

in the last two weeks. The stench arising from the dead horses that lie scattered all around us is anything but agreeable, and creates a great desire for us to "dig out" as soon as possible. Last Saturday we had a "right smart" brush with the 9th Va. Cavalry and drove them pell mell to the wall. We left Centreville at noon in company with a brigade of regular Cavalry, and one battery of Artillery. We crossed the Bull Run at Blackman's ford, leaving Companies G and A to support the battery, and expected the regular brigade to follow immediately in our rear. We followed up the road to Manassas Junction, where our advance guard found the enemy's pickets strongly posted along a line of old earthworks running at right angles with the railroad.—Lieut. Chas. E. Lewis, of Co. I, in command of the advance guard was wounded at the first fire, which caused them to fall back on the main body. The regiment was then formed in line of battle across the plain, and some minutes were occupied in waiting for the regular brigade and the battery to come up. This they failed to do and Col. Gibbs determined to move forward and take the consequences.

Giving the command "Forward, guide left," in his own peculiar style, he put spurs to his horse and dashed to the front at full speed.—The whole line then moved off at a brisk gallop, giving the rebels a volley from our carbines and dashing on towards them, they broke and fled in great confusion. It was just at the dusk of evening and the scene was truly an exciting one. The sheets of flame belching forth from our carbines, the heavy tread of our horse's feet, and the triumphant yells of our men as they pursued the flying rebels all went to make up one grand scene, the beauty of which must be seen and heard to be realized. We drove them two miles and then fell back to the Junction to await the arrival of the regular brigade. We lost in this fight three men killed and three wounded. We buried six rebels and one that was left at a farm house has since died of his wounds. We laid on our arms through the night, all day Sunday and Sunday night, but "Johnny Reb" was too wise to interfere with us. Monday morning we mounted again at early dawn, and during the day advanced as far as Catlett's Station.—We were out of rations so there was no quarreling about supper, and we were obliged to go to bed hungry. Tuesday morning without breakfast we started back to Bristoe, where we met our supply train with rations. Here we pitched our camp again, and were soon feasting on fried beef, pork and coffee, which we were prepared to relish, having been four days with only one meal per day. The railroad is all destroyed from here to Culpepper, and a construction train is now busily engaged in repairing it. At present we are guarding this work, on the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac. We enjoy the Cavalry service much better than we did the Infantry, it being much more exciting. Last week we had the pleasure of meeting the 194th Regiment, for the first time since entering the service. Prominent among the familiar faces we saw there was that of their honored Chaplain, and many were the familiar scenes that it recalled to mind to pass again his ever welcome hand.

But must drop this or the bugle will blow and my horse not in order. Yours, etc., ALBERT SWEET, Q. M. Sergt., Co. F, 1st Regt. N. L. DRAGOONS.

**Letter from the First N. Y. Dragoons**

IN CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER, Nov. 13, 1863.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—This is the second day we have been encamped at this place, and a rest of two days in one place is a luxury we have not before enjoyed for some time. The weather is as fine as one could wish, and our boys have taken advantage of the time to do up their washing and have a general clean up. We were ordered to-day to get ready to move, but for some reason did not go. An order was also issued that hereafter, immediately after breakfast, and before 9 o'clock of each day, our overcoats, blankets and grain sacks must be rolled and strapped to our saddles, and on pleasant days our tents struck, and every thing in readiness to move on short notice.

136th

Notwithstanding the excessive fatigue and exposure we have underwent for the last six weeks, the health of the regiment is good, and we certainly were never in better spirits. The "Johnys" (as we call the rebels) are in full retreat before us, and so long as we can keep them a good distance ahead we are not much afraid. Our boys are getting nearly destitute of boots, the last issue to us being of an inferior quality. I noticed one man to-day, with one foot bare, with his spur strapped on to his heel. Many others are nearly as bad, and all are in a sorry condition for a cold rain storm. We are entirely ignorant of what is going on on our left, as no papers have reached our camp for several days. There is a camp rumor prevalent to-night that our troops now hold Fredericksburg, but I am loath to credit it.

November 15th—Yesterday, in company with three comrades, I went to Brandy Station to obtain a few luxuries for our mess. The weather was fine when we left camp, and we paid no heed to the old adage that "a wise man carries his overcoat in fair weather," but left our overcoats and rubbers behind. The distance to the Station is six miles, and it was nearly sunset ere we were ready to return, and a heavy thunder storm was fast closing in upon us. We set out on a good round gallop, but rain and darkness enshrouded us before we had made one half the distance. Occasional flashes of lightning enabled us to detect the windings and gullies in the road, and we finally succeeded in piloting our treasures safe to camp, where we found the water running in and through our tents, paying no heed whatever to our bodily comforts, but causing the men to stand erect, each holding his bedding at a safe distance from the earth. The night passed rather unpleasantly, but present indications are favorable for a calm, and then all will be right again.

This morning a spirited cannonading took place about six miles to our left, lasting about thirty minutes, but as yet I have heard no particulars. Our regiment has gone on a reconnaissance to the Rapidan to-day, and will return to the picket lines and remain on picket to-night.

Later—The firing on our left to-day was occasioned by an attempt of Gen. Kilpatrick to cross the Rapidan. The enemy did not seem inclined to grant him a free pass; so, after indulging in a little loud talk, he withdrew to await a more "convenient season." Major Scott of our Regiment has also returned from the front, and he reports the enemy in force and fortified along the river. Our boys exchanged a few shots with them to-day, but no casualties occurred on our side. It is therefore probable that any farther advance on our part will be met with some resistance, and it must now soon be determined whether we are to have more hard fighting this season, or whether we are to halt here and remain through the winter. It is evident that our late movements have frustrated the plans of the rebels in great measure, as the general appearance of things about here indicate that they intended wintering on this side of the Rapidan. Four thousand pounds of salt was found to-day in Culpepper, which was the quarterly allowance for Culpepper County.

November 18th.—The weather is beautiful to-day, but there is no sign of an immediate advance. One engine has run over the road to Culpepper, but the road is not yet in a condition to run heavy trains upon.

Thus far we have drawn our hard bread and pork pretty regular, but being deprived of the beans, rice and vegetables which we usually draw, it makes our living rather scant. Our horses are obliged to go without feed about one day in three, and all together will rejoice when the time comes that we receive our full allowance for man and beast.

