

From the 3d O. V. I.

We are indebted to the politeness of Geo. McWhirk, Esq., of Westerville, for the following very interesting letter from his son, who did most honorable and efficient service on the battle field of Murfreesboro:

CAMP AT MURFREESBORO, TENN.,
Tuesday, Jan. 6th, 1863.

DEAR FATHER:—"Ojim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front" for a little while, though in poor plight and with poor accommodations. I know how anxious you will all be to hear about the operations of the last few days, and will give you a meagre sketch.

I wrote you on Monday, December 29th, and, as I expected, Tuesday we advanced with our Division, to within four miles of Murfreesboro, where we turned aside into the woods and lay on our arms till evening, when we moved across the pike. Our teams came up and we made great fires, got our blankets and spent a comfortable night. There was a good deal of artillery firing and some sharp musketry on the right, but no general engagement.

Wednesday morning at day light, we were on the road, and the action opened briskly on the right, which was held by Gen. McCook's corps. We were in the center, commanded by Gen. Thomas, and the left was held by the corps of Gen. Crittenden. The field on the right was mostly rolling land, covered with heavy timber. The center was more open, and sloped away gradually toward the southeast, where there was a dense cedar forest. The left was also level, and protected on the flank by the river. About half way between the second and third milestones, our Division filed right across a cotton field, and entered the cedar forest. Here we lay nearly an hour, and a stirring address from Gen. Rosecrans was read, calling forth hearty cheers. The fields and woods seemed swarming with armed men, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The line was formed rapidly, and after entering the woods, I lost all track of every thing but our own Brigade. We were scattered in line when the enemy appeared in front, and the firing on the right became terrific. Our skirmishers kept up a lively fire, and company G was ordered by Col. Lawson to advance through the timber, which we did in fine style, giving our "loyal" cheer, and advancing at double quick. We thought the whole line was to advance, and kept on, and came near being surrounded. When we got back we found the whole right of the line giving way—part of it in the greatest confusion. The enemy seemed to have concentrated their whole force, and were pressing the right heavily. Passing down the line to regain our regiment, the 88th Indiana gave way and refused to rally. The Colonel strove in every way to stop them; but a panic seemed to have taken possession of them, and for a long time they gave way in confusion. Our company got separated in the melee, and some of them have never returned. The whole line continued to give way as the right was forced back, but no formidable force appeared immediately in our front, until we reached the edge of the woods near where we had entered it. Then large numbers came charging through the timber, and we opened on them in full volley, and kept it up some minutes; but, the lines right and left giving way, we were ordered back. Up to this time we had suffered little; but being outflanked, the rebels had a cross fire on us; and as the mass poured out through the open field a perfect storm of bullets swept us, and the entire division broke in confusion, in spite of the efforts of Gen. Rosecrans and others to rally them. Our main loss occurred here, but fortunately but few of our officers fell, though exposed to a torrent of lead and iron. Col. Beatty commanding our brigade was ever present, exhibiting the imperturbable coolness and courage which distinguish him. Col. Lawson was struck in the ankle and hurt, so that he was left behind; so, for a while we were entirely without a commander. As soon as we were fairly out of the woods, our batteries opened on the rebels, and held them in check while we retreated to the railroad and reformed our lines. This was about 1 1/2 o'clock P. M.; and although the fight raged furiously for some time after, it was mainly artillery. The rebels had gained considerable advantage over us on the right, driving our troops some distance, taking three batteries, a good many prisoners, among them Col. Willich, and killing Gen. Bill. The striking incidents of the day must wait for a future letter.

We lay on our arms in line through the night, suffering much from cold, and expected to renew the attack next morning; but before daylight we were relieved, and our regiment sent to the extreme left to guard the lower fords of the river. We lay in an open field all day, going into a deep hollow to cook. There was a good deal of cannonading during that day, and a continual skirmish of sharpshooters. In the evening cannonading was heard in the direction of Leavenworth, which we afterwards learned was caused by the rebel cavalry attacking our train, which had been sent back. We had an uneasy night, as we were much exposed, but no attack was made. This was a New Year's day which we shall all remember, though it was no "holiday" for us.

