



James C. Christie and Family Papers

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Savannah, Ga.
Jan. 3rd 1865

My dear Sandy:

As I know you love to read letters from us, & as I suppose it will be some time yet before I will have a letter from you to answer, & as it costs me only a little time, ink & paper, a three cent stamp & an envelope to gratify you, I have determined to spoil a sheet of this new ^{Wilton} ^{Head} letter paper for your benefit.

Contrary to our expectations, we did not break up camp today, & it is now thought that we will not leave immediately, even if the Infantry of the Division go, which they expect to do tomorrow. We hear that the 1st Division of the Corps is at Beaufort, where it is thought we are to go when we leave here. We also have from Wilmington the news of Butler's landing there, above Fort Fisher. It seems to me that we will push Charleston closely very soon as a

diversion in Butler's favor. When the troops went on board the transports two days ago there were put on with them several guns of the heaviest calibre captured here, which looks as if siege operations were to be commenced somewhere, & of course we naturally think of Charleston as the object of these forthcoming operations. No matter where we go, so that we are on the move, & doing something and we will be satisfied. Savannah is as tiresome to us now as ever Corinth or Vicksburg were, & we want to be at something new. Before the winter is out it is likely we shall be gratified. Our life since we appeared before the city has been so full of interesting incident, that I have not been able to keep you posted of everything as I should. While we were in position on the lines outside the city we had several very exciting duels with the Rebel Batteries of 32 pdrs. & 10 pound Rifles. On the 15th Nov they opened fire on us

and our Cannoniers rushed to their posts, while I looked out a position from which I could observe the fire of my gun. As the country was very flat, & the smoke of the cannonade hung low to the ground it was difficult to see the effect of our shots from our position. On the flank of our work, & close to it, was an old Rice mill, of which you have heard before, & on the end facing the Enemy's Batteries was an old window in the upper story, some twenty feet from the ground, the blind of the window being thrown back against the side of the Building. I thought this would be a good spot from whence to get a view of the Rebel position, & so I went into the mill in order to go up the stairs into the upper story. On going inside however I found that the stairs had been taken down by the men for firewood, so I had to give up the project, as there was no ~~other~~ other chance to get to the window. I had scarcely got to my fire again when a 32 pound shell from one of the guns

in front of us struck the old window-blind & burst just inside the mill, tearing off part of the roof above where it exploded & raising bed generally. I could not but think that if those stairs had been all right in their place, I would have had a hard time of it at that old window. We dried up the Johnnies soon after, and had no more trouble till the 17th when they opened on us from both front & flank. They had a Battery on our left front, within 700 yards, with which they enfiladed us completely, sending the shells across in the rear of the Guns, through our Cook fires. We had been started up from our dinners to reply to the scamps, and as I was hungry, as I generally am about that time, I occupied myself in munching a cracker while directing the fire of the Gun. When my first hard tack was all nibbled up I bethought myself of getting another one, and looking round for the haversack, saw it hanging to the pole of the tarpaulin which was stretched immediately in rear of the Gun. Started for the haversack to get a cracker

but when half way to it, something told me not to go. A moment after, and a ten pound shot bounced over the low parapet on our left, passed close in the rear of Conner's Gun, & plunged right through my tarpaulin, making two holes in it that you might shove your head through. Of course I felt grateful to my inward Mentor for preventing my going to the haversack. The Tarpaulins that belong to my Gun have always been specially unfortunate. The old one we turned over at Atlanta had 11 Ball holes through it, and now this new one is completely ruined for rainy weather by these shot holes through it. This thing of having a fellow's wigwam riddled with air holes, though fine for ventilation, is not very desirable when those Southern Torrents pour on the canvas.

That was a rather hot place we were in by the old Rice Mill. A day or two after that close call of mine, a shot from the same flank Gun dashed through an Embrazure of the 15th Ohio, in the same

put with us, & tore a man's shoulder &
arm all to pieces. He has since died.
When we passed through the line of Rebel
forts on our way to the city on the morning
of the 21st we had a good chance to see the
effect of our shots; Their embrasures were
completely torn to pieces, & two of their guns
had been dismounted by our Rodmans.
I don't think you have much idea of the
terrible accuracy of our kind of guns, which
the Rebels confess they dread far more than
any other kind; Probably you think your
rifle is pretty good at shooting, but what
would you say to see a two foot square
target, in the shape of an embrasure, hit
twice out of three times at a mile distance.
This we have done repeatedly, and we
have never failed yet to have the last
shot with either Batteries or sharpshooters.
If you enlist under the new call
Sandy, and if no persuasions will keep
you at home you must come to us.
There is plenty of room now for 30 men
& if Malins will not enlist you for

for us, take 50 dollars in hand & come down
to Savannah, or where the Corps may be,
Lieut. Hurter will be glad to enlist you,
and his Certificate will draw your Local
Bounty anywhere. Never think of
joining any other Company than ours.
I have not space to give you all the reasons
that should influence you to this step, but
if you come across any old soldier ask
him about the different branches of the
service, & see what he will tell you of
the Infantry.

Monday Jan. 6th

We are under orders to
march at 9 O'clock for Fort-
Thunderbolt - 5 miles south -
where we are to take transports
for Beaufort or some other
place. Under these circumstances
as you must excuse me
from finishing this sheet,
Yours hurriedly Th. D. Christie
Savannah for Sea Veterans.

St. Thunderbolt, near Savannah,

January 11th 1865

My dear Father;

We moved down here on the 6th & have staid here ever since, waiting for our turn to embark for Beaufort. All our Corps is gone except our Battery, & we shall go today, most likely. The whole army is being transported to Beaufort, & as we have but about 8 transports it is very slow work. When we are gone the 15th Corps is all ready to follow & when we are all there it is thought the Campaign will commence. St. Thunderbolt where we now are is on the St. Augustine River, which connects the Savannah with Ogeechee Sound, & is about 12 miles south of the City. The river is more properly an arm of the sea, & the tide rises

here some nine feet. There are several large sea going vessels here, among them one or two regular Blockade Gunboats. All of them carry sail besides their steam power.

The seamen tell us that our drifters, who went some days ago, were awfully sea sick on the voyage, & the Pontiac, which carried the 5th 3^d Indiana of our Division, has not got her decks clean yet.

We have had first rate times since coming down here, & I have been on the water every day.

The second day I went out into the inlet in a boat to where a vessel is sunk, which shows a good part out of water when the tide is out, & myself & two comrades got over a bushel of oysters which were sticking on the sides of the hull, when the next tide was out

that night, it being moonlight we went out again & got as many more. I cut my hands all to pieces though, in pulling the sharp clusters of oysters off the bed, & the soaking in salt water don't make them feel any the more agreeable. Tomorrow, the next day I bought a boat load of Oysters that came from Ft. Pulaski, & got the boat - a fine yawl with 4 oars - in the bargain. Sold out the Bivalves to the Boys in the Compiz & more than made my money back on them. Then we rigged a sail on the yawl & had a good time sailing all over the inlet & up the different Channels in the salt marsh through which the river flows. I have learned to pull an oar with the best of them now, although I caught

a good many "crabs" when
I first tried. Lieut. Fall & myself
with 6 others went out yesterday, &
sailed more than two hours, the
tide running in against a strong
wind, which made the waves
run almost "mountain high".
We shipped one or two "heavy seas"
& met our Bow Oarsman to the
skin. The wind blew so strong as
to tear the sail out of the Bolt-Ropes
once, & those on shore thought we
were to be capsize'd sure, but the
Lieutenant, who had the helmsman, was
raised on the Coast of New Brunswick
& can steer a boat as well as he can
maneuver a Section of Artillery, while
our stroke oarsman used to belong
to a club on the Hudson, besides
which, the rest of the crew were old
Mississippi Raftsmen, & of course
a boat with so much nautical skill
aboard could meet with no accidents.

The weather, since we left the city, has
been cold & rainy, making our big fires
of Live Oak & pine feel very comfortable.
Wind strong every day, & mostly from
the north east. The health of the men is
not as good as while on the march, a few
cases of Chill fever being in the Company,
but we & I are still rugged. I think
I weigh more now than ever before.
149 pounds - & I am sure I never
felt better inclined to enjoy myself.
When we get to Beaufort it is intended
to get a boat for the Company & go oyster-
ing regularly. I have taken quite
a passion for the Shelly Creatures, & can
open their flinty habitations with as
much skill as a Jersey fisherman.
We have cooked them every way, but
I prefer mine raw to any other
way, & can put a few dozen out
of sight with the greatest ease.

Capt. Clayton is in command of the Company again, having given up his position as Inspector Genl. of Artillery in the 15th Corps.

Jan. 12th Not off yet, & don't know when we shall be, as the Inftry of the 15th Corps is going on the Boats, & it is said that we have to wait for a larger vessel than ordinary, on account of getting room for our guns & caissons.

We are too much used to such delays since we have been in the service to get much about it, and we no doubt enjoy ourselves as much here as we would at Beaufort.

There is not much temptation to spend money about Savannah at the prices they ask for things. 50 cts per doz. for little cakes - half a mouthful in each, - 10 cts apiece for small half rotten apples, pocket-knives \$3.00, combs \$6.00 - handkerchiefs of the most common kind \$3.00 apiece

and everything else in proportion.

It is surprising, but true, that at such prices the citizens find plenty of customers, especially for eatables, of which they cannot furnish enough for our hungry soldiers, whose Atlanta greenbacks weigh heavily in their pockets.

At such prices I will purchase nothing and so we will have to depend on you for another package, which I hope you have sent already, for we need a good many little things, such as needles & thread, combs, pocket mirrors &c.

Such things do not last long when our comrades are good at borrowing, so we are rather destitute at present. I paid six dollars some time ago for a good pair of Buckskin gloves, & am told they are not much cheaper up north. We have had weather lately, when I could not have done without them.

Has Alexander done anything

about enlisting yet?

