



## James C. Christie and Family Papers

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((To all who shall see these presents, greeting:))

Know Ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of Thomas D. Christie  
I do hereby appoint him Sergeant in Company \_\_\_\_\_ of the 1st Battery Regiment of Minnesota  
Infantry in the service of the UNITED STATES, to rank as such from the First day of May, one thousand, eight hundred and  
Sixty four. He is therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Sergeant by doing and performing all manner  
of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all Non Commissioned Officers and Soldiers under his command to  
be obedient to his orders as Sergeant. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as he  
shall receive from me, or the future Commanding Officer of the Regiment, or other Superior Officers, and Non Commissioned Officers set  
over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. This Warrant to continue in force during the pleasure of the Commanding Of-  
ficer of the Regiment for the time being.

Given under my hand at the Head Quarters of the Regiment, at Fort Pickens, Ga. this  
First day of July, in the Year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and Sixty four

By the Commanding Officer: J. M. Clayton Commanding the Regiment  
Battery  
Adjutant of the Regiment

Send me a full account of the drouth and kindly  
send me a full account of the drouth and kindly  
send me a full account of the drouth and kindly

The Front, Ga. July 1st/64

Dear Brother: [Address]

Your letter with  
the account of the terrible drouth  
you were afflicted with, was recd.  
on the 28<sup>th</sup> Ult. having been posted  
on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. Truly quick time from  
Clyman. But I was disappointed on  
reading it at the extremely small  
space you devoted to <sup>the account of</sup> your late  
Expedition to Milwaukee for I  
wanted a long letter on that subject  
alone, which I know would be interest-  
ing, and which I hope you will furnish  
if you have not already done so.

Here, the position is still un-  
changed, except that our two <sup>flank</sup> wings  
have swung around toward  
each other, so that Johnston is now  
in something of the scrape that  
Pemberton was the victim of at Vicksburg.

Wm Schuller and George Shingler were well a day or two ago  
when I saw them



Our Wings are very strong in men, but deficient in position, while the rest of the Line is in splendid position, but pretty thin in Man. Our Division is on the Left Centre, and is extended over almost twice the ground that it occupied in the first Line of Battle.

We do nothing beyond active skirmishing, the Batteries assisting our pickets when the Rebels get too saucy, and sometimes directing a shot at the heavy works on the Mountain, but in other parts of the Line the fighting has occasionally been very severe. One of these conflicts took place during the night of the 29<sup>th</sup> in which Davis Division was engaged. The Cannonade & roll of small Arms was very heavy, as heard by us, and we have since heard that the Rebels charged on our fellows, took them by surprise, and were in their pits before our chaps recovered themselves, when an awful hand to hand fight ensued in which the

enemy were driven out, except with Carristers as they fell back, and in turn charged by our fellows who drove them over their own Rifle Pits, and intrenched in an advanced position, having taken 500 prisoners, and killed as many more. I am told by an Officer who was over the ground yesterday morning, that the dead Butternuts lay more thickly than hewn them at Shiloh. But, of course you have heard of it, and of all our other doings on the Right & Left, so I will confine myself to more individual matters.

We are all the same as usual, and our Guns are in the same position as when I last wrote. Bullets fly around pretty thickly, and many men have been killed & wounded close by us, but beyond some very narrow escapes the men of the Battery are not molested by the leaden messengers. Jesse, who, by the way, never felt better in his life, had a bullet put through his tarpaulin which was full of his men at the time.



Did you get that Rebel Newspaper I  
 sent you yesterday yet? I told you in  
 that that my position as Sergeant is secured  
 by an Order from Company Hd Qrs.  
 I am the only one of the old Corporals  
 who is promoted, the others who were Company  
 Platoon as Sergeants having been reduced  
 to their original positions, and some of the  
 new ones who were acting Corporals have been  
 reduced. It is as I thought it would be in  
 that respect, the Capt. has delayed giving  
 warrants to us till he saw how we would  
 do in the new positions, and now that we  
 have been fairly tried he retains some per-  
 manently, and reduces others.  
 Southwick is put in as 2d Master Sgt, the  
 old Quartermaster, - Everts - having been assigned  
 to the command of a Gun. Wilton is confirmed  
 as Corporal, but O'Hara is reduced, for not doing  
 his duty as Corp. of the Guard recently, though  
 my promotion does not elate me much,  
 although of course it pleases me as it is a kind  
 of acknowledgment that my Duty has been done  
 as it should, and although I am a modest  
 kind of a fellow, as you know and do not  
 like to speak much of myself, yet I will in-  
 dulge now for once in a little self-praise by  
 simply saying that if I have not done my duty  
 while in the Service it was not because I have  
 not tried. So that is the last piece of Egotism you  
 may expect from me for some time.  
 My gun broke an axle band, by recoil,  
 is spending now, and that is why I have a little  
 leisure. Remember me to all, go I am glad you  
 accept this from your loving Brother, Sgt. Charles

Gilmer Hospital  
 Manetta May 4<sup>th</sup> 64

My dear Major

Your kind favor of the 2<sup>d</sup>  
 came to hand this A.M. was truly  
 glad to hear from you that you were  
 all well and enjoying yourselves so finely  
 with one single bar to your happiness  
 that of something when we to rest  
 your whistle are in hopes the dawn of  
 better days is now lighting up our dark  
 horizon when and that a day may  
 soon arrive when whiskey will be plenty  
 and something can be dispensed to  
 refresh and strengthen the injured man  
 beside blue buff & Corn Bread God Speed  
 that golden Era may it soon dawn  
 Do you have been in line of Battle once  
 again and did not get hurt - am  
 very glad

Was greatly pained to  
 hear of your resignation am strongly  
 in hopes it will not be accepted

Did you get that Rebel Newspaper I  
sent you yesterday yet? I told you in  
that that my position as Sergeant is secured  
by an Order from Company Hd. Qrs.

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who is promoted, the others who were Company  
Platoons as Sergeants, having been reduced  
to their original position, and some of the  
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reduced. It is as I thought it would be in  
that respect, the Capt. has delayed giving  
Warrants to us till he saw how we would  
do in the new positions, and now that we  
have been fairly tried he retains some per-  
manently, and reduces others.

Southwick is put in as 2d Master Sergt, the  
old Quartermaster. - Everts - having been assigned  
to the command of a Gun. Wilcox is confirmed  
as Corporal, but O'Hara is reduced, for not doing  
his duty as Capt. of the Guard recently. Thus  
my promotion does not elate me much,  
although of course it pleases me as it is a kind  
of acknowledgment that my Duty has been done  
as it should, and although I am a modest  
kind of a fellow, as you know and do not  
like to speak much of myself, yet I will in-  
dulge now for once in a little self-praise by  
simply saying that if I have not done my duty  
while in the Service it was not because I have  
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may expect from me for some time.

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leisure. Remember me to all, go & persuade you  
accept this from your loving Brother, Sergt. Charles

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Maritta May 21<sup>st</sup> 64

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glad to hear from you that you were  
all well and enjoying yourselves so finely  
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that of something whenever to rest  
your whistle am in hopes the dawn of  
better days is now lighting up our dark  
horizon ~~when~~ and that a day may  
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refresh and strengthen the injured man  
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Do you have been in line of Battle once  
again and did not get hurt - am  
very glad

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hear of your resignation am strongly  
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in fact have no idea it will be I think  
you acted wrong, precipitately - be patient  
awhile if you cannot get what you  
desire at the outset await the result  
of two or three months campaigning  
and I am confident you will succeed  
in what we all so much desire will  
not write you in any plain terms but  
leave you to conjecture my meaning  
which you can easily do if you  
will but call to mind a conversation  
I had at the quarters of Maj  
Erskine when I was at the front  
in March you will know my  
feelings on the subject and I assure  
you that Bates is not behind me  
he is a warm friend of yours Do  
not go off on any foolery I will  
know your repugnance to remaining  
and appreciate your motives fully  
and understand them Am confident  
all will come out right in sixty  
days after I return to the army

Our reformed Frayson has gone to  
Richmond to attempt to secure  
Is it so May you have no idea of my  
strong desire to return to duty but a  
stem inexorable fate will keep me  
away a few weeks longer when I hope  
to return to duty to be no more wounded  
during the war But it will return me  
to duty with the stem determination  
if ever it is my fortune to be engaged  
in another battle to ~~commit~~ death  
of many a Yankee if they but give  
me but one half a Chance will  
try the virtue of one volley and then  
a resort to the bayonet giving a dose  
to the stomachs of the Devils that will  
astirish them as much as it would  
their base hearts for their lying tongues  
to tell the truth

My wound is nearly  
healed and by the middle of next  
week will be entirely I think have  
not yet been up although am



in fact have no idea it will be I think  
you acted wrong, precipitately - be patient  
awhile if you cannot get what you  
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if ever it is my fortune to be engaged  
in another battle to cause the death  
of many a Yankee if they but give  
me but one half a Chance will  
try the virtue of one volley and then  
a rush to the bayonet giving a dose  
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My wound is nearly  
healed and by the middle of next  
week will be entirely I think have  
not yet been up although am

abundantly able to say that  
it is better for me to remain in bed  
so long as is the case to obey apt  
remain upon my bed day after day  
but still depend daily by the presence  
of the fair ones of this goodly town  
two bliss their sweet smiles. Have been  
a severe sufferer from rheumatism for  
some days until yesterday have been  
taking medicine for about three days  
and am nearly near my own  
thoughts with the exception of the  
quinine my only prescription for  
many days has been "live the land"  
all he wants to eat & drink have  
a bottle at my head constantly and  
never out of the "dear Coathus" with  
you even now here to take an egg  
or a toddy with me as it is nearly  
the time of day. Remember me  
kindly to all and to the old 15<sup>th</sup>  
in particular and as ever remain  
very truly yours  
write me soon. R.C. Tyler

Hd. Lns 4<sup>th</sup> Division 17<sup>th</sup> A.C.  
In the Field. Sat Jan 8<sup>th</sup> 1864  
Capt. Edward Spear, Chf. of Bt. 4<sup>th</sup> Div. 17<sup>th</sup> A.C.  
Capt.

The Genl. Corndy directs me to say to  
you that the skill, effectiveness & energy  
of the 15<sup>th</sup> Ohio Battery and the 1<sup>st</sup> Mich.  
Batteries during the last few days  
has reflected great credit on the Division  
and on the Officers & Men of those Batteries.

Notwithstanding the fact that their  
guns were new & untried, and many of the  
men new recruits, the accuracy of their  
fire excited the admiration of all who  
witnessed it. He desires to express  
to the Batteries his thanks for the work  
they have performed. Very Respectfully  
Yours O. H. Scott, O. C. Cadets 1<sup>st</sup> Genl.



abundantly able but Dr says that  
it is better for me to remain in bed  
so hard as is the order to obey, yet I  
remain upon my bed day after day  
but am cheered daily by the presence  
of the fair ones of this goodly town  
and bless their sweet souls. Have been  
a severe sufferer from neuralgia for  
some days until yesterday have been  
talking to you for about three days  
more & I can scarcely hear my own  
thoughts with the exception of the  
quinn my only prescription for  
many days has been "live the land  
all he wants to eat & drink have  
a bottle at my head constantly and  
never out of the "dear Coathus" wish  
you ever now here to take an egg nog  
or a toddy with me as it is nearly  
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Capt.

The Genl. Comd<sup>y</sup> directs me to say to  
you that the skill, effectiveness & energy  
of the 15<sup>th</sup> Ohio Battery and the 1<sup>st</sup> Mich<sup>x</sup>  
Batteries during the last few days  
has reflected great credit on the Division  
and on the Officers & Men of those Batteries.

Notwithstanding the fact that the  
Guns were now restricted, and many of the  
men new recruits, the accuracy of their  
fire excited the admiration of all who  
witnessed it. He desired to express  
to the Batteries his thanks for the work  
they have performed very respectfully.  
Yours Obedt. Servt. C.C. Cady Lt. Genl.



$$\begin{array}{r}
 22 \\
 44 \\
 \hline
 66 \\
 22 \\
 \hline
 88 \\
 401 \\
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 150 \\
 \hline
 681
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 622 \\
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 558
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 3792 \\
 210 \\
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 3912 \\
 182 \\
 \hline
 1426 \\
 210 \\
 \hline
 1226 \\
 150 \\
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 1406
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 1462 \\
 180 \\
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 1642 \\
 210 \\
 \hline
 1432
 \end{array}$$

Christie D. Christy  
 I say 35

$$\begin{array}{r}
 28 \\
 265 \\
 \hline
 1432
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 881 \\
 82 \\
 \hline
 401 \\
 181 \\
 \hline
 681
 \end{array}$$

Murray  
 Mary Thompson

Atlanta Campaign, July, 1864  
 Very interesting. I am almost  
 certain (but have now no means  
 of verification) that Gen. R. C. Tyler  
 was a son of Pres. John Tyler.

J. D. Christie to his brother  
 Alexander S. Christie  
 Chymam  
 Dodge Co.  
 Wis

$$\begin{array}{r} 210 \\ 180 \\ \hline 30 \\ 22 \quad 483 \\ 14 \quad 92 \\ \hline 58 \quad 401 \\ 180 \\ \hline 681 \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{r} 622 \\ 114 \\ \hline 558 \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{r} 1426 \\ 210 \\ \hline 1636 \\ 180 \\ \hline 1816 \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{r} 1462 \\ - 180 \\ \hline 1642 \\ - 210 \\ \hline 1432 \end{array}$$

Christie D. Trusty  
D. Aug 88

$$\begin{array}{r} 28 \\ 1492 \\ \hline 265 \\ 558 \\ 581 \\ 78 \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{r} 581 \\ \underline{82} \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 489 \\ 82 \\ \underline{401} \\ 180 \\ \underline{581} \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{r} 672 \\ 114 \\ \hline 558 \end{array}$$

1432 4m Murray  
14  
1432  
15  
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T. D. Christie, to his brother

Alexander S. Christie

Chyman

Dodge Co.

Y. A.

## AN OLD LETTER

*In the Field, Georgia, July 4, 1864.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

One year ago to-day I told you of the capture of Vicksburg ; to-day there is nothing to say except that we are all well, and trying to do our duty. Our Corps moved on the night of the 2nd from the position in front of Kenesaw, marched the most of the night and yesterday ; and halted here last evening, on the extreme right of the Army. We marched parallel to and in rear of the line of battle of the other Corps. We are now in the front again, about 9 miles from Marietta (south of West) ; and the 23rd Corps (Gen. Schofield) is just behind us : indeed, we have taken its place in the line. In our front there is heavy skirmishing going on as I write , our right Section is there engaged, while we rest awhile. It is said that Thomas captured prisoners and guns yesterday near Marietta. The truth of this is doubtful. What is certain is, that our fellows now occupy Kenesaw mountain ; the rebels evacuated on the same night that we moved out.

*July 7th :*

I did not finish my letter on the 7th, for the reason that just as I had got thus far, the Captain came around and told me to get ready to go out as soon as possible, our Section being ordered to take the place of [the right Section. We moved out at once, and spent the rest of the glorious Fourth in an exciting fight with the enemy. Supported by the Iowa men, we drove the rebels two miles, and into their works, skirmishing heavily all the way. they had 3 guns opposed to us ; but our 2 drove them out of every position that they took. At the last place where we silenced them, they were in their strong work, and we were out in fair sight at 600 yards, unprotected save by our own rapid and accurate fire. When we captured the fort next morning 4 of our shells were found in one embrasure, within 10 feet of area. It was a gallant and spirited little fight : the infantry on each flank suffered somewhat ; one company losing five men. Not a cannoneer was hit. At dusk the enemy had been driven fairly into their works, our skirmishers being within two hundred yards of them. Then what seems to us an absurd order came to us to fall back ! We did this unmolested, but there was some awful language used ! I am sorry to say that some of our higher officers (but not McPherson) were under the influence of liquor that day ; perhaps they were celebrating the Fourth ! But our little force was saved from disaster by the steady, persistent fighting of the men in the ranks, and the cool courage of the Company officers. I could not express my feeling of joy and admiration, when we saw the brave old 11th Iowa advancing in line of battle across an open field, to support the skirmishers. They marched forward as if on parade, their flag fully displayed ; never halting, though the enemy's battery was playing on



## COLLEGE SONG, No. 1.

TUNE, " MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

( *Bonum est desipere in loco.* )

1. Come all you loyal Tarsus boys, and sing our College song—  
Sing it with a spirit that will start St. Paul's along ;  
Sing it as we always sing it, voices full and strong,  
\* While we are *Seniors* in Tarsus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We hail the Jubilee !  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for days that are to be !  
Make the Chorus echo from the Taurus to the Sea,  
\* While we are *Seniors* in Tarsus.

2. Come, ye rev'rend *Seniors*, come, and make a joyful sound  
Come, and leave your Tennis-balls and rackets on the ground !  
Still in work and song and play our leaders ye are found,  
While you are *Seniors* in Tarsus.  
Chorus.

3. Philosophic Juniors, come ! Give charming *Trig* a rest ;  
*Jeza* too, will wait for you, if Hoja deems it best !  
\*\* Let the Rhet'ric of the *Heart* swell out each manly chest,  
While you are Juniors in Tarsus.  
Chorus.

4. Come, ye jolly Sophomores ! your *Physics* cast away !  
*Wentworth's Plain* should now raise Cane, this *Troisième Année* !  
Sing to us how plants and men are ever growing *Gray*,  
While you are Soph'mores in Tarsus.  
Chorus.

5. Freshmen, leave your *Paradise*, on *Ancient Hist'ry's* shore ;  
*Caesar's* dead, you've murdered him, and *Hamlet* lies in gore !  
Tell them you are sorry, boys, you'll never harm them more !  
While you are Freshmen in Tarsus.  
Chorus.

6. Ho ! You big Sub-freshman Class ! Come join our cheerful song !  
*Daghachapoutune*, you know, to Po'try does belong !  
*Isocrates*, *Paterson*, and *Nahv*, will make you strong,  
While you're Sub-freshies in Tarsus.  
Chorus.

7. So all that love the school, my Boys, will sing our joyous song—  
Sing it with a spirit that will start St. Paul's along ;  
Sing it as we always sing it, voices full and strong,  
While we are *Seniors* in Tarsus.  
Chorus.

\* For „ *Seniors* ” men of the other classes will substitute „ *Juniors* ”, „ *Soph'mors*,  
„ *Freshmen* ”.

\*\* *Hart's Rhetoric.*

1864

In the Evening in an act of ill will to judge  
 [rejoinder]

Dear Brother, I received a letter from you a day or  
 two ago, in which I learned all about your trip to and from  
 a Holleraker. I am glad you enjoyed yourself so much  
 and has given such a splendid rifle. But I do not like  
 to hear of you wishing so much to get into the army, but  
 you are determined to be a soldier, just wait a while for  
 when our Battery will discharge her old three years men  
 and then you can join us. That is if you see no better  
 way of letting off your patriotism. Between now and then

What shall I write about, shall go over the last two weeks  
 after I. D. no, but I will go over the next two days, or there  
 and then you may be sure we are having hot weather, hot work  
 and excitement enough to keep us lively. We left our position  
 on hills about three thousand yards from the rebel lines.  
 Three nights ago, and moved off to the left of our own Division  
 into the right of the fifteenth corps, so that we might be in the  
 front, for you must know we are a crack battery. (Gen. Gresham  
 says we have the best horses, the best men, but we will fight and  
 steal like the best and I am sure.) and we are but forward in  
 all hard places. we enjoyed our selves in our new post very finely  
 for the first night and second day, and just at close of day the  
 rebels appeared out fourteen guns on our Battery, we had seen all  
 using them all day, and they thought they had us at a disadvantage  
 and to tell the truth they had, for we were short of ammunition  
 and could only give four guns to bear on them, but we gave as good as



as good as we get. and if all is true more for we killed some of them  
and they did not hurt us, not in the least, but they banged our forts  
in a most villainous manner, bursting shells all round us and in our  
embrasures, in the middle of the day they throwed over some shells  
and killed an Infantry man close by the end of our work. He  
was a private in the fifteenth North in the town of the heavy  
firing in the evening the shells that flew over us killed a few  
men, besides mules and horses. indeed the cannonading was  
terrible, and between our batteries and of Johnny Rebs the war was  
deafening, in the <sup>morning</sup> of the 4th we moved out of that position and made  
into our present one, in front of the other and too it is right, and I  
am glad to say in front of our own Division, Lone Brigade, and the Regt  
we glad to have us with them. we are about six hundred yards from the  
skirmish line and nearly double that from the main works of the enemy  
and are in front of every Battery. on our line as far as I can hear  
there is nothing in our front but the skirmishers of our Division and are  
under the cross fire of some our own Batteries, and we find but little  
quietness. I suppose you have no crops in Moia. but it would be mar-  
velous to see good crops spoiled as these are down here. I am sure  
you. By the way the Rebs have been asking if our Battery has reloading  
guns, and think we alarm them by sharpshooting with them. Last day  
I hear you cry, but it is no. Last we are able to make the prettiest kind of  
shooting as fine as Minnie rifle shooting, and my ears are now almost deaf  
with the discharge of our guns, and the cry is half from our men and half  
and our skirmishers cheer to see us help to the great Rebs.

I have nothing to say of much account, only that we are as a company  
in fine health, and I and self as mules can be, and make

disappear with wonderful rapidity. send no more I think I wonder  
as soon as possible, and be sure we need it, it is almost impossible  
to get anything of writing materials here, and then only at fabulous  
prices. Love to all. Tell Sarah to write,

Yours affectionately Wm. E. Christie  
Chattahoochee to Chocoma, Ga.  
The Front, Sat July 9th 1864  
My Dear Brother,

I finish Williams letter for the  
purpose of congratulating you on this your Birthday.  
Long may you live to see many more of them, & all  
bringing as good health & happiness as I doubt not  
you are now enjoying. If you could see us this after-  
noon, sweltering with heat beside our smoking guns,  
you would not think we could take half the pleasure,  
the "solight comfort," that we do appropriate.  
In the words of the immortal Shuddly humph,  
"He still live," if we didn't you would not be read-  
ing this from yours truly.

I have a little business to write about, how-  
ever, & must not defer it to the Postscript. It is briefly  
this, & is expressed in four words. I want a watch,  
I must have one, can't do without one in my present  
position, & it must also be a good one. The one I had  
did not possess the last important quality, & so I sold  
it for - I am ashamed to say how small a sum,  
all in Promissory Notes, which is the only



Kind of currency in vogue in the Company,  
But to return to business, I want Father to send  
to the American Watch Company at Waltham  
Mass, forwarding about 30 dollars & direct them to send  
by Mail to your Address a good article. I forget the  
names of the different kinds of watches they manufacture,  
but I suppose the "Ellery" will be good enough.  
Or what they call the "Soldier's watch" would do. If you  
could see one of their catalogues, you could select one  
of about the right price. One thing is certain, & so  
Father should tell them in his letter, - I want a good  
timekeeper for use & not to trade out so I don't care about  
anything fancy. & I must also have it soon.

My Income will be 20 dollars per month since the  
1<sup>st</sup> of May & I must "support the dignity of my position".  
It won't cut a swell among you fellows  
about the middle of August, the "other stripe" Veteran  
Cherwon & all the rest. It won't do, though, to anticipate  
too much though for we have a tremendous big job  
to do yet here, which may occupy us a month yet, but  
not more, I think. We are under orders to be ready to  
repel an attack this afternoon for some thing is  
going on that will develop "something" more.  
We are out in the advance of the whole line  
the Post of Honor, inside good works & don't give  
a damn for any body. Be sure that Father attends to the  
Watch business, & give my love to all the Grandmothers  
& Mother & Sarah & all the rest. Yours contentedly, Thos. DePietre

Chattahoochee River, Ga.

July 13<sup>th</sup> / 64

Dear Sandy:

The farm plat & accompanying letters came to us on the 11<sup>th</sup>. I had them put into my hands along with the Mail of the Platoon just as we were putting the Gun in position in our present fort, built on the same line that the Rebels evacuated on the morning of the 10<sup>th</sup> Inst.

The two armies now fight across the river, but it is said that we will soon advance again, & cross the River. When this is done, I think the Enemy will retreat beyond Atlanta, unless we can find a way to make him fight a decisive action in which case he will be annihilated.

Sherman is cautious, & no one will blame him for it, for he has a difficult country to operate in, & a wily foe to contend with.

the friendly corner & all the 13 o'clock well.  
a man over whom it is extremely difficult to obtain any advantage, but when the time comes to strike the decisive blow it will be a telling one.

The River is today the front of our whole Army, except our extreme Right, which is swimming across, & Hooker's 20th

Cope holds the R.R. Bridge, which the Enemy had not time to destroy, & which is about 4 Miles to our Left. Our Army Cope holds the Right of the Army, I think, forming on the Left of the Cavalry. I am not sure though that Schofield is not on our right still further across the River. Any how there is not much doing for the past 3 days, a little skirmishing, and only once in a while the report of a Cannon is heard. Evidently there is something going on in the way of movements, for this is but the calm that precedes the storm. We are all getting impatient for the end of the thing, for we have

been lying round in this red Georgia mud & sand so long that we are about tired of it, & when the time comes for it, our fellows will pitch in with a will, and finish up the job.

