

To Advertisers.—The Sentinels in the best... To Correspondents.—We earnestly request...

Clubbing Rates.—Sentinel and Sentinel... The Sentinel is for sale in this city at...

List of Letters.—The following are the letters... LADIES LIST.—Mrs. Josephine...

Home News and Notions.—Good tenants in the centre are... Spring street, opposite the new...

Mr. Wm. R. Pinner announces himself... Mr. and Mrs. John Bogardus, formerly...

The general government is more liberal... Paris desiring furniture should not...

The temperance movement is sweeping... The costs of the recent liquor cases...

Elizabeth street is being greatly improved... By Special Order No. 12, issued by...

Why will you suffer with Dyspepsia and... Why will you suffer with Dyspepsia and...

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Read F. H. Nash & Bro's new advertisement...

The latest European intelligence... Mrs. E. C. Smith in another column...

Mr. J. Stanley Row, of the Norwich hotel... Mr. Stephen Leewood, late draw-tender...

The firm of Mullings & Tilly has been... Mr. J. M. Taylor, Librarian.

Mr. Stephen Leewood, late draw-tender... Mr. J. M. Taylor, Librarian.

Mr. J. M. Taylor, Librarian. The South Norwich Reading Room...

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L. Dibble, Jr., is selling New Haven bills...

The lovers of billiards will soon have an... Mr. J. L. Burbanks is making improvements...

Several families are moving out of town... The South Norwich Reading Room...

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The following is a list of divorces granted...

William B. Smith of Greenwich, from... Charlotte A. DeForest of New Canaan...

John B. Northrop of Danbury, from... Florence Wesson of Bridgeport...

George C. Scoble of Stamford, from... Nettie Wheeler of Bridgeport...

Samuel B. Mead of Wilton, from... Hattie E. Shawson of New Canaan...

John B. Eddy, Cause, adultery, intemperance... Elizabeth Jardine of Bridgeport...

Mary A. Deaghty of Bridgeport, from... The National Temperance Society.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers... The National Temperance Society.

The National Temperance Society. At a meeting...

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law breakers. The editors gave a variety...

It is a fact that there is a growing law... Mr. J. M. Taylor, Librarian.

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To Consumers of Feed

Your attention is called to the fact that we... Corn Bag (112 lbs) \$1.20

Best Screenings Bag 1.20... Heavy White Oats (75 lbs) 2.00

Corn Meal 1.15... Country Ground Corn and Oats 1.38

New Haven Harns 10c. Lb. L. Dibble, Jr's, Cheap Cash Store.

Furniture. Go to G. W. Day's

DAVID STOW'S AND GET THE BOWKER

KEROSENE OIL CAN

Is the place to buy Furniture. Great Reductions for Cash

Furnishing Undertakers

WAREHOUSE Main St., opp. R. R. Depot, Up Stairs.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Great Through Line AND United States Mail Route.

The Safety Appliances

The Block System of Safety Signals

Pullman Palace Cars

Without Change

THE SCENERY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

HOWARD Insurance Company

MELVILLE E. MEAD

Millinery!

Millinery! Cheap!! Cheap!!!

MRS. H. KREIGER'S

WASHINGTON STREET.

For Stationery, School Books, Magazines, Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, Confectioner, &c.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

E. K. Lockwood's

GREAT REDUCTIONS FOR CASH

SILVER PLATED

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It is a household word. Go to E. K. Lockwood's

PURELY VEGETABLE

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BAD BREATH!

CONSTITUTION!

SICK HEADACHE!

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HOWARD Insurance Company

MELVILLE E. MEAD

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[Continued from First Page.]
me along the best of food, and about 11 o'clock that night we arrived in Plymouth. It was snowing very hard. We had marched about twenty miles that day, and I thought I would die before I could find my company. But we finally found them quartered in the post office of that town, and when I went in my old tent mates were very much surprised for it had been reported that I had been taken prisoner. I got a cup of warm coffee and then went to see our doctor. I don't care how sick a man was, the doctor would never come to see him, but they would come to see me. He gave me a dose of quinine and told me to keep quiet until morning. I suppose he gave me the quinine because it was the healthiest, not because it would do me good. He did not care for me, but he was kind. I had disturbed him. But still, let me say for our doctor, that he was a very good man generally, and the boys thought a great deal of him.

There was a great many sheep in that place and my chum skinned two of them and the skins made us a very comfortable bed. In the morning I was very bad, and the doctor said that I had the lung fever and ordered me to be put on board of a steamer that was waiting there and taken to Newbern with some other sick, and then I had to part with my horse. How I did pity the poor horse when I saw them start, and everything was covered with snow. The people of that place said that it was something unusual to have snow there at that time of the year.