I trust he will have good luck in getting Bounty, & hope he is coming to us when he does enter the Service, for that case I actually think our military life would benefit him, but the Infantry would be too severe for him.

I am very anxious to hear from home & shall, no doubt when we get to Beaufort, for a big Mail is there waiting for us, which came to Savannah 5 days ago, & then followed the Corps, before we could get our part of it.

We & the horses are on full Rations once more, & the latter are fast improving in flesh, but we shall have to get a good many more new ones before we can start on another campaign.

Give my love to Mother, Sarah & the Boys, & remember me as your loving Son
Thos D. Christie

Waterbury Jan 17th 1865

My Dear Friend & Brother [James Christy]

"I once more
take up my Pen to let you
know that I am still on the
Land of the Living, although
I have been often times verrey
nigh going, since I wrote you
last, to where the wicked cease
from troubling & the weary are
at Rest." You have probbly
heard of me following my son,
Robert, in the 7th Conn Vols &
how we were taken prisoners, in
Battle at Drewrys Bluff, one
mile in Reare of Fort Darling
in Va, on the Sixteenth of May
that I have been in Andersons
in Ga, to within the last month
& that my Dear Boy Died there
of Starvation on the 29th of August
last, I. My Self has been so Reduc

- That I Could not Put a foot
under Me for 10th Weekes &
had to Be Carried on a Stretcher
to Be Exchanged, this Was Caused
By the Bloody flux, accompanied
With Scurvy, Which I am Sorry
to Say has Since turned to —
Dropicay, My feet Legs & Abdomen
Is Swelled Overry Much, together
With Acute Pains, & although —
I Can hobble about Some With
Crutches, Yet I think I Can Never
Be Well again, for a fuller Account
of our Sufferings, I will Send you
My Diary that I kept from I
Went away, also a Couple of Papers
that has Some Account of Me in
"When you Read My Book I hope you
Will Excuse My Errors, & Make What
Ever Use of it you Please, But —
Eliza, Says you Must Send It
Back to her, When you get Threw
With it, —" If I had Got My Pay
and other arrears Before I Came
home, I Would a Strove to gone
out to See you all. But that
Cannot Be Now, & As Everything
is So high in Price now that It is
almost to an Impopability for
Poore Men & there famleys to Live
I Send you My Best Respects —
Also Remember Me in the
kindest Manner to your
Guid Wife, Not forgetting —
Sarah Jane & all the Boys
If I have a Brother Thomas
out there, Remember Me to
him, and tell him that
he Can Boaste of having
A Goodley Number of his —
Bramley Who has Brough
Blead & Died for the Cause
of the Union, Give My kind
Love to him, for no Matter
how Ungratfull he is to Me
I Can Never forget that

I am his Eldest Brother,
& although I have Been Bla-
-med for Enlisting & Leaving
them all so young - My Mother
can testify that Besides-
Working By Day, I have Set
Up Working for him and
- his Brothers, as much as -
- Three Nights in the Week,
Dear Friends, I have always
Looked Upon My Brs & Sister
As, Being the Eldest & as if the
Were My own Children,
& It often Grieves Me, to think
that the world treat Me
With Disrespect & that at
this moment that My Br
Thomas, thinks more of Some
Cloddhopper of a Nigger than
he does of his Br Bob, Eliza & Me -
Sends our Love to you all all My Br
Mother Jane & all the Children
your affectionate Friend & Brother
Robert, H. Reid, Please Write Soon

1
Rochester, Chusted Co Minnesota
January 25th 1863.

[James Christie]
My Dear Father;

Here I am a member
of Co. A. Second Minnesota Infantry,
just because I could not get into the
Battalion.

The Adj. Gen. was right in saying that
it was below the minimum, but ~~was~~
entirely mistaken in saying that Recruits
would be accepted for it.

This I ascertained by personal inspection
of the Orders from War Dept. H. Quarters,
to which I was given free access by the

Assistant S. Marshals, the Capt. being absent.
As to the Assistants, they did not care much
where I went, only their sympathies were with
me. I did it after due deliberation, and
I am certain you can not find fault with
me for the officers tell me that it is probable
that the Battalion will get no Recruits
until it is imperatively necessary to the
working of their guns.

I have gone for two years, for I feel
quite certain that I am able for it, or for
ten years if necessary.

As to Bounty (for I had almost forgotten
to tell you) I get \$305.00 from the

Township of Rockdale in this County.
You must not judge from the five dollars
that I made a bargain about it. O to Sir;
it was the first offer the man made
me, and after ascertaining that it was
as high as any I accepted it.

Whether I am sent to the Fort or not
the Provost Marshals tell me that I am
absolutely certain of getting a shot of the
squad when bound south. Before being
mustered today (I am only examined and
soon as get) I it is at my option to take
a short furlough or not as I say but I shall
not ~~do~~ for what would be the use of it
anyway. I am not yet in the service until
I am mustered, and don't care about
going back in that condition.

It would not amount to much
anyway. But after being at the
Fort for a week or two, or now there will
be some sense in it. I don't think it would
not cost much if I only wanted to.

We could not ascertain which
Minnesota Regiments were in the 17th Corps,
but only that the 2nd & 4th are with
Sherman, so I got in the former because
of excellent reputation, and in Co. A,
because it is the lead company of the Regt.

You see I will have a chance to
see the Boys, and perhaps see them
often. I have done my best to go
with them, and although I have failed,
I don't feel very bad about it, for
I fear this order of the service.

Going through the Surgeons hands was not
near so much an ordeal as I had imagined,
and I will tell you why.
Because 1st. The surgeon had heard me talk
yesterday and so knew that I was "True Blue"
going for 2 years, therefore not for money. And 2ndly
he saw that I was fit for it first-hand.

I had quite a talk with him after it was
over, and he tells me that I am the best
recruit he has examined this week, that
my lungs are excellent, ~~say~~ my girth being greater
than any in proportion to height.
I measured 34 1/2 inches round and stand
5 feet 4 1/2 inches without a stretch.

The fact is I feel better than I ever
did before. Since leaving home I have eaten
regularly, but very temperately at a thing I
never could do before. But it is
"Life and Death" now, you know.

We will probably leave for the Fort
tomorrow, so direct your letters to that
point.

I will get my picture taken this afternoon
although it is cloudy.

Love Loving Son

Alexander Christie

Direct to

A. Christie

Recruit and Mining Infantry

Fort Snelling

Minnesota

Fort Snelling, Ramsey Co. Minn. —
 { January 24th 1865 —

My Dear Sister,

Having plenty of time today, I have determined to give you a short description of things and life ~~in~~ at Fort Snelling, and although the 'Boys' ~~did the same~~ described it all to us before, yet it is all new to me, and probably is to you, unless you turn to their old letters. And yet, a person may read of these things a lifetime, but unless he has seen for himself he knows but little about it.

Of this I have sufficient proof in my own person, for having read all the 'Boys' letters since they enlisted it is yet all new to me.

Of the fort itself I know nothing, except what may be seen on the outside, for as yet I have not been inside and probably will not, as we are not brought here for the purpose of seeing wonders. When the Boys enlisted it was quite different in respect to this, as officers and men were alike curious, where Captains of Batteries had run over a field-piece discharged, or a fort like this. But the men who command here now, have seen quite enough of what is curious in war, and know also that we will not have long to wait. Therefore, ~~passes~~ permits to inspect the interior of the fort are not easily obtained, and the system is discountenanced.

The fort is built of Granite & ~~limestone~~ ~~sometimes in alter-~~ & limestone arranged irregularly, with walls perhaps 30 ft high on an

average. It incloses about half an acre or so, situated in the angle formed by the confluence of the Mississippi & Minnesota rivers, so that to approach it on the North & East sides you must climb up the Bluff of over a hundred ft, in most places impracticable to ordinary persons.

The Mississippi here flows from the west, & the Minnesota from the south by west. The walls are made to receive guns, but they say that there are only a couple of old field-pieces in it.

On the opposite side of the Minn, is a still higher range of Bluffs on which is built either a stone Church or a Military Prison, but I think the latter. However, that is all due to a man who does not hesitate shooting a superior officer, or something of that sort.

The Barracks, which receive the
euphonious appellation of "The
Pen" ~~are~~ ~~are~~ are irregular
rows of lumber buildings which
with the parade-ground cover
5 or 6 acres in extent, the whole
surrounded by boards 14 or 15 ft high
long set-up enclosures.

All round the inside of the en-
closure are sentinels pacing
back & forth continually, armed
with breech-loading rifles
or muskets with fixed bayonets.

'Round the walls inside the build-
ings, are ranged rows of bunks 3
stories high, capable of holding
two men each. At present

there is plenty of room, there be-
ing only about 200 men, whereas
the bunks would hold 600
easily.

Each man has at least
one blanket—and by sleeping, in
two ~~the~~ and on the bare ticks,
they have plenty of clothing.

I and my comrade lie on
ours and have only one cover,
which is by far the nicest—plain
and and sufficiently comfortable,
as there is a large fire kept up all
night. My comrade or "partner"
is a little Irishman belonging
to the 2nd Minnesota Cavalry now in
the state. He is lined in Blue-
Earth County this last ten

Alex Enlisted 1865

years, having gone in at
a time when the Sioux and
Winnebago Indians outnumbered
the Whites a hundred to one.

He is acquainted with Lewis Croun
and Jarmine. The former has rented
a house, and employs himself look-
ing around; the latter runs a

Saw Mill, and is drunk contin-
ually. The squad with which I
am are all soldiers who have been
sick, and are now convalescent,
waiting to be sent south.

They are from all States, some
from Maine & Connecticut—others
from California & Louisiana.

I know one who was employed dod-
ging Rebel conscriptions in St. Orleans
until that City was taken by
Butler, when he enlisted in the
13th Connecticut. He tells me

that the amount of stuff ~~to~~ destroyed by the Rebels when it was ascertained that our fleet had passed the forts is incalculable.

The levees were piled with Military stores, Cotton, Sugar & Molasses hogsheads &c. for ~~an~~ eight or ten miles,

The whole of which was destroyed.