Your letter gives a very doleful account of the farmers prospects up there, & if the weather has not changed before this there will be many a poor fellow this winter who will not have enough to support his family. I suppose, though, that your wheat will be better than the average on account of the deeper plowing. But that average of 3 bushel per acre astonishes me, I did not think it was so bad as that. Well, we can live without depending altogether on the wheat crop.

I want you Sandy, to write more homely letters, not so much straining after effect in long, complicated sentences. And as to theorizing on Politics &c, I abominate it; it is provoking to open a letter & find half a narrow page (2 words in a line), occupied with one long winded



Sentence about something we don't care  
a pin about, What I mean by a "homely"  
letter is one all about home, tell me in  
what health & condition every member of the  
family is; give little incidents of your home  
life, the more humorous the better, tell me  
all about the farm animals, & add a spice  
of gossip about those other animals - the  
neighbors. In this way you can make  
a far more interesting letter, to me, than by  
a dissertation on Politics, or a thesis on  
Social Economy. Your letter last winter,  
describing the hay hauling from Ramsaye  
was the best I ever got from you.

My letter has been interrupted by a visit from  
Will McLain of the 32<sup>d</sup> Ohio, which Regt.  
is now in our Division, & he stopped to dinner  
with us, eating our fried pork off the corner of a  
Cracker box. Mac is or was, the Editor of our  
Newspaper in Vicksburg, his name is on the  
Circular I sent you. He was with me a Trustee  
of the Union Library, and is one of the best  
fellows I ever saw; cultivated & refined,  
without a bit of affectation, and always  
cheerful. You have heard of Belle Boyd -  
Mac is the man who captured her by strat-  
egy, in Western Virginia while he was one  
of Fremont's scouts. I will tell you the story  
some time. Don't fret for us, we are enjoying  
ourselves. Your affectionate Brother, George Tom

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 me  
 in  
 9  
 1

Battlefield, near Atlanta, July <sup>1864</sup> 25<sup>th</sup>  
 Dear Sandy:

There are hundreds of incidents occurring here daily that would be of great interest to you, & to myself in after years, if I could have the chance to record them in either diary or correspondence, but after all, this is only a little matter compared to the real, earnest work which it is our business to perform. So don't grumble at short



but be thankful you get any. My memory is pretty good, & with the assistance of my diary I will be able to give you many an interesting incident when I have a chance.

However, as we are doing nothing today of much account, having built our fort yesterday & as you have not yet had from us an recital of our adventures since leaving the Chattahoochee, I will give a brief resume of them up to the present.

On the morning of the 16<sup>th</sup> we were roused at 2 O'Clock with orders to withdraw the guns from the B fort overlooking the Chattahoochee, limber up, & prepare to march. This was done, & at daylight our Corps was on the road to Marietta, our Division in the advance. Stopped in the middle of the day, & rested till 5 in the afternoon, then resumed march & stopped for the night near Marietta. Took up line of march early next morning & passed through town on the Roswell road, which latter place we reached round before we could get the Elevation, as the in the afternoon, pushed through it, crossed the River on bridge that the 16<sup>th</sup> Corps put in a

week before, & halted 4 miles this side, having made about 20 miles. On the 18<sup>th</sup> & 19<sup>th</sup> we made slow progress toward Decatur, camping on the night of the 19<sup>th</sup> within 4 miles. Next day passed through Decatur leaving the 16<sup>th</sup> Corps there, our Corps taking the advance, & when 2 miles from town on the Atlanta road formed line of Battle & advanced slowly. At almost noon our Infantry ran on a Rebel Battery & stopped. The Genl. sent back by all the other Batteries of the Division, (we were marching in the Rear) & ordered us up to silence the Rebel guns. Advanced & took position on a hill, along which ran a road through the pasture at 1800 yds distance from the Enemy's Battery, unlimbered under their fire, got up the Hotchkiss shell from the Limbers & opened, as the boys say, "for G. D. sake." They had the Range on us from the start, as they had measured the ground before falling back, & slapped the shells right into us from the first shot while we had to fire several rounds before we could get the Elevation, as the grounds is very deceiving, but we kept raising it till we knew what was wanted, & then you could have

seen some fine practice. The Action continued for about 50 minutes during which each of our pieces fired about 40 Rds, when the Johnsons could stand it no longer & withdrew. Genl. McPherson came up & told the Capt. he never saw a prettier Artillery duel, and told us also what we had not observed ourselves, that one of our shells knocked one of their guns up on end, which one afterwards found to be true when our fellows took the hill on which the Battery had been, & saw the broken "sticks" of one of their pieces. I never want to see shells fly thicker than they did at us there, & it is a marvel that none of the men were seriously hurt. Four of our fancy horses were killed & another wounded, three of them by one shell which burst under the Limber, throwing splinters & gravel right in the Captain's face, one piece struck the top of my Limber Chest close to H. who was ginning out. Another shell burst under the trail of the 5th Piece, tearing it badly & knocking down No 3 who was serving next. Another unexploded one ricocheted (pro, ricocheted) & struck the wheel of my piece doing no damage, but coming very close to No. 2 & 4 on that side. Another struck at the feet, almost, of my No 1 & exploded, enveloping him in a cloud of dust. I was standing close by watching the effect of my shots, & when the dust cleared I looked for O'Real expecting to see him stretched out, but there he was, erect in the position of "Ready," which command had just been given when the shell came among us. I admired his coolness so much that I immediately grasped his hand, with a "Bully for you old boy." I could not ask men to stand up under heavy fire any better than did the fellows of my Gun Detachment. I cannot recount half the "hair breadth escapes" we had, but you will see we had a hot time of it. When the Enemy's Battery was withdrawn our 2 Divisions of Infantry advanced, & some skirmishing took place in which Genl. Graham was wounded in front of the Battery. On the night of the 20th we dug little works for the guns, but did not fire a shot next day, as they put other Batteries in position in front of us.

I said to you  
a piece of  
handkerchief  
2 Handkerchiefs  
a letter  
from Rebel  
Genl. G. W. Ball  
to Col. Wall  
of the 15th  
I found  
all found  
in the  
pockets of  
the draft  
Colonel  
got by one  
though for  
it is a  
thing  
hand never  
done yet -  
learned  
myself  
the outside  
of the field  
over which  
the Rebels  
tried to  
charge  
was on  
a steep  
slope  
that is of the Corps  
about 9 A.M. of the 21st our whole line (that is of the Corps)  
advanced, & charged the Rebel works, lost a large number of men in killed & wounded, took a lot of prisoners & part of the enemy's works & established the line within close distance. John Schaller was wounded in this charge, in which his Regt. captured the 2nd La. but suffered severely. I sent you & his wife particulars of the event & will only add that I saw him yesterday & both wounds were doing well. his appetite is good & he is his spirits. We are having beautiful weather for the wounded, cool days & chilly nights, which seems almost providential for it has been so only since the heavy fighting began. This charge I am telling about was right in front of us & we saw the whole of it, but were forbidden to fire a shot although we wanted much to assist our gallant Infantry fellows who were under a galling fire from the same Battery we had silenced in another place. If the Genl. had only let Clayton put us in position where he wanted to, we could have stopped the fire of the confounded 2 camps. But I must get on. that evening afternoon our Battery was moved out to the extreme left of the line, & we threw up slight works on the extreme flank. But we did not have enough Range for Rifled Guns, so the Chief of Artillery ordered us out in the evening, & the 2nd Regular Battery, with 12 pieces Light Guns went into our works, while we went back & took position



in a fort in front of the hill from which we had silenced the  
Rebel Battery the day before. Left our horses harnessed all night,  
& in the morning found that the Rebs had left their works in  
front of us, whereupon we unharnessed, & the Driftly advanced  
a half mile till the Enemy's Battery began shelling them. Then we  
had orders to harness & be ready to move to the front. Got ready, &  
limbered up the guns, took an early dinner, & shortly after began  
to hear dropping shots in our rear. Were told that it was Wheeler's  
Cavalry playing smash with our Corps train. I jumped on my  
horse & rode out on the field in front where our fellows were  
scattered around looking at the bodies of the killed, warned  
them all to their posts, & spurred back, in time to see a Brigade  
& 2 Batteries of the 16<sup>th</sup> Corps come up in double quick & form  
line in the rear of our Battery, facing to the rear. They had not  
more than got into position when our pickets were driven in & the  
Rebel line advanced. The 2 Batteries, 14<sup>th</sup> Ohio & Co. 26<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Mo.  
opened on them, & the driftly line soon was engaged heavily. First  
the Rebs would yell & charge till they came within 50 yds. of  
the Battery, when the fire would be too much for them & they would  
waver, then our Chaps would cheer & charge with the bayonet,  
fall back again when the enemy rallied, & let the Canister  
play into them, and so it went till the last time the Johnnies  
charged when they brought their flag out in plain sight of  
us & close to the 14<sup>th</sup> Ohio that the smoke of their guns dashed

over it, the Canister thundered out twice as fast, our whole  
line poured in a deadly volley, the standard bearer fell,  
the advancing Rebels faltered, our fellows sprang forward &  
there was a short hand to hand conflict over the fallen flag, the  
bayonets being locked & the muskets clubbed for a moment; then  
our Chaps got the standard & the Enemy fled, leaving the field,  
with their heaps of dead & wounded & ~~all~~ Cords of muskets in  
our hands. This was only a small part of the field of Battle,  
for the Rebs charged our our Corps at the same time of this  
fight with part of the 16<sup>th</sup> charged on the 15<sup>th</sup> & also on  
the 4<sup>th</sup> Corps. Captured some Artillery but lost the  
heaviest in killed wounded & prisoners that they have  
since Stone River. This was the only part of the battle  
that we saw, & so I have described it to you, & you may  
imagine the rest of the field from it. The Iowa Brigade of  
our Division is badly cut up. They fought back to back  
at one time, when attacked in front & rear, & actually  
jumped over their slight works seven times to repel  
assaults from their rear, as soon as they would drive them  
off from one side the Enemy would come up on the other,  
when they would "change front to fire to the Rear" & jump  
over the protecting Earthworks. The 16<sup>th</sup> & 12<sup>th</sup> Wis. also were  
heavily engaged, but the Rebels did not succeed in  
breaking up a single Regt. of our old Corps, while whole

Brigades of theirs were "wiped out," there being hardly  
a gauge left left of the Kentucky Brigade, which were  
the ones I saw fight. The Brigade of the 16<sup>th</sup> Corps that  
fought them and whose battle I have ~~described~~ is composed  
of the 66<sup>th</sup> Ills. (See Ehinger's Regt.) 81<sup>st</sup> Ohio & 12<sup>th</sup> Ills. Genl. Mc  
Arthur's old Regt. (I had a talk with George last night & he  
is in splendid health & spirits. As to answer the letter he got  
from Sarah soon.) You may ask what was our Battery  
doing in all this time? We stood at our posts during the first  
part of the fight in our rear & the rest of the time we were led around  
by Genl. Blair into 6 different positions, not being allowed to open  
at any of them. At last when the heaviest of the fighting was  
over, a Rebel Battery, to cover the retreat, opened on our  
advancing skirmishers when we were allowed to reply  
& after a few shots effectually silenced the Battery.

I forgot to notice that when the fighting at first was  
beginning to be serious, Genl. McPherson rode down  
by us going to the place where the Brigade I have mentioned  
was forming; he rode right through the line out to the  
front where the skirmishing was going on, and before he  
suspected was right among the advancing Enemy.  
They told him to halt but he whirled to escape, when  
they fired on him, & shot him through the breast. It was  
not 10 minutes after he passed us till ~~his body~~ he was  
hit. No language can tell the grief that fills the heart  
of every man in the Army of the Tennessee, & especially do  
we of his old Corps feel his loss. Not a man of us but would  
willingly have given ~~his own~~ his own life to save that of our much  
loved young Commander. Your Brother Thos. D. Christie



Brigades of theirs were "wiped out." There being hardly a quare left of the 17th Infantry Brigade, which were the ones I saw fight. The Brigade of the 16th Corps that fought them and whose battle I have ~~described~~ is composed of the 66th Ills. (Gen. Ewing's Regt.) 81st Ohio & 12th Ills. Genl. McArthur's old Regt. (I had a talk with George last night & he is in splendid health & spirits. As to answer the letter he got from Sarah soon.) You may ask, what was our Battery doing in all this time? We stood at our posts during the first part of the fight in our rear & the rest of the time we were led around by Genl. Blain into 6 different positions, not being allowed to open at any of them, at last when the heaviest of the fighting was over, a Rebel Battery, to cover the retreat, opened on our advancing skirmishers when we were allowed to reply & after a few shots effectually silenced the Battery.

I forgot to notice that when the fighting at first was beginning to be serious, Genl. McPherson rode down by us, going to the place where the Brigade I have mentioned was forming; he rode right through the line, out to the front where the skirmishing was going on, and before he suspected, was right among the advancing Enemy.

They told him to halt but he refused to escape, when they fired on him, & shot him through the breast. It was not 10 minutes after he passed us till ~~his body~~ he was hit. No language can tell the grief that fills the heart of every man in the Army of the Tennessee, & especially do we of his old Corps feel his loss. Not a man of us but would willingly have given his own life to save that of our much loved young Commander. Your Brother Thos. D. Christie

Mighty near Atlanta, Ga. July 30<sup>th</sup> 1864

My Dear Sandy,

You grumble so much at my short letters that I must try this afternoon to give you a long one, & if it proves to be so long as to be tiresome, you have your self to blame. I begin this letter now, not yet having determined what I shall write about, but as I proceed the plan will develop itself, as the novel writers say. In the first place I will have to remark on the extraordinary health we, in common with the rest of the Army, are enjoying. In the midst of hard work with spade & sponge staff, night marches & night labor, hot weather & short grub we are ~~in~~ actually in better condition now than when we were at Vicksburg through the winter, - not a man from the Company in the hospital on account of sickness, and we are a fair sample of the whole of Sherman's Army. Everybody remarks on the ruddy cheeks & clear complexions of the men, their hearty appetites & jovial humor, & everyone seems to feel as if with such an Army, such leaders & such a Cause we must be successful. (31<sup>st</sup>) was interrupted.

a Cause we must be successful. (31<sup>st</sup>) was interrupted yesterday by orders to move, hurried & hitched up, & left the woods in which we had stayed for 2 days, to proceed a half mile to the rear & go into park to rest a while & let other Batteries that have not been engaged yet go to the front in their turn. So we are now enjoying ourselves in the cool shade of our tarpaulins, our horses tied to the Picket Rope as in the old Garrison times, & everybody busy at washing 2 weeks dirt out of their shirts, mending the Campaign tents in our Huntsville-drawn breeches, & reading, writing, & cooking of choice dishes by the Epicureans.



Our coming to the Rear, though, did not add much to our security, for the Johnnies have got a good thing on this part of the line with their big Guns. They have been shelling the woods in this vicinity regularly since the battle of the 28<sup>th</sup> from their forts in town, & ~~as~~ as a group of us were standing talking in the park last evening, a hundred lbs Parrott percussion shell came along shrieking like mad, struck close to the 1<sup>st</sup> Caisson, ricocheted, broke one of the wheels of the Caisson, & exploded between the Ammunition chests, blowing up one of them, & breaking another so that the tin on top of the powder inside took fire, but which we speedily extinguished with a bucket of water from a cook fire luckily near. There were 40 men within as many feet at the time of the explosion, & several of us were within half that distance. 2 men being so close that the powder burnt their whiskers, & yet no one was seriously hurt, one or two being knocked down by splinters & some by the concussion. But the same thing might happen 20 times without so many narrow escapes. The splinters of the Ammunition chest, and of the muschest, which was also stove all to flinders, flew all ~~over~~ around us, one of the men with <sup>whom</sup> I was talking getting a rap with a small fragment that knocked him flat, & some of the harness on racks near by, was blown 50 yards. One of our Mule drivers, close by the Caisson at the time of the terrific explosion was struck on the head by a splinter, & the concussion so crayed him that he got up & ran over two miles, so fast that three of our fellows who started after him thinking he was "clean murdered" had the greatest difficulty in catching him. He says this morning that all he wants now is to fight a Duel with the man on the Rebel Gun who pulled the lanyard that fired it. Our Mule Drivers are unlucky - the only man we had wounded on the 22<sup>d</sup> was the driver on the Battery wagon. So you see there is as much safety at the Gun in these days of long-

range Artillery as anywhere in the Rear. He may laugh about that accident yesterday, but it is a mercy that the whole camp was not filled with killed & wounded men. Genl. Leggett, on seeing the place this morning said that we were a lucky set of men, & that it was better to be born lucky than rich, & so our fellows begin to think, for we have had most wonderful escapes, as you know.

I had a splendid view day before yesterday of the famous city of Atlanta with all its forts & defenses, from the top of a tree into which I climbed with a Field Glass slung to me, & by whose aid I could see the groups of Rebel women standing on the parapets of the big fort a mile & a half distant, looking out towards where the crack of our skirmishers rifles proclaimed the advancing Yankees. Atlanta is a beautiful city, being spread over a large extent of rolling ground, the smaller houses being completely hidden by the shade trees that grow all through the streets.

The City is directly East of where I am now writing & is very nearly surrounded by our troops, the wing 2 of the Army being only about 2 miles apart. I think it is Sherman's plan to completely surround it & begin a regular siege. When I had the view of it, the gangs of impressed negroes were busy throwing up a rude rifle pit to connect the forts, so that it seems the last flank movement of the Army of the Tennessee was a surprise to old Genl. Brown & the rest of them.

I see in the accounts of our fight on the 22<sup>d</sup>, published in the Louisville papers the most glaring mistakes in regard to the different Corps engaged, & for fear you do not understand how Sherman's Army is organized, I will tell you.

Sherman's Grand Army is composed of three troops of three Departments of the Military Division of the Mississippi, <sup>each</sup> commanded by the Departmental Commanders, & all independent of each other, acting under the supreme command of Genl. Sherman. These Armies are - The Army of the Cumberland, Genl. Thomas; The Army of the Ohio, Genl. Schofield; & our own Army of the Tennessee, before the 22<sup>d</sup> under Mr. Pherson, then for a while under Genl. Logan, & now commanded by Maj. Genl. Howard, one of the best men in



Uncle Sam's Army. Now each of these Armies is composed of Army Corps - the Army of the Cumberland of three - the 4<sup>th</sup> Corps, of Horner (I do not know who commands it now) the 14<sup>th</sup> Corps - (Palmer) & the 20<sup>th</sup> Corps (Hooker).

The Army of the Ohio has only one Corps here - the 23<sup>d</sup> - & Schofield commands it in person. The Army of the Tennessee has three Corps - the 15<sup>th</sup> (Genl. Logan) 16<sup>th</sup> (Genl. Dodge), & the 17<sup>th</sup> (Genl. Blair).

Each of the Army Corps is composed of 2, 3, or 4 Divisions, & the Divisions are subdivided into Brigades composed of three or four Regts each. The two Divisions of our Corps that are present (3<sup>d</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup>) are commanded now by Genls. Leggett & Giles M. Smith respectively, since our Genl. Gresham was wounded on the 20<sup>th</sup>. Now you understand how Sherman's Army is composed, better than two thirds of the Army Correspondents here. } 2 P. M. }

Your letter of the 24<sup>th</sup> is come to hand & I am greatly delighted with it, you need stirring up once in a while to move you from your usual monotony of style (you see I speak plainly, as becomes a friend).

I think you must, or should, appreciate this present epistle, for it has cost me already, about 6 dollars, I will explain. I went out into the shade in the woods to write, took out my pocket book to get a steel pen, laid it on the ground beside me till I would want to return the pen went to writing, got interested, as I always do, was called off presently by the Capt. to inspect the Artillery Chests, put away the writing materials & came off, leaving the pocket book, containing 4 of the dollars. Father sent me (I had paid a debt with the other one in the morning) my Gold pen, & a pencil. Of course, when I missed it soon after, and went to look for it, it was gone, some of the men having picked it up. I am not without hopes of having it returned, but if it is lost it will be a good lesson to me. You need not trouble sending any more for it is said we are to be paid soon. Now, as to yourself, I approve of your intention to enlist for but 2 years, as that will let you out when we come home, but as to your preference for the Infantry, I must tell you it is wrong, as I know from experience, and as every foot soldier in this Army will tell you. There is no branch of the Service that will compare with the Artillery for desirableness, or for opportunity to render distinguished services, & it will be a life-long regret to you if you join any other. If I had room I would give you the reasons. Remember, have patience till we go home, & spend our furlough with us, for before that you cannot get into the Company on account of the fact that we have now 165 men & are only entitled to 156. When the Artillery goes

Uncle Sam's Army. Now each of these Armies is composed of Army Corps - the Army of the Cumberland of three - the 4<sup>th</sup> Corps, of Horvath (I do not know who commands it now) the 14<sup>th</sup> Corps - (Palmer) & the 20<sup>th</sup> Corps (Hooker).

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 by this afternoon to give you a long one, & if I have to do so long as to  
 be tiresome you have yourself to blame. I begin this letter now, not yet  
 having determined what I shall write about, but as I proceed the pen  
 will develop itself, as the short winter day, on the first of June, will  
 have to run on the extraordinary health we in common with  
 the rest of the army are enjoying. On the matter of hard work with  
 spade & of camp staff, might march & night labor, hot weather & short  
 quiet we are actually in better condition now than when we were at  
 Hickory through the winter - not a man from the Company in the  
 hospital on account of distemper, and we are a fair sample of the  
 whole of Sherman's army. Every body remarks on the muddy chills  
 & clear complexion of the men, their hearty appetites, good humor &  
 everyone seems to put as if with such an army, such leaders & such  
 a cause we must be successful. (31st) Was extremely  
 gratified by notice to move, commenced & pitched up, left the woods  
 in which we had stayed for 2 days, to proceed a half mile to the  
 rear & go into park to rest a while, & at other places that have  
 not been engaged yet go to the front as they turn, do we are  
 now enjoying ourselves in the cool shade of our Camp and in  
 our horses feed to the Great River as in the old Sumner time, &  
 every body busy at washing & mending, & all of them thinking must  
 my the Company work in our comfortable drawn breeches &  
 making, mending & cutting of shoes done by the Quartermaster.

My Dear General,  
 I spoke to the Capt about it after the receipt of your letter, he told me to  
 have you wait till I go home when I will get authority to recruit & so  
 I will try to get you a long one, & if I have to do so long as to  
 be tiresome you have yourself to blame. I begin this letter now, not yet  
 having determined what I shall write about, but as I proceed the pen  
 will develop itself, as the short winter day, on the first of June, will  
 have to run on the extraordinary health we in common with  
 the rest of the army are enjoying. On the matter of hard work with  
 spade & of camp staff, might march & night labor, hot weather & short  
 quiet we are actually in better condition now than when we were at  
 Hickory through the winter - not a man from the Company in the  
 hospital on account of distemper, and we are a fair sample of the  
 whole of Sherman's army. Every body remarks on the muddy chills  
 & clear complexion of the men, their hearty appetites, good humor &  
 everyone seems to put as if with such an army, such leaders & such  
 a cause we must be successful. (31st) Was extremely  
 gratified by notice to move, commenced & pitched up, left the woods  
 in which we had stayed for 2 days, to proceed a half mile to the  
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 my the Company work in our comfortable drawn breeches &  
 making, mending & cutting of shoes done by the Quartermaster.

Truly yours,  
 J. D. Christie

[To James + Passie  
Christie]

Memphis. July. 30<sup>th</sup> /64

Dear Uncle and Aunt

I have to confess that I have done wrong in so long neglecting my friends in Glynn. The only excuse I have to offer is that some 6 or 7 times in succession that I have assigned an hour to write a letter to you some circumstance beyond my power to contrall has intervened to prevent it. We do not carry our knap-sacks on a march but leave them in camp in mine all my writing materials are contained hence you will see that there is then no chance for me to write. But I take this opportunity to let you know that I am still in the land of the living and have been in the constant and active employment incident to a soldiers life ever since restored to my regiment at Alexandria. My health however is not <sup>and</sup> has not been very good so far during the hot part of the season.