Occasionally we hear the report of canon on our left, which betokens that there is reconnoitering going on in that direction. And it is the opinion of those best entitled to know that we shall move in the direction of Fredericksburgh soon, as it is generally believed that Lee will not make a very strong resistance there. Time alone, however, can develop to us the facts in the case, and until it is decided let us patiently wait.

Yours, &c., ALBERT SWIFT,  
Q. M. Sergt. 1st N. Y. Dragoons.

*Lin. Rep. Nov. 26,*

*-1763-*

**From the Army of the Potomac.**

CULPEPPER, Va., Dec. 14th 1863

MR. EDITOR:—I have for some time past been trying to find leisure time to write you a letter, but when anything has occurred of much interest I have been too busy until it has become old; it will here be so, and I will now take time. It has been the fault of my life to love excitement, and a constant recurrence of something new. My present position affords abundant gratification of this propensity; for example: I will not draw on fancy when anything important occurs at the extreme front.

I start out from Washington under instructions not to spare money or horse flesh, nor allow myself to be beaten in time, and reach the nearest railroad station—perhaps in the

night—and hand my horse to a stranger with some doubts whether I ever see him again; for there are no hotels here, and no parties responsible for the safe keeping of animals or baggage, and they make the last train. This is a forage train affording only box cars empty or filled with soldiers. Fortunately I sometimes find one sufficiently empty to allow the spreading of my blankets on the floor, and then securing a few hours rest rendered quite comfortable by the necessities of the case. The next thing is to telegraph to the Washington office to hold open until my arrival, which as our trains run now days is about one o'clock A. M. Events in prospect for the morning require attention, and require the same eager haste necessary in returning, and I have only to tell the engineer to wait for me while I walk to the telegraph office and back, and then make up my bed again on a pile of sacks and grain, very close to the foot of the car and sleep over forty miles; the road being rough enough to satisfy any reasonable man. If I was fortunate enough to have anything to eat in my haversack all right, if not, the faithful Railroad Commissary will give me a cup of coffee while the change of trains is being effected at Alexandria; provided I have time to get the benefits of his kindness. Kind heart, he keeps his coffee and beef steak warm all night for the benefit of night workers. A repetition of this or a similar round whenever important matters about which to write are on hand, are my reasons for not sooner redeeming my promise to write occasionally.

Having been sent here to spend a few days with the cavalry, I happened to drop right into the camp of our old friends and neighbors of the 1st New York Dragoons. If a man has yet to learn the full value of a meeting with familiar faces, let him come to the army, far away from the "loved ones at home," and wander over poor desolate Virginia a few months, with a daily change of faces new and strange, and I think one will set him right on that score.

The 1st. New York Dragoons, formerly 130th N. Y. Infantry, are now brigaded with four regiments of Regular Cavalry and a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, in Gen. Buford's division, and are guarding the front between this point and the rebel lines on the Rapidan River near the railroad crossing; the duty of the division between picketing and scouting. The position is one of the utmost importance, as will be readily seen by a glance at the position of the two armies.

I have enjoyed a two days ride with them much indeed. It is rough, but exciting, and a little spice of danger makes it the more interesting; I will describe one trip which will give you a very good idea of the duties of this branch of the service, latterly of so much importance to our army: Four companies of the 1st. were on picket, and one squadron consisting of the companies of Captains Culbertson and Leach, under command of Capt. Leach, when about noon the order came for a scout to James City and Thoroughfare Mountain, distant eight miles from the picket post, and twelve from the camp near the town. It was a beautiful day for such a ride, clear and cold,

and the roads good for the time of year. On the Mountain this regiment had broken up a rebel signal station of three days before, and the first object of this order was to learn whether they had re-occupied it. At James City a mile and a-half from the base of the Mountain, the companies separated, taking different roads to scour the country around the Mountain, as well as to secure whatever might be found on the summit if possible. Near the Mountain Capt. Leach's men who were ahead ran on to three or four rebels in an unpleasant manner to them, for they went pitching head-long down the Mountain, and some of our men dismounted and followed in a vigorous effort to capture them, but their exit was by a route too wild and rugged to be followed with any prospect of success by strangers to its hidden paths; none of our party was hurt. One man had his horse shot under him about ten rods from me, and one carbine was hit with a bullet. A rebel was shot off his horse, but was able to mount again and ride off, marking the spot with his blood. What so surprises me is the amount of firing in this kind of fighting and so few casualties, as is always the case; the two parties were not more than ten or twenty rods apart when they fired. I was directly in line of the rebel fire at the rear of the squad and two balls passing about the same time went both sides of my head, satisfied me fully of the accuracy of their aim.

We returned to camp late in the evening, most of the distance after dark. While riding with Capt. Leach and his squadron some half an hour in advance of the others, we noticed a bright fire in the yard of a farm-house near the road, and some surprise was manifested at it, but its object was made known by some half a dozen shots being fired from the woods opposite at Capt. Leach's men, when they came up to where the light exposed them to view. The rascals were too shrewd to fire on our party, knowing the other squadron to be still behind. Fortunately no one was injured by this dastardly attack. The house should have been destroyed, and the citizen dweller punished for his evident complicity in this affair. I trust that he will yet be attended to as he deserves.

Yours &c., 1864

**From the Dragoons.**

The *New Yorker* makes the following extracts from a private letter of a member of Captain Knapp's Company dated:

CAMP 1ST N. Y. DRAGOONS,

Mitchell's Station, Va., Jan'y 18th, 1864.

• • • Captain Knapp arrived here last night, looking as though his furlough had done him a vast amount of good. At present the Dragoons are doing but little except picket and guard duty. Great numbers of deserters from the Rebs are coming into our lines. Not a day goes by but what some of these deluded wretches escape from the fangs of the Slave Power and throw themselves upon the mercy of Uncle Sam. They all agree that this Rebellion is in its death throes. They represent the condition of the Southern people as that of terrible destitution. Our company has met with a loss in the

resignation of Lieut. Bills which they will feel deeply for many a day. He took his departure from our midst this morning, and already we miss him. An acquaintance of eighteen months has accustomed him to every member of company "D." We have learnt to respect him as an officer of great ability and bravery, and to love him for his kindness and humanity to the soldiers in his charge. Our best wishes will accompany him wherever he may go.

The boys of Co. "D" are in good health, have snug winter quarters erected, have plenty to eat, and are living as comfortable and cozy as soldiers have any right to.

**From the Cavalry Reserve Brigade.**

CAMP 1ST N. Y. DRAGOONS,  
NEAR MITCHELL'S STATION, VIRGINIA,  
Feb. 5th, 1864.

