

Elk River Tenn. Jan 14th / 64

My Dear Father

It is with the greatest pleasure that I set myself to write a few lines to you. I am well as usual and sincerely hope this may find you all in good health. For we have had a week or two of very cold weather and a little snow but it has come off warm and to day it is very pleasant. you see by the heading of my letter that we have left Bridgeport we have taken the back track and now we find ourselves seventy miles only from Nashville. it is a very pleasant place and healthy. we are guarding the bridge across Elk River. our duty is not so heavy as it was at Bridgeport. Elk River is the finest stream that I ever saw its water is clear as crystal we are going to get some canoes if we stay here long and then we will have great sport. we will live an Indian's life almost complete and if we get hold of any of these guerillas we will try our hands at scalping a little.

Father I received your letter when we first come here you wrote that you was glad that we had good quarters and hoped we would stay in them

well when I read your letter we were
out in the woods none of us had any
tents and it was snowing at that and
oh dear how cold we staid out in the
woods three days then the regt that
was here left and we moved into
their shantys we found good quarters
here. I had much rather stay here than
where we was. the cars dont stop here so
we can't get any papers please send me
a paper once and a while. it is reported
that the bushwhackers are pretty thick
about here. Col. Rogers went out with about
one hundred men to see if they could
capture any guerillas they went out five
miles and staid over night they put
out pickets at night. one man was shot
on his post about nine o'clock. the ball
went through his heart he gave a groan
and died. his name was Nathan Tanphere
of Co A Phil will know who he is. The fellow
that shot him got away but he dropped his
hat and gun his name was on his gun
they captured his brother and father and several
others. I could not go out with them I had
to go on camp guard that day. but I must
close. I send my love to you and all the
family write soon good bye from
your son Henry Welch



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