I cannot describe our life here with sufficient accuracy yet - for I do not even know the Bugle-calls, but will do so some other time. I do not drill

any yet, but it don't amount to much, anyway the way it is conducted. The Capt is always

bundled up greatly, and even at that ~~the~~ he appears to be too cold to continue the drill over a few minutes. Our meals consist of meat, bread & Coffee, with potatoes or beans occasionally and considering the little variety,

are very good, and to a person that is temperate, are excellent.

I now discern that I can obtain water, and will not have to drink any of the Coffee.

I will try to get to the City tomorrow and obtain a haversack, canteen and dress-coat if possible. Colonel Morgan commands the Post, and enforces very strict discipline among the Recruits.

By an order from H. Quarters at Washington, all money in the possession of Recruits exceeding \$20⁰⁰, is taken in charge by Capt. Sullivan and held until the Recruit reaches his Regt - when it will be returned upon the first Pay Day, or he may invest it in U.S. bonds.

Although this may not be strictly right, yet it is one of the best institutions here among the men.

When you write, let me know
how and where the Boys are, for it
will be a considerable time
before I can get a correspondence
started with them.

I have no more time
before the mail leaves,

So Good Bye,

Your Loving Brother,

A. Christie,

All well we march to
miles today northward I
unlike the marchmen

Camp near Pocotaligo S.C.

Jan 29th
[1865]
My dear Sandy,

I write
hurriedly to tell you that
Lieut. Hunter of our Battery
is starting for Minn. tonight
on Recruiting Service and
he will carry this letter
If you wish to join us, you
can do so by enlisting with
him immediately.

This Office will probably
be in St. Paul. I will tell
him about you and
give your address so that
you may probably have a
communication from
him direct. In great haste
I remain Yours truly
Thos D. Christie,

Monday 13th Feby 1865
My Dear Lady.

I Received yours
of the 4th on Saturday.

If I do not Get a letter from
you to night, I will write
to Lieut^t Muter, and the

Adjutant General. on my
own hook. anyway. as I guess
you will have little chance
of getting out of the Stockade
to go to St Pauls.

I think you
to write often than you do
Believe me this affair gives
me much trouble.

Let me know
if you got the Tribune and
Independent. This letter of
Foss shows us more clearly that
we there too precipitate, and yet
what else could we do. We must
try this and then if the fail. We cannot
hesitate. I. Thwiler

Office Superintendent Public Education,
DISTRICT EASTERN VIRGINIA,

Fort Monroe, Va., Feb 1st

1865.

Miss L. J. Christie.
Lynchman. Wis.

Madam:

Your

application was duly received and I
regret exceedingly that the vacancies to be
filled were so far exceeded in number
by the applications that yours and many
scores of others were necessarily de-
-clined. I return the testimonials.

Very Respectfully.

Your Obedt Servant.

Chas. A. Raymond

Chas. A. Raymond
Supt. U.S. & Dist. Pub. Education

Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Feb. 3^d 1865.

My Dear Brother, [David Christie]

Here I have been almost 3 weeks, and yet no word from home, while it takes but three days for one to come to me. I have written regularly to you, thus why this neglect? Tell me how everybody and everything is down there, and don't forget Ellen, for I have been dreaming about her for several nights past. Here we are having rain, for the first time in many winters, they say, and it is fast melting what little snow there is. I am rather of the opinion that you have had a big thaw in Clyman that will put an end to hauling wood and rails for the rest of the winter.

I was into the fort several times this week, while drawing Rations, and had a good chance to see what is to be seen, which is not much. It is larger than I at first thought, and consists of an outer and an inner row of stone buildings, built in the form of a diamond, but I could see no guns or places for them. After you have ^{once} seen it you will pronounce it a poor affair. ~~It~~ Here in times past lived many of the now famous Generals, especially of the Rebel Army. R. E. Lee; Hardee; Pemberton; Hearn; & Buckner are familiar to many of the residents round about, and Lee's wife lies buried, they say, in the churchyard near this ^{or} Post. I was promised a Pass today to go up and see the Minnehaha & St. Anthony Falls, but has failed to receive it. The fact is, it is hard to obtain one, and now are kept in such close confinement that many of the men are getting sick and sorry.

I am sorry that I will have to stay here as long as it is probable I will - perhaps until the Draft comes off.

The men around are are a strange mixture of good & bad -
to the latter pre-dominating, especially among the old soldiers, who
are mostly belong to the stretched & wretched class that as Tom tells
us cannot stand it long at the front. Still, there are a few
who are of the right sort, having been broken down by arduous
services - such as three belonging to the 9th Minnesota who were
with Sturgis in his disastrous expedition into Mississippi.

There is one of these who, in the flight of the Army, struck straight
for Memphis, a distance of 127 miles, which he has proved to have
accomplished in 36 hours and over, been worth a damn since.
The other two escaped from their Rebel captives and made the
distance in ten days, travelling by night in a circuitous
path that took them almost as far south as Vicksburg, which
was necessary to escape the enemy's cavalry that swarmed over the
whole country picking up the thousands of stragglers, not to
mention the hundreds of imprudent guerrillas who gave no
quarter.

Eating nothing but out-berries and gopher wheat-
blades, they reached Memphis but to crawl to the hospital,
a journey since to chronic diarrhea & kindred diseases.

Here are two Irishmen, who, although Democrats still, are
strong for the war & the administration; and beside them
are two Massachusetts copperheads.

But I have noticed one thing, and that is, that every decent
man among them all carries a testament or a prayer-book
(according as he is Protestant or Catholic) in his vest-pocket.

And you cannot imagine the depravity of many
of the others. I have whipped many braggarts at Chicago
here, but there is a silent veteran from Vicksburg to whom
I cannot hold a candle (i.e. win a game).

This he does not accomplish by dint of "traps" but by the
superior handling of his single-sword.
I am afraid that I will not yet see Regt. until after
the glee is over - before Charleston, or some Peace negotiated.

The Govt. should grant no terms but "Unconditional
Surrender" to these whipped braggarts and enemies of the
Republic. Rather let them die in the "last ditch" as they
have intimated than sit in Congress, as they will if allowed
the rights of citizenship. Now Dave, write at once, and don't
waste time correcting the proof-sheets, but just scribble it off
and send it. Be sure and let me know how the Spelling-
schools have prospered; how the horses do; how all the folks
are; where and how the Boys are; and if you have heard anything
more from Tom Rice or Alva Lott, and everything else you can
think of. Direct to, "Draft-Ready, Fort Snelling" not omitting
the Co. & Regt.

I sign myself your affectionate Brother, A. Christie,

The men around me are a strange mixture of good & bad -
to the latter predominating, especially among the old soldiers, who
are mostly belong to the wretched, wretched class that, as Tom tells
us cannot stand it long, at the front. Still, there are a few
who are of the right sort, having been broken down by arduous
service - such as three belonging to the 9th Minnesota who were
with Sturgis in his disastrous expedition into Mississippi.

There is one of these who, on the flight of the Army, struck straight
for Memphis, a distance of 127 miles, which he has proved to have
accomplished in 36 hours and never been worth a damn since.

The other two escaped from their Rebel captives and made the
distance in ten days, travelling by night in a circuitous
path that took them almost as far south as Vicksburg, which
was necessary to escape the enemy's cavalry that swarmed over the
whole country, picking up the thousands of stragglers, not to
mention the hundreds of imprudent guerrillas who gave no
quarter.

Eating nothing but but-berries and green wheat-
blades, they reached Memphis but to crawl to the hospital,
a prey ever since to chronic diarrhea & kindred diseases.

Here are two Irishmen, who, although Democrats still, are
strong for the war & the administration; and beside them
are two Massachusetts Copperheads.

But I have noticed one thing, and that is, that every recent
man among them all carries a testament or a prayer-book
(according as he is Protestant or Catholic) in his vest-pocket.

And you cannot imagine the depravity of many
of the others. I have whipped many braggarts at Chertow
here, but there is a silent veteran from Vicksburg to whom
I run of "hold a candle" (i.e. win a game).

This he does not accomplish by dint of "traps" but by the
superior handling of his single-men. I am afraid that I will not get to see Regt. until after
the fall is over - before Charleston, or some Peace negotiated.

The Govt. should grant no terms but "Unconditional
Surrender" to those whipped braggarts and enemies of the
Republic. Rather let them die in the "last ditch" as they
have intimated than sit in Congress, as they will if allowed
the rights of citizenship. Now Dave, write at once, and don't
waste time correcting the proof-sheets, but just scribble it off
and send it. Be sure and let me know how the Spelling-
schools have prospered; how the horses do; how all the folks
are; where and how the Boys are; and if you have heard anything
more from Tom Rice or Alva Latt, and everything else you can
think of. Direct to, "Draft-Rendyrons, Fort-Swelling" not omitting
the C. & Regt.

I sign myself your affectionate Brother, A. Christie,

Johnsonville. Feb. 8. 1855.

Dear Sir. [James Christie]

I have received some
letters from your son, W^m G.
Christie, in regard to the death
of my husband, and business
in connection with it, which I
have answered, but he has not
received my answers, and I thought
I would write to him, and send
the letter to you, and request
you to direct it to him, and

mail it- for me, I suppose you
hold correspondence with- him
of course, and will know how
to- direct. He told me you had
a bible which was my husbands,
which he requested you to send
me, but- I have not- received it
and if you have sent- it-, I am
afraid it- is lost. I leave forward
the letter I inclose, to your sons
and oblige yours truly.

Maria E. Haviland,

Draft Rendezvous, Minn
Thursday, 16th Feb, 1865.

My Dear Dave; Your letter

of "this day week" was received this forenoon, and read with great pleasure, for it was not only excellent, but timely in a great degree.

Along with it came an Independent and Tribune, which, next to a letter, are the best presents you could make me; and you would think so if you had seen me reading the last ones for the fourth time, yesterday afternoon.