EDITOR EXPRESS:—Believing that all good Union men and women of the North are ever anxious to hear from the soldiers—especially those from the Empire State—I attempt to pen such scenes and incidents as may be most interesting to your numerous readers. I shall not undertake to reiterate what has already been thrice told—the midnight marches to repel a haughty and wicked foe—the unflinching courage of the brave soldiers while rushing to the deadly conflict—the thousands that have sacrificed their pure heart's blood on the altar of Freedom; nor shall I picture the agony of the many hearts which throb in anguish for the loss of a loved one who fell in battle. When an army goes into winter quarters, there are many men (?) at the North who sadly complain because it is idle. They say, "drive the thing through and have it ended—we have money, would go ourselves, but our business is such that we can't, possibly—we have just invested a large amount in "Public Stocks;" and, and—we've been getting married—let the single men go, they have no one to mourn their loss—we'll give the Government a little of our money, but we can't leave home just now."

I will not call such men shirks and cowards, but they are men with narrow souls, uneven balanced heads, unfortunate in their general observations, and men who don't care anything more for the interest of the United States than they do for the icebergs that cluster around the North Pole. Do any of the Northern people doubt the result of this cursed Rebellion, that it will not end with a total annihilation of every principle extraneous to the hearts of a brave, just and proud nation; let them come down here, see the dear "Old Flag" float in graceful folds towards Heaven, let them count the stars and ask any soldier if he will stand and see one plucked from that flag, and mark the answer:—"The stars may fall from Heaven's blue vault, that e'er in splendor shone; but none shall drop from thee, dear Flag, till life's warm blood has flown."

Many of the inhabitants comprising your large city, know little, if anything, of war. True, it may affect some—those of sensitive organizations and nervous temperament, who shake at the thought of blood, and go cowardly, groveling in the dust. Let them crawl into their hiding places, we don't want them here; better send us cattle; they can be used for some purpose, at least. It is gratifying to know that, while many are using such strenuous efforts to keep out of the field, there are those who are willing to sac-

rice their lives and fortunes for the great cause of Right, Justice, and Liberty. Cherished be their names forever. History shall shed a halo around their memories, and a future generation shall rise up and call them blessed.

The sentiments of the soldiers, now in the field, are undivided; their confidence of victory unshaken; and their reverence for President Lincoln amounts to almost adoration. And why should it not? Has he not knocked the shackles off of near a million of poor, helpless human beings, and bidden them "breathe the pure air, you are free!" Who will say he has done wrong? Verily, none, for the decree has gone forth from the Almighty, "Slavery shall no longer exist among an enlightened Nation, but every chain shall be broken; the mother shall press her babe in peace, and the father shall lead his little son unmolested." And who will lift an arm against God's commands?

Our Brigade is in "winter quarters" 67 miles from Alexandria, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and about three miles from the Rapidan, which is the established line for picketing this winter. The rebels' tents are distinctly seen from our camp, and the pickets are separated only by the river, which is about as large as the Genesee. Our Regiment goes out every five days, and the rebels and our boys are getting somewhat acquainted, holding their nocturnal conversations. They sometimes exchange papers, I am informed. One reb was asked who he thought would be his next President, and he said "Old Abe."

Many deserters come into our lines, and they all tell the same story—that Rebellion is actually leading to death. When they enter our lines, the first question invariably is, "Have you got anything to eat? we are starving!" They declare if they can't get in any other way, they will fight it in. I suppose many deem it right that they should come over to us, but I am no friend to deserters, and would advise the Government, now that so many are coming over, to keep an eye out and see that the Southern gentlemen conduct themselves with the utmost propriety.

Yours, truly,

E. WALTER LOWE,  
1st N. Y. Dragoons.

## The Republican.

GENESEE CO., N. Y.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 3.

Letter from the Army. 1864.

1st N. Y. DRAGOONS, IN CAMP NEAR MITCHEL  
STATION, VA., Feb. 25th, 1864.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—There is but little to break the dull monotony of camp life here on the Rapidan at present, and when one sits down to write, it is with great difficulty that he can hatch up a theme over which to expend his talent of mental power, that has not already been stripped of its plumage by some of the numerous correspondents now resident in the army of the Potomac. But, however, I have been thinking that perhaps I might interest your readers by giving a description of our camp, and a programme of our daily routine of duty, which by the way, is very much like the old woman washing dishes, it is every day alike.

First then comes the camp, the main avenue of which runs east and west, and upon which all our line officers' quarters are made to front being built upon the north side so as to lengthen the distance between them and the rebels as much as possible. Running to the south, and at right angles with this avenue are five squadron streets, upon which are built the quarters of the men, fronting to the west. Still farther on to the south are the stables, each squadron occupying ground on a line with their quarters. A floor made after the style of Michigan plank road sometimes called *corduroy*, serves to keep the animals above ground in case of mud and to shelter them from storms of snow and rain, we have only the broad canopy of Heaven, which, owing to some mysterious freak of nature has thus far done us remarkably good service. From the corner of Main Avenue and First street, starts Broadway, running to the north far enough to admit the quarters of our field and staff officers, a sutler and the few other necessary appendages that go to make up the headquarters of a regiment. On the corner of Main Avenue and Broadway stands the Post Office, a splendid cedar front edifice, built after the most modern style of Gothic architecture, the cost of which owing to a deficiency in our mathematics we have never been able to compute. A little farther to the east, and fronting third street stands Canterbury Hall, which is open once a week for gymnastic exercises. *Coat's Corp d'Afrique of Juber dancers* being the principle dramatists. But as no one is admitted to the hall but gentlemen of rank and color, I cannot dwell on the merits of the actors, as I have not been favored with a personal observation.