Early on Friday morning we were relieved by the 88th, and moved down towards the pike. Our brigade had just got together in the edge of a wood skirting the pike, when the rebels opened on us with shell and solid shot. We were sheltered a little by a slight swell in the land in front, and most of the shot fell short; but one of our company was struck, and one of the 42d killed. We lay down flat, and Loomis's battery getting into position, threw about thirty shots with such precision, that the battery was silenced. We were held a little in reserve this day, and had an opportunity to observe a good many of the movements of this eventful day. About noon it became evident that some important movement was in contemplation. Gens. Rosecrans and Thomas had been watching the field from a slight elevation close to our left, and an air of anxiety and gloom seemed to spread over their faces as the day advanced.

Cook joined them and held a short conversation. Rosecrans alone seemed cheerful, all the rest were downcast and anxious. Gen. Rosecrans started off to the left, and in about an hour the battle opened with terrible fury in that direction. Our batteries in the centre took some part; but such an hour of anxiety I never before passed. But just before dark our reserves were ordered up, and a bayonet charge was ordered along the whole left line. In they went, with hearty cheers, and the rebels fled before them like chaff. Three thousand prisoners were taken and the rebels driven a mile. The news of the glorious result went on the wings of the wind over the army. Two horses, with a rebel flag between them, dashed up the pike, and the whole air rang with cheers. The center immediately pushed their lines forward, and a terrible artillery fire was kept up till long after dark.

This evening we drew some flour and other rations, for the first time since reaching the pike. We set to work to cook it, and had just got at work when it began to rain, and continued to pour down all night. The men were nearly starved, and had been eating horse beef all day. We got no sleep; and all the next day, Saturday, only going out once and having a slight skirmish. The rain came down pitilessly all day, and nothing could be done.

We had the honor of having the last brush with the enemy, in a most brilliant dash on their front line, of breastworks. The 2d Tennessee, 84 Ohio and 88th Indiana, were sent to dislodge the rebels from their position in the woods, between the pike and the railroad, from which they had been snuffing our troops in the trenches. Just at dark, the batteries shelled the woods, and we moved out across an open field, in line of battle, with skirmishers in front, and we surprised and captured the outposts, drove the next line from the works, which we held in the face of a galling fire, until our ammunition was expended, and then we pushed on, until we were within a few rods of the main line, when we were ordered to retreat. We were then ordered to retreat, and we retreated to the railroad, where we were ordered to re-form our lines.

done more than he thought possible, and it was the most brilliant action of the whole battle. Again it rained all night, and we suffered terribly; but Sunday morning we woke to find the birds gone, and the field in our undisputed possession. In the afternoon, I wrote a line to you, which I hope has reached you. I cannot estimate our loss. Our own regiment loses 17 dead, about 60 wounded, and a good many missing. Geo. McElvaine was killed on Wednesday, and was carefully buried on Sunday. J. B. May Jr, of our county, was also killed the same day. I believe all the rest of our Westerville boys are safe. I have fought through this great battle, and gone through it with honor second to none in the ranks, and am safe, for which I am glad for your sakes. We are lying in the woods southwest of Murfreesboro, without shelter or much food, but expect our train to-night. I am cold and nearly used up; so good night, and God-bless you all. I shall try and write a full account of the part of our own regiment as soon as I can. As ever, yours,
GILBERT B. McWHIRK.

Ohio State Journal

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Sergeant Gilbert B McWhirk

Co. G, 3rd OVI

quadrants along the tumpike; the broken and bleeding ranks, dashed to pieces by the cohorts of treason on the hill; the impetuous charge and death-grapple that bore back the foe from the river's bank; or the lofty daring that stormed over the rebel works, some were beguiled with powder and the smoke of battle and the gaunt and hollow-eyed from the effects of famine, that it dear to life. We think we do not mistake the wants of our readers in giving these details to the exclusion of political news, as the question seems to be, "Shall we have a country," rather than what political party shall rule over it. Political difficulties and irregularities can be corrected on the return of peace, but no amount of political energy and ability can bring about a lasting and honorable quiet to our country.