I have received I believe 2 letters from you since writing our first letter in the flying traces of Struggles one just before leaving the valley of the Red river the column; and another expedition was immediately after on my arrival at this place. We stayed for a few days at Vicksburg and were paid off I took much pains to find your boys and finally learned that they had gone up the river. I have got no news about Reed and coffee and one cracker and 1/2 per day. I received some \$5 dollars in greenbacks but as I had suffered in my sickness for the want of money concluded to keep it by me until the next pay of the fight our regiment was kept in reserve where - day. On our way up to this place we were under a little eminece in our front caused the balls to on the night of the 5<sup>th</sup> of June on the west bank of the river; on the 6<sup>th</sup> we fought the battle of Columbus and 2 missing. - Strange as the assertion may nearly all day in the drenching rain we were out seem to you though I suffer much from fatigue fighting and skirmishing; every thing was wet and exhaustion on a march yet my health is better through and through again money not excepted. Our than when in camp. The confinement of camp regiment was brought up directly in front of a life in that weather seems calculated to kill me at battery and in an open ploughed field in the over. You thought I must have been very much mud and rain we lay on our faces under fire for an discouraged at the retreat of all that army from the hour and 20 minutes while other troops were brought river. Never having approved nor thought the up and a flank movement made. We lost 5 killed expedition calculated to amount to much I was and 23 wounded. The results no doubt you have not so disheartened as you suppose. The whole thing seen long ago. As soon as we got to this place we ought not to have been undertaken at all. and were part from the veterans who were sent home ill timed badly planned worse executed it justly on their furlough; but finding here some 60 more recruits we remained quite a regiment yet merited the failure it met with. The affair (our force was short for the very next day after our under General Strugis was the same thing over again; but more disastrous on a smaller scale,



I shall most likely send you some more money to keep for me at the next payday. I am determined to keep all that I can although I fear very much that the country will be bankrupt and its paper worthless. I want to hear from you very much to know how you boys get along through the terrible battles they are now having under Sherman. As to who should be our next President now I have never been an admirer of this administration. I do not think now that I shall vote for Old Abe. but I do not like the position of Freymont as it looks too much like becoming a thing for Office. For a Copperhead I can never vote so on the whole my course is not very clear to myself. I have as yet seen no reason to change my mind in relation to the time of the close of the war. I said last winter that the most the rebels could hope for extraordinary excepted was to hold out through the campaign of this season that they might possibly do but it would exhaust them both in men and means so that they could never supply and keep up their armies for another. — Off father stops to see you on his way to Iowa I wish that you would tell him that I have written to him two letters since I enlisted but as he may never have got either of them let him know as well as you can the manner in which my things were left. Tell him that the old debt held against us by John and Estlin is settled that if he is an actual want to sell that property in Iowa for whatever he can get but if he is so situated that he is not obliged to sell to remember that I paid 100 dollars in gold for that property beside all that he paid and all the improvements we put upon it and the addition of another lot that it is my wish that he should not sell it without a fair price which these times I should consider 400 dollars at least. Tell him not to depend on the word of John or Garrison about taxes but go and see to it himself for as Garrison was to the property he may take tax titles in his own name but if he has sent the certificates all is well. Write to me soon. and give my love to all the family and all other friends. Tell Aunt Abigail folks if you see any of them that they may look for a letter from me soon if I am not ordered to march immediately.

Excuse all mistakes in this hurried letter

Yours in haste

Osgood T. Niles.

Kesho Wisconsin

July 31<sup>st</sup> /64

My Dear Christie: [Sarah]

What is the matter with you that you do not write? I hope you are not sick or gone to the war or got married, and no other evil calamity has befallen you.

I wrote you last March or April from Fox Lake, and have not heard from you since. The last time "Fannie" wrote me, she said she had not heard from you in three months, and I have been afraid that may be you were sick. And lately I have thought may be you did not get my letter, or that may be you did not know where to write to me. I hope you did get my letter however for I sent you my photograph in it and have been looking in vain for yours ever since. I hope you

will send me yours without fail & if that one I sent you was lost, why I will send you another. I have just had a vacation of three weeks & I tell you they flew by pretty rapidly. Went home to Fox Lake. While I was there they had closing exercises of the summer term at the college. I did not go in to see them, but I learned that they kicked up a terrible spring there, and had a great time.

Mattie Dye wishes me to inform you that she would be very happy to correspond with you, if it is your pleasure. Her address is Sheboygan Falls Wisconsin. Probably you know it though. My school continues nine long weeks longer. I guess I shall be tired when it is through. Don't think I shall stay in this school another winter: they do not pay enough. It seems to me Christie that you do not live many miles from here. The town

of Clyman where you live, joins this town (Huntsford) on the west. Why in the world couldn't you come and see me just as well as not. You would be sure to find me. Have you a brother at home that could bring you and if not maybe some body else's brother would do it. How are your brothers that are in the army? I hope they are well. Well it is just eight o'clock A. M. and I go to breakfast and get ready for school. So I will have to bid you Good Morning, and beg you to write soon. Believe me

Yours very affectionately

Ellen C.

Sheboygan Falls Wisconsin

(Dodge County)



[August 1864]

Battle of Atlanta 1864

What of Home?

Written in Camp near Atlanta Ga. when we had been deprived of mails  
for two weeks in consequence of our communication being broken by the enemy.

Thou smiling morn precursor of the day,  
Thou radiant Orb with warm benignant ray,  
Thou plaintive zephyrs in thy gentle sigh,  
Thou howling nightwind in thine angry cry,  
Come - tell me all as hurrying past ye roam,  
Tell, Oh! tell me what of distant home?

Ye vivid lightnings with your blinding flash,  
Ye roaring thunders with your awful crash,  
Ye wandering streams as o'er the meads ye flow,  
Ye dashing cataracts as leaping forth ye go,  
Come - tell to me from midst your whitening foam,  
Tell, Oh tell me, what of distant home?

Ye feathered songsters of the shady grove,  
Ye finny tribes as silent as ye move,  
Ye gentle ebriads of the murmuring stream,  
Ye guardian Spirits of my slumbering dreams,  
Ye glittering orbs bespanning Heaven's high dome,  
Tell Oh! tell me, what of distant home?

Silent all - ye note not my my restraints,  
But coldly turn and laugh at my complaints,  
But hark! A welcome sound comes from afar,  
The shrieking engine and the rumbling cars  
With hurrying footsteps, welcome do ye come,  
Ye bring me tidings from the loved at home,

[ August 1864 ]

Battle of Atlanta 1864

What of Home?

Written in camp near Atlanta Ga. when we had been deprived of mails  
for two weeks in consequence of our communication being broken by the enemy.

Thou smiling morn precursor of the day,  
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But coldly turn and laugh at my complaints,  
But hark! A welcome sound comes from afar,  
The shrieking engine and the rumbling cars  
With hurrying footsteps, welcome do ye come,  
Ye bring me tidings from the loved at home,

List to the songs,

List to the song in the low gentle sigh  
That's floating so sweet on the grand Ocean wide,  
List to the song in the wild angry cry  
Of the tempest that awakens the blue tinted tide.

List to the song in the bright silent flash  
That ripens the industrious husbandman's grain,  
List to the song in the loud thunder's crash  
That's shaking the earth in his anguish again.

List to the song in the bright starry light  
Of glittering diamonds in numbers so great,  
List to the song of the stolid Queen of night  
As she marches along in her proud regal state.

List to the song in the musketry's rattle  
When heroes are falling in numbers around,  
List to the song in the midst of the battle  
Rebellion is beaten and struck to the ground.

List to the song on the dire battle field  
So terribly sung in the loud cannon's roar,  
When foemen so haughty are thus made to yield.  
To Freedom's great cause - may it live ever more.

List to the song in the last parting breath  
Of the Christian so pure and so happily blest,  
List to the song past the gates of that death  
As sung by the Seraphs in sweet endless rest

Written during the siege of Atlanta Aug. 1864



[August 3, 1864 - January 13, 1865]

[Letters relating to Alexander Christie's attempts  
to enlist in the First Minnesota Battery]

General Head Quarters, State of Minnesota,  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Saint Paul, Minn. Aug. 3<sup>d</sup> 1864  
H. Christie Esq,  
Ogden Wis.

Sir

In reply to your letter of the  
27<sup>th</sup> ult. I beg to inform you, that in order to  
enlist into the first Minn. Battery or any other  
Minn. organization it would be necessary for you  
to come either to Rochester or St Paul, Minn. to  
be mustered into Service by one of the Provost Marshals  
for this State, residing at the places before mentioned.  
According to last reports received the first Battery  
was full to the maximum and therefore no  
more recruits for the same could be received.  
This may change however, and I would advise  
you, that before coming to Rochester, first to  
write to this office to ascertain whether any more  
Recruits for that Battery will be mustered.

Yours obt. servt.  
Oscar Malmros  
Adj. Genl.  
P.H.P.

General Head Quarters, State of Minnesota,  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Saint Paul, Minn. Aug. 29<sup>th</sup> 1864

Mrs. S. Christie Esq  
Ogden.  
Wis.

Sir

In reply to yours of the 22<sup>nd</sup> inst I  
beg to inform you that there are no vacancies in the  
1<sup>st</sup> Batt'y of Minn. Light Art'y, and that therefore  
no recruits can be accepted for it.

Very respectfully,  
Yours obt. servt.

Oscar Malmros  
Adjutant General.

General Head Quarters, State of Minnesota,  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Saint Paul, Minn. Aug. 3<sup>d</sup> 1864  
H. Christie Esq,  
Clyman Wisc.

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This may change however, and I would advise  
you, that before coming to Rochester, first to  
write to this Office to ascertain whether any more  
recruits for that Battery will be mustered.

Yours obdt. servt.  
Oscar Malmros  
Adj. Genl.  
P.H.P.

General Head Quarters, State of Minnesota,  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Saint Paul, Minn. Aug. 29<sup>th</sup> 1864

Mrs. S. Christie Esq  
Clyman.  
Wisc.

Sir

In reply to yours of the 25<sup>th</sup> inst I  
beg to inform you that there are no vacancies in the  
1<sup>st</sup> Batt'y of Minn. Light Art'y, and that therefore  
no recruits can be accepted for it.

Very respectfully.

Yours obdt. servt.

Oscar Malmros  
Adjutant General.



Lower Mr Office  
First Dist of Minn  
St Paul Min Dec 3<sup>d</sup> 1864

A. S. Christie  
Sir,

In Ans to yours of this  
Date, I have to inform you, I have the authority  
to enlist men for 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>d</sup> Regt

Respectfully  
Yours &c

Charles H. Lee  
Capt & Comd  
First Dist Minn



General Head Quarters, State of Minnesota

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

Saint Paul, July 13, 1865

A. S. Christie Esq  
Weyman, Dodge &  
Wick.

Sir

I beg to inform you, that  
the first Battery is now below the minimum  
and recruits for the same will be accepted.

Very respectfully  
your obedt servt  
J. A. Mulvaney  
Adjutant General  
J. A. Mulvaney

From Mr Office  
First Dist of Minn  
St Charles Min Dec 3<sup>d</sup> 1864

A. S. Christie  
Sir,

In Ans to yours of this  
Date, I have to inform you, I have no authority  
to enlist men for 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>d</sup> Regt

Respectfully  
Yours &c

Charles H. Lee  
Capt & Prov M  
First Dist Minn



General Head Quarters, State of Minnesota

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

Saint Paul

July 13, 1865

A. S. Christie Esq  
Weyman, Dodge &  
Wisc.

Sir

I beg to inform you, that  
the first Battery is now below the minimum  
and recruits for the same will be accepted.

Very respectfully  
your obedt servt  
J. A. Malmgren  
Adjutant General  
J. A. Malmgren



of a Radical Protestant and of one you must come to us  
There is one character in my regard by the name of Smith  
a man of England & a head ~~the~~ woman's face & figure  
I will find them you would be able to find  
the study of my ideas would be any reasonable man to you  
But I must end this off. Good night & (Charles)

Near Atlanta Ga August 4<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Sandy:

Our Mail facilities are far  
better now than they have been <sup>before</sup> since we came  
into the Service, for here we are getting letters  
almost daily & of very late dates too. For instance  
your & Sarah's letters postmarked the 28<sup>th</sup> July  
came to us yesterday the 3<sup>rd</sup>, so that we are  
actually much nearer home now than we  
were at Corinth, our line of communication  
being all Rail Road. A man could go from  
Atlanta to Chyan in about four days, so we  
are not very far from you here after all.  
Well, as I was saying, the Mail came in last  
evening, bringing to M. a short letter from Newton  
Centre & an equally short harvest note of the 26<sup>th</sup> from  
yourself, and to me a nice long letter from the  
Chyan School Maam, for which you will  
please thank her in my name, & tell her I  
take back & eat up all the chiding words that  
began my letter of yesterday to her, & also that



~~that~~ I will give her time to read that last effusion - say three days - before I let her have another one. This correspondence with all you & some people is more of a comfort to us than you can imagine, especially when we get good letters, as was that one of Sarah's of the 27<sup>th</sup>. I was reading yours ~~last~~ evening when the heavy roll of the Skirmisher's rifles immediately in our front, & the infernal yelling of the Johnnies, told us that one of their "Charges" was on hand. The letters were hurriedly shoved into blouse pockets, the command of "Cannoniers to your Posts" was given, Spical Case & Canister was hurried up from the Limbers, & every Man stood with Equipments buckled on, waiting for the order to Commence Firing, when the Skirmish Line should be driven in on the Line of battle.

But no such thing was done, our fellows in the Rifle pits in front were reinforced promptly by Genl. Belknap's Comdg Brigade, & held the Ribs gallantly at bay, so that we had no chance to fire a shot. & after standing to our posts for a half hour the fire in front

died away to sullen shots at long intervals, when the Cannoniers were allowed to lie down & take off their boots, their Ammunition & canteen pouches under their heads, & with orders to be up & have the horses harnessed at three in the morning. So this morning we were all ready for the Attack, but none came, & this forenoon everything is still, except once in a while a shot from our ever watchful Riflemen in the Rifle pits. There was very heavy fighting on our extreme Left yesterday afternoon, as we could tell by the musketry & cannonading, but nothing has been heard of the result, or whether the battle was defensive on our side or not. The thing is evidently working to a point, & we will have a "fight or a foot race", probably both, in this vicinity, soon, after which I hope to date my letters by dropping the prefix "Dear". I saw by Sarah's letter that you have written to Walmor, & think it is right, but you must not be in too much of a hurry about enlisting for the reasons of which I told you before.

But, above all do not be tempted to go in  
any of the new Regts. now forming, for it will  
be the very worst thing you can do, and repen-  
tance will come too late. Trust to our experience  
when we tell you that our branch of the service is  
the most preferable on every account & the ad-  
vantages you will gain by coming into this old,  
tried organization with us are more than I  
could tell you in the space of a short letter like this.  
When you come down you will see the difference.

A man in the Infantry loses his identity almost.  
He is only such a number in the Rear or Front Rank  
for their duties are all precisely alike. & if any soldier  
is a Machine it is the Infantry man. While in a  
Platoon in the Artillery not two men perform the  
same duties, & everyone is far more independent  
& self reliant than in an Infantry Company.

Each of our Platoons, working a gun, is a little Repub-  
lic, of which the Sergeant is Chief Magistrate &  
the two Corporals his Assistants. Everything is done  
about the internal affairs of the Platoon without  
consulting any Commissioned Officer, the Sergeant  
& the Boys themselves being considered fully com-  
petent for all the various duties without that depend-  
ance on Shoulder straps which is the peculiarity of the  
Foot service. One great reason why our Battery has  
such a good reputation is because all the men work as  
much for it as if each one was Capt. they all feel person-  
ally concerned in preserving the good name of the Comp'y.  
& never need to be dealt with as other men are to make  
them do their duty. You will understand this, when I  
tell you that fully  $\frac{7}{8}$  seven eighths of them are Americans  
of the best type too. As proof of this, I send you a list of my  
Platoon & you may see by the names that many are from  
Puritans etc etc. The best portion of our company is Americans  
no matter what your friends might say, & for a good reason.

But above all do not be tempted to go in  
any of the new Regts. now forming, for it will  
be the very worst thing you can do, and repen-  
tance will come too late, Trust to our experience  
when we tell you that our branch of the service is  
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ally concerned in preserving the good name of the Comp'y.  
& never need to be dealt with as other men are to make  
them do their duty. You will understand this, when I  
tell you that fully 7/8 even eightths of them are Americans  
of the best type too. As proof of this, I send you a list of my  
Platoon & you may see by the names that many are from  
Puritans etc etc. The best portion of our Army is Americans  
no matter what your Irish neighbors may say, & for a good reason.



My dear Dan:

Our Mutual friends are far better now than they have been since we came with the horse, for here we are getting letters almost daily & of very late date too, for instance your & Dan's letter postmarked the 28th July came to us yesterday, the 3rd so that we are actually much nearer home now than we were at Omaha our line of communication being all that good, it may be said go from Omaha to Chicago in about four days, so we are not very far from you now after all, Well, as I was saying, the great cause in hand is coming, bringing to us a short letter from William Carter & an equally short harvest note of the 26th from yourself, and to me a nice long letter from the Chymon School Mission, for which you will please thank me in my name, & tell him I like best & set up all the cheering words that began my letter of yesterday to him & also that

near Atlanta Ga. August 4th 1864

of a Radical Protestant set of men you must come to us. There is one character in my squad by the name of Smith, a New England peddler, with a head ~~as~~ seven & five eighths & well filled with whom you would be delighted. The study of him alone would be any evening treat to you. But I must send this off. Thos. D. Christie

List of Men in 3rd Platoon, 1st Minn. Battery

Christie, Thos. D.	--- Sergeant ---	Ireland
Gross	--- Corporal ---	Maine
Foster	--- Corporal ---	New York
O'Real	--- Canonier ---	Ireland
Applebee	" " " 2-	England
Christie W. B.	" " " 3-	Scotland
Wright	" " " 4-	New York
Tammam	" " " 5-	Indiana
Smith, R. H.	" " " 6-	New Hampshire
Griffing, J.	" " " 7-	Massachusetts
Eagles	Driver No. 1	New Brunswick
Griffing W.	" " " 2-	Massachusetts
Allen	" " " 3-	Connecticut
Lord	" " " 4-	Maine
Salisbury	" " " 5-	Michigan
Dunfee	" " " 6-	New York
Blood	Superintendent	Maine
Lathrop	" " "	New York
La Rue	" " "	Canada
Lee	" " "	New England

The other five men of the Platoon are merely attached to it for expressing purposes being an artificer, a mule driver, the Farrier &c. all Americans & good fellows.

ENCLOSURE

My dear dandy:  
 Dear Mark Twain as far  
 as the divorce for here we are getting letters  
 almost daily & of very late date too for instance  
 your & daughter's letter postmarked the 28th July  
 came to us yesterday the 3rd so that we are  
 actually much nearer home now than we  
 were at Omaha our line of communication  
 being all that's best. If man could go from  
 Atlanta to Chicago in a week four days, so we  
 are not very far from you after all.  
 Well, as I was saying the West came in last  
 evening, bringing to us a short letter from Susan  
 Centre & an especially short & sweet note of the 26th from  
 yourself, and to me a nice long letter from the  
 Chynoweths & Masses for which you will  
 please thank her in my name & tell her I  
 take heart & set up all the cheering words that  
 began my letter of yesterday to her & also that

near Atlanta in August 4th 1864  
 of a Radical Protestant set of men you must come to us.  
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 a New England peddler, with a head ~~of~~ seven & five eighths  
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 But I must send this off. Thos. D. Christie

List of Men in 3rd Platoon, 1st Minn. Battery

Christie, Thos. D.	-----	Lieutenant	Ireland
Gross	-----	Corporal	Maine
Foster	-----	Corporal	New York
O'Real	-----	Commoner - No. 1	Ireland
Applebee	-----	" "	2 - England
Christie W. G.	-----	" "	3 - Scotland
Night	-----	" "	4 - New York
Tamm	-----	" "	5 - Indiana
Smith, R. H.	-----	" "	6 - New Hampshire
Griffing, J.	-----	" "	7 - Massachusetts
Eagles	-----	Driver - No. 1	New Brunswick
Griffing W.	-----	" "	2 - Massachusetts
Allen	-----	" "	3 - Connecticut
Lord	-----	" "	4 - Maine
Salisbury	-----	" "	5 - Michigan
Dunfee	-----	" "	6 - New York
Blood	-----	Superannuated	Maine
Lathrop	-----	" "	New York
La Rue	-----	" "	Canada
Lee	-----	" "	New England

The other five men of the Platoon are merely attached  
 to it for pressing purposes being an artificer, a mule  
 driver, the Farrier &c. all Americans & good fellows.

ENCLOSURE

The Postage Stamps in your letter are very welcome, I franked  
a letter to Sarah yesterday.



Near Atlanta, Ga. August 5<sup>th</sup>/64

My dear Sister. [Sarah Christie]

I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 27<sup>th</sup> Ult. - a very interesting letter - which I got on the 3<sup>rd</sup> while a very hard fight was going on on each side of us, especially on our left. I had to read it by piecemeal, as you might say, while getting my piece ready for action, for we expected an attack on our part of the line. This way of reading the letter perhaps made me think it better than it was, but I liked it better than any other I have got from you in a long while. I must congratulate you on the approaching end of your summer work, - school is out tomorrow I believe, - & must also commend your resolution not to do any more of it for a while, - there is no use in driving yourself to death. I send herewith something for your

Photograph Album, being no less than  
a likeness of Lieut. F. L. Heywood of  
our Battery of whom you have doubtless  
heard me speak, & who went to see He  
in Boston when on his Vietnam furlough  
& who was our Orderly Sgt. for so long.

The photograph does not do him justice for  
he was sick when it was taken, but he  
promises that if he can get Leave of Absence  
this coming Fall he will show you the  
Original with all the late improvements  
in the shape of ~~scarlet~~ crimson Shoulder straps &c.  
If he comes up with us we will have a good  
time singing some of the new pieces of the  
day, for he is an accomplished vocalist  
as well as a performer on the Melodion.

Put him in the Album along with the rest  
of our Boys, & I hope to add a few more  
of "Ours" to the collection after we settle  
down again, on the fall of Atlanta,  
if they let us rest even after that.

I think that Atlanta is not the chief  
object of Sherman's operations myself

for the destruction or capture of the  
Rebel Army is worth more to us than  
a dozen Atlantas, & we will be right on  
the move till that object is accomplished.  
He could go into the City at any time if  
we wanted to, but its occupation is not  
desired if it would endanger the main  
plan, which is for the annihilation of  
the Rebel host that man its defences.  
The desperate offensive fighting of the Enemy  
since we crossed the River, their baffled  
charges & night attacks, show that they  
know the end is nigh unless they can  
break our lines & stop the awful pressure  
on their contracting defences. Thanks to the  
fighting qualities of the Army of the Tennessee  
they have not broken our lines, - day by  
day we move forward to new positions, &  
day by day do we tighten the grip on this  
Heart of the Confederacy. They tried  
to break out last night through our line  
a little to the right of us, at about 10 O'clock,  
but after a half hours firing, during which

they shelled us fiercely in support of the  
sally, they were repulsed, & silence once more  
fell over the long dark lines of intrenchments.  
The firing began so suddenly & close to us  
that we jumped up & ran to our posts in  
almost a state of nature, having taken off our  
clothes for the first night since we came  
into this position. However, as soon as  
we got things ready, & found that the attack  
was not coming our way immediately, we  
put on boots & breeches & stood ready for  
anything that might come on.

Everything shows that they are desperate - that is  
the leaders - as for the men, they wish the thing  
ended anyway, & express the greatest joy when  
taken prisoners & are allowed to go to our Rear.

Right in rear of where our Battery is now in  
position is the battle ground of the 28<sup>th</sup> July, &  
it is awful to see the long mounds of red dirt  
that show where the Rebel dead are buried,  
in trenches containing 30, 40, 50, and in  
one trench 240 bodies. You can have no idea  
of how the field looked before the detail for burying  
went on to it, & I would not have you know  
anything about it. Of one thing the people up  
North may not assuredly hear as our loss has  
been since investing this city, it is nothing com-  
pared to that of the Rebel Army.

But this is not very agreeable for you to read  
& as we write so much now I will stop for the present  
Write soon & don't forget - Tom -



Don't you have a letter out about this time as I don't think we can get up there before that time the danger is coming & come down about the last of the month if you can. That is if you still hold your mind on the end of the road.

Near Atlanta, August 12<sup>th</sup>/64

My Dear Brother: [Alexander Christie]

I expected a letter from you before this time, but I suppose the harvest work has prevented it.

We have got nothing from home since the dates of 30<sup>th</sup> July, but as I have nothing pressing to do today I will give you a letter gratis, for which you will give me credit of course.

