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Bridgport Alabama

Dec. 1st. 1863

Dear Brother

Once more

I seat myself to write a short
letter to you. I am in unusual
health at present and hope
these few lines may find
you enjoying the same.

Its sometimes since I have
written to you but its not
been my fault for I have
not had time. I have just
got back from Nashville
~~and~~ four of us went up
there with a squad of
rebel deserters we were
gone from here five days
the distance is 125 miles
we had very bad luck
getting along the cars run

off the track every little while
the train just ahead of us
run off from a bridge and
killed six negro soldiers.

The train that I was on
run off twice but none
was killed. The road is
very much out of repair its
not safe to ride over it.

The prisoners passed through
the neighborhood where they
had always lived they saw
some of their old friends
along the route they found
that most of their houses
had been burned. still they
felt nice to think that they
had come out alive.

Well John we have been
having some more fighting
down here the battle of
Chickamauga has been fought
over again, the battle come out

rather different from what
it did the other time. The
latest news is that Bragg's
army is twenty miles beyond
Chickamauga Creek with Thomas
and fighting Joe Hooker close
after him he is evidently
trying to get out of the
way of the Yankee army
he may succeed in doing
so but I think that he will
lose the greater part of his
army before he does it. we
were lucky enough to be
left out of the fight this
time we are still in our old
quarters. Today I heard an
officer that was through
the battle say that our men
had taken fifty cannons
and seventeen thousand
prisoners. there is 6500 rebels
at this place now and 200

officers. I think that Bragg's
 army is pretty well played
 out and I also think that this
 rebellion is about gone and
 the latest news from Meade
 is that he is advancing
 on Richmond. I hear today
 that John Morgan the notorious
 guerilla has escaped from the
 prison where he was confined
 if it is so its the work of some
 miserable low-lived copperhead
 he could never get away with
 out help. I wish that every copperhead
 in the united states had their
 miserable felts taken off
 I think it would be the best
 thing that ever happened to
 the country I will close for I can
 not think of anything more to
 write give my respects to
 my old friends if there is
 any out there that claim to
 be such I send my love to
 all the family excuse this poor
 writing I will take more pains
 next time write soon and oblige
 your absent Brother
 Henry Welch



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