

THE FOURTEENTH at GETTYSBURG.*

"Come, Fred, tell me all about that glorious fight which, you know, it was just my ill-luck to miss. If it had been such another whipping as we had at Fredericksburg, the Fates would probably have let me be there. I have heard several accounts, and know the regiment did nobly; but the boys all get so excited telling about it that I have not yet a clear idea of the fight."

"Here goes, then," said the Adjutant, lighting a fresh cigar. "It will serve to pass away time, which hangs so heavily on our hands in this dreary hospital."

"We were not engaged on the first day of the fight, July 1, 1863, but were on the march for Gettysburg that day. All the afternoon we heard the cannonading growing more and more distinct as we approached the town, and as we came on the field at night learned that the First and Eleventh Corps had fought hard, suffered much, and been driven back outside the town with the loss of Maj.-Gen. Reynolds, who, it was generally said, brought on an engagement too hastily with Lee's whole army. We bivouacked on the field that night."

"About nine o'clock the next morning we moved up to the front, and by ten o'clock the enemy's shells were falling around us. Captain Colt had a narrow escape here. We had just stacked arms and were resting, when a runaway horse, frightened by the shelling, came full tilt at him; 'twas 'heavy cavalry' against 'light infantry'; but Colt had presence of mind enough to draw his sword, and bringing it to a point it entered the animal's belly. The shock knocked Colt over, and he was picked up senseless, with a terribly battered face, and taken to the rear."

"By-the-way, Fred, is it not singular that he should have recovered so quickly and completely from such a severe blow?"

"Indeed it is. He is handsome as ever; but to go on. At four o'clock in the afternoon we moved up to support a battery, and here we lay all night. About dark Capt. Broatch went out with the pickets. Though under fire all day we were not really engaged, as we did not fire a gun. Some of our pickets, unfortunately going too far to the front, were taken prisoners during the night."

"At about five o'clock on the morning of the 3d Capt. Townsend went out with Companies B and D and relieved Broatch. As soon as he got out, Townsend advanced his men as skirmishers some three hundred yards beyond the regiment, which moved up to the impromptu rifle-pits, which were formed partially by a stone-wall and partially by a rail-fence. Just as soon as our skirmishers were posted they began firing at the rebel skirmishers, and kept it up all day, until the grand attack in the afternoon. Before they had been out twenty minutes, Corporal Huxham, of Company B, was killed by a rebel bullet. It was not discovered until another of our skirmishers, getting out of ammunition, went up to him, saying, 'Sam, let me have some cartridges.' Receiving no answer, he stooped down and discovered that a bullet had entered the poor fellow's mouth and gone out at the back of his head, killing the brave, Chancellorsville-scarred corporal so quickly that he never knew what hurt him."

"Presently Capt. Moore was ordered down with four companies into a lot near by, to drive some rebel sharpshooters out of a house and barn from whence they were constantly picking off our men. Moore went down on a double-quick, and, as usual, ahead of his men; he was the first man in the barn, and as he entered the "Butternuts" were already jumping out. Moore and his men soon cleared the barn, and then started for the house. Here that big sergeant in Company I (Norton,) sprang in at the front door just in time to catch a bullet in his thigh, from a reb watching at the back;—but that reb did not live long to brag of it, one of our boys taking him 'on the wing.' Moore soon cleared the house out, and went back with his men. Later in the day the rebels again occupied the house, and Major Ellis took the regiment and drove them out, burning the house, so as not to be bothered by any more concealed sharpshooters in it."

"Yes,—I know the Major don't like to do a thing but once, so he always does it thoroughly the first time."

"It was in these charges, for the possession of that house, we lost more officers and men than in all the rest of the fight."

"About one o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, who had been silent so long that the boys were cooking coffee, smoking, sleeping, etc., suddenly opened all their batteries of reserve artillery upon the position held by our corps, (the Second.) First one great gun spoke—then, as if it had been the signal for an artillery conversation, the whole hundred and twenty or more opened their mouths at once and poured

fire at will! Oh, Heaven! how we poured our fire into them then,—a merciless hail of lead! Their first line wavers, breaks and runs—some of their color-sergeants halt and plant their standards firmly in the ground: they are too well disciplined to leave their colors yet. But they stop only for a moment; then fall back, colors and all. They fall back, but rally, and dress on the other lines, under a tremendous fire from our advancing rifles; rally, and come on again to meet their death. Line after line of rebels come up, deliver their fire, one volley, and they are mown down like the grass of the field. They fall back, form, and come up again, with their battle-flags still waving; but again they are driven back. On our right is a break, where a battery has been in position; but, falling short of ammunition and unable to move it off under such a heavy fire, the gunners have abandoned it to its fate. Some of the rebels gain a footing here. One daring fellow leaps upon the gun, and waves his rebel flag; in an instant, a right oblique fire from 'ours,' and a left oblique from the regiment on the left of the position, rolls the ragged rebel and rebel rag in the dust, rolls the determined force back from the gun, and it is ours."