So much in explanation of our camp: Now then for the programme of duty. First, we have a bugle and a man to blow it, on whom is thrown the responsibility of awakening us from our slumbers at early dawn, but by what process this man is warned of approaching day I have neglected to inform myself, therefore in this respect my narrative will be incomplete. But certain it is that at six o'clock in the morning he is always on hand to blow the bugle.— This arouses animation throughout the camp, and as fast as the men can rub open their eyes and draw on their boots and caps they emerge into the streets and fall into line for roll call. At the expiration of ten minutes from the first call the bugle sounds another blast when it is expected every man will be in line. This is called *revelle* and comes as regular as cow milking or dish washing used to *down country*. As soon as time has been given for roll call, the man with the bugle plays another tune, which in military parlance is *stable call*. The companies are then marched to the stable, the Q. M. Sergeant gives to each man his proper feed and the horses are then fed and properly groomed, when the men repair to their quarters to cook and eat their breakfast, which must all be done before nine o'clock, for at that hour the man comes forth again with the bugle and blows the *water call*, when the men again march to the stable and the horses are taken to the most convenient watering place and watered. This over and we have the *sick call* and the *fatigue call*, the former for the ben-

est of any who may desire to consult the doctor: on the best manner of obtaining good health and a general tendency to long life, and the latter to remind us that our tents need cleaning and airing and our camp generally policed. At eleven o'clock is guard mounting, and at fifteen minutes before twelve, stable call again when the horses have to undergo another grooming. From this time until three o'clock P. M. the men are allowed to do about as they please, provided they keep within the bounds of military etiquette. Then again we have the water call, at four and a half o'clock stable call, and at sunset, retreat. About this time also we have a daily arrival of mail and then can be seen a gathering about the Post Office not unlike the gatherings I have seen about the Post Office in your pleasant village, while the mail was being distributed, each anxious to catch a line from some "loved one far away" to cheer him in the solitude of his tent, or to recall to pleasant memory while treading his lonely beat on the banks of the Rapidan.

The evenings are spent in various ways of amusements, such as reading, writing, singing and dancing. At eight o'clock the man with the bugle gives another blast, and the whole camp is again turned out for roll call. Fifteen minutes more and the last trumpet of the day is sounded which is a signal for all lights to be extinguished and for silence to reign throughout the camp. Aside from these duties, every fifth day we have to send out one hundred and seventy men for picket, who remain on duty twenty-four hours. Another detachment of ninety men are sent once a week to protect a signal station on Ball Mountain, and remain on duty three days.

Our picket line is the Rapidan River, and our pickets and those of the rebels, stand in fair view of each other, and within easy musket shot. It is seldom, however, that any shooting occurs, except occasionally a careless *Dragoon* ventures a little too near the stream, and then the shot is not dangerous on account of its elevation.

Frequently the men indulge in a pleasant *chit chat* across the river, and on several occasions have exchanged papers. Desertions are quite frequent. Last week five men deserted their post in the morning and came into our lines. That day five others were put upon the same post, from the same regiment, and the following morning, they too were absent without leave, in search of their comrades on this side of the river. Cavalry reviews are becoming quite popular of late. Yesterday we attended the third one in the month of February, and allowing us to be the judge, we should say that in magnificence of display and drill of horsemanship, it far surpassed any thing of the kind we have ever witnessed. It came off near Culpepper, and was witnessed by a large concourse of people, which we would say, judging from their attire were mostly non-residents. Rumor says there is another on foot for to-morrow, but as yet we have no official notice of it.

Yours, &c.  
ALBERT SWIFT.

From the 1st New York Dragoons.  
An Accurate List of Their Casualties.

The Warsaw Democrat is indebted to

Dan. P. Waller, former publisher of the *Arcade Press & Union*, but now in the army, for the following list of casualties in the 1st N. Y. Dragoons. Mr. Waller's letter is dated, "Camp Dismounted Battalion Cavalry Reserve Corps, near Fredericksburg, Va., May 17th, 1864." The loss occurred during the fights of Saturday and Sunday, May 7th and 8th, near Spottsylvania C. H. He informs us that communication between the Army and Washington was stopped, and he got the list mailed to us through the U. S. Sanitary Commission:

Co. A—Wounded—Serg't Geo. W. Clute, Corp. John Hare (since died); Privates E. M. Carpenter (since died), D. W. Harrington, Wilber Brainard, Martin Gitchel, J. M. Allen, Geo. N. Barrel.

Co. B—Killed—Serg't W. J. Hampshire.

Wounded—1st Serg't Henry Gale, Serg't Benj. W. Keith, Corp. C. T. Stout (since died), Corp. Chas. C. Varries; Privates P. B. Annis, Harrison Sillover (since died), L. Sendal, J. M. Stought.

Missing—Serg't Matthew Harrington, Serg't John Young, Corp. Jas. H. White; Privates John M. Dennison, Chas. S. Palmer.

Co. C—Killed—Private Michael Redding.

Wounded—Serg't Willey, Private Harvey Guile, (since died)—Hopper.

Prisoners—Serg't John Parker; Private G. Burke.

Co. E—Killed—Private Earnest Harst.

Wounded—Serg't LeRoy Green (since died); Privates John Donnelly, Albert Clark, A. J. Barlow.

Missing—Private Wm. Snyder.

Co. F—Wounded—Serg't H. P. Nelson, Privates E. S. Parker, A. F. Quinton, A. H. Lindale, Wm. L. Lowell.

Killed—Peter Fox, C. S. Steenrod.

Co. G—Wounded—Private Wm. Hulbert.

Co. H—Killed—Private Wm. Andrews.

Wounded—Serg't H. G. West, Serg't Reuben G. Potter; Privates Martin Karr, Martin V. Barber, Marcus Prentiss.

Prisoners—Capt. R. A. Britton, 2d Lieut. R. O. Abbott, Corp. Geo. Merrill; Privates Dan. A. Atwell, David M. Cox, Orlando Emerson, Nathan Forbes, Chas. Hall, Sam. M. Klind, Sam. A. Wescott, Albert A. Whitney.

Co. I—Killed—L. H. Weed; Privates Wm. Black, Hiram Ross.

Wounded—Serg't Christian Smith, Corp. Emerson Rood (since died), Corp. Marcus

M. Wood (since died); Privates E. F. Ames, Wilson Jones, James Penderghast, Phillip Smith.

Wounded and Missing—Leonard Russell (since died.)

Missing—Serg't Milton T. Hills, Corp. Hiram Woodward; Privates Jas. Christie, Corydon Lovejoy, Horace C. Viton, Geo. H. Spoon, Walter E. Town.

Co. K—Killed—Private Wm. P. Cook. Wounded—Lieut. O. W. West, Serg't Wm. Sarvis; Privates Jas. Talle (since died), Ruel J. Edminster (since died), George R. Torry.

Missing—Privates Squire L. Herrick, Wm. Gillons, Phillip T. Whiting.

RECAPITULATION.

|                            |           |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Killed and died of wounds, | 19        |
| Wounded,                   | 38        |
| Missing and Prisoners,     | 24        |
| <b>Total,</b>              | <b>81</b> |

Leonard Russell's body passed through Attica last Wednesday, and was taken to Nunda.