We have not failed to notice the message of Seymour and the Governors of other States, and been joined at the formidable resistance that is being arrayed against the Administration, but we have turned from these to ask how fares the grand army of the Union?

We have been told that even in our own State Capitol a member has declared he would not lie live under Jeff. Davis as Abraham Lincoln's Administration, and while we do not doubt the truth of the assertion and that the sentiment finds an echo in many of his party, still, with only added anxiety, we have turned to where the battle rages around Vicksburg.

We have heard the storm raised about suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* when Dr. Olds saw his vision of blood that he said would be treason if he did not say it in his sleep, and a friend of ours has said that the mistake of the President was in not suspending the *corpus* instead of the *writ*, but we have been more contented to know how the spirit raged on the ocean, upon whose bosom rocked the fleets of our sea-going navy.

Congress has assembled and legislatures are in session and the angry strife has already begun in debate, but we have listened only to the debate going on in the great National Congress in committee of the whole on the state of the Union, in which eloquence bursts from the brazen throats of cannon, or is heard in the clash where steel meets steel amid the rush and din of battle, when Death sits as umpire of our cause.

The dogmas of the quiet past are insufficient for the stormy present, and politics can neither save nor ruin the Nation, unless it call to its aid the stern arbitration of arms.

Our platform is our whole country, through which the great Father of Waters throws out its branching arms and binds the States together in a lasting embrace, which is washed by the waves of two oceans and set apart by the great lakes of the north and the gulf on the south as one country, to be bound together by the teguments and nerves of varied commerce, but to be divided never.

We copy from Monday's Gazette an account of a skirmish in which the 116th Regiment of N. Y. was opposed and proved rather a reckless affair. We have expected a report of it from one of our correspondents in that Regiment, but it has not arrived. We forbear further comment till we hear the particulars.

sprang up at the first notes sounded by the bugle, ready for the advance. We had heard firing from daybreak and our troops were eager for the fray, and although our Division was designated as the reserve, we went right up into the front. At about 7 o'clock the firing became general and the battle was open and the principal part of our army had become engaged. All day the firing of artillery and musketry was kept up, filling the air with smoke and the smell of powder, and showing the combat with the dead and wounded.

The rebels gained a decided advantage on this day, turning our right wing, and driving some of our divisions composing that wing and capturing many of our troops and one or two batteries, with a great quantity of small arms. Affairs looked and seemed very bad indeed for our cause after the first day's fighting. General Rosecrans was on the field directing our movements in person. All of the 1st. (New Yorks) was taken up in fighting. The rebel cavalry got in our rear and captured some wagons and burned them. Gen. McCook's headquarters teams among them. He is very unfortunate, his baggage having been captured at Chaplin Hills. He repulsed every attack made on this day.

Bright and early Friday morning the announcing and musketry again commenced, but continued only a little while, although stray shots were fired by skirmishes and sharpshooters all day until about 4 o'clock, when our left was attacked by a strong force, and the most severe fighting was carried on until after dark. The enemy, though fighting stubbornly, were repulsed, losing many men. Our men fought gallantly. The whole army was suffering intensely from exposure to the rain and want of food. It was up by our Regiment when five some of our men cutting up a mule and a horse which had just been killed, boiling the meat and eating. I emptied my haversack to our Company, and the boys were nearly crazed with hunger. I went to the rear and got a wagon and went to the house of a secessionist and filled it with pork just salted down.

Yesterday there was little fighting until about 5 o'clock, when our Regiment and the 88th Indiana were ordered to advance, which they did, the rebels contesting every inch of ground. Our Regiment charged and took their first line of breastworks, behind which they laid down and by heavy firing and hard fighting drove them from the second line of breastworks. The rebels fought stubbornly, but we were too much for them. This was the hardest fighting that our Regiment or any other single one has done.