Bully for Uncle Tom! I am glad to hear that he is getting along so well, and talks in that manner. You will welcome a good Union man when he comes home.

I am sorry Father did not send me one of Willie's letters, for it is now so long since I have seen a line from him that I have almost forgotten his handwriting.

Send me his next one if practicable. As to that lost letter of Tom's, I may say that it ^{was} probably a large, heavy one, and was opened by something along the route, on that account, and so we are deprived of some choice reading.

Glad to hear that Cousin Tom is with his Regt and well. He is a tough nut.

Oh, how I wish I could get onto Gerrin's marsh with you for an hour, wouldn't I stretch myself for once!

You do not tell me whether Mr. Gerrin has got over the effects of that accident or not, do so next time.

The Padre has succeeded has he? He is only putting into effect the last

Manifesto of the Pope on a small ~~scale~~ scale to see how the people take it. ~~See~~

Later: The Orderly has just handed me a short letter from Uncle Thomas, dated the 9th at Fort Ellsworth, Va. He gives me some advice that is timely and pertinent, as I well know by experience. He is pretty correct when he says that I now know how very rough life in the Barracks is. He has heard of Uncle Robert's release and kindred matters.

Now let me give you some idea of how we pass a day here, which ~~is equal~~ is equivalent to giving a sketch of a man's life who is born, lives and dies in these barracks.

We are ~~summoned~~ summoned from our bunks ~~so~~ in the morning at early daylight, and after

being allowed barely time to throw on our clothes are ordered to "face-out" to "Roll-call."

I always manage to be on hand, but not so all. There are some men here, who, rather than spring promptly out of the blankets at the first note of the bugle, would rather perform 6 hours extra duty after they do get up.

Others are so slow in dressing, that they often appear in the line to answer to their names in their shirts & pants - minus even their boots.

The other morning, the Quartermaster, who has charge of a squad of the Heavy Artillery, now raising, thought he would punish some of these dilatory chaps, and so after the roll was called instead of the usual order "Breath-rants; march" he gave them "Left-face" "File-right; march" and

led them round the quarters and on to the Parade-ground, where he manœuvred them until they promised to come to time in the future. Since that you may see the same chaps coming out in their overcoats, prepared for any emergency.

After "Roll call" we make a dash for the cook house, distant about one hundred yds, where, after much "harmonious confusion" and swearing on the parts of those so disposed, we at last are all seated, and then get our day's ration of Bakers bread; a cup of coffee, and a small piece of half-cured salt beef or very fat pork. Sometimes we get a mess of beans or a small potato, but this has happened only three in six months.

On this diet and nothing to do, it is no wonder that we don't thrive, but many of the boys make it still worse by buying the unhealthy pies of the sutler.

being allowed barely time to throw on our clothes are ordered to "fall-out" to "Roll-call."

I always manage to be on hand, but not so all. There are some men here who, rather than spring promptly out of the blankets at the first note of the bugle, would rather perform 6 hours extra duty after they do get up.

Others are so slow in dressing, that they often appear in the line to answer to their names in their shirts & pants - minus even their boots.

The other morning, the Commander who has charge of a squad of the Heavy Artillery, now raising, thought he would punish some of these dilatory chaps, and so after the roll was called instead of the usual order "Battalions, march" he gave them "Left face" "File-right; march" and

led them round the quarters and on to the Parade-ground, where he increased them until they promised to come to time in the future. Since that you may see the same chaps coming out in their overcoats, prepared for any emergency.

After "Roll call" we make a rush for the cook house, distant about one hundred yds, where, after much "harmonious confusion" and swearing on the parts of those so disposed, we at last are all seated, and then get our day's ration of Bakers bread; a cup of coffee, and a small piece of half-cooked salt beef or very fat pork. Sometimes we get a mess of beans or a small potato, but this has happened only thrice in as many weeks.

On this diet and nothing to do, it is no wonder that we don't thrive, but many of the boys make it still worse by buying the unhealthy pies of the sutler.

We then return to our quarters and do just what we are a-mind to, untill "dinner-call" when the roll is again called and we go to the cook-house to get a cup of coffee and a piece of ~~meat~~ meat.

Dress-parade comes off at four in the afternoon, when we all fall-out, form into line on the parade-ground and go through a few maneuvers.

Then comes what is called supper, — a cup of coffee, sometimes a little meat, and the remnant of our ration of bread.

At half-past eight we have roll-call again, and at 9 o'clock "Taps" or lights-out.

Although the ration is not as large as we are entitled to, yet in quantity it is sufficient for us in our idle condition.

what I object to is the little

variety. As I do not drink the coffee my Bill of Fare consists wholly of Bread & meat. I have to eat very temperately or I would soon get out of order, as there is no other exercise afforded here but that of walking about without an object, which is very little good to a fellow.

There are now four for my regt and we might go south any time between "now and the Day of Judgment," which is all I could ascertain by a personal application to Captain Sperry, who commands the Recruits for old organizations. He is very unapproachable, and is quite different in this respect to Capt Sullivan, in charge of the Convalescents.

Perhaps I will get a chance to see you all before going south, but there is no certainty.

I have been just one month
from home, and feel a little
homesick once in a while yet.

But I cannot say that I wish
myself at home, nor could I in
my greatest fits of homesickness
when I first came here.

However, I can tell you that
you do not fully appreciate
the comforts of your present
position, and never will until
you have been away from them
for a time.

Now Dave, it will not cost
you much time tonight to
fill up another sheet for me
and send it along.

Tell me how low the Ther has
stood since I left, whether you
have shot anything since.

Has Dolly got over that limp?
Remember and pay Brennan.

Is John Sutton still in town?
When did you last see "Belly"?

Give my love to Mother &

Sarah, I am loving Brother

A. Christie,

Fort Snelling, Minnesota.
& Sunday Feb 19th 1865—

My Dear Sarah; [Christie]
Now that

the bustle of dinner is over and
Roll called, I have sat down to
answer your letter received sev-
eral days ago, and laid aside
untill I could have a suitable
opportunity and something in-
teresting to write about.

And now after I have sat down,
and got this far, I am embarrassed
to think of what to write about,
for here there is nothing to be seen
or heard, any more than if I was
shut up in an old barn; and in-
deed these quarters do resemble
old barns to a surprising degree.

However, I will try to give you

an idea of how we pass a Sunday here, and especially how I passed this forenoon and intend to pass every succeeding one whenever it is practicable. In the first place, we discover that it is Sunday some time after Reveille, by inspecting our Diaries, or by inquiring among ourselves "what day ~~it~~ is it?" as is customary, ^{with us} for there is nothing to distinguish it from any other day, as no part of the daily routine is omitted; that which we go through on week-days being indispensable on any day, consisting as it does of Roll-call and Gun three times and Dress-parade once, only, there being no drill at all.

This morning, as soon as I knew what day it was, which was some time after Breakfast, I gave myself a second and thorough wash, changed my shirt & drawers, and going to my valise, took therefrom

a clean pair of stockings which as yet I had not had on since I left home, but had preserved as a memento, as it were.

This morning however, hearing that divine service was to be held in the neighboring quarters, & and having been dreaming all night of home, I took the notion into my head that I would put on those stockings, which to me seemed so like pulling them off the line behind the stove where Mother had hung them all so clean and dry for me, and with the little Testament which she had given me long ago, in my pocket, I would go and hear Divine Service, which would be so consonant with her wishes and that of Father, and not by any means against my own inclinations.

Accordingly I went, in

company with a little diminution
of my Regt, or rather,
like myself, enlisted for my
Regt.

When we arrived, the
Preacher was in the middle of the
opening prayer, and the room was
already filling up to the "maximum".

However, they continued to come
in at intervals during the
whole service, which did not dis-
turb the meeting in the least,
they were so ardently.

He took his text from the
Psalms of Solomon, and I, not hav-

ing an Old-Testament, was pre-
cluded from marking it as I other-
wise would, but it runs, as near
as I can now remember "as

follows: "And in the last days
they shall mourn, crying, how
have I neglected thy teachings?"

Etc. The Preacher was a North-
western Irishman by the name of Thom-
son, large, powerful & portly, with
a large, bald head, a red beard &
a good countenance.

He was a Presbyterian, and
an enthusiast as that, to which
I do not object since I have
heard him myself.

I cannot follow him through
all his discourse, but enough
that all his arguments were
good; that his views were broad;

~~as many more my way of~~
~~that they would send me~~
that his sympathies were on
the side of Union & Universal
Freedom of Mind & Body, and
that the effect on his audience
was far greater than I expected
it could be. The fact is, it
took all I could do to keep the
tears from running down my cheeks,
and there were many there
who found it impossible to do so.

It was truly excellent. His
Scot-Irish tongue, his sparkling
wit, as it shone in his apt illus-
trations; and above all, his pow-
erful appeal to the feelings, was
irresistible. I returned to my
Quarters well repaid for my
time and attention, with all
my good-resolves strengthened.

I only wish that such a man
had his home in Cleburne.

As yet I have had no
Pictures taken, but will before
I leave my "Native North".
The last time I was at St Paul
I had so many other things to at-
tend to that, although I did not
forget about it, yet I did not
get the thing done.

As you wish, I will send you
an Ambrotype & some Photographs,
but it may not be that I will
get it done for some days.

You are doubtless disap-
pointed that I do not write more
interesting letters, but I can as-
sure you that the material
here is very scarce, and that I am
not a second Tony, either.

I really believe that he could
make a more interesting letter
about a hickory nut, than I
could about a Battle. The
fact is, you need not expect two

such in one family.
I expected to see something
great when I saw this place, but
I "can't see it" after getting
this far. The fact of the matter
is, I was not so much astonished
at these sights, because I had ex-
pected to see them something new
and striking, and had

Like Dan, who on being asked
by me if he was not astonished
on seeing the 20 ft Boa Constrictor
in the side-show, answered,
"Not much; I paid my money
to see a big snake and expected
to see one". Had he met
the Boa in the Pand-lot, I dare
say he would have been aston-
ished, to no small degree.

