

Murfreesboro Tenn. Jan. 13th 1863

Dear brother Hiram. Time flies

Another year has dawned upon us, and 12 days have already past of the year 1863. on the morning of the 13th I have taken my ^{pen} to write a few lines to you. I can state that by the kind preservation of the Lord, I am yet in the land of the living, and enjoying good health, and hoping that these lines may find you all the same. I am anxiously looking for a letter from home, for I have not received any since Christmas. I sent a letter with old captain Coffinberry a few days since, which I presume has nearly reached you by this time. in my last letter to you I stated that I should probably be engaged, on new years evening in writing letters; but there is little to be calculated ahead in military movements. for instead of being in our tents writing letters; we had no tents pitched. & were keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy, the night of the old year I kept watch meeting, being on picket guard; watching for the enemy; for we had heard that that a cavalry force was in the vicinity, which had burned 404 baggage wagons, of our army the day before at that place viz. Saveron 16 miles from Nashville on the Murfreesboro pike. had the courier been able to