"By-and-by the enemy's lines come up smaller and thinner, break quicker, and are longer in forming. Our boys are wild with excitement, and grow reckless. Lieut. John Tibbets stands up, yelling like mad, 'Give it to 'em!—give it to 'em!' A bullet enters his arm—the same arm in which he caught two bullets at Antietam: Johnny's game arm drops by his side; he turns quickly to his First Lieutenant, saying, 'I have got another bullet in the same old arm, but I don't care a d—n!' Heaven forgive Johnny! rebel lead will sometimes bring rebel words with it. All of 'ours' are carried away with excitement; the Sergeant-Major leaps a wall, dashes down among the rebels, and brings back a battle-flag; others follow our Sergeant-Major; and before the enemy's repulse becomes a rout, we of the Fourteenth have six of their battle-flags."

"Prisoners are brought in by hundreds—officers and men. But we pay no attention to them, being too busy sending our leaden messengers after the now flying hosts. One of our prisoners, a rebel officer, turns to me, saying, 'Where are the men we've been fighting?' 'Here,' I answered, pointing down our short thin line. 'Good god!' says he, 'is that all? I wish I could get back.'"

"Yes," I interrupted, "Townsend told me that when he fell back with his skirmishers and saw the whole length of our small, thin, little line pitted against those then full lines of the rebels, his heart almost sank within him; but Meade had planned that battle well, and every one of our soldiers told."

"Yes," said Fred, "Meade planned the fight well, and Hallock, Hayes, and in fact all of them fought it well. All through the fight General Hancock might be seen galloping up and down the lines of our bully corps, regardless of the leaden hail all about him; and when finally severely wounded in the hip, he was carried a little to the rear, where he lay on his stretcher and still gave his orders."

"The fight was now about over; there was only an occasional shot exchanged between the retreating rebel sharpshooters and our own men; and I looked about me and took an account of stock. We had lost about seventy killed and wounded and taken prisoners, leaving only a hundred men fit for duty. We had killed treble that number, and taken nearly a brigade of prisoners; six stands of colors, and guns, swords, and pistols without number. For the first time we had been through an action without having an officer killed or fatally wounded, though Tibbets, Sergeant Stoughton, Snagg, Seward and Dudley were more or less seriously wounded, and Colt disabled."

"Hardly a man in the regiment had over two or three cartridges left. Dead and wounded rebels were piled up in heaps in front of us, especially in front of Companies A and B, where Sharpe's rifles had done effective work."

"It was a great victory. 'Fredericksburg on the other leg,' as the boys said. The rebel prisoners told us their leaders assured them that they would only meet the Pennsylvania militia; but when they saw that d—d ace-of-clubs (the trefoil badge of the Second Corps,) a cry went through their lines,—the Army of the Potomac, by Heaven!"

"So ended the battle of Gettysburg, and the sun sank to rest that night on a battle-field that had proved that the Army of the Potomac could and would save the people of the North from invasion, whenever and wherever they may be assailed."

"Long shall the tale be told, Yea, when our babes are old."

"Pshaw, Fred! you are getting sentimental. Let's go out in the air and have another cigar."

The Rev. Dr. Vinton on

There was a large meeting here of Music in Brooklyn, on last week, for the purpose of cause of raising volunteers and war until the rebellion is crushing the government and its measures appropriate resolutions were being speeches were made by Gen. Dr. Vinton, Gen. Pratt, of H. Spinola, and others. There were work, things were called by the and the true causes of the rebellion. Dr. Vinton, as will be seen, like and his clergy, gives no quarter institution," which has plunged a horrid war, and seeks to destroy government upon earth. gling for a great principle, he says whether freedom or slavery shall That is the question, without a and no "conservative" sophistry. The laymen may well rejoice with gymen of eminence have the mission show their hands in this trying standing the sneers of secess "Southside" dignitaries of the following is the speech alluded to.