Our fellow townsman, Irving Pratt, of Co. C, wounded and since dead, is not mentioned in the above list.

The Republican.

CHENEY, N. Y., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 26.

Letter from the 1st N. Y. Dragoons.

We have been kindly furnished with the following letter by Captain S Culbertson, of Troop B, 1st N. Y. Dragoon Regiment, giving an interesting account of the operations of the Regiment in the fight near Chancellorsville, and also of the part they took in the raid of Sheridan to and around Richmond. The Dragoons were formerly the 139th, and were recruited largely in this County. It is composed of good material, and the boys appear to have nobly and heroically performed their full duty.

CAMP 1ST N. Y. DRAGOONS, ON MALVERN HILL, NEAR EXALL'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER, May 16th.

\* \* \* You doubtless are very anxious about us, and I take this my first opportunity to write you. On the morning of May 4th we broke camp near Perry Mountain, Va., and crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford. On the morning of the 5th we moved two miles beyond Chancellorsville and camped for the night. Next morning, the 6th, moved to right of Chancellorsville and then back to old camp. The 7th we started for Todd's Tavern, reaching there about 2 P. M. and soon became engaged. Our Regiment was dismounted and moved to meet the enemy. We received the fire of two Brigades but were successful in driving the rebels from behind their breast-works. I went into the fight with 22 men and

lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, 13; the heaviest of any Co. in proportion to the number engaged. I was under a perfect shower of bullets. I presume there were a hundred that struck within two feet of me. I remained on the line till I had but two men left. I saw the Richmond Dispatch of May 10th, in which they admitted a loss of 225 wounded and that they fought a whole division, but this is a mistake as they only fought the 1st N. Y. Dragoons. I came very near using myself up as I had the next thing to a sunstroke. Until Saturday last I was not able to command the Co. Next day, the 8th, we had another fight on nearly the same ground, in which I lost another man, severely, if not mortally wounded. After the fight the Infantry came up and released us, when we fell back to Chancellorsville. Monday morning, May 9th, our corps started on the Sheridan raid, which has proved one of the greatest on record. The 8th we advanced as far as Beaver Dam station, on the Virginia Central Rail Road, where Custar's Brigade charged the station, capturing three trains of cars, loaded with rations for Lee's army, beside recapturing 190 men and 20 officers that were taken in the fight of Sunday. At the station were stores enough for Lee's whole army for 10 days, and it must prove a great disaster to him. Had we not burned the cars that night we would have got more trains but the rebels saw the fire and ran back the cars. May 10, we started early and marched to Hungary or Glen Allen and destroyed another branch road, while the 3d division went to Ashland and destroyed two trains of cars. About noon we had a sharp fight, but were successful, we driving the enemy, capturing about 100 prisoners and three pieces of artillery. In that fight I lost another man, mortally wounded. We started at 1 A. M., the 11th and moved to within four miles of Richmond, arriving at daylight. Nothing happened until about daylight when we found that the demons had planted torpedoes in the road. One exploded near my Co. but did no harm. About 9 A. M. we charged across meadow Bridge which crosses the Chickahominy, but the rebels had fell back too far to engage them. We came back taking the road to Mechanicsville, where we halted till the command came up. You perhaps remember the place where McClellan had a fight previous to the Gaines' Mill fight. We started from there about noon, skirmishing all the way to near Gaines' Mills, when they made a stand. Our brigade having the advance, the 5th U. S. Cav. and 6th Pa. charged and were being repulsed, when the Dragoons were ordered forward and we soon made them give back, without any loss on our side, capturing some twenty prisoners and killing a number. We then moved on and camped for the night on the battle field of Gaines' Mills. Next morning, 13th, we broke camp and marched to this place without opposition, arriving about 4 P. M., and now are encamped on the Malvern Hill battle field. I forgot to mention that on the morning of the 10th our squadron went down to Davenport Bridge, which we destroyed, besides a camp of Engineers, and captured a wagon and four mules. All went well till we were returning, when the advance, the 5th U.

S. Car., which went as a support to us were fired into, when they broke and I was obliged to follow suit. Then began a race which I shall never forget. It made me think of the Indian warfare when they run the gauntlet for we did nothing more than the same. In the face Sergt. Smith, Corp. Moore, privates Gill and Dalrymple were taken prisoners.— Since the fight of May 7th to this time I have lost 19 men, killed, wounded and prisoners.— Most of the wounded are very severely.— Please let Corp. Tim. Stout's friends know that he was severely wounded in the breast, but I hope not mortally. Tim. was a noble fellow and was in the thickest of the fight when he fell. When I look around and see the thinned ranks of my Co. my heart is too sad for me to say anything. My boys fought like veterans and will fight till the last. Oh! God, when will this wicked war end? Soon, I pray.

This morning there has been terrific firing up the river and as we supposed it to be, at Fort Darling. I understand Butler holds the first line of works on the south of Richmond. It is just one week to-day since we started on the raid and a week last Saturday since our first fight. Yesterday (Sunday) was really a day of rest to us, as we had been fighting nearly every day since we started. When we started we had but two days' forage and light at that. The roads were very dusty and dry. The roads were lined with blankets, overcoats and dead horses. On Wednesday we had a beautiful rain which was everything to our poor men and horses. Yesterday we got rations and forage, and are now resting a little. I presume we will not remain here long.— The Richmond papers put the fight of Saturday, May 7th, as the hardest fought cavalry fight of the war. The prisoners that we took say they don't want to meet the Dragoons again. They say we fire too fast for them.— I will give you a list of the casualties of my Co.

List of killed, wounded and prisoners since May 7th to date, 16th.

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Sergt. W. J. Hamsber, | Killed,               |
| Lieut. Henry Gale,    | wounded in shoulder,  |
| Sergt. B. W. Keith,   | " side,               |
| *Corp. C. T. Stout,   | severely in breast,   |
| " C. Vorbees,         | " leg,                |
| Private P. B. Annis,  | " "                   |
| " H. Selover,         | " breast,             |
| " I. M. Staigt,       | slightly in head,     |
| " S. W. Sendell,      | severely in leg,      |
| " John Grow,          | mortally in shoulder, |
| Sergt. J. Young,      | prisoner,             |
| " M. Herrington,      | " "                   |
| Corp. Jim White,      | " "                   |
| " Chat Moore,         | " "                   |
| Sergt. J. Smith,      | " "                   |
| Private Chas. Palmer, | " "                   |
| " J. Dennison,        | " "                   |
| " J. Gill,            | " "                   |
| " M. Dalrymple,       | " "                   |

\*Died since above report.

