

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondence of the Daily Inquirer.]

IN CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, Tenn., }
January 12th, 1863. }

MR. EDITOR:—Knowing that you are desirous of obtaining and receiving items of interest, I will give you a few items and allow *you* to judge of their interest.

We, who are in the army of Tennessee, are in a manner isolated from our friends at home, and if they do occasionally get a slight idea of where we are, or what we are doing, it appears to be more by chance than by any other means.

We remained in camp, near Nashville, for six weeks. Our brigade—which was then the 5th—during that time drove the Rebels from Lavergne, a town twelve miles from Nashville, and had several skirmishes with the enemy when out with foraging parties. On Dec. 24th, we received orders "to march," but after going about a mile the order was countermanded and we returned again to our old camp. We remained there during the next day (Christmas), and the following morning again started down the Nolinsville turnpike; Davis' division of McCook's corps, took the lead, after them our's—Johnson's division. Cannonading was kept up throughout the whole day by the forces in the advance, and we all thought that the morrow would be almost sure to bring on an engagement. The next morning, Johnson's division, composed of the 1st, 2nd and 3d brigades, took the advance. Skirmishing began early on the morning, and the first sight that met our eyes was a dead cavalryman lying by the roadside with a ghastly wound in his head. Our artillery opened on the Rebel position, and they immediately returned the fire vigorously. The infantry of the division formed in line of battle, threw out their skirmishers and advanced for the purpose of developing the Rebel's position; so we moved all day. At one time the roar of musketry and artillery would be deafening, at another time it would entirely cease. As we advanced the enemy retired, taking with them their guns, by which they kept up a running fight all day. At noon it began to rain, and amid the blinding rain above and the deep mud below, "our boys" pushed on. At intervals, the red flash of the cannon

could be seen through the mist, and the loud hissing of the shells could be heard close by us, reminding us that the Rebels were still in position ahead of us. Once or twice during the day we almost captured their battery, but they would move a little too quick for us, and would be off whenever they found us approaching. We drove them beyond a place called Triune, and there, cold, hungry and wet—"soaked to the skin"—we went into camp, remained the next day (Sunday) and on Monday morning started to join the main army in front of Murfreesboro. On Monday night after a long and fatiguing march, we encamped about three miles from the battle ground—the infantry camped in line of battle and the artillery placed in proper position. On Tuesday morning it was discovered by our commanders that we were still not in the right place; so we again moved and took our position with our left continuing the line of Gen. Jeff. Davis' right wing of the army. After taking our position the Rebels opened with artillery, to which ours rapidly responded. This, with some skirmishing, constituted the fight of Tuesday.

The men slept on their arms, having a picket line thrown in advance of the line of battle. Our pickets were in sight of the Rebel pickets, and occasionally when they would get too close, they would exchange the compliments of the season by throwing Minies at each other, the exchange being to my mind more amusing than comfortable.

Long before daylight on Wednesday morning, Dec. 31st, our regiment, whose line extended through a thick cluster of cedars, was moving and on the alert. We did not have long to wait, for just as the first grey streaks of dawn began to creep above the horizon, the Rebels in dense, deep columns made their appearance. Steadily they approached, with firm, and apparently solid step, our pickets pour their fire into the advancing mass and fall back to our lines—still they come until they are within good, short musket range of the 77th, P. V., when they receive a slight check to their onward progress. "Load and fire," is the order; and the Rebels are for a while kept at bay. But what is the use of trying? one single line cannot long check the irresistible march of columns 10 and 12 lines deep. The Rebels, by a flank movement, swept by us—

pains extorted the cries that struck the heart with sorrow, made a most impressive and humble scene. Around were lying thousands of brave hearts stilled in the long sleep of death; souls ushered in a moment into the presence of their God:—and all without the prospect of an end to this hellish, fiendish rebellion. We had gained no material advantage. Several of our best and bravest generals killed; thousands of our wounded soldiers left to the merciless inhuman treatment of the vandal rebels; heaps of the dead lying around, and added to this were the disheartening news of the overpowering numbers of the enemy amounting, it was said, to 115,000 men, hourly being augmented by large reinforcements from the Virginian army at Richmond, and no hopes or prospects of reinforcements for us, made up a gloomy night.

In this day's fight the noble Col. Garesche, chief of Gen. Rosecrans' staff, was killed.—Generals Ward and Van Cleve were wounded, both of whom commanded divisions in Gen. Crittenden's corps. That night I received orders to take my train and camp equipage back to Nashville. I was sorry for this as I greatly desired to see the end of the fight.

Col. Hambright's regiment, the "bloody 79th," was not in the first and second day's fight, but I am told took a conspicuous part in the last two day's battle. I am as yet unable to learn from the many conflicting accounts of the loss it sustained; but will write soon again.

A note from one of our correspondents, with the 79th, gives the following as the casualties in the regiment, so far as they have come to his knowledge. He promises us a long letter as soon as he can get time to write:

KILLED—Corporal Mark Erb, Co. G.
Private Abram Shroy, Co. A;

- WOUNDED.—Serg. J. H. Friday, Co. M, slight wound in the knee; Corporal E. W. Hollinger, Co. E, slight wound in the foot; Privates Michael Brandt, wounded in the wrist; Sam. Pickol, Co. G, in the head and shoulder; Isaac Quigley, Co. G, in the shoulder; Wm. K. Patton, Co. H, in the shoulder; Benj. Bones, Co. E, slightly in the leg, and Joe Forrest, Co. H, reported slightly hurt by falling.