There were about fifty sick on board of the steamer, but instead of being left alone, each man was armed with a boarding piece, a pole about ten feet long, with a sharp instrument on one end, and the river was so narrow and crooked that about every ten minutes when the boat would be turning the sharp bends in the river, one of the men would be against the bank, and then would be heard the order, "All hands on the port side to repel boarders," and in a few minutes it would be "All hands on the starboard side to repel boarders," and that was the way that they kept us going until about the middle of the afternoon before we would get any rest.

One of the doctors showed me a bunk where I could lay down. I accepted of it and went to sleep as I thought. I did not know anything again for three days, and then I found myself in the regimental hospital at Newbern, and my brother Bill near me, and the first words I remember were:

"How do you feel, Jack?" We thought one spell that you'd never be able to get any more chickens, but now we have hopes for you.

I remained in the hospital about two weeks, and by that time, with good nursing, I was able for duty again.

Kris told me that they had a tramp after I left them at Plymouth. They had stopped at the town of Hamlet, but there were hardly enough houses left for a place to shelter our company. It was just two weeks from the time the regiment had left Newbern until they got back, and in that time had marched about one hundred and twenty five miles, and what did we see on a march? Nothing, that I know of, but a few personal property, which I did not think I could get the rebel government to give me back.

Nothing of importance occurred again for about a month with the exception of building barracks for winter quarters. I always liked to be out of doors on the river banks, because from there we could see the mountains. We moved into our barracks about the first of December, and had everything fixed up in good shape. Each building was divided into ten large rooms, and the barracks for each company. Now the main part of each room was the cook room, and for this we had two large stoves, and next each end of the room. Our bunks were three high, two to a room, and the bunks were made of such a material that we could pull them out and put them up, and when we were ordered to issue three day's rations, and each man to have his ration of coffee and sugar. Where were we going, could anybody tell? I will answer. Yes, everybody knew, and again I will answer that nobody knew. A private soldier never knows where he is going until he gets there. It is enough for him to know that he must obey his superior officer, who, in a great many instances it is his inferior in all respects.

We were in line Monday morning and on the move before sunrise, and went on for a mile or two, and before we had passed the house where we had had such a battle with the bees from sixty hives, but there were no bees or honey now, and what is more, we were no longer ordered to issue three day's rations, and each man to have his ration of coffee and sugar. Where were we going, could anybody tell? I will answer. Yes, everybody knew, and again I will answer that nobody knew. A private soldier never knows where he is going until he gets there. It is enough for him to know that he must obey his superior officer, who, in a great many instances it is his inferior in all respects.

We bivouacked that night about fifteen miles from Newbern, and there I saw that there was quite a large crowd. I believe I counted twenty regiments and about fifty pieces of artillery. We were able to make quite a disturbance in a small community. We had a very quiet night—I mean after I had found a chicken. Some how or other I had not forgotten how to get a chicken when I wanted one. We spent the early part of the evening playing cards, eating little about the morning. We believed in the old motto make the best of the day and let to-morrow take care of itself.

Tuesday morning we were up with the sun and off again. About noon we had a little skirmish with the rebels, but there was no one hurt in my regiment as far as I know of, and when it came night again we were not five miles from where we started from in the morning.

When we would stack arms at night there would be a grand rush for wood, and how we would make the rail fences suffer, and such a hubbub as there would be. Men could be heard calling from all parts of the camp, "This way for your rails!" The way we managed was as many of the company as could would get a large pile together and then one man sit on the pile and yell at the top of his voice whenever company and regiment they belonged to, "This way, Company C, Tenth Connecticut for your rails!"

From another pile, "This way, Company C, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts for your rails!" and so the cry would be for miles around. Ask some of your friends that were in the army and they will tell you that you, or if that will not do, put some old soldier on the top of your table and let him show you how he would call for his company to come and get the pile of rails.

We started again on Wednesday morning, but had not gone far when we found that we were in a trap with the trap sprung. The rebels had surrounded us with a very large force, and cut off our baggage train, and our rations would not last but that day. We scoured the country as far as we could for grub, but found very little, and on Wednesday night I ate the last hard bread I had, and it was the same way with a great many others. I had got to a part of my life that I did not like, to turn in with only one hard bread for supper and no prospect

for any breakfast. Although I was hungry I enjoyed myself watching the signals of sky-rockets and roman-candles. We could not understand their meaning, but the signal officers could. But there was one thing we did know and that was that they were signaling the Newbern Rebels. Thursday was a bad day for us. The rebels were closing their lines around us determined to capture us.

