Washington and Baltimore stop at Relay Station.

For further information apply at the Baltimore and Ohio Ticket Office: Washington station, 619 and 1351 Pennsylvania avenue, corner of Fourteenth street, where orders will be taken for baggage to be checked and received at any point in the city.

WM. CLEMENTS, M. of T., Baltimore, and O. K. LOUD, G. P. A.

THE GREAT PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE TO THE NORTH, WEST, AND SOUTHWEST.
DOUBLE TRACK, SPLENDID SCENERY. STEEL RAILS, MAGNIFICENT EQUIPMENT.
IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 26, 1883.

TRAINS LEAVE WASHINGTON, from Station, corner of Sixth and B streets, as follows:

For Pittsburg and the West, Chicago Limited Express of Palace Sleeping Cars, at 9:30 a. m. daily; Fast Line, 9:30 a. m. daily, with Sleeping Cars from Harrisburg to Cincinnati. Western Express, 7:35 p. m. daily, with Palace Cars to Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Mail Express, 9:30 p. m. daily for Pittsburg and the West.

BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.

For Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara, 9:30 p. m. daily, except Saturday, with Palace Cars Washington to Canandaigua.

For Williamsport, Lock Haven, and Elmira, at 9:30 a. m. daily, except Sunday.

For New York and the East, 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:30, 4:20, 9:50, and 10:20 p. m. On Sunday, 4:20, 9:51, and 10:20 p. m. Limited Express of Pullman Parlor Cars, 9:30 a. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Boston without change, 1:30 p. m. every weekday. On Sunday, 4:20 p. m.

For Brooklyn, N. Y., all through trains connect at Jersey City with boats of Brooklyn Annex, affording direct transfer to Fulton street, avoiding double ferriage across New York city.

For Philadelphia, 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:30, 4:20, 9:50, and 10:20 p. m. On Sunday, 4:20, 9:50, and 10:20 p. m. Limited Express, 9:30 a. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Baltimore, 6:40, 8:00, 9:30, 10:30 a. m., and 1:30, 4:20, 4:40, 6:20, 7:30, 9:50, and 10:20 p. m. On Sunday, 8:00, 9:30 a. m., 4:20, 6:20, 7:30, 9:50, and 10:20 p. m.

For Pope's Creek Line, 6:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Annapolis, 6:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

ALEXANDRIA AND FREDERICKSBURG RAILWAY, AND ALEXANDRIA AND WASHINGTON RAILROAD.

For Alexandria, 6:30, 7:00, 9:20, 11:00, and 11:25 a. m., 2:00, 4:20, 5:00, 6:00, 8:00, and 11:20 p. m. On Sunday at 6:30, 9:20, and 11:25 a. m., 2:00 and 8:00 p. m.

For Richmond and the South, 6:30 and 11:25 a. m. daily, and 5:30 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

Trains leave Alexandria for Washington, 6:00, 8:03, 8:53, and 10:00 a. m.; 12:00, 12:50, 3:00, 5:10, 7:00, and 9:10 p. m., and 12:00 midnight. On Sunday at 8:00, 8:53, and 10:00 a. m.; 7:00 and 9:10 p. m.

Tickets and information at the office, northeast corner of Thirteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, and at the station, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.

J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.
CHARLES E. PUGH, General Manager.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

THE NEW TRUNK LINE TO THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

On and after SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1882, passenger trains of this route will leave Washington from B. & P. station as follows:

4:20 P. M. DAILY—Louisville and Cincinnati special—Solid train, with Pullman Cars to Lexington, Ky., Cincinnati, and Louisville without change, arriving at Lexington 2:40 p. m., Cincinnati 6:30 p. m., Louisville 6:40 p. m., connecting closely at these cities with through fast trains to all points in the West, Southwest, and Northwest.

11:25 A. M. For Newport News, Old Point, and Norfolk. Arrives at Old Point 8:05 p. m.; arrives at Norfolk 8:40 p. m.

7:10 a. m. daily, except Sunday—Mail for all stations on C. & O. R'y east of Clifton Forge.

For Rates, Tickets to all points West, location in Pullman Cars, and Full Information of Route and Connections, apply at C. & O. R'y Office, 513 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

M. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent.
C. W. SMITH, General Manager.

THE VIRGINIA MIDLAND RAILWAY.

THE TRUNK LINE TO THE SOUTH, SOUTHWEST, AND WEST.

Schedule in effect December 24, 1882:

7:10 a. m.—New Orleans Mail, daily, making close connections to all points South and Southwest, with Pullman sleeping Cars from Washington via Danville to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans; also Washington to New Orleans via Lynchburg and Bristol.

4:20 p. m.—Louisville Fast Line, daily, via Charlottesville, Huntington, and Lexington, to Cincinnati, Louisville, and all Western points, making direct connections, and with solid train and Pullman Sleeping Cars Washington to Augusta, Ga.

10:35 p. m.—Southern Mail and Express, daily, to all points South and Southeast, via Danville and Charlotte, with Pullman Sleeping Cars Washington to Augusta, Ga.

For all points on Manassas Division take 7:10 a. m. train daily, except Sunday. For Warrenton take 7:10 a. m. and 4:20 p. m. trains, daily.

For tickets and all information, inquire at Company's Office, 601 Pennsylvania avenue, or at Union Depot. Office, 601 Pennsylvania avenue, is connected with telephone system.

M. SLAUGHTER, General Passenger Agent. N. MACDANIEL, Agent.
SOL HAAS, Traffic Manager.

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