

FIGHTING NEAR SUFFOLK.

Surprise of a Detachment of the First New-York Mounted Rifles.

SUFFOLK, Va., May 17, 1863.

The enemy, since their retirement from our front, have concentrated a considerable force on the line of the Blackwater, and the vicinity of Smithfield.

An expedition under command of Col. (acting Brig.-Gen.) Foster, left here last Wednesday for Careville, about four miles from Blackwater. Several skirmishes of some importance have occurred, and the enemy have been driven back about two miles. The enemy have suffered considerably from two of our best batteries. We have lost some men belonging to the One Hundred and Seventeenth regiment, and the Sixth Massachusetts. No correct report can yet be forwarded. The expedition has another object, which should not at present be mentioned, as Gen. Foster's command will probably remain in their present position several days.

Yesterday three companies of the First New York mounted rifles, under the superintendence of Gen. Dodge, reconnoitered in the neighborhood of Isle of Wight and Smithfield. Two companies of this party, under the command of Major A. G. Patton, pursued a small body of rebels toward Broadwater Bridge and captured six cavalymen and a mail from Suffolk. They were returning to Suffolk with their prisoners, when suddenly and without a moment's warning the rear guard was attacked by a large body of rebel cavalry, and forced back to the reserve. The rebels charged upon our column, throwing Company F for a short time into confusion.—Several rebels rode past our whole column to its head, and seemed to direct all their attention to our officers. A hand to hand conflict ensued. Major Patton was shot in the side by a rebel officer, who was in turn shot by Lieut. Burton, and instantly killed. Lieut. Burton received a sabre cut in the mouth and breast, and had his horse killed under him. He is not seriously injured.

Capt. Hamilton and Lieut. Harmon fought with their sabres. The officers did their utmost to rally the men. It seemed for a short time that our two companies would be annihilated—but the rebels having discharged their firearms, and not having time to reload, could not use their sabres very skillfully against ours. Major Patton withdrew to a field with what remained of his men, and checked the rebels by some sharp rifle practice. Several of our men were injured by falling through the bridge. Our men, upon the whole, behaved splendidly, considering how abrupt was the attack. There were several exhibitions of individual daring of the highest quality. Sergt. Hearn of Company A, remained on the field last night, the rebels having retreated as fast as they came, leaving some of their dead upon the field.—Sergt. Hearn buried a rebel Lieutenant and some privates this morning, together with one of our men—Melchor, of troop F. The enemy recoved their prisoners in our hands, and captured about ten of our men, who were wounded or thrown from their horses. As the rebel force nearly doubled in numbers that of ours, it is astonishing that our loss was not greater. Some of our missing men are expected to return, having it is believed, escaped into the woods.

ITEMS.—We have a letter from our correspondent in the Mounted Rifles, "J. F.," dated at Washington, which will appear next week. Also, one from Jas. E. McKeown, giving some interesting incidents of the battle at Gettysburg.

CAVALRY! CAVALRY!!—Fifty men wanted immediately to fill the ranks of the "Buffalo Light Dragoons," to serve for three months. Recruits will be exempt from the Draft. Apply at 82 Main street, Buffalo.
ALEXANDER SLOAN, Captain.

OUR SUFFOLK LETTER.

(Regular Correspondence of the City News.)

SUFFOLK, VA., May 18th, 1863.

In a postscript, yesterday, I referred to an encounter between about eighty of the Mounted Rifles, (portions of Company A and F) and about six hundred Rebel cavalry, which attacked us from the rear while returning from Smithfield on a reconnoitering expedition, under Major Patten. Having reached Smithfield without molestation, and thinking the "coast clear," almost every man, after passing the Court House, swung his carbine to his saddle, and dreamed, as he rode leisurely along, of his home in the North, sang some of his favorite songs, or discussed the probability of the war ending within the next twenty years, but he dreamed not of the wily foe being hidden in those shady forests that echoed his voice. Yesterday erroneously stated that the fight took place on the Isle of Wight road, and within three miles of that place, when it occurred between Chukctuck and Smithfield, and in a spot where it was impossible to form in line of battle; and it is a matter of surprise that every man was not either killed or captured.