The usual health still accompanies us & the worst season is now over, the weather getting cooler every day so we may anticipate no trouble from the effects of old Sol during the rest of this tiresome

Campaign. The most we have to dread are the effects of inaction upon the men - the Rebels especially - as for the past 3 weeks we have done very little firing, & for the past two weeks very little moving. When the men have nothing to do but lie under the tarpaulins day after

day, without anything to interest them except the whiz of a bullet or the shriek of a shell once in a while, they are very apt to neglect taking exercise enough, & therefore lose appetite & are very much afflicted with Ennui. Sometimes we have a variation to this dull life in the shape of a vigorous shelling from the enemy's batteries, which are concealed from us by the heavy timber in our front, & are not more than 900 yards from us. The Rebels are not near so sparing of their Ammunition as they used to be, and actually fire more now from Artillery than we do. I suppose they think there is no use of surrendering, as they did at Vicksburg, with Magazine all full, & so they give us the benefit of it. I was on Guard night before last & had a good chance to see the effect of what we have so often inflicted on the Johnnies - a night shelling. They opened their Batteries on us at 9 & kept up a slow

fire till almost daylight getting no reply from us, although they made very good practice, bursting the shells close to our Guns & driving all the fellows who slept a little in rear up to the protection of our works. The effect, as a view, was very fine. First, you would see the flash of the Gun through the trees, & then, about the time the report reached you, here would come the shell, flying swiftly, its fuse burning bright as a candle, & dropping sparks. About the time it neared the works you would begin to think it was time to lie down, & then the furious shriek of the critter as it passed over, & a bright flash followed by the report, told you that you might assume the perpendicular again. All the damage they did was the wounding of one of my horses by a fragment of spherical case. We had another horse killed by a bullet the day previous. My Gunner & I went out yesterday into the woods in front to try & find out something about the

improvement my only purpose is to  
position of the Rebel forts & to do this  
we passed outside of, not only the pickets,  
but the videttes & got within 200 yds of  
the little Rifle pit that protected the Rebel  
line of skirmishers. The Picket Officer  
went out with us to show us a point from  
which we could have a good view & as  
we were crouched behind a stump taking  
observations, here comes a Rebel Officer in  
a fine grey Uniform, walking coolly ~~at~~  
along the Rebel pit. Our Picket Officer called  
the nearest vidette up & told him to shoot the  
Rebel, but before he could get his gun to bear  
the Grey back had walked behind a point of  
brush out of sight. We went out still fur-  
ther & got a good view of the Rebel works - they  
are very strong, protected by Chevrons de pins  
& the two large forts have 9 guns bearing  
on our part of the line. While still taking  
notes of the distance Range we to be useful when  
the Battery should have orders to open fire we  
were a little startled by seeing 3 of the Butternuts  
get up in the pit - now not further from us than is the  
mouth of your house lane from the Pond Lot Bars -  
take their Rifles & come over their little work, out  
through the brush in which we were hiding  
with the obvious intention of cutting us off from  
our pickets as they had probably seen us. So  
we thought it was high time to adopt Sigel's tactics  
& made a retreat in good order.  
I find that I will have to do the same from the  
int. bottle & so, Au Revoir, Thos D. Christie

Accept this as a scrap merely, written to you at any time, & give my love to all the "connections."



I expected a letter  
 from you before this time but I suppose  
 the steamboat has prevented it.  
 We have got nothing from home since the  
 date of 30th July, but as I have nothing  
 pressing to do today I will give you a little  
 gratis, for which you will give me credit  
 of course. The usual health still accom-  
 panies us & the worst season is now over  
 the weather getting colder every day so we  
 may anticipate no trouble from the effects  
 of cold during the rest of this summer  
 campaign. The meat we have to dread  
 are the effects of infection upon the man-  
 the French especially - as for the birds  
 needs we have done very little hunting  
 & for the past we were very little mor-  
 ing. When the men have nothing to do  
 but lie under the tarpaulins day after

My Dear Brother: (Alexander Macdonald)  
 Dear William, Glasgow 12th/64  
 You will have been list before the 5th September I believe  
 & so you had better see about it in time as I don't  
 think we can get up there before that time so follow the  
 directions of Watsons & come down about the last of the  
 month if you can. That is if you still hold your mind on the sub-  
 ject unchanged.

ISSUES OF THE CONFLICT—TERMS OF PEACE.

SPEECH  
OF  
WILLIAM H. SEWARD,  
ON THE OCCASION OF  
THE FALL OF ATLANTA,  
AT AUBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It is so that I like to see you come marching to the time of national airs, under the folds of the old national flag. I thank you for this hospitable and patriotic welcome. It proves that though you deal rigorously with your public servants, exacting reasons for their policy, energy in their conduct of affairs, and explanations for failures and disappointments in their administration, yet you are, nevertheless, just, because you willingly allow them to rejoice with you, when you have successes, victories, and triumphs to celebrate.

The news that brings us together is authentic. (A voice—Do you think it is reliable?) Yes. Here is a telegram which I received this morning from the Secretary of War: "Van Duzer reports that Sherman's advance entered Atlanta about noon to-day. Particulars not yet received. Edwin M. Stanton." (Three cheers were given for Atlanta.)

Now this news comes in a good shape. It is pleasant to have a grand result at the first, and it protracts the interest of the thing to have particulars coming in afterwards. (Yes, yes; we can wait for the particulars.)

This victory comes in the right connection. It falls in with the echoes of the capture of Forts Gaines and Morgan, which I understand to be the particulars of Farragut's glorious naval battle in the bay of Mobile, a battle equaled by no other in American history, but the naval achievements of the same veteran admiral at New Orleans and Port Hudson, and all these have no parallel in naval warfare but the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. (A voice—I wish we were all Farraguts.) Well, my friend, I know the Admiral well, and I confess that we all can't be Farraguts. Indeed, very few of us can. But we may take this comfort to ourselves, that as a whole people, we can appreciate the veterans. We can also appreciate Sherman, who has performed the

most successful and splendid march through a mountainous and hostile country recorded in modern history, and in doing this we show ourselves inferior in virtue to no other nation.

By the way, everybody admired Farragut's heroism, in climbing the topmast to direct the battle. But there was another "particular" of that contest that no less forcibly illustrates his heroic character. "Admiral," said one of his officers, the night before the battle, "won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning, not enough to make him drunk, but just enough to make him fight cheerfully." "Well," replied the Admiral, "I have been to sea considerable, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I wanted rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of good coffee to each man at two o'clock, and at eight o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay." (Hurrah for Farragut.) And he did give Jack the coffee, and then he went up to the masthead and *did it*.

The victory at Atlanta comes at the right place. The rebellious district is in the shape of an egg. It presents equal resistance on its whole surface. But if you could break the shell at either of the two ends, Richmond and Atlanta, the whole must crumble to pieces. While Sherman, under Grant, has been striking the big end, Meade, under Grant, has been striking just as hard blows upon the lesser end. The whole shell will now be easily crushed, for it has grown brittle with the exhaustion of vitality within.

This glorious victory comes in good time for another reason. Just now we are calling upon you for three hundred thousand more men—volunteers, if you will, drafted men if we must—to end the war. You were getting a little tired of long delays and disappointed expectations. In Indiana, a portion of the people, instigated by rebel plotters at the Clifton



House, in Canada, were importing British revolvers in boxes which passed the Custom-house as stationery, under pretense of arming to defend themselves, but really to resist the draft and bring the Government down to ruin through a subordinate and auxiliary civil war in the West. True, no arms have been imported here. Yet delegates went out from among you, and sat down in council at Chicago, with those Indiana conspirators, and agreed with them not only that this importation of arms should be defended in the election canvass, but also to demand the cessation of the war, upon the ground that success in restoring the Union is unattainable. Already, under the influence of the cheering news from Atlanta, all this discontent and this despondency have disappeared. We shall have no draft, because the army is being reinforced at the rate of five or ten thousand men per day by volunteers. (Hurrah for the volunteers.) May I not add that this victory at Atlanta comes in good time, as the victory in Mobile Bay does, to vindicate the wisdom and energy of the war administration. Farragut's fleet did not make itself, nor did he make it. It was prepared by the Secretary of the Navy; and he that shall record the history of this war truthfully and impartially, will write, that since the days of Carnot no man has organized war with ability equal to that of Stanton. (Cheers for Stanton, cheers for the Secretary of the Navy.)

But auspicious as the occasion is, it has, nevertheless, failed to bring out some whom we might have expected here. Why are they not here to rejoice in magnificent victories that will thrill the hearts of the lovers of Freedom throughout the world. Alas, that it must be confessed, it is party spirit that holds them aloof. All of them are partisans. Some are Republicans who cannot rejoice in the national victories, because this war, for the life of the Nation, is not, in all respects, conducted according to their own peculiar radical ideas and theories. They want guarantees for swift and universal and complete emancipation, or they do not want the nation saved. Others stay away because they want to be assured that in coming out of the revolutionary storm, the ship of state will be found in exactly the same condition as when the tempest assailed it, or they do not want the ship saved at all; as if anybody could give such guarantees in the name of a people of thirty millions. Others are Democrats. They received from their fathers the axiom that only Democrats could save the country, and they must save it by Democratic formulas and combinations which the progress of the age has forever exploded. They cannot come up to celebrate achievements which condemn their narrow and hereditary bigotry.

Others, of both the Republican and Democratic parties, are willing that the nation shall be saved, provided that it shall be done by some of their chosen and idolized chiefs, which chiefs they mutually denounce and revile.

They cannot honor Grant and Sherman and Granger and Farragut and Porter and Winslow, because by such homage they fear that Fremont's and McClellan's fame may be eclipsed.

Nevertheless, there are enough here of the right sort, (Yes—that's true,) enough of men who once were Republicans, but who, taking that word in a partisan sense, are Republicans no longer, and men who once were Democrats, but who, taking that word in its narrow application, are Democrats no longer. All of these are now Union men, because they found out at the beginning of this tremendous civil war, or at some period in its progress, that no man—no party—no formula—no creed could save the Union, but that only the people can save it, and they can save it only by ceasing to become partisans, and becoming patriots and Union men. (Cheers for the Union.)

Yes, my friends, when this war shall have ended in the restoration of the Union, no man then living will exult in the recollection that during its continuance he was either a Radical or a Conservative, a Republican or a Democrat, but every man will then claim to have been throughout an unreserved and unconditional Union man.

But why should party spirit, especially at this juncture, divide the American people? And why should I, a member of the Executive Administration, allude to it on such an occasion as this? The answer is at hand. The Constitution of our country commands that Administration to surrender its powers to the People, and the People to designate agents to assume and exercise them four years. You receive the Executive Government in a condition very different from what it was when committed to our care, and highly improved. We found it practically expelled from the whole country south of the Delaware, the Ohio, and the Missouri, with the most of the army and navy betrayed or fallen into the hands of the insurgents, and a new and treasonable Confederacy with the indirect but effective co-operation of foreign Powers, establishing itself on the Gulf of Mexico. We cheerfully give the Government back to you with large and conquering armies, and a triumphant navy, with the hateful Confederacy falling into pieces, and the rebellious States, one after another, returning to their allegiance.

Regarding myself on this occasion, therefore, not as a Secretary, but simply as one of the people, I, like you, am called by my vote to determine into whose hands the precious trust shall now be confided. We might wish to avoid, or at least to postpone that duty, until the present fearful crisis is passed. But it cannot and it ought not to be avoided or adjourned. It is a Constitutional trial, and the nation must go through it deliberately and bravely.

I shall, therefore, cheerfully submit, for your consideration, the course which I have concluded to adopt, and the reasons for it.

First, I beg you to remember, that the present is no common or customary Presidential

election. It occurs in the midst of civil war, arising out of a disputed succession to the Executive power. Disputed successions are the most frequent causes of civil wars, not only in Republics, but even in Monarchies. A dispute about the succession of the President, periodically begets an abortive or a real revolution, in each one of the Spanish and American Republics. So the disputed succession of the Spanish throne, begot that memorable thirty years' war, which convulsed all Europe. A dispute whether Juarez was the lawful President, brought on the present civil war, with the consequence of French intervention in Mexico. A dispute whether the present king of Denmark, who succeeded to the throne last winter, is lawful heir to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, brought about the civil war in that country, which, through German intervention, has just now ended with the dismemberment of the Danish kingdom. It is remarkable also, that civil wars produced by disputed successions, invariably begin with resistance by some one or more of the States or provinces which constitute the kingdom, empire, or republic which is disturbed. It was so with the United States of Mexico. It was so in the United States of Columbia, and the case was the same in the United States of Venezuela. Now it is certain that in 1860 we elected Abraham Lincoln, lawfully and constitutionally, to be President of the whole United States of America. Seven of the States immediately thereon rushed into disunion, and, summoning eight more to their alliance, they set up a revolutionary government. They levied war against us to effect a separation and a distinct sovereignty and independence.

We accepted the war in defense of the Union. The only grievance of the insurgents was that their choice of John C. Breckenridge for President was constitutionally overruled in the election of Lincoln. They rejected Lincoln, and set up a usurper. The executive power of the United States is now, therefore, by force, practically suspended, between that usurper, Jefferson Davis, and that constitutional President Abraham Lincoln. The war is waged by the usurper to expel that constitutional President from the Capital, which in some sort is constantly held in siege, and to conquer the States which loyally adhere to him. The war is maintained on our side to suppress the usurper, and to bring the insurgent States back, under the authority of the constitutional President. The war is at its crisis. It is clear, therefore, that we are fighting to make Abraham Lincoln President of the whole United States, under the election of 1860, to continue until the 4th of March, 1865. In voting for a President of the United States, can we wisely or safely vote out the identical person whom, with force and arms, we are fighting into the Presidency? (No, No.) You justly say, No. It would be nothing less than to give up the very object of the war at the ballot-box. The moral strength which makes our loyal position impregnable, would pass from us, and when that moral strength has

passed away, material forces are no longer effective, or even available. By such a proceeding we shall have agreed with the enemy, and shall have given him the victory. But in that agreement the Constitution and the Union will have perished, because when it shall have once been proved that a minority can by force or circumvention, defeat the full accession of a constitutionally chosen President, no President thereafter, though elected by ever so large a majority, can hope to exercise the Executive powers unopposed throughout the whole country. One of two things must follow that fatal error. Either a contest between your newly-elected compromise President, and the same usurper, in which the usurper must prevail, or else a combination between them, through which the usurper or his successor, subverting your Constitution and substituting his own, will become President, King, or Emperor of the United States, without foreign aid, if he can, with foreign intervention if necessary. (That's so.) To be sure it's so; nothing is more certain than that either the United States and their Constitutional President, or the so-called Confederate States, and their usurping President, must rule within the limits of this Republic. I therefore regard the pending Presidential election as involving the question, whether, hereafter, we shall have our Constitution and our country left us. How shall we vote, then, to save our country from this fearful danger? (Vote Lincoln in again.) You have hit it exactly, my friend. We must vote Lincoln in again, and fight him in at the same time. If we do this, the rebellion will perish and leave no root. If we do otherwise, we have only the alternatives of acquiescence in a perpetual usurpation, or of entering an endless succession of civil and social wars. Upon these grounds, entirely irrespective of platform and candidate, I consider the recommendations of the Convention at Chicago, as tending to subvert the Republic. (It's so, that's a fact.)

It will seem a hard thing when I imply, that a party, like the Democratic party, can either mediate or inconsiderately adopt measures, to overthrow the Republic. All experience, however, shows that it is by the malice or the madness of great parties that Free States have been brought down to destruction. You often hear alarms that a party in power is subverting the State, and it sometimes happens so. But nine times out of ten, it is a party out of power, that in its impatience or its ambition overthrows a Republic.

The Democratic party, of course, leaving off the Loyal Union Democrats, opposed the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. In doing so, they divided and organized in three columns. One a treasonable column of State-Rights-Disunion Democrats under Breckinridge. A second, a loyal northern column, under Douglas. The third a loyal but conciliatory flying column, under John Bell, who has since joined the insurgents. We thereupon invited the two loyal columns to combine with the Republican party to oppose the disunion Democratic column.



They declined. On the eve of the election of 1860, I told the followers of Douglas and of Bell, that when the election should have closed, they would find they had inadvertently favored disunion and rebellion. They persisted, and the attempted revolution came. Disunion then presented itself, in the practical form of preventing Abraham Lincoln from assuming the Executive authority, (and it stands before us in exactly the same form now.) Thus the Democratic party produced that calamity, the Southern Democrats acting from design, the Northern Democrats passive through inadvertence. The disputed succession still remains unadjusted. A new election has come on. For a time, the Northern Democrats, with notable exceptions, gave a more or less liberal support to the Government against the Democratic insurgents of the South. But the same Democratic forces which operated in the election of 1860, now appear in the political field, with positions and policy unchanged since that time, as I think, except for the worse. The Southern Democracy is still in arms under the usurper at Richmond. The Douglas and Bell columns consolidated, are found at Chicago, and all three of the parties are compassing the rejection of Abraham Lincoln, the constitutional President of the United States. They agree not only in this attempt, but they assign the same reasons for it—namely, that Abraham Lincoln is a tyrant.

They agree, also, that the real usurper at Richmond is blameless, and pure, at least the Richmond Democracy affirm it, and the Chicago Democracy do not gainsay it. To me, therefore, the Democracy at Richmond and the Democracy at Chicago, like Caesar and Pompey, seem to retain all their original family resemblance. They are very much alike—especially Pompey. But it is not in mere externals that their similarity lies. They talk very much alike, as I have already shown you. When you consider that among the Democrats at Chicago, the Indiana Democrats were present, who have imported arms to resist the national authority and defeat the national laws, and that all the Democrats there assembled agreed to justify that proceeding, I think you will agree with me that the Richmond Democrats and the Chicago Democrats have lately come to act very much alike.

I shall now go further and prove to you that they not only have a common policy, and a common way of defending it, but they have even adopted that policy in concert with each other. You know that when the Chicago Convention was approaching in July last, George N. Sanders, Clement C. Clay, and J. P. Holcombe appeared at the Clifton House, on the Canada bank of the Niagara river, fully invested with the confidence and acquainted with the purposes of Jefferson Davis and his confederates at Richmond. You know, also, that Chicago Democrats resorted there in considerable numbers, to confer with these emissaries of Jefferson Davis. Here is the fruit of that conference, and no one can deny the authenticity of my

evidence. It is extracted from the *London Times*, the common organ of all the enemies of the United States. The New York correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Niagara Falls, under date of August 8, says:

Clifton House has become a center of negotiations between the Northern friends of peace and Southern agents, which propose a withdrawal of differences from the arbitrament of the sword. The correspondent then goes on to explain that an effort is to be made to nominate a candidate for the Presidency on the platform of an armistice and a convention of States, and to thwart, by all possible means, the efforts of Mr. Lincoln for re-election.

Mark now, that on the 8th of August, 1864, Northern Democrats and Richmond agents agree upon three things to be done at Chicago.

Namely: 1st. A withdrawal of the differences between the Government and the insurgents from the arbitrament of the sword. 2d. A nomination for President of the United States, on a platform of an armistice, and ultimately a convention of the States. 3d. To thwart, by all possible means, the re-election of Abraham Lincoln.

Such a conference, held in a neutral country, between professedly loyal citizens of the United States and the agents of the Richmond traitors in arms, has a very suspicious look. But let that pass. Political elections must be free, and therefore they justly excuse many extravagancies. We have now seen what the agents of Pompey and Caesar agreed at Niagara that Pompey should do at Chicago. Here is what he actually did:

*Resolved*, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

The Democracy at Chicago did there just what had been agreed upon with the Richmond agents at Niagara, namely, they pronounced for an abandonment of the military defense of the Union against the insurgents, with a view to an ultimate National Convention, and the defeat of the election of Abraham Lincoln. That is to say, they proposed to eject Abraham Lincoln from the Presidential Chair at Washington, on the 4th of March next, and at the same time leave the usurper, Davis, unassailed, secure and unmolested in his seat at Richmond, with a view to an ultimate Convention of States, which that usurper's constitution will allow no one of the insurgent States to enter. What now, if there be no convention at all, or if the convention fail to agree on a submission to the Federal authority? Jefferson Davis then remains in authority, his Confederacy established, and the Union with all its glories is gone forever. Nay, more, if such a thing could happen as that the Chicago candidate, nominated upon such an agreement, should be elected President of the United States on the

first Tuesday of November next, who can vouch for the safety of the country against the rebels during the interval which must elapse before the new Administration can constitutionally come into power? It seems to me that such an election would tend equally to demoralize the Union and to invite the insurgents to renew their efforts for its destruction.

It remains for me now only to give you the proof, that although the way in which the Chicago Democracy did what had been agreed upon in their behalf at Niagara, was not altogether satisfactory, yet what they actually did was accepted as a full execution of the previous compact:

ST. CATHARINES, C. W., Sept. 1.

To Hon. D. Wier, *Halt!*  
Platform and Presidential nominee unsatisfactory. Vice-President and speeches satisfactory. Tell Philmore not to oppose.

(Signed)

GEO. N. SANDERS.

D. Wier is a Richmond accomplice at Halifax, and Philmore is understood to be the conductor of the insurgent organ in London.

Here, then, we have a nomination and a platform which were made by treaty formally contracted between the Democratic traitors at Richmond, and the Democratic opposition at Chicago, signed, sealed, attested, and delivered in the presence of the *London Times*, and already ratified at Richmond. ("By Heaven, we've got 'em.") Got them, to be sure you've got them, my friends. They say I am always too sanguine of the success of national candidates and of the national arms. But it seems to me that the veriest croaker in all our loyal camp will take new courage, and become heroic when he sees that the last hope of the rebellion hangs upon the ratification of this abominable and detestable compact by the American people.

Yes, you have got them; but how did you get them? Not by any skill or art of the Administration, or even through the sagacity or activity of the loyal people, but through the cunning of the conspirators overreaching itself, and thus working out their own defeat and confusion. They do say that the father of evil always indulges his chosen disciples with such an excess of subtlety, as to render their ultimate ruin and punishment inevitable.

And what a time is this to proclaim such a policy, conceived in treachery, and brought forth with shameless effrontery. A cessation of hostilities on the heel of decisive naval and land battles, at the very moment that the rebellion, without a single fort in its possession on the ocean, or on either of the great rivers or lakes, is crumbling to the earth, and at the same time a dozen new ships of war are going to complete the investment by sea, and three hundred thousand volunteers are rushing to the lines, to complete the work of restoration and pacification.

There is a maxim which thoughtful teachers always carefully inculcate. It is that inconsistency is imbecility, and that perseverance is necessary to insure success. This maxim was set forth in the form of a text in the writing-book, when I was young: "Perseverance always

conquers." Even infantile beginners encountered the instruction in the form of a fable in Webster's spelling book. The story was, that after using soft words and tufts of grass, the farmer tried what virtue there was in stones, and by persistence in that application, he brought the rude boy who was stealing apples down from the tree, and made him ask the farmer's pardon. Our Chicago teachers tell us that just as the rude boy is coming down, we must lay down the stones and resort again to the use of grass, with the consequence, of course, that the farmer must beg pardon of the trespasser.

But what makes this Chicago policy more contemptible, and even ridiculous, is that it is nothing different from the policy with which the same parties now contracting actually ushered in disunion in 1861, in the closing hours of the Administration of James Buchanan. Yes, my dear friends, when we of this Administration came into our places in March, 1861, we found there existing just the system which is now recommended at Chicago, namely: 1st, a treasonable confederacy in arms against the Federal authority; 2d, a truce between the Government of the United States and the rebels, a veritable armistice, which was so construed that while the National ports and forts were thoroughly invested along the sea-coast and rivers by the insurgents, they could be neither reinforced, nor supplied even with food, by the Government; 3d, a languid debate with a view to an ultimate National Convention, which the rebels haughtily despised and contemptuously rejected. What were the alternatives left us? Either to surrender ourselves and the Government at discretion, or to summon the people to arms, terminate the armistice, adjourn the demoralizing debate, and "repossess" ourselves of the National forts and ports. All agreed that this course was right then. And now has all the treasure that has been spent, and all the precious blood that has been poured forth, gone for nothing else but to secure an ignominious retreat, and return at the end of four years to the hopeless imbecility and rapid process of national dissolution, which existed when Abraham Lincoln took into his hands the reins of Government.

Every one of you know, that but for that accession of Abraham Lincoln, just at that time, the Union would, in less than three months, have fallen into absolute and irretrievable ruin.

I will not dwell long on the complaints which misguided, but not intentionally perverse men, bring against the Administration of Abraham Lincoln. They complain of military arrests of spies and lurking traitors in the loyal States, as if the Government could justify itself for waiting without preventive measures, for more States to be invaded or to be carried off into secession. They complain that when we call for volunteers, we present the alternative of a draft, as if when the ship has been scuttled, the captain ought to leave the sleeping passengers to go to the bottom without calling upon them to take their turns at the pump.



They are not content with plotting sedition in secret places, but they go up and down the public streets uttering treason, vainly seeking to provoke arrest, in order that they may complain of a denial of the liberty of speech. The impunity they everywhere enjoy under the protection of constitutional debate, shows at one and the same time, that their complaints are groundless, and that the Union in the element of moral stability is stronger than they know.

The chief complaint against the President is, that he will not accept peace on the basis of the integrity of the Union, without having also the abandonment of slavery. When and where have the insurgents offered him peace on the basis of the integrity of the Union? Nobody has offered it. The rebels never will offer it. Nobody on their behalf can offer it. They are determined and pledged to rule this Republic or ruin it. I told you here a year ago, that practically slavery was no longer in question—that it was perishing under the operation of the war. That assertion has been confirmed. The Union men in all the slave States that we have delivered are even more anxious than we are to abolish slavery. Witness Western Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Jefferson Davis tells you in effect the same thing. He says that it is not slavery, but independence and sovereignty for which he is contending. There is good reason for this. A hundred dollars in gold is only a year's purchase of the labor of the working man in every part of the United States. At less than half that price you could buy all the slaves in the country. Nevertheless, our opponents want a distinct exposition of the President's views on the ultimate solution of the slavery question.