To-day no fighting is going on. I think the rebels have evacuated Murreksboro or fled back of it. Our army has lost many brave men; but I think the rebel loss exceeds ours. We have fought one of the hardest battles of the war. Our Company has not lost any killed certain. John Mann, Hen. Sanderson, Hen. Cook, Wm. Light and Shinn were wounded the first day. Dave Walker, Horace Jones, J. Woodyard, Amos Wharf, Benjamin Cousins, Richey (the German friend of Lee's), and Dave Light the second day. Dave Walker and Dave Light cannot be found. Capt. Byron brought the colors of the 1st. Dave Kressinger behaved nobly as did all the Company. He has a scratch. John Lyons was not hurt. Libus Wolbach, Len. McGill, Pat. Bell, Hen. Beber, John Cook, both of the Gathers boys, Lou. Freeman, Horace Brownlee, Hen. Morrison and many others were not in the fight, they being sick. Andy Scott was wounded severely last night. None of the rest were severely wounded, unless Hen. Sanderson and Dave Walker etc. Pigby cannot be found. All of John Light's boys are either wounded or killed. James in the

hospital at St. Petersburg. None of our men were killed or wounded.

News from Texas.

The news from Texas, via New Orleans, is of painful interest. The rebels have for some time been successful. On the 1st inst. two rebel steamers, supported by a land force of 5,000 men, under General Milledge, attacked our fleet and troops at Galveston, capturing the steamer Harriet Lane, after a desperate fight, in which nearly every person on board was killed. The rebels gained a decided advantage on this day, turning our right wing, and driving some of our divisions composing that wing and capturing many of our troops and one or two batteries, with a great quantity of small arms. Affairs looked and seemed very bad indeed for our cause after the first day's fighting. General Rosecrans was on the field directing our movements in person. All of the 1st. (New Yorks) was taken up in fighting. The rebel cavalry got in our rear and captured some wagons and burned them. Gen. McCook's headquarters teams among them. He is very unfortunate, his baggage having been captured at Chaplin Hills. He repulsed every attack made on this day.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

Springfield not captured—Official Report of the Situation.

Washington, Jan. 12.—The following dispatch has been received at Headquarters here:

To General Halleck: St. Louis, Jan. 11. I have good news from Springfield. Our troops have repulsed the rebels, and we hold the place. The rebels were retreating. I have three columns going to ward them.

General Brown lost an arm. Colonel Crabb of the 19th Iowa Regiment succeeded him in command. The troops, including the enrolled militia, behaved nobly.

(Signed) S. R. Curtis, Major-General.

Severe Fighting at Hartsville—Four Thousand Rebels Repulsed by Seven Hundred National Troops.

St. Louis, Jan. 12.—7:20 P. M.—General Curtis has received a dispatch from Major Collins, commanding the post of Lebanon, Mo., stating that at three o'clock Saturday morning seven hundred National troops at Hartsville attacked four thousand rebels with five cannon under Marshall and Porter drove them five miles south. The rebels took a circuit and returned to Hartsville, where fighting recommenced and continued till sundown. Our loss was thirty-five killed and wounded. The rebel loss was one hundred and fifty.

Official Thanks to General Rosecrans and his Army.

Washington, Jan. 9.—Gen. Halleck has dispatched the following to Gen. Rosecrans:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9. Maj. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Commanding Army of the Cumberland. GENERAL: Your accounts fully confirm your telegrams from the battlefield. The victory was well earned, and one of the most brilliant of the war. You and your brave army have the gratitude of your country and the admiration of the world. The fall of Murreksboro is much honored, and future generations will point out where so many heroes fell gloriously in defense of the Constitution and the Union. All honor to the Army of the Cumberland! Thanks to the living, and tears for the lamented dead!

ing par... except by... to add that the enemy lay in front of this division at M... it stood firm as steel, with... The General showed a... presented him by the 11th I... of the field, of his you... is silver, but gilt all the... of solid gold. It... of the affection of his m... the Eagle for the Star.

SUBJECT SCENE.

First Merchant—Neighbor, I no many of the country people store? Second Merchant—That's just Perhaps it's because he has such goods. Countryman—I can tell you, advertiser, and let the people to come, without the necessity over your muddy streets to be aware that you may have what are sure that we can get it there so. The persons from a distance qualified in both are nearly sure to be the best customer.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

Springfield not captured—Official Report of the Situation. Washington, Jan. 12.—The following dispatch has been received at Headquarters here:

To Delinquent Oh, tell me ye angels host Ye messengers of love, Shall Swindled Printers here Have no redress above? The shining angel paid rep Delinquents on the printer Can never enter heaven.