The Rev. Dr. Vinton remarks been said,—"Let me make the care not who makes the law." these sailors ring in our hearts. men who have handled the gun that carries our flag to the ends [Applause.] Before the war we were living under a Government its operation that, like the Brook it seemed to require no attention as if it could take care of itself.

struggle commenced, he had occ York to refer to the Constitution States, and had gone to lawyer vain in search of a copy. But attention was called to the Govern two days the Constitution was newsboy at two cents a copy God for the war; that we had c low, miserable, selfish, pettifog of things in which the war fou made men of us. It has made milions of youth who have gone North. It has made men in the requires men to meet them now.

the watchword of Gen. Dix, "V down the American flag, shoot spot," he said that his name c down to posterity honored and st and held sacred and endeared to can heart. The proclamation of col, by which the large mass of is emancipated, as a war measure of the revolutions this war has p depriving the South of the me hitherto they have been supported been a politic and wise measure, have been derelict to his duty as a nation, and of the army and navy, creed it against the rebels. [Vehem

I did not think so at the beginn but it has changed my mind, and the minds of the whole North. was ridiculed as a Bull against th the announcement of a great princip feat which will immortalize the cris live. And when I saw, in the H representatives, the bill for emanc District of Columbia, which bel whole country, a bill which pe statesmen in vain had endeavore fore, quietly presented to the ch having been enrolled, and int up in silence. I said to my friends w that that paper thus quietly ar given, shall hereafter stand in th fice by the side of the Declarat deuce, and will be gazed upon w tion like that with which we gaz act of our fathers. [Applause.]

Location of Conn. Regiments in

The following is the location of regiments, etc., of Connecticut soldi ing to the latest reports in the offi jutant-General:

First Squadron Conn. Cavalry— John B. Mitchell, and Co. B. C. Coon, with Harris Light Cavalry, Church, Va., Aug. 31st.

First Regiment Conn. Cavalry— Fish, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 1st (sin Heights, Va.)

First Light Battery—Capt. A. M. Folly Island, Nov. 1st.

Second Light Battery—Capt. J. Camp Barry, Washington, D. C.

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he was the first man in the barn, and as he entered the "Batteraus" were already jumping out. Moore and his moon soon cleared the barn, and then started for the house. Here that big sergeant in Company I (Norton), sprang in at the front door just in time to catch a bullet in his thigh, from a reb watching at the back;—but that reb did not live long to brag of it, one of our boys taking him 'on the wing.' Moore soon cleared the house out, and went back with his men. Later in the day the rebs again occupied the house, and Major Ellis took the regiment and drove them out, burning the house, so as not to be bothered by any more concealed sharp-shooters in it.

"Yes,—I know the Major don't like to do a thing but once, so he always does it thoroughly the first time."

"It was in these charges, for the possession of that house, we lost more officers and men than in all the rest of the fight."

About one o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, who had been silent so long that the boys were cooking coffee, smoking, sleeping, etc., suddenly opened all their batteries of reserve artillery upon the position held by our corps, (the Second.) First one great gun spoke—then, as if it had been the signal for an artillery conversation, the whole hundred and twenty of more opened their mouths at once and poured out their thunder. A perfect storm of shot and shell rained around and among us. The boys quickly jumped to their rifles and lay down behind the wall and rail barricade. For two hours this storm of shot and shell continued, and seemed to increase in fury. Good God! I never heard anything like it, and our regiment has been under fire 'somewhat,' as you know. The ground trembled like an aspen leaf; the air was full of small fragments of lead and iron from the shells. Then the sounds—there was the peculiar 'choo!—choo!—choo-oo!' of the round shot; the 'which-one? which-one?' of that fiendish Whitworth projectile, and the demonic shriek of shells. It seemed as if all the devils in hell were holding high carnival. But, strange as it may seem, it was like many other 'sensation doings,' 'great cry and little wool,' as our regiment, and, in fact, the whole corps, lost very few men by it, the missiles passing over beyond our position, save the Whitworth projectiles, which did not quite reach us, as their single gun of that description was two miles out. Had the enemy had better artillerists at their guns, or a better view of our position, I cannot say what would have been the final result; but certain it is, nothing mortal could have stood that fire long, had it been better directed; and if our corps had broken that day, Gettysburg would have been a lost battle, and Gen. Lee, instead of Heintzelman, the commanding officer in this District of Columbia to-day.

About three P. M. the enemy's fire slackened, died away, and the smoke lifted to disclose a corps of the rebel 'Grand Army of Northern Virginia,' advancing across the long level plain in our front, in three magnificent lines of battle, with the troops massed in close column by division on both flanks. How splendidly they looked! Our skirmishers, who had stayed at their posts through all, gave them volley after volley as they came on, until Captain Townsend was ordered to bring his men in, which he did in admirable order; the boys, loading and firing all the way, came in steadily and coolly,—all that were left of them, for a good half of them were killed or wounded before they reached the regiment.