Why do they want it? For the same reason that the Pharisees and Sadducees wanted an authoritative solution of the questions of casuistry which arose in their day. One of those sects believed in a kingdom to come, and the other altogether denied the resurrection of the dead. Nevertheless, they walked together in loving accord in search of instruction concerning the spirit world. "Master," said they, "there was a man of our nation who married a wife and died, leaving six brothers. These brothers successively married the widowed woman, and afterwards died. And last of all the woman died also. In the resurrection, which of the seven shall have this woman to his wife?"

Now what was it to them whether one or all should have the woman to wife in Heaven. It could be nothing to the Sadducees in any case. What was it to any human being on this side of the grave? What was it to any human being in heaven except the woman and her seven husbands—absolutely nothing. Yet they would have an answer. And they received one. The answer was that while in this mortal state, men and women shall never cease to marry and to die, there will be in the resurrection neither death nor marrying or giving in marriage.

Altogether unauthorized to speak

for the President upon hypothetical questions, I think I can give an answer upon the subject of slavery at the present day—an answer which will be explicit, and I hope not altogether unsatisfactory. While the rebels continue to wage war against the Government of the United States, the military measures affecting slavery, which have been adopted from necessity, to bring the war to a speedy and successful end, will be continued, except so far as practical experience shall show that they can be modified advantageously, with a view to the same end.

*When the insurgents shall have disbanded their armies, and laid down their arms, the war will instantly cease—and all the war measures then existing, including those which affect slavery, will cease also; and all the moral, economical and political questions, as well questions affecting slavery as others, which shall then be existing, between individuals, and States, and the Federal Government, whether they arose before the civil war began, or whether they grow out of it, will, by force of the Constitution, pass over to the arbitrament of courts of law, and to the councils of legislation.*

I am not unsophisticated enough to expect that conspirators, while yet unsubdued, and exercising an unrestricted despotism in the insurrectionary States, will either sue for or even accept an amnesty based on the surrender of the power they have so recklessly usurped. Nevertheless, I know that if any such conspirator should tender his submission upon such terms, that he will at once receive a candid hearing, and an answer prompted purely by a desire for peace, with the maintenance of the Union. On the other hand, I do expect propositions of peace with a restoration of the Union, to come, not from the Confederates in authority, nor through them, but from citizens and States under and behind them. And I expect such propositions from citizens and States to come over the Confederates in power, just so fast as those citizens and States shall have delivered themselves or shall have been delivered by the Federal arms, from the usurpation by which they are now oppressed. All the world knows, that so far as I am concerned, and, I believe, so far as the President is concerned, all such applications will receive just such an answer as it becomes a great, magnanimous and humane people, to grant to brethren, who have come back from their wanderings, to seek a shelter in the common ark of our national security and happiness.

The sun is setting. So surely as it shall rise again, so surely do I think that the great events we have now celebrated prelude the end of our national troubles, and the restoration of the national authority with peace, prosperity, and freedom throughout the whole land, from the lakes to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean.

And so I bid you good night; and may God have you, with our whole country, always in his holy and paternal keeping.

Enthusiastic cheers were given at the conclusion of the speech.

## THE PLATFORMS.

**READ AND CONTRAST.**—Note the demand made in the Union platform that the Union must be restored, the Constitution maintained, the Laws enforced and the Ballot-box respected. And observe how, in the hour of Victory, when an unconditional surrender to these just demands is undoubted, if we but remain firm, the Democratic platform demands that we ground our arms and beg of rebels to return to the Union and grant us peace.

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*Resolved, That we approve the determination of the Government of the United States not to compromise with rebels, nor to offer any terms of peace except such as may be based upon an "unconditional surrender" of their hostility and a return to their just allegiance to the Constitution and laws of the United States, and that we call upon the Government to maintain this position and to prosecute the war with the utmost possible vigor to the complete suppression of the rebellion, and in full reliance upon the self-sacrifice, the patriotism, the heroic valor, and the undying devotion of the American people to their country and its free institutions.*

*Resolved, That as slavery was the cause, and now constitutes the strength of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the republic, and that we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the Government, in its own defence, has aimed a death-blow at this gigantic evil. We are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits of the jurisdiction of the United States.*

*Resolved, That the thanks of the American people are due to the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy, who have perilled their lives in defense of their country, and in vindication of the honor of the flag; that the nation owes to them some permanent recognition of their patriotism and valor, and ample and permanent provision for those of their survivors who have received disabling and honorable wounds in the service of their country; and that the memories of those who have fallen in its defence shall be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance.*

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The Democratic National Convention which gathered at Chicago on the 29th of August, and presented the names of GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN for President, and GEORGE H. PENDLETON for Vice-President, agreed on and adopted the following

#### PLATFORM

*Resolved*, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution as the only solid foundation of our strength, security, and happiness as a people, and as a framework of government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern.

*Resolved*, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, peace, and the public welfare require that the immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other possible means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

*Resolved*, That the direct interference of the military

authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Delaware, was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and the repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

*Resolved*, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired; and they hereby declare that they consider the Administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary military arrests, imprisonment, trial, and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force, the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test-oaths, and the interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetuation of a Government deriving its just power from the consent of the governed.

*Resolved*, That the shameful disregard of the Administration to its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens who now and long have been prisoners of war in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation, on the score alike of public interest and common humanity.

*Resolved*, That the sympathies of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiery of our army, who are and have been in the field under the flag of our country; and, in the event of our obtaining power, they will receive all the care and protection, regard and kindness, that the brave soldiers of the Republic have so nobly earned.

In Camp near Atlanta Ga.  
Sept 13<sup>th</sup>/64

My dear Sister:

Nothing from you in  
a long age till it became known  
Don't care much whether you ever  
hear from us again or not but you  
see I do not choose that you should  
forget us so easily & so shall pester  
you with a spoiled sheet out of  
spite.

Have you begun house  
keeping for Uncle yet & if so how do  
you get along? Has Agnes Gibb  
been helping Grandmother ever since  
last fall?

I saw Jim Strachan  
on the West Point R.R. on the 28<sup>th</sup> Ult &  
several times since at our position  
near Fayetteville. His visit took me  
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up on the Idaho Expedition with Brack-  
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into Co L of the same Regt. Came down from Minnesota last spring, stayed at Ashville on detail in a Battery till after the Mc Cook Raid, then took French Leave & joined his Regt. at Landtown. Arrived in time to set out with Kilpatrick on his great Raid from Landtown around the besieged city, but did not go clear through with him for 300 of his Brigade were detached from the main column at Fairburn & sent down to ~~see~~ Griffin on the Macon Road, while the rest struck it at Loring. Near Griffin Jim's party captured a train & destroyed it, but their destruction of the R.R. was summarily put a stop to by the arrival of 2 Brigades of Rebel Cavalry who almost surrounded the little party before they were aware of it & then began a regular running fight almost back to Landtown. They were cut off twice & had to cut their way through, but finally came off without the loss of many men. Jim said it was the most laughable thing ever he was in. he & one of the Lieuts.

in his company brought up the rear & were several times in the most imminent danger of capture. When he came to see me we had just struck the West Point Road three miles above Fairburn & commenced fortifying. The Pioneers of our Division had almost completed a fort for our guns - a half-hour's work of rails & earth - & I was engaged in getting my Piece into position when Strachan came up behind, slapped the sheathed Sabre against my leg, with the remark "I think I've seen you before, Major."

I turned around & there he was, looking as natural as if it were but the week before that you & I saw him at Robertson's, instead of almost 3 years; his wide mouth distended with a grin of amusement at the blank look with which I greeted him at first, for I supposed all along that he was up north fighting Indians. There is not a mote of change in him, the same laughing, devil-may-care fellow, self-reliant

and self-confident. His voice, even  
has not changed, but has the same deep  
strain in it so that I knew him by that  
before I turned towards him. You rem-  
ember his big gray eyes, just as big  
& gray as ever are they, & you should  
have seen them sparkle as we told each  
other some of the "times" we had seen since  
he came last to see us at St. Louis Arsenal.

What laughing we had over those green  
days of soldiering, when we were "never to see  
a fight for the war would be over before  
we could get into the Field."

Strachan, in his suit of Cavalry Pants,  
Blouse, wild brimmed hat, & spurred  
Boots, with a Sharps Carbine slung  
from his shoulder, on his belt a Sabre  
& Revolver, and standing by his steady  
horse on whose saddle is buckled his Poncho  
Canteen & haversack which are all he carries  
looks the Beau Ideal of the one of Kilpatrick's  
troopers.

I saw Kilpatrick  
the same day, talking with Genl. Blair.

He is a little modest man, with a long  
nose & a mighty sharp eye, & swears  
dreadfully if anything goes wrong.  
The men of the 3<sup>d</sup> Cavalry Division would  
follow him to the ends of the Earth. I could  
tell you many a good story of him as related  
by Strachan, but have not room.



The U. S. Christian Commission  
sends this as the soldier's messenger to his home.  
Let it hasten to those who wait for tidings.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Brownville, September, 14<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Dear Uncle and Aunt.

[James Christie]

You see that

the Christian Commission has very kindly furnished me with the material in part to write a few lines to you. - My health is better than when I wrote my last but still not very good. - In our last march I was in one partial engagement with the rebels on the 13<sup>th</sup> where our regiment lost one man killed and one wounded. In the attack they made on our camp on the 23<sup>rd</sup> I was on detail and took no part in the fight our regiment lost that day 11 men wounded & mortally. But there were many more that were made sick and some even have died from over exertion in the excessive heat for our brigade charged after the rebels following them one mile and one half on the full run. - We marched on Oxford where we received the tidings of the raid on Memphis. Then destroying the town we immediately retraced our steps. Got to Memphis at 11 o'clock at night the 27<sup>th</sup>. Stayed there but 3 days two of which I was on duty and started on the



step up the White river. We are now encamped at this place about half way between Dubuque Bluff the landing of the Chicago Convention the difference is too great at place on White river and Little Rock. Where we shall this time to admit of any carriages or samples whatsoever go next and when if ever we are to return; of course for me. But I see that I have no time nor space here to as private it would not be military for us to have any write about the election; but must confine myself to other idea. - How swiftly does time wing its way. - It seems matters. - If you could send me the New-York but yesterday that I had you good-bye and left for the Independent It would come quite acceptable - I was and yet my term of service is almost  $\frac{1}{4}$  expired wish to get all the information I can concerning and this great and as I hope and fondly believe the propriety of investing what little money I can last campaign of the war is fast drawing to a close. - The common people at the north have no same in the late government loan. Please to write close. - The common people at the north have no conception of the real horrors of this terrible war. I have been some They think it awful on them; but their homes and affairs that the government would become bankrupt fire sides are protected; their altars their lives and property that if land had not advanced in proportion with other are comparatively free from danger. Let them come properly to select 10 acres of good land for a fruit- here and see the the homes that are made desolate the - garden some where within 10 miles of Madison the towns that are sacked and burned to the ground but I had much rather keep my money if it the wide spread fields of devastation that ~~de~~ the can be kept safely I will send an order on whole face of the country and they will begin to see you for the money if he should make a what war is and learn how utterly impossible it purchase for me. I want to draw more clothing is for the South to prolong the struggle if the war box and send by express to you at Watertown. is but as vigorously prosecuted as it has been this Please to write if you are willing to take the year. The only thing that I fear now is the decision trouble to take care of some such articles for me discourage ment and opposition at the north. If I can get such needful articles as I shall be able to want at no distant day should I return from select McClellan. You know full well that I to want at no distant day should I return from was never an admirer of his administration but the war much cheaper than I can purchase them at

at home and then what money is so invested will  
not fail and be lost. Keep a just account of the  
trouble I make you and you shall receive your  
pay - We have just been receiving some  
good news. It is reported that Atlanta is  
ours that Mobile is taken and that the rebel  
General Wheeler has been badly whipped and  
Worgan killed; how much truth there may  
be in these reports I cannot say but you will  
have the truth before you get this. If Mobile  
is ours and Atlanta has fallen it does seem  
to me that Sherman can open up a new  
line of communication by way of the  
Alabama river and the Rail Road leading  
thence to Atlanta and thus relieve a large  
force for active operations that will change  
the appearance of the war very much in  
our favor. Excuse the bad spelling in  
this letter and write soon. It is  
getting dark and I must close. -

Give my love to your family and all  
friends

Yours in haste

Osgood, P. Voyer.

In camp near Atlanta Georgia  
[Sarah Christie] Sept. 14<sup>th</sup> 1864

Dear sister I have not had a letter from you  
in a long time and I begin to think you have forgot-  
ten me. How do you get on as house keeper for uncle  
William, and are your duties as such so oner-  
ous that you have no time to write? I ex-  
pected long before this to have had a long letter  
from you giving me much interesting news  
but alas! I am as ignorant of what is being  
done in Elman or Lowell either as though there  
were no such places in existence but if F.D.  
and self, has not started home on furlough  
before Alex: reaches us in Georgia, we  
expect to hear much that is both interesting  
and profitable: from him. How sorry I am  
to think he would turn Soldier. When there  
was no real use for it seeing there are  
or rather were two of us in the service,  
already; but it is no doubt all right,  
and we can only hope God will be as  
good to the three in the coming time of  
this strife as he has been to the two in



in the past. I had a long letter from Helen since we got into camp and she is very anxious to know how you make out with your work but I could not inform her. So I just told her so, and nothing more. We do not know when we will be paid, but the story is in about two weeks. And soon after that we will try to move home on a furlough of 30 days in the state. We have seen Jim Strachan here or there times since we moved south of Atlanta. While on this raid, or rather flank movement that put us in possession of Saw City. He is very anxious to have us write until near New Year for our furlough and he would get one and <sup>go</sup> home with us, and let us have the pleasure of being at a wedding, about that he writes. But we can't wait even for such an enticing promise as that, and he says he will try to get one when we do. Now I hope he will. So that he may tie the Hyemical Knot to his heart's content. He looks well or did when we last seen him and I hope he will continue so, he as well as all the good Soldiers. Who have been

in the front that seen hard service, and looks like like it. He showed us a very nicely got up picture of a very beautiful young woman that lives in Dover Maine, and of course he is going home to make her. Mrs. Strachan: at least I suppose so, I have given all that is interesting about our march to Father and Mother has written to you. So what can I write about. Being so well known all about everything, I can say in regard to these matters. Helen says she has had the second letter from J. Chinger, and says she does not want to correspond with him and she has told him so, no reason given. but it no matter or business of mine and so I do not care, as for her and I are really an am- moving pair of correspondents, and I have no doubt we will have much to laugh at if her and ever meet, but I am doubtful if we ever shall. I do think I will ever go back and she says she will never live in Elgin and so after all the castles in the air, you folks have been building up there, in Elgin about her and we will end in smoke, and I am glad of it not that I ever thought otherwise when she

requested me to correspond with her: since that  
she has never written a scraw to J.D. and he  
of course has not written to her; bah! what a  
curious set of Creatures your women are,  
and ungetatable, that is if you are worth  
having. That is easily asured, but is not  
very easily got rid of at times. So we have  
not heard of John Schaller since we saw  
him a few days after he was wounded in battle  
does his folks know anything about him,  
one of our men is also out of our knowledge,  
he was suffering with a dislocation of the  
hip joint, went to the hospital, and although  
I have enquired about him repeatedly I don't  
find out his where abouts. When my knapsack  
was stolen there were some things of his in it,  
clothing, his wife's picture, and also the likeness of his  
boy, that locket you know of, and the woollen  
gloves, has also gone; and I am not in tears,  
as you might suppose I am. I have made this explicit  
statement, so that you may not mourn for  
me in vain. Now haven't I written you a  
very nice letter, with nothing in it, and full  
of news at that, won't I make a good old bachelor  
seeing I am so full of that nature supposed  
to belong to women in particular, that is curious  
and a desire to keep into other hoopless affairs I rather  
less bluebeard would have found me a hard case.  
Love to Grandmother Bertie; and Ned, and Belinda  
me ever your loving Brother William  
Thorne

requested me to correspond with her: since that  
she has never written a scrawl to T.D. and he  
of course has not written to her; but, ~~what~~ a  
curious set of creatures you women are,  
and ungettable. That is if you are worth  
having. Frank is lazily agitated, but is not  
very easily got rid of at times. So we have  
not heard of John Schaller since we saw  
him a few days after he was wounded in battle.  
Does his folks know anything about him.  
One of our men is also out of our knowledge.  
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me in vain. Now haven't I written you a  
very nice letter, with nothing in it, except  
of news at that, won't I make a good old bachelor  
seeing I am so full of that nature supposed  
to belong to women in particular. That is why  
and a desire to keep into other hoops affairs I make  
Jesse Bluehead women have found me a head case.  
Love to Grandmother Bertie; and Ned, and Belie.  
We ever your loving Brother William  
Shaw



My dear Brother,  
I have just received your letter of the 18th inst. and am glad to hear that you are home again, although the news was a surprise to me. I must confess for by your note to me of the 20th at St. Charles I thought you were in for it sure, and I was looking to see you join us at almost any time. I am really glad you did not do it though, and I think your short sojourn in Minnesota array from home & friends may have been of service to you in making you think more of those very desirable adjuncts to life. I believe you get most thoroughly homesick, & served you right too. But how you could think so lightly of the state of my adoption, as Father's letter

1864  
Near Atlanta Sept 18th

My dear Brother,

By Father's letter

of the 6th recd. this morning I am glad to see that you are home again, although the news was a surprise to me. I must confess for by your note to me of the 20th at St. Charles I thought you were in for it sure, and I was looking to see you join us at almost any time. I am really glad you did not do it though, and I think your short sojourn in Minnesota array from home & friends may have been of service to you in making you think more of those very desirable adjuncts to life. I believe you get most thoroughly homesick, & served you right too. But how you could think so lightly of the state of my adoption, as Father's letter

I don't know how many of you are in the 1st Battalion. That was one of the  
indications you do is more than I  
I don't know how many of you are in the 1st Battalion. That was one of the  
indications you do is more than I

2  
can explain. Probably the hurried  
cray in which you went through the  
Country, and the troubled state of  
mind in which you were prevented  
you from seeing its transcendent beauty.  
What did you think of the Bluffs  
back of Winona, and what of the  
great Prairies between St. Charles  
& Rochester? and above all what  
do you think of the old Father of  
Waters? I await a letter contain-  
ing a full account of your adven-  
tures with much interest. Did you  
go to see Robertson or Clarkson? if  
you did not you were foolish for  
Clarkson could have told you a  
great deal of interesting particulars.

All wagers. Alas, that your first  
reunion with the world did not  
diminish, to say the least, your  
appreciation of home delights.  
I know it did not with his children.

Just one my dear Brother, the home  
life is the best of all, and the one  
with which come the fiercest regrets &  
temptations.

I am so glad  
to think you are still your own Mas-  
ter that I can't talk about anything  
else, for I was afraid the confounded  
Bathers would persuade you into  
joining the 11<sup>th</sup> Minnesota which  
they are now raising, and if you  
had gone into the Infantry I would  
never have forgiven you.

To me, that was the most interesting  
portion of the letter, that spoke of you  
being at home, and of Father's playing  
a game of Checkers with you.

I hope you will now await our  
coming, before leaving home again.

As to that furlough, the case stands  
thus. we can get it at any time, so  
Capt. Clayton told us last night, but  
we don't wish to go home without  
anything in our pockets, and as we

Dec. 1. Christie, Jan. 27 1921.

wait the motions of the Pay Master,  
There is something wrong with our  
veteran papers they say is the reason  
for the delay, and they have sent to  
Washington for Instructions. The matter  
is this; The Law says that a Mustering  
Officer must be of the Regular Army, &  
all the veterans of our Corps were mustered  
in by volunteer Officers, so the Pay Mas-  
ters refuse to recognize us as vets, and  
from the veterans of our Corps whom  
they have paid, the 14<sup>th</sup> Wis for instance,  
they have withheld the Charges for trans-  
portation when on their Veteran furloughs  
and mulcted them of the Advance Bounty  
they got when mustered in. The thing made  
quite an excitement for a while among  
the Veteran Regts. of our old 1<sup>st</sup> Division  
and the 3<sup>d</sup> Division. But I think they will  
fix the thing somehow for the Govt. is not so  
foolish as to let go seven thousand old  
soldiers for a mere technicality.

Now I want you to write me a good long  
letter, if not done already and tell us  
all about your trip to the "Etoile des  
Bois." And meanwhile I remain,  
with much love, Your Brother  
Thos. J. Christie



of my address as follows: I  
 could think as highly of the article  
 as you might be. But have you  
 got more thoroughly acquainted to  
 acquaint to this. I believe you  
 think most of these very desirable  
 of service to you in making your  
 from home & friends may have been  
 as you are in Minnesota and  
 it though, and I think you should  
 I am really glad you did not do  
 over you have not almost any time  
 in for it now, and I was looking to  
 with all the Charles I thought you were  
 compared for by you and to me of the  
 the more more a confidence to me I must  
 to see that you are home again, although  
 of the best of the morning I am glad  
 to see that you are home again, although

My dear Brother,

Dear Atlanta Sept 18th

Tell Mother that was rather a hard one on me  
 when she said I was always for my cup, but she pay  
 her for it when I go home and get at my button.  
 So Bob McCall & James D. ... have enlisted.  
 I did not think I would have left his wife so soon





This Indenture, Made the Thirteenth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Eighty-four between Mr. L. Stevens & his wife parties of the first part and M. L. Kimball party of the second part.

Witnesseth, That the said parties of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of Thirty Dollars to them in hand paid, by the said party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby confessed and acknowledged, has he given, granted, bargained, sold, remised, released, aliened, conveyed, and confirmed, and by these presents do give, grant, bargain, sell, remise, release, alien, convey, and confirm, unto the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns forever.

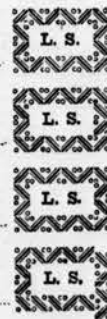
The following described piece of land situated in the Waukesha County of Green Lake State of Wisconsin, To Lot 17 & 18 in Block One Hundred & Thirty Nine (139) in Twp 5 North Addition to the Village (now City) of Berlin according to the Record plat thereof.

Together with all and singular the Hereditaments and Appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining; and all the estate, right, title, interest, claim, or demand whatsoever of the said parties of the first part, either in Law or Equity, either in possession or expectancy of, in and to the above-bargained premises, and their Hereditaments and Appurtenances. **TO HAVE AND TO HOLD** the said premises as above described, with the Hereditaments and Appurtenances, unto the said party of the second part, and to his heirs and assigns forever.

And the said parties of the first part for them heirs, executors, and administrators, do covenant, grant, bargain, and agree to and with the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, that at the time of the enrolling and delivery of these presents they are well seized of the premises above described, as of a good, sure, perfect, absolute, and indefeasible estate of inheritance in the Law, in fee simple, and that the same are free and clear from all incumbrances whatever, and that the above-bargained premises, in the quiet and peaceable possession of the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, against all and every person or persons, lawfully claiming the whole or any part thereof they will forever **WARRANT AND DEFEND**.

In Witness Whereof, the said parties of the first part, has he hereunto set his hand and seal the day and year first above written.

Sealed and delivered in presence of



STATE OF WISCONSIN, }  
COUNTY OF \_\_\_\_\_ }  
Be it Remembered, that on the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_  
A. D. 18\_\_\_\_ personally came before me the above-named \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ to me known to be the person who executed the said Deed, and acknowledged the same to be \_\_\_\_\_ free  
act and deed, for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.



[824]  
[598]

TO

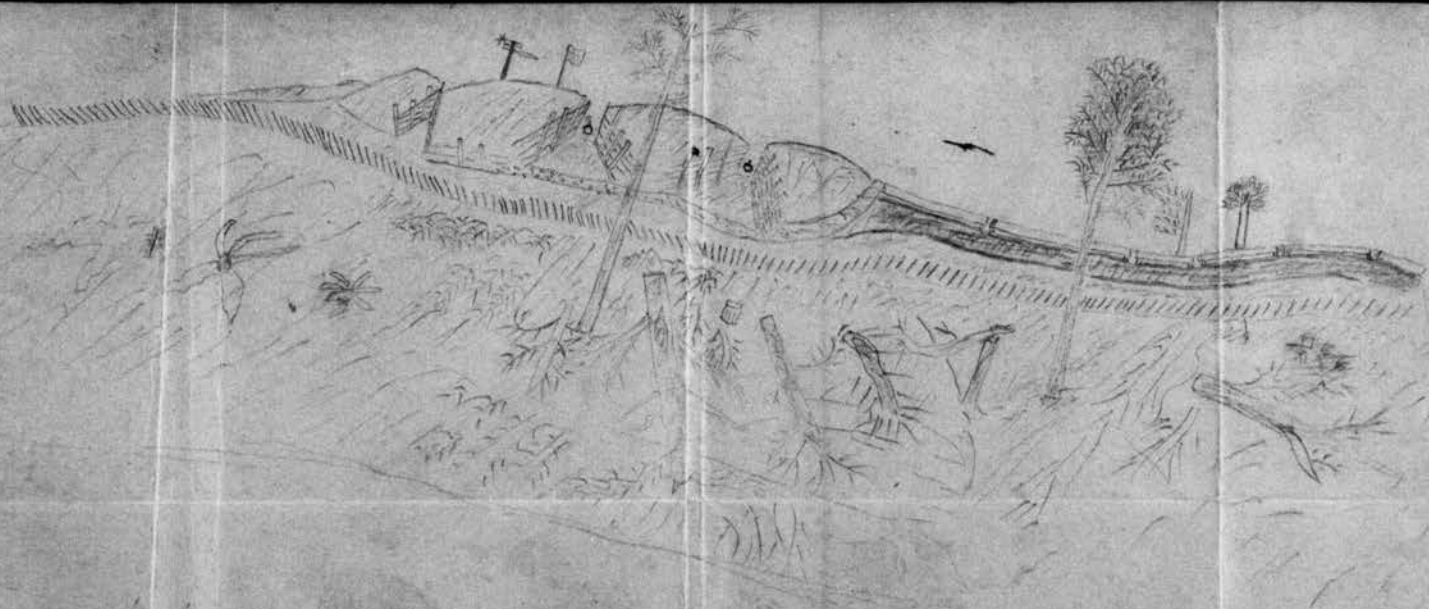
**WARRANTY DEED.**

Register's Office,

COUNTY, WISCONSIN.