# Wyoming Mirror.

Warsaw, August 10, 1864.

## Our Army Correspondence.

FROM THE 1ST N. Y. DRAGOONS.

13015  
CAMP 1ST N. Y. DRAGOONS,  
NEAR LIGHTHOUSE POINT, VA.,  
July 29th, 1864.

EDITOR MIRROR:—Perhaps your readers would not be averse to reading a few items from the 1st N. Y. Dragoons, and thinking this to be the case, I send you a few lines commencing with the recent raid.

We left Bottom's bridge on the 5th of June, going through Hawe's Shop, crossing the Pamunkey at Newcastle and continuing our march to Aylett's, Dunkirk and thence to Polecat Station, where we crossed the Fredericksburg and Richmond R.R., and on up the North Anna, crossing to the south side of the river,—when about twelve miles from Gordonsville, encamping on the night of the 10th inst, some five miles from the river near Trevillian Station on the Va. Central R.R. On the morning of the 11th we again commenced our march toward Louisa C. H., but found our way blocked by the enemy strongly posted in the woods on the north side of the railroad. Here we fought them from 8 A. M. until dark, driving them across the railroad and leaving it for us to destroy, which was done immediately. We lost heavily Lt. Col. Thorp was taken prisoner, and Capt Lemen, Lt. Gay, wounded. We lay on the field during the night, and the next day about 1 o'clock P. M., crossed the railroad and again found the rebels, who had been strongly reinforced during the night, waiting for us to commence the action. We fought them until dark again but could not drive them from their position. Capt. Wells, Co. G, and Lt. G. T. Hamilton, Co. A, were wounded in this day's fight. During the night we fell back to the river, recrossing on the morning of the 14th. We marched to Spottsylvania C. H., passing through those tremendous earthworks which Gen. Grant compelled the enemy to abandon, only by his famous flank movement. To have taken them in front would have cost an immense loss of life. But Grant throws his left around towards Fredericksburg, and Lee finds that his right flank is turned and that instant retreat is the only way to save his army.— We went from Spottsylvania to Bowling



Green and thence to the Mattapony at King and Queen C. H., then back to Dunkirk, passing the place where Col. Dahlgren was killed, and crossed the Mattapony and moved to White House. Here we ascertained that Gen. Grant had made another flank movement and was now across the James river. This of course admonished us to be wary and we moved to Jones' Bridge, crossed the Chickahominy and started for Harrison's Landing; but Sergt. Gregg, who had the advance, was driven back which changed our course and we moved to Wilcox's Landing, or Ferry, and crossed the James on the 30th of June, and marched that night to Prince George C. H., going on the next morning to Reain's Station where the 6th Corps had preceded us. The Weldon RR. had been torn up there. We were in search of Gen. Wilson with the 31 Cavalry Division, who had been defeated, so report said. We moved back to this spot July 2d, and have lain here since. We have a splendid camp in the woods, and the men and horses have had a long rest. On the 26th the Corps had orders to move with four day's rations and forage, so that the camp is deserted all but a few sick. We learn from those that came back that they crossed the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, and the James at Jones' Neck, on pontoons. The 2d Corps crossed with them, and they encamped near the river, all but the 1st Division which is farther out. Whether it is a raid or an attempt on Richmond from the north side of the river, no one knows. Those who do know of course have no information to impart.

This morning we can hear Grant's Petersburg Expresses booming away. We have the greatest confidence in Gen. Grant and President Lincoln, and a heavy majority will roll up from the army in favor of prosecuting the war until peace is obtained in the only honorable manner.— There is a great feeling here against those blots upon humanity at the North who, by their infamous peace propositions are endeavoring to defeat the best laid plans and to continue the war longer than is necessary. We think that Gen. Grant will take Richmond, but can tell nothing of the length of time requisite to do it.

The weather is warm but the rain of a few days ago has made traveling better. Col. Gibbs commands the regiment. Maj. Scott has returned; his wound is nearly healed. We were all glad to see him once more, for he is an officer universally loved and respected by the regiment.

A. W. T., Co. A.

#### FROM THE 1st DRAGOONS.

List of casualties in the 1st N. Y. Dragoons in battle near Newtown, Va., Aug. 11th, 1864:

Major Rufus Scott, right shoulder; flesh.  
Lieut. H. N. Schlick, right elbow; slight.

##### COMPANY A.

Sergt. Robt. Sears, killed.  
1st Sergt. Jno. McCabe, left side, neck; severe.  
Private George Barrell, left arm; slight.  
do E. T. Hunt, left lung; severe.

##### COMPANY B.

Private Henry Booher, left side; flesh.

##### COMPANY C.

Sergt. D. R. Phelps, both thighs; flesh.  
do C. J. Gardner, right ankle; severe.  
Private Jos. Button, right leg; flesh.

##### COMPANY D.

Sergt. L. C. Crattenden, killed.  
Corp. S. W. Gibson, left thigh; flesh.  
Private John B. Litchard, left hip; slight.

##### COMPANY E.

Private W. Duane, right thigh; flesh.  
do D. Grey, right leg; flesh.  
do B. F. T. Place, abdomen; dangerous.

##### COMPANY F.

Sergt. A. J. Aldritch, right thigh; flesh.

##### COMPANY G.

Private Calvin A. Shepard, killed.  
Corp. F. W. Agard, right hand; slight.  
Private David Bushnell, right lung; severe.

##### COMPANY H.

Corp. J. M. Langworthy, right hip; flesh.  
do B. Sarter, right thigh; slight.

##### COMPANY I.

Private John Gotthard, killed.  
do Geo. Durfee, left lung; mortal.  
do John Callahan, right leg amputated, wounded in left hand.

#### LATE FROM RICHMOND.

Capt. R. S. Britton, of the First New York Dragoons, captured near Todd's Tavern in the recent fight with SHERIDAN, arrived in Baltimore yesterday morning from Richmond, having left there on Saturday last. Three cavalymen were paroled with him, and one chaplain and seven surgeons released and sent down on the same boat. They had only been in Richmond about ten days, and were very fortunate in so soon escaping from their captivity.

##### AFFAIRS IN RICHMOND.

Capt. Britton informs the *American* that the excitement at Richmond was very great, especially during the recent fights at Drury's Bluff, when the cannonading, and even the volleys of musketry, could distinctly be heard in the city. Women and children who are able to leave, are moving off in large numbers, though the greater proportion of the present inhabitants of the city were compelled by their necessities to remain with their families. There is still a large population in the city, and the military authorities express great confidence in the ability of Lee to frustrate all the plans of Gen. Grant.

