Nashville, Tennessee
December 3, 1864

My Dear Sir,

Two days before yesterday, after much deliberation, I decided to write you this letter to relay information about my health. I got some rest that night on my arduous task of warming earth, but yesterday we were in much confusion, shifting and changing about. We finally arrived at our position in the lead area, and as we were, had the word go out to work at once. The word was to make a careful search for the possible danger of the night's battle, with a watch on my neck and shoulders, and with difficulty knowing my place, but I think it was only the result of cold, and this morning it is passing.

We have our lines compactly formed in a semi-circle around the city, and have been marching from river to river, strengthening
with a portion of heavy works, with a very large force in position, and only wishing that the
expected Hood were restless enough to lash
upon our lines. There would not be much left
of his army, I have not been in the city yet
and west River. When I can get in, or whether
there is any help. Davis who had been acting
Major was severely wounded and I have no
help and cannot leave the line, although I
greatly need cleaning up. I have had nothing
walked since I left home, and since this
campaign commenced burning my face, Doors
was hit in three places but will get along, Capt.
Hill also wounded. Maj. Leach, Thompson,
Achille, who has I fear but few company
officers serving. Maj. Thompson has been
relieved of command of the Division by Capt. Ellis.
Don't know when he will come back to the Brig.
or to which line. cheerful is looking well and
much pleased with his promotion. cheerful town
bellow heard that I was mortally wounded and
sought Franklin and brought it to Deal.
Strain and got determination to take a course f-
my friend; he seemed wonderfully elated
when turned up all right. The enemy
we were not in line of battle expecting an
attack. Goodwood came roaring along and
the shock hands with me very easily—told
me he had heard I was badly wounded
and himself very happy to know it was
not so. He accompanied our corps personally.

I had barely been wounded, very nearly as
I was in just the mess. I lost my
color and color regiment in the fight—
he was the same brave fellow who beheld him
early at Mission Ridge, I felt the bow and
had the description of capturing one of them by
fire of 17, so we came marching until footfalls
with our flag—red Cyant, a Beaufort to
bein in front of the works, leaped over and
grabbed it, and returned unharmed. There
were quite a lot of them captured in all—some.

Think I think. I gave you in my last some
idea of the fearlessness of this fight. The charge
was so sudden and so fierce that it came
very near Stampeded our whole army.
The march was so rapid and bold that once our division reached the heavily armed fort with nothing to check us in our silent advance, we had to fall back to our entrenched lines. I never came so near being captured before. Right away on as soon as we met the main works and the fighting was kept up until 10 a.m. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. we were engaged in a close-dealing battle with each other. And they kept on until there is no doubt that their division had been all captured or destroyed. We then fought like demons to drive them out. Their heavy columns came surge after surge, over and over, but they were sent back until their dead and wounded began to fall. Finally, they abandoned their trenches and entrenchments and our units turned into victory, overwhelming their division, but the original plan was to fall back to Nashville and so that night at 12, we quietly started I regretted to have to leave a great many of our wounded in the hands of the enemy in the snow. It was impossible to leave them, so I am very thankful that I got away so well.