The most of the regiment was engaged more or less all day trying to break through the rebel lines, and they had to use, Thursday night we lay on our arms with nothing to make a fire with, and not a mouthful to eat all day, and the weather was quite cold. Friday was spent in the same way, but no fighting. Foster had concluded to wait for reinforcements, and they had to come from Virginia to Newbern and then to us, and on Friday night I could have eaten a chicken fester and all if I only had one. It was the first time I had really been hungry since leaving home. The chaplain was utilizing in his duty, trying to comfort the men in one way and another.

Saturday was spent the same as Friday, only we were getting more and more hungry. How I did wish that I was home and could get a few of those potatoes I was depending on. I was hungry enough to eat the bottom of the barrel, and I was hungry enough to eat the bottom of the barrel. I was hungry enough to eat the bottom of the barrel. I was hungry enough to eat the bottom of the barrel.

After the men were satisfied with hard bread, the cook had rations issued to them of salt junk and coffee for each man, and before morning we had forgotten that we had ever been hungry. Rations, did you ever get hungry for any length of time? I have heard people say when they have plenty, that they will starve before they would eat anything else, but I can truly say that I would have gladly eaten the crumbs from my father's table, and I would have gladly eaten the crumbs from my father's table.

The quartermaster issued a good whiskey that night for each man, but our company only got a half pint. The orderly sergeant said we would get the other half in the morning but we never did. After this we inquired into the matter and found out that the quartermaster had issued it out to our orderly the same as to the others, and we came to the conclusion that our orderly had stolen the company's rum, and what punishment you suppose he got for it? Why before his time had expired he was promoted to second lieutenant. I suppose that he divided with some of the commissary and officers, and they did work I had to get him a commission.

On Sunday morning I saw a man in a blue uniform, and I asked him what he was doing there. He said he was a deserter, and he had been in the rebel army. He said he had been in the rebel army, and he had been in the rebel army. He said he had been in the rebel army, and he had been in the rebel army.

At about five minutes time we reached the bridge, but where was the regiment; just one hundred and forty dead and wounded between the bridges and the swamp. Just as we started a rebel battery of six pieces of cannon that was on the opposite side of the river gave us a charge of canister that tore some of our men all to pieces. But it was the last time that the rebels ever loaded these guns, for one volley from our mowed their gunners down like grass. My company did not have an officer left, and other companies were in the same way. But our colonel and lieutenant-colonel were with us trying to get us into line, and both of these officers were bleeding from flesh wounds.

While we were getting into line we saw a white rebel brigade coming for that bridge with the intention of crossing. They were retreating from another part of the line. We faced about and gave them a volley in their faces that did not set very good on their stomachs, for they soon threw down their arms and cried for quarters. But, reader, what there was left of the Tenth did not feel much like giving quarters, for there within a stone's throw of us, lay one hundred and four of our comrades—some dead and some dying, and when we would look at them do you believe that we felt much like giving quarters? No! We felt like asking none nor giving none until we had revenge on our comrades. There were some in the ranks that had their brothers laying there dead or dying. There was one company that had four brothers belonging to it, and three of them lay dying on the field, and only one was left in the ranks to revenge them. Imagine what that poor man's feelings were, and you can tell how the whole regiment felt. To be sure we did not all have brothers there, but we did have comrades that seemed as dear as brothers.

The officers had all they could do to stop the firing. There were four regiments that surrendered to us. That was why we were ordered to cut off the enemy's retreat. A young chap in my regiment rushed up to a rebel color bearer and snatched the colors from his hands. Just then the Colonel of the Ninth New Jersey rushed up to our man and took the colors from him, but our lieutenant-colonel was not satisfied with his revolver he stepped in front of the Ninth New Jersey Colonel and told him that if he did not drop those colors instantly he would blow his brains out. He would have done it too, and been justified in the act. Our man had received the colors and to-day they are in the State house at Hartford.

But we were wasting time while we were standing there, and besides the bridge was on fire and we were ordered to cross, but the devilry of the rebels, if I must use such an expression, was too much for us. They had piled a lot of rifles on the opposite side of the bridge and then set the pile on fire and it was a continual "pop pop" and every few minutes someone would get hit in the legs. But

we had their prisoners in the range of those guns, and they were getting more of it than we were.

I was delated with eleven others to get behind that pile of guns and tumble them off in the water. It was no very desirable job, but do it we must or be called cowards. We went to get ready to take about five minutes to do what we were ordered to do. The bridge was on fire in the middle which made it worse for us, for we had to through the fire and warm ourselves a little, but the wood work was not burning much as yet. It was nothing but tar that the rebels had poured over it, and the sight I saw among the flames I never shall forget. There were two rebels lying in the fire burning. One was burned to a crisp, and the other was gasping for breath. We threw them off in about half a second, for it was a sight we did not care to look at long. After we had got in the rear of the pile of burning rifles, it did not take us a long time to tumble them off in the water as it does to fall about it. Then the remainder of the regiment helped to put out the fire. Nothing burned but a few of the planks, but there was a house standing near by which we soon had down and used the boards for the bridge.