Besides, this is not Soldiering
by any means. It is only
being shut up in a place, far
from home and friends, ~~and~~

and fed 3 times per day. . .
Once I am in the field
then you may expect some-
thing worth pursuing, and
not till then.

I intend to save and send
home ~~to~~ the best of the letters
sent to me, while I am in
the service, for it is too bad
to lose them all.

I want you to write me
a long one in answer to
this, and it will be answered
more promptly than the
last. You must send me
all the news of the neighborhood
and such like things, for I
want to have ~~something~~ something new
and strange to me when I
come back, but just-as if I
had been gone for an ann-
ful of wood or a pail of water.

You cannot think how much
good Dave did me by alluding
to "Fervid's marsh". It brought
me right home. Both his
and Hillie's letters did me a
great deal of good.

Yours Affectionately
A. Hirstie.

Ulyman Dodge Co Wis

Tuesday February 21st 1865

My Dear Brother your very welcome letter of the 10th came in hand last night and now I will try to answer it we have had no letters from the boys in a long time I guess they have something else to do in South Carolina the right wing of Sherman's Army is within 2 miles of Charleston and that is where the boys are we have got all the wheat burned now we did not measure the club wheat but we measured the pile there was 40 bushels of it Father says that he is going to sow all pile for the club is pretty poor stuff and the pile is good I was to have gone to school to day but the wind blows too hard and it looks like rain but I will go tomorrow Father has come over to Ulyman to see about old cottons Pray he is going to make one like it I bought some wood to make it when I was in Laclede last time Sarah has gone over to Uncle Tans to day and mother is sitting sewing and you know what I am doing John Button is at home with his Father the men are down at the Car Shop all stuck work because they did not get paid John has not got his pay all but for one month and he was offered 80 cents out the dollar for that but he would not take it so maybe we will not get it at all Billie has come back to his own place from the old man's I have not seen him since Election night he seemed in first rate health then it is rather freely I saw Dave Watterhouse

Glynn Dodge Co Wis

Tuesday February 21st 1865.

My Dear Brother ^[Alexander] your very welcome letter of the 11th came in hand last night and now I will try to answer it we have had no letters from the boys in a long time I guess they have something else to do in South Carolina the right wing of Sherman's Army is within 2 miles of Charleston and that is where the boys are we have got all the wheat burned now we did not measure the club wheat but we measured the pile there was 40 bushels of it Father says that he is going to sow all pile for the club is pretty good stuff and the pile is good I was to have gone to school to day but the wind blows too hard and it looks like rain but I will go tomorrow Father has come over to Glynn to see about old cottons Dray he is going to make one like it I bought some wood to make it when I was in Lowell last time Sarah has gone over to Uncle Toms to day and mother is sitting sewing and you know what I am doing John Sutton is at home with his Father the men down at the Car Shop are struck work because they did not get paid John has ~~not~~ got his pay all but for one month and he was offered 80 cents on the dollar for that but he would not take it so now he will not get it at all Willie has gone back to his own place from the old man's I have not seen him since Election night he seemed in first rate health then suddenly rather freely I saw Dave Watterhouse

last night the first time since he
came back that is to speak to him he looks
first rate also John shows he came off the
train last night he got an 8 day pass he looks first
rate only a little yellower than he used to look
Bill Deverough has not gone South yet he is still
hanging around home yet. I met John Brennan
when I was hauling wood but I did not have
the money with me then but I will pay
him some other time. I have had my gun out in a
long time till the other day I
took it out and went down to the pond
at Bars and fired at that little hickory
where we used to shoot and took it right
in the center I have had to pump up once
in a while in the night and fly out
in my shirt and let fly at rats and run
back again to bed I never hit any of them
it being so dark you know how often we have
wished to get a crack at cottons old nase well the other
day, whoshould I see but her standing at the framing
door. I went out with my gun in my hand and
she came right up to the door then I thought
it would be a kind of murder to shoot her when
she was not doing any harm so I sent her off and
when she got down to the pond lot I drew up at
her but the gun snapped so I thought it was all
right. Dolly does not limp now it is only
once and a while that she strikes it but she
is about well now cease this scraping
I remain your loving Brother

David B Christie
P.S. The Lowest 84

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is about well now cease this scraping
I remain your loving Brother

David B Christie
P.S. This is sweet 84

Draft Rendyours, Minnesota
Thursday 23rd Feb 1865

My Dear Sam. [Christie]

Your welcome letter

of the 16th came to hand this morning, and was read by me with great pleasure, the more so that it contained no very bad news. Now, although you may think yourself a poor letter writer, and others may think so too, yet ~~the~~ ^{think} I can tell you that you and the rest of those who think so are mistaken, and I only wish I could write as good a letter as yours of this morning's mail. The chief beauty of your style lies in its simplicity; you always say what is wanted with the fewest words and the ~~very simplest~~ simplest. Just take pains to leave no words out that you intended to be in, and you will do "Bully". Now to your questions, —

You will remember some time
back that we hauled south into the
brush ~~see~~ at the south end of the
breakings and up on the hill.
All that I hauled, but not that
at the foot of the hill excepting about
two loads or so. The wood I have
reference to as being at the foot of the
hill, is that which we passed by on
our way to Kelly's after apples that
Sunday afternoon when we fell in
with the flock of partridges. You will
recollect the remark made by
Willie Reid at the time.

You must be well acquainted with
it and its whereabouts, since you
and I put it there, so I suppose the
reason of the question is the ab-
sence of the wood. In that event,
you may be thankful that you are
endowed with a modicum of
Common Sense, since there must
be some ~~one~~ person ~~is~~ over and

that is not. However, you will
find it hard work enough to
haul that in the hollow during
the remainder of the winter,
~~and~~ and having so many other
things to do at the same time.
Do you manage to haul two loads per
day and do the chores too? If so,
you ~~will~~ are doing well.

Is it with the wagon or sled that
you haul it? For here we have
been having very warm weather
ever since I came here, which some-
times merges into rain, so that in-
stead of the big snow-drifts I ex-
pected to see at "Fort Snelling" there
is three or four inches of mud, in
which the heavy Government wag-
ons loaded with wood & water for
the Garrison goes heavily along,
tasting to the utmost the strength
of two spans of tough-looking, hard-
used mules, who look as if, once loose

they would dedicate the remainder
of their lives to eternal warfare
with the whole human race in
general and their present-driver
in particular. Very few horses are
used at this place, any more than
down south, the mules seeming
to answer the various purposes of
the Quartermaster & Subsistence
Departments better. This I think
is because they need ^{more} less at-
tention, and less easily hurt than
horses, not because of superior in-
telligence. There is nothing more
amusing than to witness a strug-
gle for supremacy between a
mule & a driver. Get one of these
animals once mad and there is
no act of vengeance within its pow-
er at which it will hesitate; some-
times kicking some person un-
willingly enough to be within reach of its heels;
other times running the wagon
against a corner and spilling
the whole load into the mud.
This it does too, with such a
~~number~~ ^{number} of furious antics
that it is ludicrous in the extreme.
But poor mule; the Black Man
of the enraged and brutal driver
soon makes itself felt and
he is soon made to submit
again to the yoke of hated servitude.

If the horse's bits give out
before they get away from you,
as it might have been, then it
was no fault of yours, in the least.
However, you should get a new
pair of the heaviest kind of jaw-breakers
for them, and then keep your eyes
on them. I think you did well in
cutting the blinders off. Let Polley's
bridle mended, for it might give
out sometime and allow him to
"go biting" as you would say.
And mind you, during his ugly
fits look out for that horse.
While he is struggling for super-
macy he might try to finish it by
a stroke with his heel while you
are giving him his oats or hay.
By the way, how does the hay
stand it? There is where Father
will have occasion to use that
money, and he must, I could
not enjoy myself otherwise.

It fairly "riles" me to see him doing as he is with it, and you toiling and driving things because of my absence. It must be arranged otherwise.

I don't know what to think of the Bounty question in Chymaw. If the Government would only show a little "spirit" and take up these arrangements whenever they can be found I should rejoice at a Draft, but otherwise I can't say. I know one thing, and that is, that even the majority of the Copperheads in this part of the Army would support Uncle Sam in so doing. It makes quite a difference with a Copperhead whether ~~if~~ he is in the Army or not when he comes to discussing the conscription. He is in to it himself beyond redemption and wants everybody else in the same fix.

I am very ~~very~~ sorry to hear that Tommy Rhodis is so far gone with Consumption as to be down sick. I did not think it had got so far with him, although I always thought he had it.

I shall try to find John Cleary's son, but the Artillery men sometimes leave ~~the~~ almost the next day after coming here, so I might not see him. There are some frigate fellows here in my quarters, and I pass my time very agreeably. Among them I must mention a young man by the name of Livingston, whose parents were reared in Argyleshire Scotland (he was raised in Upper Canada) his father being a cousin of the father of the African explorer. I do not doubt it in the least, for he is a man of good character among us,

Another man by the name
of Burton is so like Big
Willie that my heart fairly
"jumped into my mouth" when
I first saw him. Not only does
he answer to Willie's description
in size, build, carriage, color of
hair, whiskers, beard, eyes & gen-
eral features, but what is still
more surprising, he is almost ident-
ical in Character — the only dif-
ference of importance being
that he is given to drinking beer
rather freely upon certain oc-
casions. He is so very like
Willie in the way he fools around,
slapping everybody with his cap
and getting slapped in return,
all in good humor and mixed
to a good-natured laugh.

The quarters are twice as agreeable
since his arrival. He is a thorough
"Black Republican." Was brought
up in the town of Lomira, Dodge Co.,
where he lived 15 years, since which
he has lived eight years on the
St Charles & Minnesota Road. Thence
he knows our Willie. Knows Clark
son.

Love to all, write soon.
Your Affectionate Brother
A. Christie,

New-Orleans. February, 27th, 1865.