Company F, with the brave Captain Sawyer in command, had the rear guard, and as the main column turned a curve in the road, hiding the rear guard from view, our ears were greeted with such yells and shouts as I never heard before, and with the demand, "Surrender! you Yankee s—n of b—s," and in a moment six hundred Rebels were in our midst, cutting down and shooting our boys before they had time to sling carbines or draw sabres, and many a poor fellow rolled from his saddle without having a chance to strike a blow in his own defense. As the rebels had been concealed in the roads, the rear guard was cut off from the main body, but Capt. Sawyer, with only twelve men, made a most gallant dash through the enemy, and succeeded in reaching our centre, where a desperate hand-to-hand fight was raging, for our gallant boys had now partially recovered from their stupor, and were dealing death-strokes to the rebels. To add to the confusion, a bridge, crossing a small stream, gave way, precipitating ten or twelve horses and riders, into it, and many were seriously wounded by our horses passing over them. One of the most desperate hand-to-hand fights took place between our gallant Lieut. Burton, and a rebel officer; but the dashing Lieutenant came off the victor, though beset at one time by three of the enemy, whom he put hors de combat, by a few dexterous passes with his sabre. The Lieutenant, finding himself face to face with the rebel officer (said to be a Major) grasped him by the throat, drew his revolver, and shot him dead, and as the lieutenant's horse had given out, he mounted the splendid charger of his late foe, and again rushed into the thickest of the fight. Private Brown, of company F, literally mowed them down with "Nancy Dawson," (his sabre) and no less than five were killed or wounded by him; and the last thrust given by him was through the body of a rebel, who, as soon as the point entered, grasped it near the hilt with both hands, and held it so tightly that the valiant Brown, "out of sheer pity," left it sticking there, and giving one of his war-whoops, dashed into the woods, followed by a score of rebels; but he escaped with only a slight wound in the mouth by a "punch" from a short gun. Private Buchanan also distinguished himself, and deserves mention here. Capt. Sykes, of the Nansemond (rebel) cavalry, made several cuts and thrusts at Buchanan, but every attempt to reach him was foiled with his carbine, which, fortunately for him, was not slung to his saddle, and the Captain while attempting to get to his (P's) rear, received a blow from the carbine, that sent the rebel Captain rolling to the ground—a corpse, his brains having been literally knocked out. A mere boy, named G., having been dismounted by a rebel, whose heart was touched by his youthful experience, ran into the woods, and remained there till the combatants had moved out of sight, when, hearing the slow tramp of a horse, he rushed out, and seeing him riderless, mounted him, and galloped to Suffolk. The horse proved to belong to a rebel soldier, but having lost his own horse and equipments, he thought he would appropriate "anything that came along." Previous to his being dismounted, he shot a rebel officer. Gen. Dodge highly complimented him, and, as he had no arms, presented him with a revolver.

Though our company numbered thirty-six on leaving camp, yesterday morning, only eighteen have returned, but it is hoped that they are not

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killed, but prisoners.

Major Potter, who had command, was wounded in the left arm, but not seriously. Only four of men escaped without a wound. As for Company A, they being in the advance, thinking "discretion the better part of valor," ingloriously left our brave Captain and his gallant company "alone in their glory." Yesterday I stated that Company A had lost half their men, but as I was misinformed, I hasten to correct the flattering notice I made.

An effort was made last night to overtake the rebels, who attacked our little squad, but it is not at all likely that the rebels will remain this side the Blackwater many hours, and the pursuit will be a useless one.

Skirmishing still goes on at Carville, and to-day two of three regiments were sent out in that direction. You may rely upon it, something is about to take place in that quarter, more than is now thought of; but as everything is kept in the dark as to movements in that locality, I will say no more about it at present, but will wait till something worthy of particular note occurs.

A party just returned from the scene of the late conflict, report that the bodies of one rebel major, a lieutenant, and few privates, were found there.

A FIRST CLASS D. B.—Mr. E. Z. C. Judson, better known as "Ned Buntline," and lately serving as a private in the 1st New York Mounted Rifles, has been sentenced to two months imprisonment at Fort Norfolk, Virginia, for the crime of desertion. Ned has always been a "Beast" of the most elaborate description; and two years, instead of two months, would be more commensurate with his deserts.