The rebel Government is impressing provisions, and gathering as large a stock of supplies into the city as possible. Flour is held at from \$400 to \$500 per barrel, and everything else is correspondingly high.

##### OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

It has been asserted by some of the correspondents from Bermuda Hundred, that Gen. BUTLER lost several thousand men with General HECKMAN when taken prisoner. The lowest estimate given was 1,600 but Captain Britton states that the whole number captured from General BUTLER is but 460. Indeed all the prisoners brought to Richmond from General BUTLER and the Army of the Potomac up to Saturday last, did not exceed eight hundred.



FEDERAL OFFICERS AT LIBBY.

The following are the names of the Federal officers at Libby Prison on Saturday last, all of whom have been captured during the present campaign, these previously occupying it having been sent to Georgia. There are also about a dozen wounded officers in the hospital, the names of whom Captain BRITTON could not ascertain:

CAPTURED FROM GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND, MAY 16  
 Brig.-Gen. C. A. Heckman; Col. H. C. Lee, 27th Massachusetts Infantry; R. White, 55th Pennsylvania; Lieut.-Col. W. G. Bartholomew, 27th Massachusetts; Capt. R. R. Swift, 27th Massachusetts; J. H. Nutting, 27th Massachusetts; Adj. P. W. McManus, 27th Massachusetts; Lieuts. Skinner, 27th Massachusetts; J. H. Judd, 27th Massachusetts; W. G. Davis, 27th Massachusetts; J. Lyman, 27th Massachusetts; Capt. E. H. Kissam, 9th New Jersey; Lieuts. G. Peters, 9th New Jersey; J. M. Drake, 9th New Jersey; Capt. D. W. Fox, 55th Pennsylvania; James Metzger, 55th Pennsylvania; J. Belger, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery; Lieut. S. P. Hedges, 112th New York Infantry; Captains J. H. Pierce, 118th New York Infantry; D. Stone, 118th New York Infantry; Lieutenants J. W. Pitt, 118th New York Infantry; F. H. Lay, 117th New York Infantry; H. D. Grant, 117th New York Infantry; Capt. H. J. McDonald, 11th Connecticut Infantry; J. E. Lewis, 11th Connecticut Infantry; H. Jenkins, 40th Massachusetts; Adj. J. Gottshall, 55th Pennsylvania Infantry; Capt. A. R. Willis, 8th Maine Infantry; H. Biebel, 6th Connecticut Infantry; B. C. Beebe, 13th Indiana Infantry, May 10.

All of the above-named officers were captured near Fort Darling.

CAPTURED FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.  
 Captain Emlen N. Carpenter, Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, May 7; Lieuts. A. O. Abbott, First New York Dragoons, May 7; O. W. West, First New York Dragoons, May 7; C. E. Lewis, First New York Dragoons, May 7; Lieut. E. J. Hazel, Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, May 7; Captains C. Vaughan, First Maine Cavalry, May 11; O. J. Downing, Second New York Cavalry, May 12; Lieuts. G. W. Hill, Seventh Michigan Cavalry, May 11; A. B. Isham, Seventh Michigan Cavalry, May 11; R. Sweetman, Fifth United States Cavalry, May 10; R. P. Wilson, Fifth United States Cavalry, May 10; J. A. Goodwin, First Massachusetts Cavalry, May 10; E. S. Wilson, First Massachusetts Cavalry, May 10; Captains R. J. Wright, Sixth Ohio Cavalry, May 18; E. H. Green, One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, May 21; Lieutenants Wm. S. Daurall, Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry, May 21; J. Post, One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry, May 23; J. Rauff, One Hundred and Forty-third Pennsylvania Infantry, May 23; Captain C. W. Hastings, Twelfth Massachusetts Infantry, May 24; Lieutenants G. W. Creusey, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry, May 24; H. S. Taintor, Eighty-second New York Infantry, May 24; R. H. Chase, Fifty-ninth Massachusetts Infantry, May 24; H. M. Cross, Fifty-ninth Massachusetts Infantry, May 24; J. C. Justus, Second Pennsylvania Reserves, May 24.

CAPTURED ON GUNBOAT SHAWSHOEN, MAY 7, 1864  
 William Cromack, U. S. N.; William Rushmore U. S. N.; H. Marron, U. S. N.; C. Hickey, U. S. N.; E. D. Smith, U. S. N.

The officers from the Army of the Potomac were captured in the various engagements from the Wilderness to the North Anna River.

From Richmond Papers.

Richmond papers to Saturday last are received: The rebel Congress are discussing a motion to adjourn on the 1st of June, but the Virginia members are strenuously opposing the adjournment, accusing members of cowardice, and insinuating a desire on the part of those who favor the motion to get away from the beleaguered city. The further discussion of the motion was postponed to the 23rd.

Brigadier-General WINDER has been relieved by order of Gen. BRAGG, from the command of Richmond, and ordered to report to General BEAUREGARD, with headquarters at Goldsboro', N. C. The Department of Richmond and Henrico remains in full control of Gen. RANSOM.

CONDITION OF GENERAL LONGSTREET.

The Richmond *Whig* of the 23rd, says: We are glad to be able to state, upon the authority of his medical director, that General LONGSTREET has so far recovered from the wound he received in the battle of the Wilderness, that he expects to take the field in about three weeks.

THE HOUSATONIC DESTRUCTION.

A letter from M. M. GRAY, captain in charge of torpedoes, dated Charleston, May 20, addressed to Major-General MAURY, published in the Richmond *Sentinel*, thus settles the fate of Lieutenant DIXON and crew, whose torpedo vessel sunk the *Housatonic* off Charleston Bar in February last:

Since that time no information has been received of the torpedo boat or the crew. I am of opinion that the torpedo being placed at the bow of the boat, she went into the hole made in the *Housatonic* by the explosion of the torpedo, and did not have power sufficient to back out, and subsequently sunk with her.

THE OLD DOMINION.

The Rebel Congress has adopted a series of resolutions declaring that in "no event will this Government consent to a division or dismemberment of the State of Virginia, but will assert and maintain her jurisdiction and sovereignty to the utmost limits of her ancient boundaries, at any and every cost."

The Richmond papers claim a constant series of victories, "handsome repulses," &c., both in Virginia and Georgia. The word "reversal" has no place in the rebel vocabulary at present.