"On, on, came the rebs, with colors flying and bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, keeping their lines as straight as if on parade; over fences and ditches they come, but still their lines never break, and still they come. For a moment all is bush along our lines, as we gaze in silent admiration at these brave rebs; then our division commander, 'Aleck Hayes,' rides up, and pointing to the last fence the enemy must cross before reaching us, says, 'Don't fire till they get to that fence; then let 'em have.'"

"On, on, come the rebs, till we can see the whites of their eyes," and hear their officers command, 'Steady, boys, steady!' They reach the fence, some hundred yards in front of us, when suddenly the command to 'Fire!' rings down our line; and, rising as one man, the rifles of the old Second Army Corps ring out a death-knell for many a brave heart, in butter-nut dress, worthy of a better cause,—a knell that will ring in the hearts of many mothers, sisters and wives, on many a plantation, in the once fair and sunny South, where there will be weeping and wailing for the soldier who never returns, who sleeps at Gettysburg. 'Load and

*** REBEL BATTLE-FLAGS CAPTURED.**
First Tennessee, captured by the 14th Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Fourteenth Tennessee, captured by the 14th Conn. Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Sixteenth North Carolina, captured by 14th Conn. Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Battle-flag, State not given, captured by 14th Conn. Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
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"Hardly a man in the regiment had over two or three cartridges left. Dead and wounded rebels were piled up in heaps in front of us, especially in front of Companies A and B, where Sharpe's rifles had done effective work."

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Horrible Statement!

Parson Brownlow's *Knoxville Whig* of the 11th instant, gives the following exhibit of the outrages perpetrated on Union men in East Tennessee, since the Union army has taken possession of that district:

Many very worthy Union men have been cruelly murdered by the villainous rebels in arms, assassinated by perjured citizens, who had come forward and taken the oath. Murder, treason, robbery, infamy and ruin are the order of the day in the counties above and below Knoxville. In the upper counties they have shot down and otherwise murdered unoffending men, neither respecting age nor infirmities; and the soldiers, turning out in bands of marauders, have robbed families of all in their houses, on their farms, and where they were unable to carry off all they found, the thieving villains have destroyed it, burning private property and destroying all before them.

They have within a few weeks past murdered old men in the presence of their families, committing cruel and infamous atrocities, that would disgrace wandering Arabs.

In Washington County, but the other day, they murdered Rev. Mr. Bouman, of the Dutch Church, in cold blood, and upon no other pretence than that he was a Union man.

In the counties of Blount, Mober, Hamilton and Bradley, (below Knoxville), they have recently committed some of the most atrocious murders ever known to the hell-born and hell-bound rebellion.

They marched out from his house, in Blount, an old man named Smith, and shot him down in the road, in his sixtieth year, leaving a poor and helpless family of nine persons, dependent upon his labor for their daily bread. The only charge was that he was a Lincolnite.

They cruelly murdered Levi Garter and one of his sons, in Bradley, and the charge was that he was a Lincolnite Methodist preacher.

They cut the throat of the Rev. Mr. Blair, of Hamilton County, a Baptist preacher, in the presence of his family; and his offence was that he was a Union man.

They murdered F. Garter, of Bradley Co., in like manner, as refugees from that quarter.

They are said to have murdered two of the Carsons, in Monroe county, for no provocation whatever.

They murdered Rev. Hiram Douglass, of the Presbyterian Church, under circumstances that would disgrace an Algerian mob.

They shot down a man by the name of Cozart, for no other offence than that he acknowledged himself a Union man.

These are only items in the long catalogue of wrongs and cruelties daily perpetrated by a set of scoundrels, acting under leaders who have been false to their allegiance to friends, neighbors, the State, and to the nation. They have had, and still have, among the hills and mountains in Sevier County, 400 Cherokee Indians, under the command of that prince of marauders and thieves, Col. Thomas, of Western Carolina. These savages are less cruel than their white rebel associates and companions in arms, but they are robbing houses and scalping innocent citizens.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, describing the late battle at Lookout Mountain (near Chattanooga), says:

"I have to record an extraordinary episode that occurred during the battle. Some 200 mules, packed near Gen. Hooker's lines, broke loose and charged furiously across the field toward where a Georgia regiment was stationed. Thinking it was cavalry, or something else, the regiment broke in confusion and ran, leaving 1000 Enfield rifles of the best description, behind them, which Gen. Hooker has to show in proof of the incident."

whole country, a bill which politicians and statesmen in vain had endeavored to pass before, quietly presented to the chairman, after having been circulated, and laid upon the table in silence. I said to my friends, "I may say that that paper thus quietly and sublimely given, shall hereafter stand in the Patent Office by the side of the Declaration of Independence, and will be gazed upon with a veneration like that with which we gaze upon that act of our fathers. [Applause.]"