Recorded, ..... A. D. 18  
at ..... M., in Volume ..... of  
Deeds, on Page .....

Register.

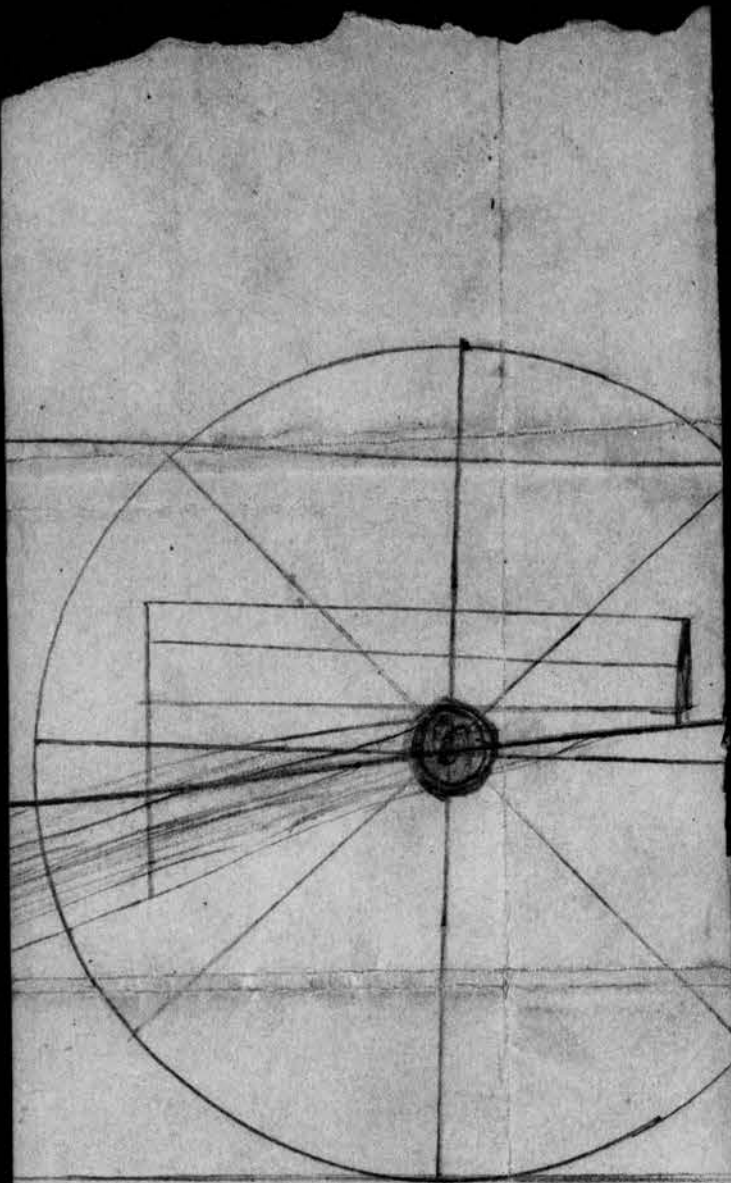


View of the Rebel fort in which our guns are placed this 16<sup>th</sup> day of October 1864.  
Showing the abattis Chaux de proie & an open field to the left. On the right a windmill & a large stake.



View of the Rebel fort in which our Guns are placed this 16<sup>th</sup> day of October 1864.  
Showing the abattis, Chéneau de fer & an open field to the left. On the right a town (small) & a large stone.



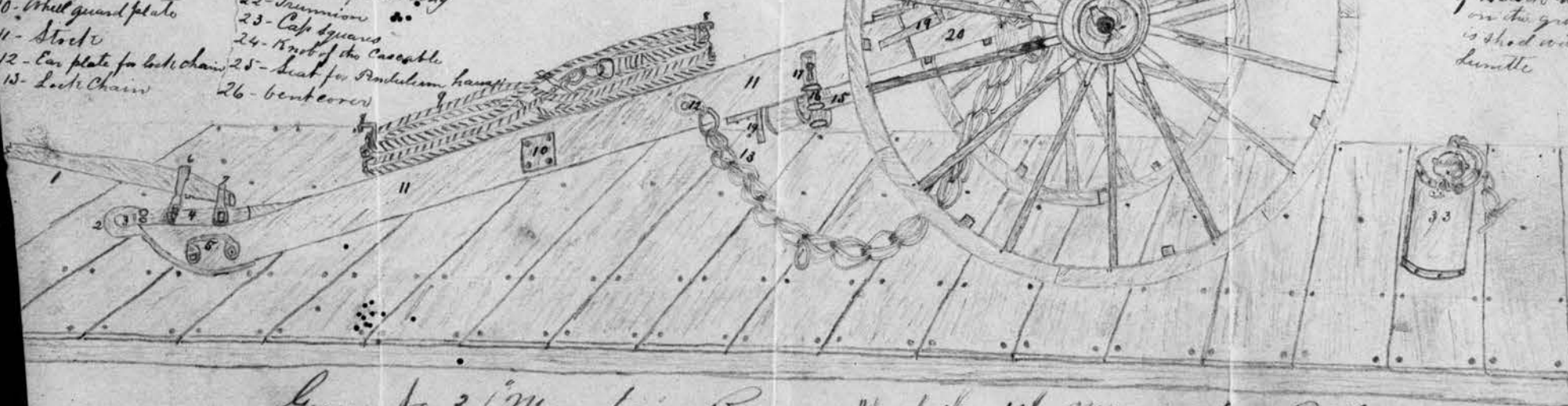


Cannon  
Cannon  
Cannon

David  
B Christie  
Clymen

Nomenclature (partial)

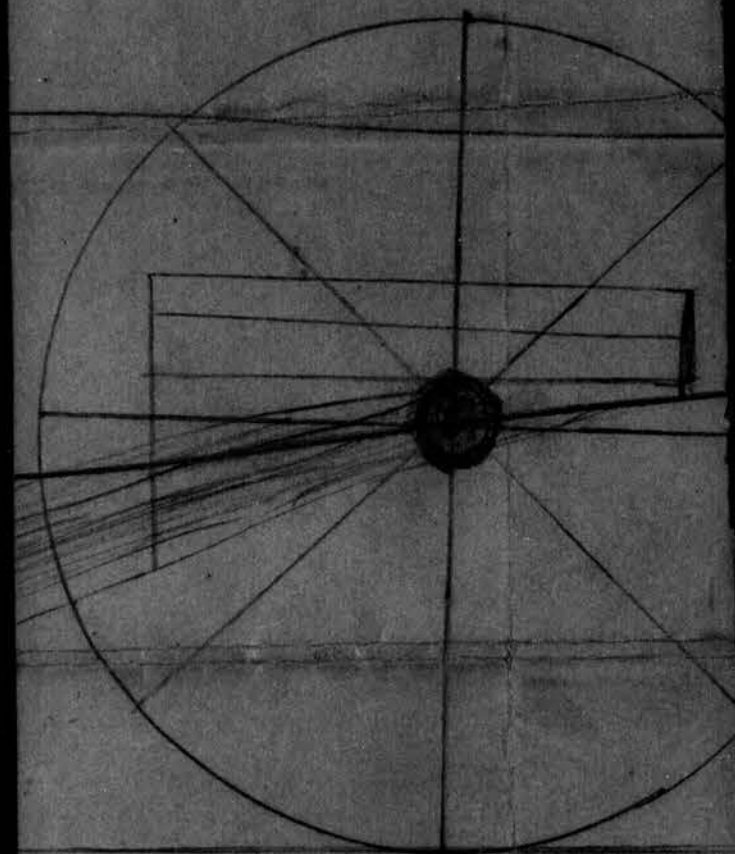
- |                               |                               |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 - Handspike                 | 14 - Sponge & Rammer stop     |
| 2 - Lunette                   | 15 - Sponge & Rammer          |
| 3 - Lunette eye               | 16 - Sponge chair             |
| 4 - Trail plate               | 17 - Ditto harp & turnbuckle  |
| 5 - Trail handle              | 18 - Elevating screw          |
| 6 - Large pointing ring       | 19 - Spare handspike          |
| 7 - Small ditto               | 20 - Chute of the Piece       |
| 8 - Prolonge hook             | 21 - Handspike Ring           |
| 9 - Prolonge                  | 22 - Trunnions                |
| 10 - Wheel guard plate        | 23 - Cap square               |
| 11 - Stock                    | 24 - Knot of the Cascade      |
| 12 - Car plate for lock chain | 25 - Seat for Prolonge handle |
| 13 - Lock chain               | 26 - Vent covers              |



- 27 - Breech  
28 - Reinforce  
29 - Chari  
30 - Muzzle  
31 - Muzzle sight  
32 - Hook on Tire Bolt  
33 - Sponge Bucket

The stock is made a little too long. The Trail is that part of the stock that rests on the ground, & is shod with the lunette

Gun No 3 ("Mountain Ranger") of the 1<sup>st</sup> Minnesota Battery.

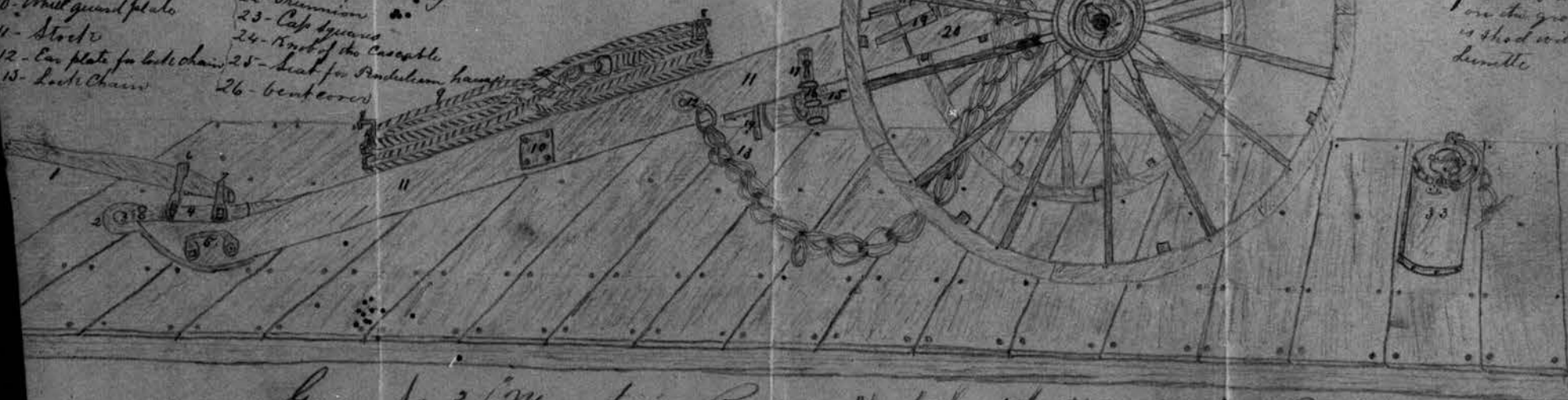


Cannon  
Cannon  
Cannon

David  
B Christie  
Clymen

Nomenclature (partial)

- |                               |                                 |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 - Handspike                 | 14 - Sponge & Rammer stop       |
| 2 - Linette                   | 15 - Sponge & Rammer            |
| 3 - Linette eye               | 16 - Sponge chain               |
| 4 - Trail plate               | 17 - Ditto haup & turnbuckle    |
| 5 - Small handle              | 18 - Elevating screw            |
| 6 - Large pointing ring       | 19 - Spare handspike            |
| 7 - Small ditto               | 20 - Chuck of the Piece         |
| 8 - Prolong hook              | 21 - Handspike Ring             |
| 9 - Prolong                   | 22 - Trunnion                   |
| 10 - Wheel guard plate        | 23 - Cap square                 |
| 11 - Stock                    | 24 - Knot of the Carriage       |
| 12 - Ear plate for side chain | 25 - Seat for Revolution handle |
| 13 - Lock Chain               | 26 - Bent cover                 |



- 27 - Breech  
28 - Reinforce  
29 - Chassis  
30 - Muzzle  
31 - Muzzle sight  
32 - Hub on Tire Bolt  
33 - Sponge Bracket

The Stock is made a little too long.  
The Trail is that part of the stock that rests on the ground, & is shod with the Linette

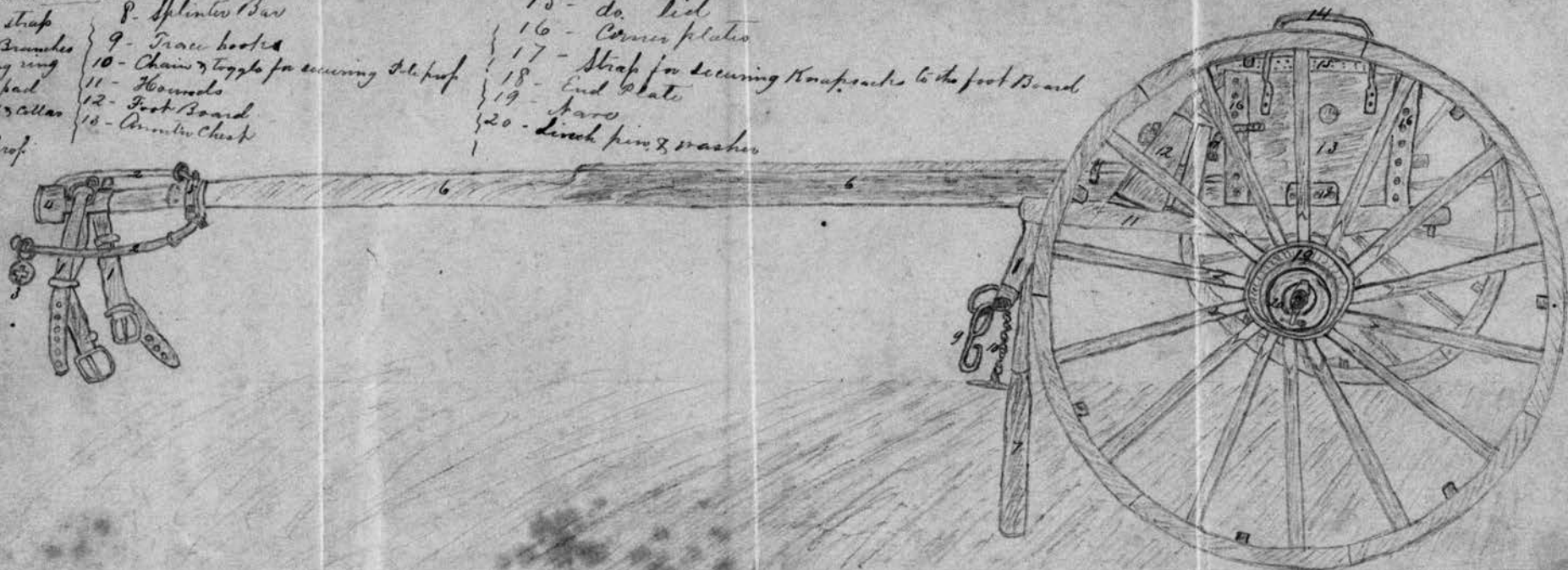
Gun No 3 ("Mountain Ranger") of the 1st Minnesota Battery.



*Notations.*

- |                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| 1- Pole strap    | 8- Splinter Bar                              |
| 2- Pole Brackets | 9- Trace hooks                               |
| 3- Sliding ring  | 10- Chains & toggles for securing pole strap |
| 4- Pole pad      | 11- Horns                                    |
| 5- Muff collar   | 12- Foot Board                               |
| 6- Pole          | 13- Corner plates                            |
| 7- Pole prop     | 14- Chest handle                             |

- |  |
|--|
| 15- do. lid                                    |
| 16- Corner plates                              |
| 17- Strap for securing Horns to the foot Board |
| 18- End plate                                  |
| 19- Bars                                       |
| 20- Linch pin & washers                        |



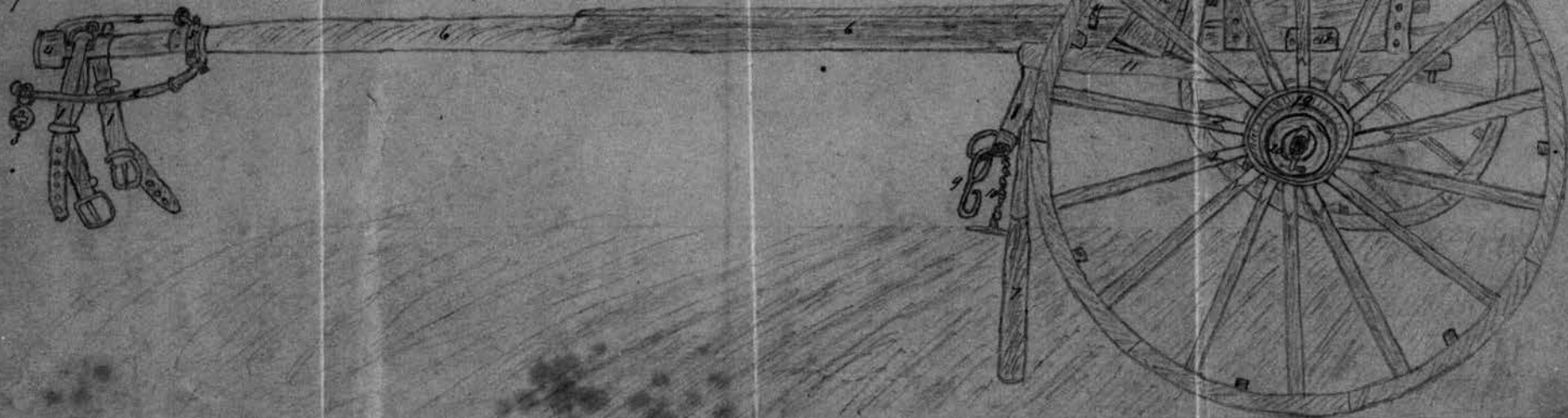
*Gun Limber No. 3 of the 1<sup>st</sup> Minnesota Battery.*



*Nomenclature.*

- |                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| 1- Pole strap    | 8- Splinter Bar                            |
| 2- Pole Brackets | 9- Trace hooks                             |
| 3- Sliding ring  | 10- Chain & toggle for securing pole strap |
| 4- Pole pad      | 11- Horns                                  |
| 5- Muff & collar | 12- Foot Board                             |
| 6- Pole          | 13- Corner plates                          |
| 7- Pole prop     | 14- Chest handle                           |

- |  |
|--|
| 15- do. lid                                    |
| 16- Corner plates                              |
| 17- Strap for securing Horns to the foot Board |
| 18- End Plate                                  |
| 19- Axle                                       |
| 20- Linch pin & washer                         |



*Gun Limber No. 3 of the 1<sup>st</sup> Minnesota Battery.*



Atlanta Ga Oct 19<sup>th</sup> /64

My dear Sister;

Imagine my situation and pity me: Compelled to stay in this old fort in this old desolate town of Atlanta while my comrades are in the field taking part in the great movements which are going on near Chattanooga. Here we are without Mail or Newspapers for over a month, completely shut away from the rest of the world, our Rations shortened, and our horses dying for want of forage, furloughs gone up & Pay ditto, is not our situation deplorable?

And yet we have one thing to be thankful for; that in the midst of our troubles we still manage to keep in excellent health & spirits. The fact is, it is hard killing us with care, or we would have kicked the Bucket long ago, and so we manage to take things very coolly, and

eat our solitary hard tacks with cheerfulness, and even laugh once in a while. We don't have any letters to read and very few to write, so we employ ourselves in various other ways make rings out of the fuge plugs of the old shells that lie all around us, and wear the brass things as Relics, draw a little, tell stories a little, visit with the 20<sup>th</sup> Corps fellows a little (very little though for we can't stand their continual bragging about the Army of the Potomac to which they used to belong) and so we try to get through our time. You see we are all "Gentlemen of Leisure," rather too much leisure for me, for I am never contented except when on the march. William is gone, and you of course have got news of him before this. He has sent no word to me since they went off, but I heard that our Corps was in Resaca on the 16<sup>th</sup> & on the march for Chattanooga, as it was thought Hood intended to strike there

somewhere. There was a Mail came to town a week ago for our Corps, but we could not get our letters, as it was sent right back to the Field, but we expect to get our letters then back again soon from the Company, and look for them every day. I hope you have been writing regularly whether you heard from us or not, for that is the way I have done, and if the Mail brings me only one or two letters I shall be angry with all of you.

I do not think we will join the Company for a month yet, for they will be busy up there trying to put an end to Hood, and will not settle down into camp for a long time and as we have not horses enough for the two guns we will have to wait till they can take us up by Rail. We did hear that the Army of the Tennessee had drawn forty days Rations at Kingston and had started for Cumberland Gap, but I don't think they will go there till



Give my love to Grandmother, and tell her she will see us before Christmas

they drive Hood from the region  
around Chattanooga, and we  
expect to hear of fighting there soon,  
although the Rebels will not fight  
unless they are cornered, and can't  
help themselves. I think it looks as  
if Hood is trying to go East & rein-  
force Early or Lee, for both those  
worthies were in tight places when  
we last heard from them.

I only wish we were on the march  
along with the rest of the Boys. However, I  
suppose we are doing our duty by lying  
in this old fort as much as they are in  
fighting in the field, and so we must have  
patience.

I send you some specimens  
of my drawings, "taken from Nature," and will  
let you have some more in my next. I think  
they are not so bad for the very first efforts, and shall  
continue to improve if I can, without Books or  
teacher. One thing you may rely on, and that is that  
they are all true, which is more than can be said  
of those in the Illustrated papers, and now I hope  
you will answer this soon, and oblige your  
loving Brother Tho<sup>s</sup> D. Christie

I don't see why it doesn't come if it does come I should like to see it. I don't see why it doesn't come if it does come I should like to see it. I don't see why it doesn't come if it does come I should like to see it.

Atlanta, Ga. Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Brother: [Alexander]

When I wrote last to Sarah I was in hopes of having a letter to answer the next time I should take up the pen, but the letter has not yet come, & so I must write without it. It is a fact, that we poor fellows belonging to the Army of the Tennessee (several Detached Sections of Artillery, & some Infantry Convalescents) have not had a bit of Mail since the Army went away, although it has come to the 20<sup>th</sup> Corps here in Garrison with us several times. The Mail is not lost, only delayed at Company Head Quarters in the Field, so I am making big calculations on reading at least twenty letters when it does come down. We have not heard from our Corps since I wrote last, when it was at Resaca, which was on the 16<sup>th</sup> I think, and I don't see why William has not written to me before this. The R.R. is now open to Chattahoochee.

but how long it will stay so is doubtful. We get three fourths Rations apt. but manage by vigorous foraging on the country to get plenty to eat, such as it is. I must tell you about a foraging Expedition that I went with on the 21<sup>st</sup> & which got in yesterday.

It was the third one that we had sent out & the most extensive one. Genl. Slocum coming by the Post Train this way to get food for the men & animals of his command, for we have drawn no forage for two weeks, and without this system of foraging our horses & mules would have been dead of starvation long ago. As it is, we report 27 horses fit for service in the Section when we came into town, and to day I report only 16, the rest having all died of want of food. But to return to our expedition: On the evening of the 20<sup>th</sup> I recd. orders from Lieut. Ross, coming our Section, to report at Camp at sunrise the next morning, (the Camp & the Guns where I stay with the Gun Detachments are a mile apart.)

to take charge of a detail of Men wherever to go out with the Expedition.