AFFAIRS IN GEORGIA.

The Atlanta *Confederacy* sums up the movements of Gen. SHERMAN in Georgia, as follows:

The impression is general now that JOHNSTON will hurl his forces upon the enemy at some point between his present line of battle and the Etowah River, upon the result of which, with our knowledge of that army and its great commander, we are willing to stake our hopes of independence.

A letter from Atlanta says that a general engagement will soon take place, and adds:

Our wounded who came down from the front represent that our troops are in the best of spirits, and confident of success when the decisive fight takes place. They say JOHNSTON knows what he is about, and that the Yankees will find out when the proper time comes.

All of the Relief Committees have been ordered from this city to the front. This looks as if JOHNSTON contemplated to commence his work soon.

REBEL DESPATCHES FROM THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

ASHLAND, May 27.

Advices from the front are that the enemy have re-crossed the North Anna, and are again on the move, in the direction, it is supposed, of our right. The enemy are said to have made an effort this morning to burn the bridge over the North Anna, on the telegraph road, but were foiled. There was some skirmishing this morning, and also some between 10 and 12 o'clock last night.

SECOND DESPATCH.

ASHLAND, May 27.

Our army is moving rapidly on lines almost parallel with the route which GRANT is following. At 12 o'clock to-day a heavy force of the enemy appeared at Hanover Court House, and were pressing our cavalry back at that point. Two prisoners have just been brought in belonging to the Sixth Corps. They say their command received orders yesterday to march to the White House.

FROM NORTH GEORGIA.

ATLANTA, May 27.

Our advance came up with the enemy at New Hope, four miles East of Dallas, at noon Wednesday. Hood's Corps was first in the fight, parts of two divisions—STEVENSON'S and HINDMAN'S—only were engaged. We had but one line of battle, which the enemy charged twice, but were handsomely repulsed. A private note from General JOHNSTON'S headquarters at sunrise yesterday says that the affair of Wednesday afternoon was handsome. We are having a renewal this morning. During the day firing continued, but was evidently receding from us, and a few guns have been heard this morning apparently at a still greater distance.

General CUMMINGS is severely wounded in the breast and arm. General REYNOLDS wounded slightly.

The army was moving up to the field yesterday morning in fine condition.

SECOND DESPATCH.

ATLANTA, May 27.—Letters from the press reporter on the field say that the operations of yesterday were confined to skirmishing, and the enemy feeling for our positions. Our right rests on the road from Acworth to Dallas, about three miles Northeast from New Hope Church, and extends from the latter point nearly West.

The movements of the enemy continue to extend toward our right, indicating a disposition to get near Etowah River and bridge. Firing was heard early this morning but died away soon.

[From the Richmond Examiner, May 26.]

SCARCITY OF FOOD.

Besides the resident population of Richmond, the number of people in the city has been increased by the addition of many sick and wounded in the hospitals and in private lodgings, and the presence of large bodies of troops, creating an active demand for all kinds of food, especially vegetables. It behooves every one, therefore, who has anything of the kind to spare to send it at once to this city. Let not the smallness of the quantity prevent its being

sent, for if many persons forward small amounts of vegetables, meat, poultry, &c., the aggregate will be large. There is hardly a farmer in the neighborhood of the railroads and highways leading to Richmond who cannot spare some one article of food which would meet with a ready sale at high prices in our markets, benefitting the producer peculiarly at the same time that it would add to the comfort and health of the consumer.

**THE SWAMP ANGEL AND CUMMINGS' POINT BATTERIES.**

The Charleston *Courier* says: It has frequently been asked, "What is the difference between the Cummings' Point Batteries and the Swamp Angel?" A mathematical friend, who has taken some pains to measure the distances on a map, shows that the Cummings' Point batteries are a half a mile nearer to the Eastern portion of the city, and a quarter of a mile to the Western portion.

having learned better how to take care of ourselves. There has been some pretty cold weather here this winter, although the past week or more has been quite warm and spring-like, until last night, when it changed for the worse, and to-day it is snowing and blowing at a great rate.

Very Respectfully,

M. W. LINDSLEY, Co. G.

**A New York Regiment in Sheridan's Army.**

To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:

Noticing in your journal yesterday some account of this gallant regiment, an old correspondent takes the occasion to send you the following extract of a letter from an officer in this regiment, dated:

"CAMP NEAR MIDDLETOWN, }  
October 21, 1861. }

"The cavalry held the left all day, and about noon Phil Sheridan came up and changed the fortunes of the day. We were in (cavalry) with two divisions of the Ninth on the left, and the Sixth corps on the right, and drove them all to smash, captured six or seven pieces of artillery, five hundred prisoners, fifty wagons, fifty ambulances, and any quantity of ordnance, muskets, &c.; also five thousand of colors, &c.

"The First New York Dragoons, led by Colonel Gibbs, captured ten pieces of artillery, four caissons, thirty ambulances filled with wounded, twenty-nine wagons, one hundred and ten prisoners, one United States recaptured guidon, and other small matters. Won't that do for two hundred men on a cool October day? To-day we ran the enemy clean beyond Edinburg. They are completely broken up and demoralized."

**Letter from the 1st N. Y. Dragoons.**

CAMP 1ST N. Y. DRAGOONS, }  
LOVETTSTVILLE, Loudon Co., Va., Feb. 7, 1862. }

MR. NORRIS:—Having a few leisure moments I thought that I could not improve them better than by writing a few lines for your journal, thinking that perhaps a little information, however vague, concerning this Regiment, might prove acceptable to some of the many readers of your paper. We left Winchester the last of December, and came here for the purpose, I suppose, of preventing rebel raiding parties from crossing the river either at Berlin or Point of Rocks. Our camp is situated two miles from Berlin, and about six miles from Point of Rocks. We were transferred from the Regular Brigade to the Second, sometime last August, but still belong to the Old First Division. Gen. Devlin, formerly Colonel of the Sixth N. Y. Cavalry, commands the Brigade. Major Scott is in command of the Regiment now. Colonel Gibbs, I suppose you have learned ere this, having been promoted to a Brigadier, and assigned to the Regular Brigade. The guerrillas trouble us some here, driving in the pickets and charging our camp occasionally, but have not made much as yet, although they express it as their determination to drive us out of here before spring. Whether they will or not remains to be seen. There has been very little sickness in the Regiment thus far, since we have been in camp here, which may be attributed in part to the excellent water we have here, and also to the fact of our