Dear, Uncle. and Aunt. —

[James Christie]

Shortly after the battle of Nashville with a pencil I wrote you a few lines; just enough to let you know that through the hottest part of the terrible fight I had passed unhurt. I have waited very patiently for some response to that letter (if it deserved to be called one) but none as yet has been received.

I have not seen a copy of the Independent for a long time. I am therefore left to suppose that burdened both in body and mind by the constant succession of duties that ever characterize the life of a soldier as I have been for the last 8 months I have failed to make my correspondence interesting. I am sorry if this is so; but do not see very clearly what to do as a remedy. You do not; you cannot know dear Uncle the difficulties under which a private soldier (and especially a private in the infantry service) has to labor when he attempts to hold anything like a regular correspondence with his friends. It is seldom that we have place time or material to write more than to let our friends know that we are alive well and where we are. — I had a short sick

New-Orleans. February, 27th, 1865.

Dear, Uncle and Aunt. —

[James Christie] Shortly after

the battle of Nashville with a pencil I wrote you a few lines; just enough to let you know that through the hottest part of the terrible fight I had passed unhurt. I have waited very patiently for some response to that letter (if it deserved to be called one) but none as yet has been received.

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spell a little before the battle at Shiloh; but recovered sufficiently to participate in the fight. Since that time my health has been quite good for me, with the exception of an occasional severe attack of the toothache.

We followed up the flying fragments of Hood's army as far as Eastport on the Tennessee river about 100 miles from the battle field; here for a short time we went into camp. It soon the order came to embark on the boats again; on which we have made several short stops of a day or two at a time before we arrived at this place.

We are now in camp on the field where Andrew Jackson met the English army in that memorable battle of the 8th of January 1815. Can see from our camp Jackson's monument and the tree under which it is said that the commanding officer of the English army met with his sudden and untimely fate. Day before yesterday I for the first time in my life picked oranges from the trees on which they grew. They looked very large

yellow and nice; but were not as good as they appeared display and take no interest in it only so far as not being yet ripe. It has rained almost continually for the last 5 days ever since we landed here and the battles are concerned. I shall therefore never rise to mind is "if the most sublime and unfathomable any distinction in the army; but only hope to flatter debt?" Those who wonder why the British did not flank this position would soon cease to do so if

they were but introduced to the swamp at our left. Harriet writes me that your 3rd son has gone to enlist in the battery with his brothers. I think that this must leave you almost destitute of help to carry on your farm. But I suppose with you as it should be with every true and patriotic citizen the successful termination of this terrible war is the first the last and only important consideration of the present hour. — I have so many times predicted that this war was near its end that I do

not want to render myself ridiculous by doing the same again. but I will say this much in line that if the leaders of the rebel armies can recruit for cloth and equip the same so as to meet us with anything like a formidable force for the spring campaign then I will acknowledge that I have been altogether mistaken as to the strength and military capabilities of the South. —

I have no taste for military performance parade or the results of great movements campaigns or I shall therefore never rise to mind is "if the most sublime and unfathomable any distinction in the army; but only hope to flatter debt?" Those who wonder why the British did not flank this position would soon cease to do so if have the last 14; flattered with the consciousness of having done my duty to my country.

Feb 2nd Since writing the above a steamer has arrived bringing news of the liberation of Charleston and the occupation of Columbia by our forces and a salute of 100 guns was fired in honor of the event. We have received orders to be ready to march tomorrow morning. The 1st Brigade is already moving on board an Ocean-steamer. Where our destination is to be no one knows; but no doubt but we are to go either to ~~Liberty~~ ^{Charleston} or to reinforce Sherman. If you watch the papers closely you will soon learn where Smith's command has gone when I doubt not you will write to me once more. When I look back upon my early life and think over the happy hours spent at school at meetings in the social circle amidst kindred and friends upon the mortal soil, the swiftly passing scenes of the last 14 months seem but a long protracted and painful dream. But the great interests at stake ^{for} the ~~real~~ ^{real} is worth of ages yet to come rendered such a sacrifice necessary for the healthful advancement of the human race. I hold that notwithstanding all the corruption that characterizes the present painful period of our countries history yet the cause is worth ten thousand times the terrible price that is being paid; ^{it} seems dearer to me every day that I live. Better that the whole generation of living men should perish than have it lost. Wherever death overtakes me I expect to behold the bright dawns of immortal day beyond the "chilling mists of Erebus" and as generation after generation is swept across the darksome river may my spirit behold the light of liberty and free government and free institutions descending to the coming host of people the world. And from age to age down to millions of brighter intelligences yet unborn through beating hearts and living lives may their sacred blessings roll in one ceaseless tide forever.

Yours in haste — (Richard D. Rogers)

Knight, Gen. Hospital New Haven, Mar 6th '65

Dear Friend & Brother,

This Is to Inform

you of my whereabouts after the
Expiration of my furlough I was
Directed to Report to this Hospital.
I have to state to you that I am
no better as yet I still obliged to
hobble about on crutches, the Dropsy
has laid hold of me & I am swelled
to a great extent However I am
still of opinion that I will finally
recover, though rather slowly the
fact is I am growing old - & that
probably is the reason why I do not
get along so well or as fast as others
who were formerly afflicted, But I
am glad to say I have the best of
attendance I am glad to hear of the
great success of the Union arms
& that yours & mine or I should
rather say my Mother's Family &
Offspring has helped to the Restoration

Give my respects to all your dear ones.

- of this Glorious Union, I Was
- a Little astonished to hear in your
- Letter to me, to hear of Br. Forns,
- having joined the Standard, of the
- Liberating army - & Proud you
- ought to be & I think you are
- to be so well Represented, in the
- Same Gallant Army - Eliza. My Wife
- When Combatting with her Neighbour
- Copper Coloured Females tells them
- that if she had a Hundred Sons
- she would Devote them to the
- Cause of there Country - Some
- for mine Grown, But I can assure
- you my Dear Friends, she will
- never forget her Brave young
- Soldier Son, there was one thing
- Robert Done in the Battle in which
- We were taking that I did not
- mention to you, Or did I note it
- in My Book, thinking if I Done
- so I might be thought Partial -
- or vain - In speaking of his Deeds -

- It Was as follows - the Rebs^l Were
- Charging the Detailed Party in the
- Breastworks on Both of our flanks -
- two Rebs^l More advanced than the
- Rest of the Main Body - I being
- Engaged with these approaching My
- Position in front. Robert. Said to -
- Me Father, Keep Down, your Exposure
- - ng - your Self to Much, I Said to him
- Stand Up Sir - & Fight for your
- Country, & your Name - he touch'd
- Me on the Shoulder & Said Look
- here, Father, I Looked in the Direct
- ion he Indicated it was at the two
- Rebs^l I have mentioned above, the
- had got Rather Behind Us - & Was
- Not More than 50 Paces of Us - I had
- hardly turned Round when Robert
- Let his Little Spencer, Crack and
- one of the Rebs^l Dropped & in another
- Moment he Dropped the other, he
- then Said What Do you think of that
- I Said your a Reid, yet that Will do -

I would not have spoken to you -
about this little affair, only it
has come out by some of the men
who witnessed the deed of the boy.
& now when it is attested by others -
I thought I would let you know, so
that you might tell his grandmother.
I have seen all the folks in Hartford.
They are all well - Margaret is a fine
young woman yet, & grand. I stand it
well. Sarah & her husband & children
are first rate. & I suspect by appearance
there will be another addition to the
family stock in a little while.
I went over to see Wm. Wife & family.
They are all well. I only stopped
about 20 minutes - owing to Nancy being
so wrathful against the Government, con-
cerning the war, as unjust &c &c. So I
took my cap & left. She asked if I would not
stop to tea. No, I said I don't take tea
with a Copperhead. Do not tell your Sarah of
this - Love to your family Mother & grand family.
Your Affectionate Brother Robert H. Reid.

P.S. Write soon & direct to Post: 562, Watbury

Gwill & Co. Home for
Flection, on April 8th 1861

City of New York,

{ March 12th 1868 =

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

Arrived here
this afternoon at about 5 P.M.
and are now in a "Bill-pen"
very similar to that we left at
Fort Snelling, awaiting orders.

I should have written to
you while ~~at~~ in Chicago, but
~~a circumstance~~ I could not
muster courage sufficient to
tell you what is inevitable.

My pockets were turned out-
side in ~~the~~ during the night
at the "Soldiers Rest" and my
pocket-book containing over
\$65.00 in Greenbacks, a dollar's
worth of Post-Stamps & two combs
taken by some infernal thief
that disgraces the uniform he

years. You may imagine
how I felt when I missed it,
— not on my own account, but
because I knew it would make
you feel bad, and think that
it was my want of sense that
caused it. In part, it was, but
it was want of experience.

During the two nights preced-
ing I had had hardly a min-
ute sleep, so you may guess how
soundly I slept and how eas-
ily an expert thief — as this one
has since proved himself to
be — could take anything from
me without — my knowing it.
A search failed to find any trace
of it as the thief had doubtless
destroyed everything but the
unrecognizable Greenbacks.

He has stolen over a hundred
dollars worth since yet re-
mains undiscovered.

I was paid the one third
of my Bounty before leaving
the fort, and intended to fetch
it home myself, but I did not
get the chance, nor that of
expressing it either. I would
have sent it home the next
day had it not been
stolen. Now Tractor, it is
a bad business and I know it
will vex you, but consider that
it is not ~~the~~ as bad as it might
be, and is now irremediable.

It is getting dark, so I
will give ~~to~~ the particulars
~~again~~ some other time.

We start for "Harts Island"
down the sound a few miles
tomorrow morning and
will stay there until a
boat takes us to Wilmington.

I have borrowed a
few dollars.

Write to me addressing
to no place in particular,
but send no money until
I can give you the full
address.

Yours

A. Christie

Hd Lrs 1st Minn Battery
In the Field N.C. March 14. 65

Guards & Pickets

Will Pass the Bearer. Sergt
Thomas D Christie & Six Men until further
Orders. they being detailed. as regular foragers for the
1st Minnesota Battery

approved

Bt Maj Gen L. Smith
admnr
T.C.