Mr. E. Z. C. Judson, grown notorious under the sobriquet of Ned Burline has been sentenced to two months imprisonment at Fort Norfolk, Va., for desertion. He was a private in the 1st New York mounted rifles.

Ned Buntline has many faults, but we believe has never before been charged with cowardice or treachery. His literary labors do not entitle him to an exceedingly high place, but his worth as a patriot is "for a that" perfectly good. We believe he is an officer in the regiment mentioned, and we very much doubt the report that he attempted to desert. We know that he has given freely of his money for the advancement of the Union cause, and been no less daring in this war than in the Florida war, where he won for himself an honorable reputation. A rough, rude, "naughty" chap, he yet has a large heart and is a thorough patriot; and we should be glad to see the explanation of the paragraph quoted, simply as a matter of justice.

CAVALRY REGIMENT.—Capt. Geo. M. Elliott, late Lieut. in the gallant 28th Volunteers, raising a Cavalry Troop, and has his headquarters here. He is a daring and adventurous fellow, and will make a first-rate Cavalry Officer.

FROM THE FIRST N. Y. MOUNTED RIFLES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., }
Thursday, P. M., July 23, 1863. }

Editor:—On Saturday last, the 18th inst., I left Norfolk for the National Capital, and arrived here at ten on Sabbath morning. My life has been too fully occupied with business and visiting, to admit of much correspondence with friends, but now, when the last hour has arrived, in which it will be possible to write anything that may reach them this week, I take up my pen to tell them about some objects of interest, and places of note, which I have now for the first time visited.

I will preface my observations by a few remarks about the weather, for it, and its effects on the comfort of the traveller are very appreciable just now.

For a few days past, the heat of Southern summer weather has been somewhat moderated by numerous showers, which have left the two inch depth of dust in the streets of Washington in a good condition for removal; but the mud was left untouched, and now we can experience all the sensations of a traveller on the unpaved highway of the country.

I have been disappointed in the appearance of Washington. Its well-planned streets and noble public buildings are worthy of admiration; but the lack of private enterprise, and of public pride among its permanent inhabitants, which is so noticeable, is discreditable to the city. Improvements are in progress on every hand, causing many of the streets to be filled with rubbish, and present an unpleasant appearance, but they indicate a purpose to limit the extent of the prevalent stand-stillism; and so are praiseworthy.

I have spent a couple of hours in the Patent office, but at present, am unable to speak of anything seen there, as a glance at one of a thousand articles of curiosity to be found there seems but to prepare the mind for an idea of the whole.

However, I can speak of some objects and places of interest visited yesterday afternoon, because their historical associations are such as to render them of uncommon importance.

With the proper documents in my pocket, such as a pass, which, by the way, gave me a very large liberty, being a pass "to Virginia and return, within the defences," on which I could visit any point within our lines, I started for Georgetown, where I crossed the Potomac, on the Aqueduct Bridge, which serves the double purpose of Aqueduct and bridge.

On the Virginia side, found an ambulance, in which I rode a mile down the river. The road was rough, and the colored driver, not disposed to waste time, where its use was so freely paid for, drove furiously over the ruts and "jumpers," giving me a taste of such exercise as I have for a long time been a stranger to.

Arrived at the foot of the heights, on one of which the Arlington House is situated, I left the wagon and began to march up a steep strong ascent, while the perspiration trickled down my face in imaginable sport at my labor. A quarter of a mile brought me up to the mansion. I laid myself on the grass in front of

the house, and began a conversation with the guard stationed there.

The house is occupied by Gen. [redacted], as his head-quarters, hence the guard.

As I ran my eye over the structure, and remembered that it was only a little more than two years ago, the residence of Robert E. Lee, a man who has made himself so notorious as a rebel leader, and done so much to destroy the government, whose seat was so near his own home, and whose presence was the chief attraction of this spot he loved so well, I could but wonder at the realities of this war, and the sacrifices it has cost.

The mansion, for such it is, is a massive stone structure, with a portico, formed of eight immense pillars, extending along the entire front of the main building. Its appearance is quite ancient. The guard told me that the date of its plan, as found in the mill hall, was 1807. In front of the building is a flag staff, from which floats the stars and stripes. I turned away from the spot with regret, as I love to linger around such a place so full of instructive suggestions.

From the house to the East, there is an abrupt descent, making a carriage way quite circuitous, which leads back into the forest, beyond sight from the front.

