December 25th, 1864

Dear mother I know take the opportunity of writing a few lines to let you know that I am still in the land of the living and still well hoping this may find you enjoying the same blessing when I wrote last we was at Nashville cooped up as supposed but it turned out different I suppose you have heard all about the fight near Nashville we was a laying in camp and all at once orders came to move we hardly knew what to think about it our lines was formed in the morning in a dense fog to the enemy could not see our movements it took them in the field near Columbia Tenn