Wm Z Clayton
Capt Comd Battery

Hd Lrs 1st Minn Battery
In the Field N. C. March 14. 68

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Thomas D Christie & Six Men until further
Orders. they being detailed as regular foragers for the
First Minnesota Battery

approved

Asst Maj Gen L Smith
admnr Jags

Wm E Clayton
Capt Comdg Battery

Fort Island, New York Harbor!

March 15th 1843—

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

~~Here we are, waiting~~
for transportation to Wilmington
or Charleston, and it is likely that
we get it tomorrow. The Colonel is
now in New York seeing to it in or-
der to get by the first boat that goes,
for not only are we desirous to join
our regiment at the front, but
we are heartily tired of this desert
Island already. They keep us to work
steadily all day, and are very
tyrannical. I do not object to the
work, if they would only give me
time to write my letters.

This Island is situated in the west-
end of Long Island Sound and sev-
eral miles from the city. Coming
down the Hudson to this point

we were all stowed away in a steamer where we had no chance to see even in what direction we were going, save those immediately at the little windows. As to seeing the city, you have seen as much of it as I, almost, so I cannot speak of it.

But I have been sufficiently near to hear the "hum" and see a few of the roudies & pickpockets. Right here on this Island stealing & robbing goes on daily. Last night a small boy was surrounded by three thieves, his pocket ripped open & \$6.00, or extracted, almost before he was aware of it. The villains got into the crowd & were helped off. Our boys are losing their things every day and two have been robbed since coming here. Small Pox is raging among the troops, and the white tents & graves at the extremity of the Island attest its presence. Disencally.

Had I time I could write many sheets description of our journey to this point and what I see here, but this I do not have, I am writing now on my knee instead of eating my supper, I enjoy myself first rate, better than the most of them, although I have had some tough times of late. I wish I could get letters from home & the Boys but I suppose it will be along time ere I do. Heaven, I am anything but homesick. I told you in my last of the loss of my money at Chicago. I know you will be sorry and inclined to blame me for it, but you have no idea how easily it was done under the circumstances. Had I been aware it could not have happened at all. Well if my misfortunes are to consist in the loss of a little money I am content,

I borrowed a couple of dollars
of Mr Duncan, to buy stamps and
some such things. I had to buy
a Knapsack at Fort Snelling, for
I could not draw one, and without
either it - or a haversack I could not do.
It cost me \$3.00. I would not care if
you would send me a \$5. ~~for~~ for I will
need to have a few cents ~~about~~ about
me and I wish to pay Duncan,
as he is in need of it - and besides
I have to borrow.

Vessels pass in & out by this Island
at the rate of one every two minutes.
Some Men of War are anchored near
by. Mind & call for the valise at the
Ticket Office at the old Watertown
station. And all of you write
immediately, directing to

C. A. Quam, Inf - 140th

I have no more time or light.
Excuse the scribbling for it
has been executed under
difficulties. Your Loving Son
A. Christie

Suffolk, Va. March 19th/65-

My Dear Sister, [Sarah Christie]

Arrived

here this afternoon by the Freight-
~~Steamship~~ "Curt Lyon" and
are ~~now~~ ^{now} hitched to the wharf
receiving a supply of coal to take
to Wilmington, and the boat back
Tomorrow morning we will

commence our trip. Started from
New York in morning of 17th, but
was delayed by the coast of
Maryland by rough weather.

~~The boat was very crowded~~
there being over 800 of us. Some
went up the river this afternoon
so we will have it easier.

Wrote for at West Island, but
could not get it away until
mor. Have had no chance
for such things. Will make
it all right sometime soon.

Of course we were all very
sea-sick - I was fortunate to
be among those least affected.
I can see all the sights and
will give you a detailed
account sometime.

I can not imagine how
little chance I have had for
such things. Tell the boys
where I am if it is possible
to get letters to them.
I will write to them
when I get to the front.
We all feel jolly, and hear
jolly news from our comrades.
I write within sight of the
ruins of the old stronghold.
I think I told Father of my
being robbed at Chicago.
Hope he will not feel too
bad about it. Spring here,
write on the boat, therefore
with pencil. Hope you are
all enjoying yourselves.
Love to all Louis's
A. Christie

H'd Lrs 1st Maine Battery
On the Field N. B. March 20-65

Guards & Picket N

Will Tap Private Alvin Somers
of this Battery. he being Detailed as a permanent
Forager for this Command

Wm E Clayton
Capt Comdg Battery

Head Qrs 1st Minn Battery
On the Field N. C. March 20. 65-

Guards & Pickets

Will Pass Private James Barrell
of this Battery he having been Detailed as a permanent
forager for this Command

Wm Z Clayton
Capt Comdg Battery

Wilmington, North Carolina,
March 25th 1865.

My Dear Dave, [Charles]

Since penning a few lines to Father and sending them away, I learn that we are to stay here perhaps two days or so, and then go to Morehead City, &c. There may be nothing in it, but of this I am certain, that I have time now to ~~of~~ write, and so, although it is under circumstances not favorable to letter writing, I will now try ^{to} give you an account of our trip from Fort Melling to this point.

Of course, it will be rather ~~convey~~ short to embrace everything that occurred, or a description of everything that I saw, but of this you must not complain since I am doing my best in doing this much.

But to the trip: Late on the morning of the 5th Inst. we were ordered out of

our quarters, to march to St Paul
and receive our installment of U. S.
Bounty, preparatory to going south.
All the volunteers for our Regt fell
in to line, numbering about ~~20~~ twenty-
five, and marched out of the gate sub-
ilantly, although under the galling nec-
essity of being accompanied by a couple
of Guards. However, we made light of
the journey, I and my comrade Tom

Duncan in particular, since we expected
to be sent right on home after being
paid, the Colonel having expressed him-
self favorable to such a plan during our
former visit to him on that business.

But the Colonel proved to be absent
from the city during the day and
we had no chance to see him.

We all paid forty cents apiece for our
dinner at the "City Hotel" and then
went to the pay room, where, having been
duly marshalled, we ~~was~~ signed the
Pay-Rolls and got our money, —

Mine amounted to \$66.66 of
which I could easily send home to Father
at least a fifty; — but of that anon.
We were kept under guard all day, so had
no chance to do anything. I wanted
to pay for a year of the Press, and get
some pictures taken, but I was not allowed.

We were then all marched back to the
fort and left to our own reflections
and the congratulations of friends,
who thought us mighty lucky in being
paid-off. Some of the boys had quite a
time eating oysters and pies; in fact
ate too many.

During the next day
we were informed that we were to start
for Dixie on the 7th, and so got every-
thing in order. I bought a snap-

sack, for I could not do without one,
nor could I by any possible means
get one at the Quartermasters.

It cost me 3.00, but when I settle for
such things, I with Uncle Sam, I intend
to have him make allowance.

I packed the valise to send home, putting in Frankoe and Froissart. The latter I had lent the most of the time to Allen and so read only the first hundred pages or so. I hope you got the valise all safe, and will have a pleasant time reading these two books.

The morning of the 7th came and with it Lieut. Col. Nelson all ready for the trip. He told us that he had orders to take sixty-three privs & conscripts along that day under guard, and us volunteers were to follow next day. Here was my chance. I obtained leave of the Col. to go that day, and so have a day at home.

Off we started in open sleighs, heavy double-teamed things, they were, each holding about 30 of us.

We passed through St. Paul, and going by the Hastings & Red Wing road, reached Lake City late that evening.

This city is built at the head of Lake Pepin, - which is merely a widening of the river and is several miles long. With frequent changes of horses we rode all night, and in the gray of the morning, drove up for breakfast before "Huff's Hotel" in Winona, having accomplished a distance of

One hundred miles from the Fort.

From that place we took a southwesterly direction, going through the line of Bluffs along the river and getting on to the Prairie in the rear. The little snow that there was, was now so far melted that we proceeded slowly, taking us until night to reach La Crosse, - a distance, by this route, of fifty miles.

Trot the train in the evening, and were swiftly borne eastward through our own old Wisconsin.

When nearing Watertown I had the Colonel halted up to let me off the train, but alas, he did not think it right to do so. He said he was afraid I would miss the train, it being night and my time limited, and in that event I would be taken as a deserter. As soon as I was arrested I would be out of his power and to

it would cost me a deal of trouble. I saw that he was unwilling to let me go, so I acquiesced, although I told him that if he let me off I was perfectly certain of coming on the next train.

As we neared the junction I got out on the platform, valise in hand, so that if you were there I could see you.

But the train was much earlier than I had told you, and if you got the letter in time, you were only getting the horse out of the stable when it passed. There was no one there. The train stopped a few moments and passed on to the old depot. There I had just time to carry the valise to the Ticket-office and leave it there in care of a Night-watchman - the Station Agent being absent. I told him the name, but I had no time to put it on the valise. But I think you will get it by applying promptly after getting

my note from Milwaukee. And if you don't, you will have reason to call me what I am fast giving evidence of being - a darned fool.

Well, we ran into Milwaukee in the forenoon and marched to the "Soldiers Home" on West Water St., a little above the old Menominee House, and in sight almost of Menninger's Gunshop, where I bought your rifle, of happy memory. There we waited until late in the afternoon, during which time they served us a splendid dinner, the most attractive part of which was the bread, the lightness, whiteness & sweetness of which you cannot imagine. We had to hold it on to our plates or it would have floated off.

But I have not sufficient time to dwell long on such small subjects. We left for Chicago by the Lake Shore R.R. towards evening. It was stormy and I could not see anything of the country through which we passed, and ~~it~~

it would cost me a deal of trouble. I saw that he was unwilling to let me go, so I acquiesced, although I told him that if he let me off I was perfectly certain of coming on the next train.