Nature's grove stands as it was planted by nature's hand, and until the immediate vicinity of the house is reached every thing, except the wagon and carriage ways, has a mid-forest appearance.

At the foot of the heights again, I turned to the right, taking the road to the "long bridge." A walk of a mile and a half, brought me to it. Another mile, and I had crossed the bridge. Thence up Maryland Avenue to the Capitol grounds, where I found the Marine Band entertaining a large crowd of people with superb music. This band are always in waiting for public occasions, and give beauty and finish to many a gala day. It is composed of some 33 or 34 members, all Germans, and all excellent musicians. Of other scenes, sights and seasons, I will try to write at some future day.

J. F.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 28, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—Left Washington at three o'clock yesterday afternoon and reached this city just in time to not [redacted] reached this boat for Fort [redacted] be in time for the hours [redacted] Monroe, so a twenty four [redacted] in Baltimore was made necessary.

This morning, after speculating as to the best use I could make of the hours left me here, I concluded to improve what might be my only opportunity of writing you this week, and then occupy the few remaining hours in sight-seeing among the attractions of the Monumental city.

While at Washington I was, very fortunately, gratified in being privileged to see the Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

I have felt a strong desire to meet our President: where I might observe his face and form, and see for myself, the man in whom the hopes of the nation are centred, and in whose hands are the liberties of mil-

ions, and perhaps of the world. In company with a friend I had visited the "White House," where the principal attraction, internally, is the famous "East Room," with its furniture and ornaments of almost equal splendor. At the present time this is the only room open to visitors. The President, during the hot season, is only occasionally to be found at the "Executive Mansion," leaving it almost uninhabited. We had left the President's House, and were passing off the grounds surrounding the Mansion, when we met Mr. Lincoln in the gate-way between the White House and War Department.—Not expecting to meet him there, we did not recognize him until we were by his side, when he raised his hand to salute us. Had I never read or seen a picture of the man, I could hardly have believed it possible that he was the President of the United States. His hand was broad, brown and brawny, indicating years of toil as a manual laborer, while his face was sun-burnt and full of care worn wrinkles. His form was remarkable, so tall and muscular, and yet so stooped and apparently wearied. He walked like a man whose mental labor and mountain-load of responsibility were absorbing his entire mind and forcing him to bow his head towards the grave whence they are so rapidly carrying him. As I thought of the noble, honest mind which he had brought to the aid of the nation in its day of greatest danger, and of his course, for so many months, while piloting the "Ship of State," through the breakers of treason, I could but honor and venerate him. And yet as I thought of his trials, domestic and public, I felt a deep sympathy for him, and hoped that he might soon see the return of national union and peace as the fruits of seven years of pain and toil, and be privileged to witness the renewed prosperity of his country, saved from the destruction which traitors hoped to bring upon it.

Of course I did as every visitor at Washington does, saw the Capital, inside and out, the National Washington Monument, and nearly every public building of importance, concluding my reconnaissance with a glance at the tens of thousands of curiosities so conveniently shelved for inspection in the Patent Office. Of the almost countless number of models of "machines" and "articles" in every branch of art it is useless to speak, except, as a whole. Neither can I notice the various relics of past generations, full as they are of instruction and encouragement, only as I name a few of them. And first are those of the "Father of His country." In one large show case we find the "Coat and Trowsers worn by Washington when he resigned his commission." In the same case is the sword carried by Washington during the Revolution, and the "beating the m [redacted] use and [redacted] another case are treaties with numerous foreign nations, dating back to the early part of the eighteenth century. On

the right of the entrance to the main hall stands the "Printing Press at which Benjamin Franklin worked, in London, as a Journeyman." This is enclosed in a glass case, and is carefully protected from profane hands as though its material was of the most delicate kind, and its structure liable to be injured by the slightest touch. On the left of the entrance are a number of cases containing the presents from the Japanese, who were so recently our national guests, and their monarch, the Tycoon of Japan.— These presents are real curiosities and while they please the eye, serve to remind us of the friendly relations sought to be established between the two governments of which these are the tokens. As we turn to leave, and approach the door we find before us on the left the most valuable of all the relics which we prize on account of their connection with our national history. It is the Declaration of Independence, not a copy, but the original paper, or rather parchment itself. What a study is here for the patriot, the lover of freedom!