At the appointed time I was on hand, mounted, armed with my Revolver loaded either for Rebels or their Hogs, with my haversack & four days Rations in it slung to my shoulder, and my Blankets strapped on to the canth of my saddle. I found the men all ready, and so we started to where the train was to rendezvous, my command consisting of 14 Men, most of them armed with pistols, 12 horses, 2 Mules, & 2 wagons, - one of them drawn by 6 horses in Artillery harness, and the other by 2 horses & 2 mules, - so you see I had a pretty looking train compared with the fine Six Mule teams which compose our regular Army transportation.

Proceeded to the east of town, where the Rebels blew up their Artillery trains, whose fragments strewn the ground for a quarter of a mile along the Augusta R.R., and there found Lieut. Osborne, who was to command the trains of the Reserve Artillery of the Army of the Tennessee. Reported to him according to orders



and he assigned me a place in the column, which was starting out on the road to Decatur. We were very lucky in getting a position so near the head of the Column, as you will see when I tell you that we had 940 wagons in the whole train, besides three Brigades of Infantry and six guns for an escort, all of which had to travel on one road, so that while it was seven A.M. when we started from Atlanta, it was noon when the Rear Guard went out. The Expedition covered 10 Miles of Road. Imagine the whole road between Watertown and Brockway's corner full of moving teams, closed up so that you can hardly get through between them on foot. The white covered wagons looking very like the Prairie Schooners we used to see, only that the Schooners of the Emigrants had horses generally, and our Army ~~trains~~ wagons are drawn by six Mules, driven by a single line, the driver being mounted on the maverhead Mule. John Franks will be able to tell you about Mule driving, for that was about all the soldier life he saw.

In such a large train as we had, you would naturally think there would be considerable wrangling about places, & that every one would be trying to get ahead, but no man

2 things in a better way in the Army, and the vast column of wagons moved along as orderly and with as little interruption as would a body of well disciplined Troop. Everything goes by system, and nothing of the kind is so perfect as Military system. The whole train of wagons was under the command of one Officer, who assigned to each Quartermaster the position he would have in column. Each Quartermaster had under his charge from twenty to a hundred wagons, and these were divided again among the Wagon Masters. The Quartermaster of a Division, Brigade or Regiment is a Commissioned Officer, & the Wagon Master is a Non Commissioned Officer. Each Quartermaster is responsible to the Officer in Command that his wagons keep closed up, & he again holds his Wagon Masters to account if anything goes wrong in their respective trains. On this trip Osborne was acting Quartermaster of the Battalion of Reserve Artillery, & I, in command of two wagons, was acting Wagon Master. The way our train was guarded was this: on each side of the road

and distant from it about 40 Rods, marched a single file of Infantry, two men fire paces from each other, and besides these, there were ~~an~~ Advance & Rear Guards of Cavalry & Infantry & Artillery. This force was necessary to guard the wagons, for the country we marched through is infested with Rebel Cavalry, who tried hard, as it was, to cut off portions of our train.

Well, we moved out of the fortifications around the city, and over the Battleground of the 22<sup>d</sup> of July, dotted as it is by graves of both our poor fellows & those of the Enemy who died that day. Passed through the little village of Decatur at 10.30 A.M. and went into Corral in a big field a mile east of it at 11. This coralling (pronounced Correlling, accent on second syllable) is done by forming the wagons in solid square, in several columns parallel to each other, and five or six paces apart, and is done every time the train stops for any length of time, in order to concentrate for safety. All the time we stopped in this corral - three hours - the teams continued

to come into their places, and when we left the rear had not come up.

While making here we had to take out one of the team horses, that had given out and put in one of the riding horses, while the tired one was put under the bell. One of the men also picked up a Mule in Decatur, which he took to ride. From where we were at this place we had a fine view of Stone Mountain, 6 Miles east of us.

It is a bare pile of rock rising to the height of about 1200 feet, almost entirely devoid of vegetation, probably a half mile across on top, and sloping at an angle of 45 Degrees on the south, & perhaps 35 on the north side. It is one of the natural curiosities of the State, and before the war used to be visited every year by people from all parts of the Union. Perhaps I may send you a sketch of it & of the other famous Mountains in this vicinity - Petersen & Look Mountains, for I have their outlines, as they appear from where our

and distant from it about 250 Rods, marched a single file of Infantry, two men five paces from each other, and besides there, there were ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~advance~~ <sup>advance</sup> & Rear Guards of Cavalry & Infantry & Artillery. This force was necessary to guard the wagons, for the country we marched through is infested with Rebel Cavalry, who tried hard, as it was, to cut off portions of our train.

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to come into their places, and when we left the rear had not come up.

While resting here we had to take out one of the team horses, that had given out, and put in one of the riding horses, while the tired one was put under the saddle. One of the men also picked up a Mule in Decatur, which he took to ride. From where we were at this place we had a fine view of Stone Mountain, 6 Miles east of us.

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Guns are in position, all drawn out,  
But I am digressing. At 2 P.M. we  
left the Canal & resumed the march in  
column on the road to Lithonia, which, as  
you will see by the Map, is a Station on the  
Augusta R.R. beyond Stone Mountain.

We marched slowly this afternoon, halting  
frequently, and when we stopped for the night  
3 Miles from Lithonia it was 9 O'clock.  
During the afternoon I had shot a young  
Beef Creature with my Revolver, one of the  
Men had got three fourths of a hog, and  
Corpl. Case had dug a sack of sweet  
potatoes with his fingers, besides all  
the corn for the horse's feed that had been  
got, so as soon as we got into camp for  
the night, which was in the edge of some timber,  
we went to work, the Drivers to un-  
harness, water & feed their horses, & the  
others to make supper. Built a big fire  
of rails, carried water & put on 2 kettles,  
to boil, one for coffee & the other for the potatoes,  
the latter being cleaned of Mother Earth by  
rubbing over a Gummy sack. Fried some of  
the fresh pork, and when all was ready  
we had the best meal of the season.

3 By the time we ate supper it was half  
past ten, so we spread our Blankets  
in the bushes & lay down around the  
fire, but towards it in regular Bivouac  
fashion, for the night was very chilly.

At four in the morning I roused the  
Men, it being still moon light, but  
I knew that our best chance for for-  
aging would be in the early morning,  
and so as soon as Breakfast was over  
& the animals fed I started out for  
hogs & potatoes with two men of the Men,  
leaving a Corporal in charge of the  
teams with instructions to go out to  
Lithonia with the train & load with  
corn. We went to a house a half mile  
off & shot a tremendous hog, cleaned  
him & I took him to where I left the  
teams, on my horse, the others going  
to work to dig sweet potatoes, of  
which they brought in a sack full.  
The teams had gone out to load with  
corn, so I left one of the men to stay by  
the stuff in camp while the rest of us  
rode out for more. While riding along  
through the timber, outside the pickets,

was fired on by a hidden Bush-  
whacker, the bullet clipping the leaves  
close to my head. The scamp must have  
instantly fled, for a Reconnoissance  
of the vicinity in company with some  
of our cavalry who came up behind me,  
discovered nobody. The Rebels were  
pretty numerous in the vicinity of our  
train, and showed no mercy to such of  
our fellows as fell into their hands, - our  
cavalry reporting that they saw many  
of our men hung on trees & shot all  
to pieces. My other man, who went  
out mounted, in another direction  
came in at noon, and reported that  
as he & others were scouting in the  
direction of Stone Mountain they  
were fired on by a squad of Rebels  
in ambush, & scattered. On coming  
together again they found that 3 of  
their number were missing. So you  
see this foraging business is not without  
its dangers. We managed to bring  
into the last night's camp a lot of meat

flour, & Sorghum Syrup, besides some  
dried peaches & a lot of cured corn blades  
for the horses. At Sundown the wagons  
came in from beyond Lithonia, where they  
had loaded with corn & scrub potatoes,  
and we had only time to throw on  
what we had got, when the train started  
for Decatur. Marched 4 Miles that  
evening & stopped for the night in  
a cornfield by the side of a creek.  
Got corn here for two or three fads, so  
as not to touch that in the wagons.  
and when we had got supper, it was  
11 O'clock. That night was very cold,  
& we were covered with white frost in  
the morning. It was the night of the  
22<sup>d</sup>, just 4 Months since Mrs. Pinson fell.  
Early in the next morning we were up,  
and three of the men set out to look for  
meat, taking my horse among the rest.  
I did not see these fellows again till  
we came into Atlanta, so I had to  
frost it in. On the afternoon of that day  
we travelled towards Decatur, but had

so many stoppages that we did not  
camp till half past 11 & then we were  
still a mile east of Decatur.

Yesterday we got into camp here in  
the forenoon, and the stuff we brought  
was found very acceptable.

Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> Another foraging Expedition  
went out this morning, and two wagons  
went from us. Slocum is bound to get  
the whole substance of the country around  
into his fortifications, so that if he is besieged  
there will be no danger of starvation.

We are sorry our fellows went though,  
for this afternoon comes Orders to  
turn over all our horses & repack at the  
depot for transportation north. This  
cannot now be done for two days, till  
our men get in. It is said we are to  
go to Nashville. We are all very  
well pleased at this, & so am I  
in signing myself for the last time  
from Atlanta. Yours Affectionately  
Thos. D. Christie

Atlanta, Ga. Oct. 25, 1864.



Thomas D. Christie To his  
brother

Alexander S. Christie

Foraging East of Clyman  
Atlanta.

Dodge Co.

His



don't see why William has not written to  
 me before. The R.R. is now open to  
 Ash Grove and the 16th I think, and I  
 would not lose them if I was at home,  
 down. We have not heard from our  
 at least recently. Let me know if I can  
 I am making big calculations on making  
 at Company about quarters in the fall, as  
 time. The West is not lost only delayed  
 20th Sept. here in Davis one with no answer  
 sent away, although it has come to the  
 have not had a bit of what since the day  
 of killing. I am inquiring (circumstances)  
 of the Committee (several detached persons)  
 that we have persons belonging to the Army  
 as I must write without it. At a last  
 up the line, but the letter has not yet come.  
 to answer the next time I should like  
 Sarah I am in hopes of having a letter  
 from it with cost to

My dear Mother, [October]

written the Oct. 25th 1864

I think by our being ordered north that  
 there is now some chance of our getting  
 pay & furloughs. We will get 10 months  
 pay when it does come.  
 I think we will spend the winter at home

the hand of the glorious victory of the people over  
the political last century. The more I all  
the more I am convinced by the more I all  
the more I am convinced by the more I all

Atlanta, Ga. Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Brother, [Alexandre]

There is still a  
chance to send off Mail from here &  
I will improve the opportunity, though  
I have not much to write, seeing  
that I have not yet seen William  
or got any Mail from home.  
Lieut. Hayward came in from the  
Battery day before yesterday & brought  
in some little Mail, but it contained  
nothing for me except a letter from  
John Schaller, dated at Marietta the  
30<sup>th</sup> of Sept. I supposed he was at  
home before that time, as he must be  
now, & if you see him tell him about  
his letter, & to write to me again.

By his letter, he has had a hard time  
of it with his foot, but must be well  
by this time. I have not been  
able to get leave of Absence to go to

the Battery, on account of so much  
Business having to be done here, but  
I sent word to William to come in  
before the Company does, & see me.

We get news from there every day.  
They have been paid off, & have drawn  
Clothing, & are to come in here soon.  
The Capt put in an Application to  
Deft. Hd. Qrs. about our furloughs (there  
are six veterans unfurloughed) but  
he was told that all furloughs & leaves  
of absence were stopped, so we will  
have to wait till we get to Richmond.

I am glad of it, for I do not want  
to go any home on the eve of such  
a glorious Campaign as this is to be.

Clayton says the high Officers about  
Capt Hd. Qrs. know as little about our  
destination as we do, but they can  
give a very good guess about it.  
In their opinion it is Sherman's  
plan to march for Savannah or  
Charleston, & from thence to go to

Grant by Sea. This plan is feasible  
enough I think, with Hood north  
of the Tennessee, & Lee's hands full  
at Richmond. However, another  
month will settle the question.  
That we are to abandon this post is  
certain, & that our four Corps are going  
on a long March is also certain; all  
the rest is conjecture. In the mean  
time you must continue to write,  
only change the Address to "Artillery  
Brigade, 17<sup>th</sup> A.C." instead of directing  
to the 2<sup>d</sup> Division. The Artillery is  
unorganized now, & we have nothing  
more to do with Division Genls.

Yesterday morning our ears were  
again greeted with the familiar  
music of rifle fusillade & Artillery  
firings as well as by the music of the  
Enemy's shell. The Rebel cavalry  
attacked our lines in two places  
& came very near surprising one of  
our Regts about a mile in front of  
where our pieces are in position.



For awhile there was considerable stir  
our fellows harnessed & hitched up,  
the Cannoniers stood to their posts,  
and a Battery of 20 pds, Parrotts  
went out by us on the gallop. By  
the time they got to firing, though, the  
Enemy's Battery had ceased firing,  
& the thing was over. The Johnnies, in  
trying to hit our line, a mile in front  
of us, threw two shots close to our feet.  
The want of cavalry at this post must  
be great, when 1200 Rebels can come  
up so close to 16,000 men as to almost  
succeed in completely surprising a  
portion of the line. I sent our

the 7<sup>th</sup> by Granville Lound, one of our  
veterans who is going home, the  
sum of 150 dollars to be expended  
by him from some safe point.

The money may not reach Watertown  
though for some time, as he has not  
gone from Marquette yet & will not  
get home for two weeks, perhaps.

A letter which I gave him to be printed  
the same time as the Morning will tell  
you when to look out for it.

With much love to all I remain  
Your loving Brother Tho<sup>s</sup> D. Christie

I have not been  
 able to get leave of absence to go to  
 by this time, I have not been  
 of it with his foot but must be well  
 by his letter, he has had a hard time  
 his letter, & to write to me again.  
 morning, you are here till here about  
 home before that time, as he must be  
 good of self. I suppose he was at  
 John Schaffner, dated at Atlanta the  
 nothing for me except a letter from  
 we some little what, but it contains  
 nothing day before yesterday I bought  
 South. Dayward came in from the  
 or got any what from home.  
 that I have not yet seen William  
 I have not much to write, seeing  
 I will venture the opportunity, though  
 chance to send off what from here &  
 There is still a

My dear Father: [continued]

Atlanta Ga. Nov 10<sup>th</sup> 1864

We heard of the glorious victory of the people over  
 the politicians last evening. The news of Adl  
 Aker's election came by telegram to Genl. Sherman  
 & caused the wildest enthusiasm among the soldiers

1

Lines before Savannah, Ga.  
Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Brother, [Alexander J. Christie]

Now that we have accomplished what I so often have prophesied the Army of the Tennessee would do, & have got within smell of the sea, I must tell you all about how we have attained such great results, and how it has come about that our Guns now thunder before the defenses of this City of the Sea.

I wrote a hasty note to father yesterday & propose now to go into details more than I could then. Today also I have written to Lloyd in N. Y. telling him to send one of his Military Maps of Georgia & Virginia to you, & one to me, that you may see the route we have taken from Atlanta



To tell all the Business part of my letter at the start I may also inform you that I put into the hands of Samuel A. Frothingham yesterday the sum of three hundred & five dollars for him to either express or carry home, as he is to leave us today.

For several days before we left Atlanta it was generally known that some grand movement was afoot, on account of the preparations that we saw going on to evacuate the city. The 14<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, 17<sup>th</sup> & ~~20<sup>th</sup>~~ Corps had marched down from near Rome, after driving Hood gently across the Tennessee & lay massed around Marietta; & the 20<sup>th</sup> Corps lay inside the works in Atlanta. The Artillery had been reduced by sending Batteries to Chattanooga by R.R. till the Army had left only one Battery for ~~the~~ a Division of Infantry instead of three or four, the usual allowance,

Orders were issued by Genl. Barry, Chief of Artillery, by which four teams instead of three were put on to the carriage, and by which it was forbidden for the Cannoniers to ride on the chests, or to carry anything on the carriages, except forage for the horses, so that our Cannoniers were obliged to carry their knapsacks like the Infantry, a thing they had never before done.

Everything in the city was prepared for evacuation: the big guns we had captured were destroyed by knocking the trunnions off & bending the chases, the Ammunition in the Ordnance Depots was either loaded on the wagons of the Ordnance train, or shipped by R.R. to Chattanooga; the forts around the city were all mined ready for destruction and every Non Combatant, Sufferer, Christian Commission, Sanitary Commission &c. all were ordered away so that the Army like a practiced warrior, was stripped for

the Contest. On the night of the 11<sup>th</sup> November the last train left the doomed city, & early the next morning the troops began to destroy the R.R. & the great depots. That morning the 12<sup>th</sup> I started on horseback to visit the Battery near Marietta, and as I rode along the R.R. near the Chattahoochee, I saw the Infantry of the different Divisions marching out of their camps, drawing up in line along the track, & stacking arms.

Then they "went in", the ties were seized at one end and lifted bodily, rails & all to the perpendicular. Then the immense furrow began to fall over at one end, and as fast as it fell new track was torn up, so that the furrow would not be broken till perhaps 80 Rods <sup>of it</sup> was lying upside down, and all accompanied with tremendous cheers. After a Regt. had turned over its "stent" of the road the men went to work knocking the rails off the ties & piling the latter in large heaps to which they set fire and then laid the rails on top, so that

when the rails were heated they could be seized by a dozen men to each, & bent & twisted out of all shape around trees. This is the way we destroy R.R. & you must allow it is pretty effective: so that to be rebuilt requires everything new: ties, rails, spikes, Chairs, &c. The whole R.R. from Stone Mt. to Chattanooga, from Atlanta to East Pt. and from near Macon to within 4 Miles of Savannah, great part of the Augusta Road from Miller & some of the Mobile R.R. from here, has been destroyed in this way, the bridges, Culverts, depots & warehouses all burned, & in some places even the road bed leveled, so that the United States could hardly repair the damage in a year, & as to the poor Confederacy doing it, without iron or without workmen, the idea is absurd. But I am leaving the Chattahoochee. Just as I came to the Bridge I saw a party of soldiers getting wood on to

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Just as I came to the Bridge I saw a party of soldiers getting wood cut to



a wagon, & thought I recognized one of them. Rode up & accosted him with "Hallo Jo Monreave, how do you do?" When at the aforesaid Joe paused in his labors & regarded me with a short look, then holding out his hand, exclaimed, "Why, Sandy Christie," On being convinced of his mistake he became very communicative, told me he belonged to the 26<sup>th</sup> Wis. 20<sup>th</sup> Me. that he was at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge, &c. that most all his comrades had been "wounded," and that Show was in the 25<sup>th</sup> in our Corps.

Couldn't stay long with the garrulous Joseph, who appeared to be in the best of health, & rode on to where the Battery was camped, where I found Wm & all the rest in good health.

Got back the money I had sent by land, as the Iron Bts. were not to go north there, & put it & Wm in my pocket-book. Found that W. had sent

my letters to me by Mail, & that of course they were lost & I had seen nothing of them since, was consoled by him with the assurance that there was no news in them, from which he drew the logical conclusion that they were not worth much, in which I did not agree with him in my letter hanging condition. Found all the men who had volunteered from my Platoon to go out with the Battery, very anxious to get back, which, of course, was somewhat gratifying to my "Honour proper." On application to the Lieut. Comdg. batteries, I could only get Wm back into the Squad, & the other boys are discontented w<sup>th</sup>. The next morning the troops had orders to march for Atlanta, and two Orders from Genl. Sherman, which you have doubtless seen, were read to us in which he announced that our 4 Corps had been organized into an Army for a special purpose, & that we were to forage liberally, &c. All of which we need, with loud cheers.

As soon as I saw the Battery into the  
Atlanta road, where they had to wait  
for the 4<sup>th</sup> Division to come up from  
Maratta. I rode ahead & went into the  
Camp of our Section in Atlanta, with orders  
for Lieut. Ross. This was the 13<sup>th</sup> & next  
day the Battery passed by our Camp,  
& Camped between Atlanta & our  
old Camp near East St. That evening  
we took the Section out to the Battery  
passing the whole 15<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> Corps in  
bivouac, their fires extending for  
miles in every direction.  
He had left a Corporal & a detail of  
men in the Section Camp, & they  
joined us in the night, having  
burned nearly all of the Company  
tents, old harness, clothing &c. that we  
could not carry: according to orders.  
On the morning of the 16<sup>th</sup> we were roused  
at 3 O'clock, and preparations made  
for the march. Everybody reduced  
baggage & burned what they could  
not carry. I have overhauled my  
Knapsacks destroyed several shirts,  
pairs of pantaloons & other clothing,  
besides both our journals which  
containing sketches of our life at

3  
St. Snelling, St. Louis, Pittsburg Landing,  
Covington, Abbeville, Moscow, Memphis,  
Lake Providence & Vicksburg.

It was so easy to burn it, but it  
could not be helped, it was too heavy  
to have it carry on his back,

I carried our blankets & haversacks  
on my horse, while it strapped the  
Knapsack on his back, in which was  
what little clothing we were allowed  
to take. It was announced that  
we were to draw half Rations of hard  
bread & one third Rations Sugar & Coffee,  
but during the march we generally  
got only  $\frac{2}{3}$  Ration of Cracker, living  
on sweet potatoes, Corn Meal, and  
fresh pork, of which there was an abund-  
ance, so that what hard tack we got  
was seldom eaten.

At sunrise our Division marched, &  
taking a S.E. course over very rough  
country, & on new roads, blazed through  
the Oak & Beech woods we halted for  
the night only some 12 miles from



Atlanta, although we had marched fast, but the way we came was very round about - & the horses at night were much jaded on account of the many hills we had to get over. Not much foraging done this day, as we were in country that had been pretty well stripped by our Garrison in Atlanta. On the 16<sup>th</sup> we kept the same general direction, made about 20 Miles & bivouacked for the night in a cornfield within a mile of the village of Mc Donough. At 3 P.M. today one of our Boys died in the ambulance, having been sick for some time. There was a singular coincidence connected with Davis S. King's death. At the hour he died he had been in the service just three years to an hour, & was a Non-Com. We buried him that night, poor fellow; & he was very much regretted by the whole Company.

Nov. 17<sup>th</sup>: Reveille sounded at 3 & we were on the road an hour before

day light, taking the Reyes Ferry road from Mc Donough, the ferry being on South River, which unites with the Yellow and another river to form the Ocmulgee. When within 2 Miles of the ferry we took the road for Jackson, further south, & marching 3 Miles on this road, bivouacked for the night, having made about 20 Miles, over some of the best country I ever saw. Fine rolling land, well cultivated, with barns full of forage, & plenty of hogs & sheep in the fields.

The harvest were all in, the corn husked, and the corn fodder stacked in the fields or under cover in the barns, so that we had plenty for man & horse. We felt very tired tonight though, for the marching of the past 3 days has been very severe. Crossed Tusshaw Creek this afternoon. Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> Left Camp at 7 this morning & took the road for the Mills on the Ocmulgee, 6 Miles distant. When within three Miles of the River,



we halted to let the other Divisions of the Corps pass ahead. In the afternoon we took the road again, & at dusk stopped within a mile of the river. Here we went into park, unhitched & unharnessed, got supper, and at ten P.M. the Boots & Saddles sounded & we were again on the move. Moved along slowly till we came in sight of the Ocmulgee, a fine river. Crossed on a pontoon Bridge laid above the dam at the Mills. The Ocmulgee Mills <sup>were</sup> 2 splendid buildings, which the Rebels had used night & day for the manufacture of cloth for the army; they were destroyed as soon as the army got over the Bridge. Our Quartermasters took the opportunity while we were crossing, to dismount every man that had no right to ride, in order to get mules & horses for the trains & in this way many of our Cannoneers lost the mags they had picked up. After crossing we climbed one of the worst hills I ever saw & at 2 O'Clock bivouacked 2 Miles from the river on the Moultrie road.

Dr. John Jones

Wm. L. Jones

4

Before Savannah Ga. Dec. 18<sup>th</sup> / 64

My dear Brother, [Alexander]

My letter of yesterday brought up the narrative of our March to the time we crossed the Ocmulgee, & I will now resume it. But first I must tell you that while I was writing yesterday a Mail came in, & with it 4 letters for us, two from you & 2 from father, of the dates of 6<sup>th</sup> & 13<sup>th</sup> Nov. There must be older letters yet to come, for in these you speak of John Sutton's buying a Sub. of Uncle Tom's being in the Army, & of Annet's being in Chonaw; all new to me. How did Uncle get into the Heavy Artillery, or as he drafted, or did he volunteer?

Your criticisms on Genl. Sherman show that, in common with the rest of the world, the Rebels included, you were not acquainted with his grand plan till it was put into execution, & therefore you could not see why he did not attack Hood up near Chattanooga, not knowing that

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"Old Billy" had bigger game in view when he was gently pushing Hood across the Tennessee. With all your smartness Alex, you are not quite able yet to instruct Genl. Sherman in Military Strategy.