Abstract of the Minutes of Morgan and Washington.

Dr. J. Heasts in the Chair: The following officers were joining year: President, Dr. S. B. Dr. T. Parker, Treasurer, Dr. I. Dr. J. H. Kelly, Wm. J. law.

Dr. Branson and Huestis a committee to draft resolutions of the meeting in relation to W. Moore, of Amestown.

Dr. W. Moore, of Amestown, has reported the following: Whereas, It has been announced, that Dr. J. W. Moore, member of our Association, has by death, is, therefore

Resolved, That we promptly make a member to this Association, and to the committee, and that we offer our sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

Resolved, That we offer our sympathy to the family of the late Dr. J. W. Moore, and that they be allowed to participate in the funeral services, and that they be allowed to participate in the funeral services, and that they be allowed to participate in the funeral services.

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Movement of the 11th Virginia Regiment.

The 11th Virginia Regiment, 22th and 11st Ohio, Kentucky, Army, left for... to Kentucky or Tennessee a sufficient force to protect the border from any authorities would hardly be necessary for another...

Gen. Butler met with a... from death... occur in which he was killed, to Boston was... sent to Boston, and...

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From the Philadelphia Press
Dirge for a Soldier.

Close his eyes, his work is done;
 What to him his friend, or foe man,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep, in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death-bemocking folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hands that made him,
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

FEMALE COURAGE.

A striking trait of courage in a lady forms the subject of conversation at present in the French metropolis. Madame Aubry lives in a solitary *chateau*, not far from the town of —. The family consisted only of M. Aubry, his wife, a child about a year old, and one maid-servant. In the little town, every light is out by ten o'clock, and of course the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their house, which lies off the road, and is completely hidden by trees. One night last winter, Madame Aubry was sitting alone, reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a friend some six or eight miles off, and, as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the unusual precaution of arming himself with a pair of pistols. At about six o'clock, the lady went up to her room to put her child to bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old-fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep and spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle. The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark, and every now and then a dash of rain beat against the gothic windows. The trees in the garden bowed to the wind, and their branches came sweeping against the *chaitecot*; in short, it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual. Madame Aubry sat down on a low chair near the fire, which by its sudden flashes cast an uncertain light over the vast apartment, throwing its antique carvings and mouldings by turns into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eyes toward the alcove, to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then, the fire flashed up brightly, and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady distinguished a pair of feet cased in heavy nailed shoes, peeping out under the curtain in front of the bed. A thought passed through her mind in an instant. The person hidden there was a thief, perhaps an assassin—that was clear. She had no protection, no aid at hand. Her husband was not to return till eight at soonest, and it was now only half-past six. What was to do? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then

She took up a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes would wander from the page to fix on those lively shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her to the very heart. "Suppose her husband should not come!" The weather is stormy, and he had relatives in the village he went to. "Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him: perhaps they have forced him, with friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight—and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to, appears to her more and more probable. After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage has been kept up by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fail her. Soon she hears a noise under the window, and listens doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy outer-door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with clamor; a well-known step is heard on the stairs, and a man enters—a stout man. It is he, it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes. He has only taken off his wet cloak, and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing what he loves most on earth, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but in a moment, recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet peeping out under the curtain.

If Mr Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He examines the pistol carefully, walks to the alcove, stoops, and while the forefinger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand, he seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room, a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is held within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remains now, but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubry asks her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity. When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through, he could only say: "Who would have thought you so courageous!" but in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.

A TRIBUTE.

What to say, and how to say it. When to speak, and when to be silent. These are questions of sufficient importance to every human being; but of what vital interest are they to clergymen. Called as he is, at every hour of every day, either to rejoice in the new-fledged happiness of his flock, or to soothe their sorrows—feeling his way, as it were, among so many diverse temperaments; and different degrees of mental and moral culture, how necessary to him that discriminating tact, which will save him from collision, and that large, loving, all-embracing heart, which shall irresistibly gather to itself, all that is best and purest in every nature, for heavenly guidance and direction.