I had to laugh when we were pulling down the house, for there were fifty rebels under it, and when they saw the house was coming down how they did yell for us to hold on until they could get out.

We soon had the bridge so that the rebels could not cross over, and then started on a double quick again for the town, after some rebels that we saw. We had got about half way between the bridge and town, when one of Foster's aids came up on the river with orders to halt and wait for the remainder of the column to cross the river. Just then our captain joined us, he had been knocked down in the charge by some one that knocked him senseless. Our orderly called for me to get up to get the roll and see how many were missing, and they found that out of three hundred and twelve there was one hundred and ten killed and wounded. That is what I call a dreadful day's work, especially for a Sabbath day.

There were a great many who had some very narrow escapes. Kris's face was covered with blood. A ball had cut a slight gash across his forehead, and my brother had his eye put in pieces with a piece of a shell, and instead of having it on his head he had it in his pocket. I asked him what he had in his pocket, and he said he had the shell that he had just shot, and he said that it would not be good for anything. He was a very good man, and always tried to keep his clothes in good order. For my part I did not get a scratch, but two balls went through the collar of my coat. I was very close, but a miss is a good one, and I did not know anything about the bridge being on fire until I had to get through it.

Have you Dyspepsia, are you Constipated, have you a yellow skin, Loss of Appetite, Head Ache, if so don't fail to use SEIFOLD'S SYSTEM VITALIZER. It is guaranteed to relieve you, and will continue to suffer when you can be cured on such terms as these. Price 10 cts. and 75 cts. Sold by G. C. Stillson.

MOSES DAME'S

WINE OF THE WOODS

Extract of Vegetation.

CURES DYSPEPSIA,

Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Biliaryness, Loss of Appetite, and All Diseases arising from a disordered state of STOMACH, LIVER and BLOOD.

That it is free from anything of a mineral or injurious nature is testified to by the Best Physicians in Europe. For sale by Druggists and Grocers. \$1.00 per bottle. **CHESTERMAN BROS., Agents, 107 THE MOSES DAME CO., 131 N. 11th St.**

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We have secured the exclusive agency of the United States and Canada for the sale of all goods manufactured from this metal, and in order to introduce them in the most satisfactory manner, we have selected sample lots as follows: **50-CENT LOT, \$3.00 LOT.**

One 18ct. Romaine Gold Watch, with chain, \$1.00	One 18ct. Romaine Gold Watch, with chain, \$1.00
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HARDWARE. FIRST-CLASS

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MECHANICS' TOOLS, of the Best Quality, WHITE LEAD, PAINTS, OILS & WINDOW GLASS

A full Assortment of

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Of the best Quality, Cheap for Cash.

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W. C. QUINTARD,

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HOLLAND'S AT THE CANDIES

Made FRESH EVERY DAY, and Sold at LOWEST PRICES.

Honey-Comb Candy

A SPECIALTY

JOHN HOLLAND, Opposite City Hotel, SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE.

Used in Hundreds of Churches, for Communion purposes. Excellent for Ladies, Weakly Persons and the Aged.

Handbills, Dodgers, Snipes, Circulars, Letterheads, Noteheads, Billheads

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FOUR YEARS OLD

This is a justly celebrated wine, which is made from the juice of the Spanish Grapes, raised in the country. It is a valuable tonic and strengthening properties are imparted by its other active ingredients. The purest and most palatable of all the wines, and its medicinal properties are unexcelled. The youngest child can partake of it with safety. It is a tonic and a stimulant to the system, and its use is recommended by the various eminent physicians who have written of it. It is a valuable tonic and strengthening properties are imparted by its other active ingredients. The purest and most palatable of all the wines, and its medicinal properties are unexcelled. The youngest child can partake of it with safety. It is a tonic and a stimulant to the system, and its use is recommended by the various eminent physicians who have written of it.

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Business Suits \$20 to \$25

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Made up in the Latest Spring Styles.

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CHARTERED 1869. CASH CAPITAL \$200,000 OFFICERS:

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CIGARS.

The most Popular Cigar in the Market. PRICES REDUCED.

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C. SWARTZ & CO.

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For the Stomach—Lancinating heart palpitations, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all the ailments of the stomach.

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For the Nerves—Relieving the action, curing nervousness, and all the ailments of the nerves.

For the Blood—Relieving the action, curing all the ailments of the blood.

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