But to my Diary. Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> Marched at 10 O'Clock, & passed through Monticello about noon. It was a pretty little village, with some handsome women in it, a great rarity in the South. A large quantity of Rebel Commissary stores were found in the Courthouse & we loaded down our Caissons with shelled corn in sacks for our horses: not caring if the sacks were marked - "Capt R. S. Jones, A. L. M. C. S. A." - As we passed through the town the jail was burning, our Boys having discovered that our prisoners had been kept in it, so it was reduced to ashes, to the great terror of some of the womenfolk who thought we would destroy the town. We marched slowly all day & camped early, about 4 miles south of Monticello. The weather, when we started from Atlanta was cold & clear, but last night & today it has

drizzled a little, & tonight is raining. On the 20<sup>th</sup> & 21<sup>st</sup> we continued our march, camping the latter day, a mile west of Gordon on the Macon & Savannah R.R. The weather was very rainy, & the road pretty bad, especially near Gordon, where we first struck the regular "Piney woods", which stretch unbroken from there to Savannah. The soil very sandy, & the plantations few & far between, altogether a far inferior country to the rich "Cherokee Country" further north. At Gordon we saw the marks of Stoneman's unfortunate raid in the burnt depot & the newly repaired R.R. & telegraph wire, which our Infantry soon demolished again. Heard considerable cannonading towards Macon on the 20<sup>th</sup> & 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>d</sup>. On the latter day we lay in camp till 11 O'Clock, & then moved in an awful hurry, on acct of not getting orders till very late. We marched through Gordon & on towards Irwinton halting at dusk, 9 miles from Gordon. Nov. 23<sup>d</sup> Took the road early, our Division in the advance, & passed through Irwinton soon after starting. Not a person to be seen in it.



all had run on the approach of the dreaded Yankees. We halted in the street some time and our fellows took a good many liberties with a Book Store near by, found a large quantity of Rebel Mail, and I seized on a new Davis's Geometry & Trigonometry, which I brought along.

I took it as part payment for the Range Algebra, I lost at Spiloh. They shall not cheat me out of my Mathematics any more. On leaving Ironstone we marched through Townsborough on the R.R.

Here, again, we stopped quite a while, & took the opportunity to load our baggage wagons with sacked Corn, Rebel commissary stores. One of the Inftry dug up a pile of Rebel money & silver in an old citizens garden & they also found about a half bushel of powder hid away, which the Boys put a fuse to, & fired it making the whole town shake. While we stopped here, a man of the old 69th N.Y. who had been taken prisoner at Petersburg on the 30th July, came in to Genl. Smith's Comdg. Division. He told a wonderful story of his escape from Savannah and his travel through the country by night toward Atlanta, assisted by the negroes.

Of how he had got close to our lines when he was captured by the Rebel Cavalry & they were going to kill him, when our Cavalry came up & hauled in his captors. He told us there was a small force of State Militia on the other side of the Oconee, & he lay in the swamp & watched them haul up 4 old guns & plant them in readiness for us. This man has come through safely with us, & is now on his way to join his Regt.

After a short halt in Townsborough we marched for the R.R. Bridge over the Oconee & when within two miles of it came up to where the 1st Ala. Cavalry had dismounted & left their horses while they went to skirmishing.

5  
Here we went into park. The Infantry stacked arms, while Gordon's piece was sent forward to shell the Johnnies out of a stockade they were in on our side of the river. After a short time we heard the Rodmann speaking to them & then the skirmishing ceased, & the piece came back. The first shell had made them leave the stockade & as they ran across the bridge Gordon gave them a few shots lengthwise as I saw Watchhouse cove. Our Inftry then went to destroying R.R. & we unhitched & unharnessed. The weather today has been very cold, the keen wind seeming to blow clear through overcoats & all.

All the next day, the 24th we lay in camp, only sending down two guns to touch up the Mollies a little on the other side of the river. They had a gun mounted on a car in front of the Engine & our first shots were directed for that. A percussion shell going through their smoke stack made the critter back water in a hurry & made Genl. Smith rub his hands with delight. The day here tonight. Heavy frost last night. Ice an inch thick this morning.

Nov. 25th. Roused at first about 6 o'clock & marched back to Townsborough where we halted two hours. Then we took the road leading south east & after 3 miles march the 1st Division of the 15th Corps came in on our right & the two Divisions marched in the same road in two columns, side by side for 4 miles. Halted for the night about dark & heard considerable cannonading at the river in front where the pontoons were being laid under cover of our artillery. Nov. 26th. At One O'clock in the afternoon we moved & crossed the Oconee in camp & river, the former on Corduroy Bridge two miles long laid by our Pioneers, & the latter on the pontoons. The 15th Corps crossing on another Bridge to our right & taking the same road with us for two miles on the east side of the river & then branching off to the right. The Oconee is not so large as the Ocmulgee, but the pine swamp on each side is almost bottomless. Halted for the night about 8 miles from the river.

On the 27th, 28th & 29th we did not march very fast. Keeping on the road almost parallel to the R.R. & passing through Irons Cross Road, & the small place called Spies Turnout, not the station but near it where the wagon road crosses the road to the station of Spies, went through this place on the 29th & passed the

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I took the part payment for the Royal Algebra. I lost at Shiloh. They shall not cheat me out of my Mathematics any more. On leaving Harrison we marched through Tomsborough on the R.R.

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Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> Roused at five O'clock & marched back to Tomsborough where we halted two hours. Then we took the road leading south east & after 3 miles march the 1<sup>st</sup> Division of the 15<sup>th</sup> Corps came in on our right & the two Divisions marched in the same road in two columns side by side for 4 miles. Halted for the night about dark & heard considerable cannonading at the river in front where the pontoons were being laid under cover of our artillery. Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> At One O'clock in the afternoon we moved & crossed the Oconee swamp & river the former on Corduroy Bridge two miles long laid by our Pioneers, & the latter on the pontoons. The 15<sup>th</sup> Corps Crossing on another Bridge to our right & taking the same road with us for two miles on the right side of the river & then branching off to the right. The Oconee is not so large as the Ocmulgee, but the pine swamp on each side is almost bottomless.

Walt for the night about 3 miles from the River. On the 27<sup>th</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> & 29<sup>th</sup> we did not march very far. Keeping on the road almost parallel to the R.R. & passing through Irwins Cross Roads, & the small place called Spicers Turnout, not the station but near it where the wagon road crosses the road to the Station of Spicers. Went through this place on the 29<sup>th</sup> & passed the



head of column of the 15<sup>th</sup> Corps & saw Genls. Osterhaus & Sherman. The latter marched with our Division that day for the first time since leaving Atlanta. Riding up beside Lieut. Ross, Comdg. our Section, he accosted him with a pleasant "Good Morning," & then asked the Lieut. if we found any difficulty in getting forage for the horses, at the same time laughing at the pile of corn fodder in our Comdr's Cañon in front of him. He told Ross that we had the finest columns of horses he had seen on the march, - a well deserved compliment - for our Divisions have always kept up the good reputation of the Battery for good looking horses, and on this trip our horses have actually gained in flesh, while other Batteries have had to shoot animals every day. A little incident occurred today - the 29<sup>th</sup> - that shows how little "style" there is about Sherman. One of our Cannoneers - Griffing by name - was walking along by the side of his gun talking to Saml. who was mounted. Genl. Sherman rode up behind Saml. who saw him & turned out of the way, unknown to Griffing who thought he was still by his side. So Joe continued the conversation & kicking up the soil with his boot exclaimed "This is pretty good land here." "Yes," says the Genl. "it is very good land, only a little too sandy." On hearing this strange voice Griffing looked up & saw that instead of Saml. being alongside, it was Old Billy himself, looking as smiling as you please. Joe says that about that time he felt like getting into a very deep hole. A surprise awaited me on this day too. As we left camp in the morning we had to pass the train of the 1<sup>st</sup> Division of our Corps which was drawn up on the side of the road. While riding along at the head of my Piece, I heard my name called & looking round, who should I see but Ed. C. Kufe mounted on a mule team in the 1<sup>st</sup> Divisionary train. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but it was the veritable Ed. although looking pretty rough. He is enlisted as teamster, & has seen some hard times by his story. Was looking well though. He was in Atlanta for two weeks before starting on this trip. I saw him on 22<sup>nd</sup> since, near the Ogeechee, but have had very little chance to talk to him. He saw Dave Waterhouse in Chattanooga who was soon to go home.

On the 30<sup>th</sup> we moved slowly & halted for the night a mile from the Ogeechee. The Orders were read today breaking up the Artillery Brigade in our Corps, & assigning the Batteries to Divisions as heretofore. We are assigned to our old Division - the 4<sup>th</sup>. Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> This morning very foggy & dark. Started before daylight & crossed the Ogeechee on pontoon Bridge at the station of Seaboard. Marched slowly down the east side of the R.R. & camped on Jones plantation, 6 miles from where we crossed. The Infantry of our Division & the 1<sup>st</sup> tore up R.R. all day, while the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division marched with us on the wagon road, & guarded the trains. Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> Marched to Millen, where we camp tonight. It is a very small place for such an important Junction. Infantry tearing up track all day.

Since we crossed the Ogeechee we have traveled over strange country. I cannot describe it better than by saying it would be prairie were it not for the tremendous growth of pine, for it is as level as a floor, & perfectly devoid of underbrush, heavily timbered with pine, and the soil nothing but sand, on which is a short thick growth of prairie grass. We have not had to lock the wheels of the Carriages for the past 60 miles (and I may say, we did not lock them yet except once at Samanah's Mill, near Millen.) As we approached the Coast the country looks older, and we saw many fine old residences surrounded with the most splendid Live Oaks I have seen in the South. There also saw a great deal of the saw palmetto, of which the most of ladies fans are made. Another peculiarity of this low flat country are the many spring ponds that cover the region, some of them quite large, & having small inlets & outlets. Our camps were always by the side of one of these, so that there was plenty of water for man & beast.

Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup> Marched at 8 o'clock. Halted at 10.30 & mailed. Till the rest of the Corps had passed, when at 3 P.M. we moved again, and brought up the rear of the Corps with our Third Brigade to Woods plantation near Seaboard station, where we stop for the night. Close to a big corn crib that must have contained at least 5000 Bushels of corn. Our whole Army Corps is using grain it tonight, & we will have to burn a pile of it in the morning. On the 4<sup>th</sup> we made about 15 miles & found the country better cultivated. Houses that look as if they might have



head of column of the 15<sup>th</sup> Corps & saw Genl. Osterhaus & Sherman. The latter was checked with our Division that day for the first time since leaving Atlanta. Riding up beside Lieut. Ross, Comdr. our Section, he accosted him with a pleasant "Good Morning," & then asked the Lieut. if we found any difficulty in getting forage for the horses at the same time laughing at the pile of corn fodder our Command. Carrow in front of him. He told Ross that we had the finest columns of horses he had seen on the march, - a well deserved compliment for our Division have always kept up the good reputation of the Battery for good looking horses, and on this trip our horses have actually gained in flesh, while other Batteries have had to shoot animals every day. A little incident occurred today - the 29<sup>th</sup> - that shows how little "style" there is about Sherman. One of our Commanders - Griffing by name - was walking along by the side of his horse talking to one who was mounted. Genl. Sherman rode up behind a small who saw him & turned out of the way, unknown to Griffing who thought he was still by his side. He continued the conversation & kicking up the dirt with his boot exclaimed "This is pretty good land here." "Yes," says the Genl. "it is very good land, only a little too sandy." On hearing this strange voice Griffing looked up & saw that instead of a small being alongside, it was Old Billy himself, looking as smiling as you please. I've seen that about that time he felt like getting into a very deep hole. A surprise awaited me on this day too. As we left camp in the morning we had to pass the train of the 1<sup>st</sup> Division of our Corps which was drawn up on the side of the road. While riding along at the head of my Piece, I heard my name called & looking round, who should I see but Ed. C. C. wounded on a mule team in the 1<sup>st</sup> Division's train. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but it was the veritable Ed. although looking pretty rough. He is enlisted as a Cavalry & has seen some hard times by his story. Was looking well though. He was in Atlanta for two weeks before starting on this trip. I saw him on a river near the Ogeechee, but have had very little chance to talk to him. He says Dave Waterhouse in Chattanooga was soon to go home.

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the Revolution, surrounded by grand old groves  
of the green, spreading Live Oak - the King of shade  
trees. On the 5<sup>th</sup> we crossed the Little Appomattox on  
<sup>iron</sup> ~~iron~~ Bridge & went into camp on the south side.  
This is where the Chivalry tried to stop our advance,  
and got flanked out of their sand works. We got  
a number of the wooden spades they had used, & burned  
them to cook our sweet potatoes by. Our foragers found  
today about a dozen horses & mules hid in a swamp,  
& brought them in to the Battery.

Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> Weather very pleasant, Lay in camp all day while the Buffs were destroying R.R. & cutting down the Bridge over the Little Aguachu. Our Pioneer Corps were murdering some 600 negroes piled up on the marches. Camped close to us. I went down there to look & bought some Rebel money for curiosities. Got some Rice in the Bunkies to feed our horse.

Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> Left camp on the Little Aguchee at 7 A.M. our  
Divisions in the advance. Raining this forenoon & in  
consequence the road is pretty bad. Several swamps had to  
be forded & in one of them we came near sticking  
with the whole Battery, for several horses fell down in the  
almost bottomless mud. The Country gets lower as  
we approach the Coast, & the Spanish moss, so thick in  
the swamps of Louisiana, begins to appear.

the Savannah of Louisiana, as begins to appear,  
Got a Savannah paper of the 5<sup>th</sup> today, in which we  
see acct. of the capture of the Florida & other news,  
the first we have had since the 1<sup>st</sup> Nov. Genl. Sherman  
marched with us today, & tonight we bivouacked close to  
his Hq. Lt. & those of Genls. Blair & Smith, within 31

Miles of Savannah. Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> Another fair. On the road at 8 A.M. & marched very slowly, on acct. of the numerous swamps we had to wade. The country is low, sandy, piney, & very poorly cultivated. Heard heavy guns in front, supposed to be from our fleet. Our fellows captured a locomotive at Station 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  & we saw it burning. Within 21 Miles of the city tonight. Speaking of Cannonading reminds me that at Milledge we heard very heavy guns at a distance on our left & were told by the citizens that they were at Charleston, & that they heard them nearly every day.

Before Savannah, Dec. 19<sup>th</sup>  
My dear Sandy

I shall continue my diary from where I left off yesterday: & when I finish it, shall answer father's letter of the 13<sup>th</sup> Nov. Recd. on the 16<sup>th</sup> Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> Round by the river at five o'clock & on the road at 8 o'clock 1<sup>st</sup> Division in advance & the 4<sup>th</sup> next. The 1<sup>st</sup> had some skirmishing & cannonading; drove the Enemy out of their works, & we then advanced to Foster Station where we camped for the night. Before coming up to the Rebel works several torpedoes exploded in the road, & hurt some of the 1<sup>st</sup> Mo. Cavalry who were in the advance. Genl. Sherman at once ordered up some of the Rebel prisoners from the rear & set them to digging for the concealed torpedoes, & they found several. A Rebel major, who was in the squad, complained bitterly of this treatment, saying that he was not responsible for what the Confederate had done. "Go on with your digging," said Genl. Sherman, "you had no business to be caught in such company." The commissary of subsistence of the 1<sup>st</sup> Division was killed by a solid shot today.

Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> I was on guard last night. Recv'd this morning at 4:30 & we marched at 7, the road being a turnpike with impunctable swamps on each side, Road straight as an arrow. Marched very rapidly till at Telford Station a torpedo exploded in the center of the 53<sup>rd</sup> Ills right in front of the Battery, killing 3 men & wounding 6, throwing the balance of the men killed all over their comrades. On the explosion the Rebels opened fire instantly from their Batteries a half mile beyond completely sweeping the road with 32 pound & 10 lb shot & 12 lb shell. From the town they had in the Oceans on the R.R. Cars. They only hurt a few men however as the Column was got off the road as soon as possible, and the 2<sup>nd</sup> Corps joined him at 12 o'clock in the morning, while we went into park by the side of the road.

Here several shots & shells flew over his, one of them  
talking off the leg of Lieut. Moore of the 13<sup>th</sup> Ohio Battery  
Ordinance Officer of the Division. (Lieut. Morgan of  
our Battery is now Ordinance Officer)  
The day all day in park, our Drift, Shirmingtons a little,  
and two or three night camped near by.

Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> Stayed in camp ~~all day~~ till afternoon, when we moved out to the rear, the 14<sup>th</sup> Corps having retired. moved while we went to the Right



the Revolution, surrounded by grand old groves  
of the green, spreading Live Oak - the King of shade  
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some Rebel money for curiosities. Got some Rice in the  
Bunkles to feed our horses.

Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> Left camp on the Little Oquiche at 7 A.M. our  
Divisions in the advance. Raining this forenoon & we  
consequently the road is pretty bad. Several swamps had to  
be forded, & in one of them we came near striking  
with the whole Battery, for several horses fell down in the  
almost bottomless mud. The Country gets lower as  
we approach the Coast, & the Spanish moss, so thick in  
the swamps of Louisiana begins to appear.  
Got a Savannah paper of the 5<sup>th</sup> today, in which we  
see acct. of the capture of the Florida & other news.  
The first we have had since the 1<sup>st</sup> Nov. Genl. Sherman  
marched with us today, & tonight we bivouacked close to  
his HQ. & those of Genls. Blair & Smith, within 31

Miles of Savannah. Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> Weather fair. On the road.  
At 8 A.M. & marched very slowly, on acct. of the numerous  
swamps we had to bridge. The country is low, sandy, piney,  
& very poorly cultivated. Heard heavy guns in front,  
supposed to be from our fleet. Our fellows captured a Locomotive  
at Station 2 1/2 & we saw it burning. Within 21  
Miles of the City tonight. Speaking of Cannonading  
reminds me that at Milledge we heard very heavy  
guns at a distance on our left, & were told by the Citizens  
that they were at Charleston, & that they heard them nearly  
every day.

Before Savannah, Dec. 19<sup>th</sup>  
My dear Sandy,

I shall continue my  
diary from where I left off yesterday: & when I finish it  
shall answer father's letter of the 13<sup>th</sup> Nov. Recd. on the 16<sup>th</sup>.  
Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> Round by the River at five O'clock & on the road at 8.  
our 1<sup>st</sup> Division in advance & the 4<sup>th</sup> next. The 1<sup>st</sup> had some  
skirmishing & cannonading: drove the Enemy out of their  
works, & we then advanced to Powder Station where we  
camped for the night. Before coming up to the Rebel works several  
torpedoes exploded in the road, & hurt some of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ala.  
Cavalry who were in the advance. Genl. Sherman at once  
ordered up some of the Rebel prisoners from the war, & set them  
to digging for the concealed torpedoes, & they found several.  
A Rebel major, who was in the squad, complained bitterly  
of his treatment, saying that he was not responsible for what the Savannah  
Confederates had done. "Go on with your digging," said Genl.  
Sherman, "you had no business to be caught in such company."  
The Commissary of Subsistence of the 1<sup>st</sup> Division was killed  
by a solid shot today.

Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> I was on guard last night. Recd. this morning  
at 4:30 & we marched at 7, the road being a turnpike  
with impenetrable swamps on each side. Road  
straight as an arrow. Marched very rapidly till  
at Telfair Station a torpedo exploded in the center of the  
53<sup>rd</sup> Ala. right in front of the Battery, killing 3 men  
& wounding 6, throwing the brains of the man killed  
all over their comrades. On the explosion the Rebels opened  
fire instantly from their Batteries a half mile beyond,  
completely sweeping the road with 32 pound solid shot,  
& 12 lb shell. From the town they had on the Oconee  
over the R.R. Car. They only hurt a few men, however,  
as the Column soon got off the road as soon as possible,  
and the Infantry formed line of Battle in the swamps,  
while we went into park by the side of the road.

Here several shot & shell flew over us, one of them  
taking off the leg of Lieut. Moore of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ohio Battery.  
Orderance Officer of the Division. (Lieut. Waynes of  
our Battery is now Orderance Officer.)  
We stayed all day in park, our Infantry skirmishing a little,  
and towards night camped near by.  
Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> Stayed in camp till afternoon, when we moved  
out to the rear, the 14<sup>th</sup> Corps having retired, ours while we  
went to the Right.



Marched to the rear till we were 7 miles from the city, where we turned south & halted for the night near the Aguachu Canal. And here began the starvation period. Our supply came round tonight begging for ears of the corn we had to feed the horses while we were but a little better off. (This was on the 11<sup>th</sup> & I am now writing on the 19<sup>th</sup>; we drew our first hard tack from the fleet this forenoon, so you can see we have not fattened up any in the past 8 days.)

Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> Marched south crossing the canal, till about a mile south of it, where we waited till dark, when we started to "over the Blackledge." A Rebel Battery was within a half mile of the road we had to go & in plain sight of it, so that it was impossible to go by in the daytime and even in the night it was risky, so our trains had all been sent off by a very round about road while the Fifty of the Division & our Battery was to run by. The column started; it was a bright moonlight night & all was still except the heavy tramp of the Fifty Battalions & the rattle of our gun carriages. Just as we got to where the Causeway commenced, looking over the low rice field to the left we saw two Rockets go up, one after the other; "Hav," thought I, "we will catch 'em." Sure enough, we soon saw a lurid flash from the dark looking Rebel Battery, and then the boom of the gun & the shrill of the shell came together. It ricocheted & went over us, "Steady Boys, hold your teams well in hand, Carmoniers smash by your piece," & the column went steadily on. A half mile to go yet, & if they open their whole Battery on us it will go hard with us. Soon comes another flash, a short shrill, then a flash close to us, & the pieces of shell whistled by, no harm done; they began to breathe easier as we came near the end of the Causeway without their opening more than one gun. It fired 2 shots more without hurting any one, & then we emerged from the bare Rice field & took the road through the safe woods. Carried that night two miles from the Rebel Battery, where the Beverly road joins the Sacramento road where we lay till the night of the 14<sup>th</sup> when our Section moved back & went into a fort near the Causeway, where we are now while the rest of the Battery is still in the old camp. We are in position close to an old frame building in which is machinery for clearing Rice & it has been pretty welliddled since we came here by rebel shot. We are separated from the Rebel works by a shut of water 700 yds.

our width, the overflowing of the Rice field, by the backing up of the water of the swamp by the tide. This is the way they have overflowed their rice land in times past, & it comes very handy to the Rebels now, for they have let the water in, & now stop the sluice gates shut so it cannot get away again. These gates are on their side & our guns are offering a thousand dollars & a discharge to any man who will go over & cut the gates open. The Rebels opened on us here on the 15<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> & we had a lively time for awhile, till some of our three inch muskings went into their port holes when they dried up. Genl. Stager gave us instructions to always have the last shot, & we have always had it. Some of our boys were hurt, but 3 of the 12<sup>th</sup> this Battery on our right were badly wounded on the 15<sup>th</sup>. The Rebels have more artillery opposed to us than we have but they don't use it as well as they generally fire on us ~~at~~ while at 1000 yds, which is the distance of their main fort, we can hit their Embarass every time with our Rodmans.

Now, Sandy, I hope you are satisfied with my diary of the march. It has taken the spare time I have had for two days to write it out, interrupted as I was several times by the roar of the Rebel guns, when I would have to give my attention to the firing of my gun. I wish you to save these letters as I have only a pencil diary of the march, and that I shall not try to save.

These 6 sheets ought to be enough I think to bring to my mind every

incident of our memorable  
trip. Our Starvation period is now  
over, I think, for we drew stores to us  
from the fleet on the Ogeechee but while  
it lasted we had nothing but a little fresh  
Buck some of which chased Wood north  
of Atlanta and what little rice we could  
pound out of the hull by hand.

Since we came here we have run a rice  
mill that was used by steam, running it  
by hand in the old Building milled by  
Rebel shells.

We have not yet seen  
salt water but are pretty near it, within  
20 miles of the open Ocean. This is very low coun-  
try, & the tide backs up the water in the  
swamps & bayous all around us.

I saw the Ft. Mc Allister prisoners day  
before yesterday, and they are a fine looking  
body of men.

That furlough will have to wait till  
Savannah is captured, & even then, if  
we march for Charleston I would  
not ask a leave of absence.

Give my love to all, Mother, Sarah,  
and all good friends, & I will sign  
myself as ever Your loving Brother

Thos. S. Christie

Camp near Spring Hill December 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1864.

Dear Uncle and Aunt. [James Christie]

Knowing that you must feel anxious to hear from me since the news of the great battle I take this opportunity to send you just a few lines. We had a great fight on the 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup>. Won a great victory and are now in pursuit of Hood's army. No time for particulars. Our regiment suffered the most it has at any time since I have been with it. I passed through all without a scratch or mark on my clothing.

I received your last letter. I wish you to understand distinctly that I voted for "Old-Abe" - I was glad to hear from my money about which I will write more hereafter. I was sorry to hear that Aunt's health was so poor and fear that I am never to see her again. My health better. Inclosed you will find a picture of my face.

Yours in great haste and under the pressure of marching orders through constant mud and rain.  
O. P. Hayes.





The U. S. Christian Commission  
sends this as the soldier's messenger to his home  
Let it hasten to those who wait for tidings



James Christie Esq.  
Clyman & Dodge Co  
New York