Location of Conn. Regiments in the Field.

The following is the location of the different regiments, etc., of Connecticut soldiers, according to the latest reports in the office of the Adjutant-General:

First Squadron Conn. Cavalry—Co. A, Capt. John B. Mitchell, and Co. B, Capt. Marcus Coon, with Harris Light Cavalry, at Leeswood Church, Va., Aug. 31st.

First Regiment Conn. Cavalry—Col. W. S. Fish, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 1st (since at Bolivar Heights, Va.)

First Light Battery—Capt. A. P. Rockwell, Folly Island, Nov. 1st.

Second Light Battery—Capt. J. W. Sterling, Camp Barry, Washington, D. C., Nov. 1st.

First Regiment Conn. Artillery—Col. Henry L. Abbott, Fort Richardson, Va., Oct. 3d, (now with Meade's army.)

Fifth Regiment—Col. Warren W. Packer, Cowan, Tenn., Nov. 1st.

Sixth Regiment—Lieut.-Col. Duryee, (Col. Rodman since appointed), Hilton Head, S. C., Nov. 1st.

Seventh Regiment—Col. Joseph R. Hawley, Morris Island, Nov. 1st.

Eighth Regiment—Col. J. E. Ward, Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 2d.

Ninth Regiment—Colonel T. W. Cahill, New Orleans, La., Sept. 16th.

Tenth Regiment—Col. John L. Otis, Morris Island, Oct. 7th, (since ordered to St. Augustine, Fla.)

Eleventh Regiment—Col. L. A. Stedman, jr., Gloucester, Va., Nov. 1st.

Twelfth Regiment—Maj. F. H. Peck, commanding, near Pattonville, La., Oct. 1st.

Thirteenth Regiment—Col. C. D. Blinn, Moseaux, La., Sept. 1st.

Fourteenth Regiment—Col. Theo. G. Ellis, near Warrenton, Va., Nov. 1st.

Fifteenth Regiment—Col. S. Upham, Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 1st.

Sixteenth Regiment—Col. John H. Burnham, near Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 1st.

Seventeenth Regiment—Col. W. H. Noble, Folly Island, S. C., Oct. 1st.

Eighteenth Regiment—Colonel Wm. G. Ely, Martinsburg, Va., Nov. 1st.

Nineteenth Regiment—Col. E. S. Kellogg, Ellsworth, Va., Nov. 7th.

Twentieth Regiment—Colonel Samuel Ross, Stevenson, Ala., Nov. 1st.

Twenty-first Regiment—Col. A. H. Dutton, Norfolk, Va., Oct. 3d.

THE HIGH COST OF COAL.—Coal is now sold in Hartford at the exorbitant price of \$12 per ton! This enormous rise is not due to any scarcity of the article, (for the supply is now more than a million tons in excess of last year), nor, in any considerable degree, to the greed or extortion of dealers here. Our Hartford dealers, as a general thing (there may be exceptions) only demand a fair, living profit. The increase is mainly caused by what we may call a "combination." The miners, in the first place, are now getting some \$20 a week for digging out coal. They enforce this demand by combining, and they show themselves ready to resort to criminally desperate deeds to secure this double pay. Then the owners and operators of the mines have organized for increased profits.—The railroads and boatmen come in for the next "gouge"; and then the wholesale and retail dealers complete the process which presses with such sad weight upon the consumer. Rich folks don't mind it. Those who have made sudden fortunes out of their "patriotism" don't care. They get in ample supplies of coal at comparatively low rates. But the thousands of poor families—who who have to buy their coal by the half ton, or the bushel—what is to be their lot during the winter that is now beginning?

Something, surely, ought to be done—though it is difficult to say what—to change a state of things which brings the price of coal, from its present cost at the mines, say \$2.60, up to \$12 a ton when it reaches the consumer's bin in Hartford.—*Times*.

As the wife of Francis Jessup, of Westport, was on her way home, she saw the barn of a neighbor burning, in the direction of her house, and meeting some boys, inquired what building was burning. The boys (not knowing Mrs. J.) replied, Frank Jessup's house. Mrs. Jessup fell and died immediately.

John B. Gough will lecture in Rockville next Tuesday evening.