How comprehensive is the Spiritual expression, "The Man of Sorrows!" It must needs be he who has had a many-sided personal experience, to be able to look with charity and healing into the windows of other men's souls. Else we might as well expect the safely housed landsman, amid whispering trees, soft skies, and the waving meadows, to measure the fury of the ocean-tempest, or the despair of the struggling crew, amid engulfing waves. As well might we expect to judge of the rending fury of the wild beasts of the desert, from the young cub, tamed and enervated by the overfeeding and warmth of artificial life, as to expect him, who has never struggled with himself—for the mastery of himself—to comprehend the fearful throes between good and evil in some human soul. Oh, back at our feet

FROM THE THIRD OHIO.

From a private letter addressed to a gentleman in this city we make the following extracts:
 CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN.
 January 10th, 1863.

Since the 23d of Dec. Gen. Rosecrans has been putting us through. Our advance commenced skirmishing with the enemy on the 26th, and kept it up until the 31st, when a general engagement ensued. The enemy surprised our right and drove them back more than a mile. Our battalion was at work cutting down the banks of the river for a ford, at the time. We were called up and run into the very hottest fire. Our brigade supported the Clichego board trade battery, and drove the enemy back, and slaughtered an immense number. Our battalion laid flat on the ground nearly all day, shells, solid balls, minie balls, deadly missiles of all kinds imaginable flying around us as thick as hail. You can have no possible idea of a battle until you get into one. We held this position all day of the 31st, and that night we were out all night on picket without blankets or fire, and nothing to eat. We had to keep very quiet, and we nearly froze. On New Year's morning we were moved from the right to the centre, which position we held under a heavy fire all day. We were relieved about 11 P. M., and moved to the rear to get something to eat, and, if possible, a little rest, but in this we failed, for about daylight of the 2d they commenced shelling us in camp. We got out as quick as possible, and moved to the left, where we remained, exchanging shots all day. About 3 P. M. the enemy moved on our left in line of battle, nine columns deep, and as far as you could see each way. They drove our men back about 14 miles, but we got the best of them and drove them back two miles. In looking over the ground, I think we butchered them five to one. For we played them a lively game with grape and canister. After dark, about 9 P. M., our company was called on for picket duty. We got within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, when bang! whiz! zip! came the leaden hail. It seemed to me that ten thousand bullets were whistling around my ears. They came so close that a ball struck my cap and knocked it off. I got down on my hands and knees, and, with my gun strap in my mouth, got back to camp on all fours. I did not stop to hunt my cap. We were relieved about 11 P. M., and went back to build a bridge, which we finished yesterday. Gen. Rosecrans says the Pioneer Brigade saved the day twice. He complimented us very highly. Our medical director estimates the wounded on our side at 6,500; the killed at 1,000; and, I suppose, about 1,000 prisoners. The Rebel loss must have been much greater, for we had ten pieces of artillery to their one, and all did good execution. O'Net and Myers came out all right; also Lawson, Wing, Swazey, and Ramsey. Patterson fell, on Saturday night, and ruptured himself—I don't know how bad he is, for I have not seen him since. H. K. Bennett, of Columbus, was killed; also George McVaine—the only ones, I believe, from Columbus. The 3d is badly cut up; one more battle would about finish it.

JANUARY 11, 1863.

The Company only reports 18 men now. Company C and K report only 12 each. The Regiment is badly cut up. The country is deserted for miles around this place. I was in town yesterday; it is nothing but one vast hospital, containing as many Rebs as Union men. Bragg's splendid army is perfectly demoralized. They are scattered everywhere. Our cavalry bring in squads of them every day. It is untrue about their being so miserably clad, for I have seen a good many of them, and they are all well clothed, and have plenty to eat. The typhoid fever has broken out among our wounded, and in most cases has proven fatal.

G. O. McD

Future Drafting Unnecessary.

The operation for a draft for soldiers is necessarily harsh and productive of suffering. Almost any other recourse would be preferable to a general conscription. Fortunately we need not resort to