After a calculation, knowing the number of cases, with their dimensions, I find that, exclusive of the agricultural department, the extent of shelving given to the exhibition of models, and well occupied too, exceeds an acre and three quarters of surface.

In leaving Washington, I will repeat what I have said before, that, as a city, it does not meet the expectations of the stranger visiting it after an acquaintance with its name and supposed character. Its plan is fine, its "distances" "magnificent," and its public buildings grand and admirable, while its streets are unpaved in quite a measure, and so dirty as to render constant sprinkling necessary to prevent clouds of dust from constantly filling the air. Such a beautiful site, so well improved by the originators of the plan of the city, ought to be graced by the richest, prettiest and best city on the continent.

J. F.

Letter from the 1st N. Y. Rifles.

CAMP 1st N. Y. MOUNTED RIFLES, SMITH'S A. C.,
NEAR PETERSBURG, Va., May 17th, 1864.
EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—Perhaps you are not much acquainted with the Mounted Rifles, but for all that, it has many representatives from our County, especially from towns of Livonia and Springwater, and a few words about us may not be uninteresting.— Well, we have broken camp in common with the rest of the army. The morning of May 2nd found us tumbling everything topsy-turvy, and the afternoon found us en route for— nobody knew where, though the general belief was Newbern. Passing through Yorktown we found some 30,000 troops massed there, who informed us as we rode through them, that they were to start up the Peninsula the next morning. Wise fellows. They know as much about their destination as the man in the moon. Camping out at Yorktown that night we resumed our march the next day and finally halted up at Newport News, wou-

ding, not a little what they wanted of us there. After unsaddling we went down to the wharf and found them busily employed there, in loading up artillery on 16 old canal boats. Some 15 or 20 batteries were either loaded up or awaiting their turn. Six or seven Monitor boats, including the Roanoke and the rebel ram Atlanta lay out in the river besides any number of double enders and other wooden gunboats. The next morning the cannon all being loaded, the Mounted Rifles also were embarked on a steamer and three or four schooners. While we were going aboard we could see boat load after boat load of troops coming up from Fortress Monroe, until about 10 o'clock in the morning over 60 vessels, loaded to their almost capacity with troops, were congregated about the wharf at Newport News. I shall always remember the morning of the 4th of May, 1864. It was a grand sight, such as I never expect to see again. But the fleet did not remain quiet here long. Pretty soon the Greyhound with Gen. Butler aboard, came plowing along, signaling as she did so, and sending the gunboats ahead, took the lead up the river. Again speculation was rife among the boys as to our destination. But it was useless, all that the pilot knew was that he had orders to follow the rest. Smithfield was passed, so he could not be there. Hog Island was left behind, so goodbye to Williamsburg. It must be Harrison's Landing after all. Steaming on three or four hours, we venture to ask how far it is to Harrison's Landing and are told that we passed it an hour ago. We give it up, it must be Richmond after all, and we begin to think the chances are desperate of our ever seeing old Livonia again. "But hallo, what place is that on the hill there, sticking out into the river?" "That is City Point," says the pilot, "and our troops are landing on the point beyond." Sure enough they are landing, and there flies the flag of true boat too, which came up yesterday, and which the rebels would not receive. Probably there will be no more prisoners exchanged here for awhile. Well, we are all ashore once more, and as fast as we land we are pushed ahead so as to gain all the ground possible before the rebels rally in force. The infantry are ahead of us, and it is so warm that they have cast aside their overcoats and blankets and the road is strewn with them its whole length. This indicates a hasty march, but as we bivouacked at night we learned that the advance had met with but little resistance and were throwing up fortifications. But this letter is getting lengthy.— You probably have received full accounts of the battles and skirmishes fought here and I will close by giving you our situation to-day. The heavy charge which the rebels made on our column yesterday has compelled us to abandon the siege of Fort Darling and fall back to our entrenchments. This gives the rebels possession of the railroad again, but Beauregard wouldn't have got it were it not for the 20,000 men which Lee sent him right before last, with which he calculated to wipe us out entirely. But Gen. Butler is going at them again tomorrow, so look out for more news soon.

R. W. C.

General Lee
May 26, 1864