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but as we progressed I could
perceive that it became prairies
in character. It was dark night - when
we reached the great Emporium
of the West - and while marching
through the streets we had a fine chance
to see the richness of the stores & put-
all hands with candle light - so
ed by a good glass in such a manner
as to make one think of the glowing
descriptions of the palace of Aladdin in
the Arabian Nights.

After passing the city & distance of
several miles we drew up before
the "Edison Hotel" and there took up
our quarters for the night - such as they
were. Our beds consisted of our blan-
kets spread on the floor, but we were
very comfortable and so was asleep.

During the night the 44th W. came
in and had to be served a
meal in our quarters, so that put
an end to sleep for several hours.

As soon as they were gone I went
to sleep on a bench, having been
so lucky as to secure one for a couch.

It was while sleeping there that I was
robbed. As soon as I waked up I knew
something was wrong, and feeling
for my pocket-book found it gone.

I could find any trace of it - be discov-
ered afterward. Well I must stop
but will send the rest in another.

124th Are to leave this place here and
move toward Sherman.
Good bye, Your loving brother, W.H.

but as we progressed I could
perceive that it became praisier
in character. It was dark night when
we reached the great Emporium
of the West, and while marching
through the streets we had a fine chance
to see the richness of the shops & put-
all hanging with gaslights surround-
ed by colored globes in such a manner
as to make one think of the glowing
description of the palace of Aladdin in
the Arabian Nights.

After traversing the city a distance of
several miles we drew up before
the "Soldier's Rest" and there took up
our quarters for the night such as they
were. Our beds consisted of our blan-
kets spread on the floor, but we were
very comfortable and cozy was asleep.

During the night the 4th Regt. W. came
in and had to be served a
meal in our quarters, so that put
an end to sleep for several hours.

As soon as they were gone I went
to sleep on a bench, having been
so lucky as to secure one for a couch.

It was while sleeping there that I was
robbed. As soon as I waked up I found
something was wrong, and feeling
for my pocket-book found it gone.
I could not find any trace of it be discov-
ered afterward. Well I must stop
but will send the rest in another.

926¹⁰⁰ Are to leave the boat here and
go on toward Sherman.
Good Bye, Your loving brother, A. H.

Wilmington, North Carolina
March 25th 1865.

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

Came up the river
and tied up to the wharf this forenoon,
and are now awaiting orders.

It is very probable that we will return
to Beaufort, N.C. and march to join
Sherman from that point.

It matters not to us, if they will only
let us off this cursed steamer and
lead us to the front before the gun
is over. At Beaufort we will draw
arms & accoutrements, and if all is
true that we hear we may have a
chance to use them in getting through.
Isn't it glorious? Here the shores are
green and so bright, peach-trees in full
bloom, ducks flying around, and everything
very lively. The chance to get
letters away will soon be passed.

so don't find fault with me for not
writing more, I take every chance.

Hope you are all well at home,
and imagine you employed with the
Spring-work. Hire plunger, and neither
overwork yourself or Dave.

Hope Dave is peppening Chickens & ducks
these fine, clear, spring mornings.

Had a terrible voyage out, stormy
adverse weather, a poor craft,
too little room, &c., &c., all of which you
will easily appreciate. Two of the
Cher Lorkers died; one of fever, the other
of measles. Many are sick.

But it is pretty near at an end,
and I, with the majority of the rest,
am jubilant.

I have no more time.
I'll mind and hire Hesse
for a few months and let things
run easy. Let Dave have some
time to pick ducks, and try to keep
him from going shooting on

Sundays.
Don't fret about me, I am in
Splendid Spirits

At Beaufort we expect to get a
couple of days to wash up and
recruit a little in, before beginning
the march, and I will write from
there; but after leaving Beaufort
you may not hear from me for
some time.

Love to all

Your Affectionate Son,
A. S. Christie.

Cyman, March 26th 1865.

My (Dear You, [dear one])

Your letter from Norfolk
I have read & will write to Sarah from
Hooft. I reached us last night.
I am pleased to think that I perceive
from your letter, that you are not entirely
mistaken. For your fortune lined
you left us has been anything but
agreeable to you, or to any one. But I
take ~~no~~ satisfaction in the fact that you seem
to bear it more lightly than the Court expects,
and on the whole (I trust) you will
receive further development for good.

You say nothing of your Health. I hope
you are well, the same are all about as
usual. We received letters from Tom & W.
from Fayetteville N. Carolina, last night.
Also, is excellent Health. Having enjoyed
themselves on the March through North
Carolina, plenty for bread and meat,
and not fighting enough to amuse them
by the way. Very anxious to know of
you. Having received no letters later
than ^{those} we wrote while they lay in Savannah
is which they only know that you had
gone to Minnesota. whenever you get to
where you can, you will write to them.

In all of the letters received from you
you do not mention having received
from me the correspondence I had with
Senator Smith in reference to our paper
which I intended to give at East Lullington.
I am bound to think you did not get it.

Cyman, March 26th 1865.

My (Dear You, [Answer])

Yours, to me from Norfolk Island, and p. 111 note to Sarah from Norfolk, reached us last night.

I am pleased to think that I perceive from your letter, that you are not entirely miserable, for your fortunate lines you left us has been anything but agreeable to you, or to any of us. But I take consolation, rather for the fact that you seem to bear it more lightly than we could expect, and on the whole (I trust) you will receive further development for good.

You say nothing of your Health. I hope you are well, the same are all about as usual. We received letters from Tom & W. from Fayetteville N. Carolina, last night also, in excellent health. Having enjoyed themselves on the March through North Carolina, plenty for men and beast, and not fighting enough to amuse them by the way. Very anxious to know of you. Having received no letters later than those we wrote while they lay in Savannah is which they only know that you had gone to Minnesota. Whenever you get to where you can, you will write to them.

In all of the letters received from you you do not mention having received from me the correspondence I had with Senator Smith in reference to your paper which I enclosed to you at Fort Snelling. I am led to think you did not get it.

because it would heartily explain to you
why I did not apply to the War. Dept. in
your behalf. Your Cousin Tom Peck
came to us on a months fast long with
the same mail as your letter. The same old
coon. after all he has seen and suffered.
and you know not how good at that.

Oh what an awful misfortune it is
to be born with a low organization
of Brains, poor Boy. He is obliged to stay
with me until his feverishness is out. for
there is no other home for him hereabouts.
I called on your balise and finally hunted
it up. But Frankoe was stolen from it.

I was glad to get so much as was left.
Do you begin to see the wickedness of this
world? I know that a dire, very dire,
persecution of it, is beginning to break upon
you. pray God that you may be kept
unspotted from it. the snow is all gone

But the ground is wet that we cannot do anything
on the land. Stumps and stones must wait a little longer
we have any more hard weather. Stock will die all through
as the hay in the country is very nearly done. We have a
very tight fight with it. I wish you were with your Regt.
for there is no certainty of your getting letters unless then.

I shall not enclose money to you in this. because of your needing
I am and we are splitting stakes from that land of profit
you hauled and left in pond last this winter some will get enough
for the south line out of them. I believe you will write to me
so often as you can. Because I feel much more concerned
about you than either of the others. I have to tell you
that I put some to your 200 and bought 300 of the
y. 30's and I finally got a mortgage on Peter Camp's
farm for that 200 the Hayes's owe me. March having
sold to Peter that ten acres of wood. I expect you
will see some very big fighting soon. if you join
your Regt. Yours as always / blowing

because it would here fully explain to you
why I did not apply to the War. Dept. in
your behalf. Your Cousin Tom Rice
came to us on a months full lough with
the same mail as your letter. the same old
coon. after all he has seen and suffered.
and you know not how good at that.

Oh what an awful misfortune it is
to be born with a low organization
of Brains, poor Boy. He is obliged to stay
with me until his full lough is out. for
there is no other home for him hereabouts.
I called on your balise and finally hunted
it up. But Frankoe has stolen from it

I was out to get 20 tracts as was left.
Do you begin to see the wickedness of this
world? I know that a dire, very dire,
persecution of it, is beginning to break upon
you. pray God that you may be kept
unsportled from it. the snow is all gone
But the ground is wet that we cannot do anything
on the land. Stumps and stones must wait a little longer
if we have any more hard weather. Stock will die all through
as the hay in the Country is very nearly done. We have a
very tight fight with it. I wish you were with your Regt,
for there is no certainty of your getting letters unless then.

I shall not enclose money to you in this. because of your wretched
I and we are splitting stakes from that load of profit
you hauled and left in pond last winter and will get enough
for the south line out of them. I believe you will write to me
so often as you can. Because I feel much more concerned
about you than either of the others. I have to tell you
that I put some to your 260 and bought 300 of the
7.30's and I finally got a mortgage on Peter Camp's
farm for that 200 the Hayes's owe me. March having
sold to Peter that ten acres of wood. I expect you
will be some very big fighting soon. if you join
your Regt. Yours is Hope / blowing

Goldboro, N.C. March 28th 1865

My dear Brother Dave; [Christie]

I received your most pleasant letter to me when we were in front of the enemy on the South Edisto River in South Carolina, and it gave me more pleasure than you can imagine. - It was just the kind of letter I shall always like from you, - telling about all the little things around home, which the war overlooks, forgetting that it is these very little things that make home what it is.

I wish you to continue to write in the same manner, only leave out the buffoonery if you please, which you are too old now to indulge in. I got your last letter, to William, long before yesterday, and see by it that Charlie and Dolly have been trying on some of their tantrums again. you must look out for them, and not let them take you by surprise. I cannot see how you are to get along with the farm without a hired man nearly all the time this season for it is not right that you should work yourself so hard as you will have to do otherwise, nor should father have anything at all to do with the same labour of the farm.

I have no news of anything more than when I wrote yesterday, for I have had no mail since the first one, the Recruits for the 2^d Regt. have not been heard from yet, and the application for our furloughs which the Capt. sent to Head Quarters yesterday has not come back yet. Neither have I anything more to tell you about William than what I wrote to Father and Sarah.

For the past 75 miles of our march I have been on regular detail as commanding the six mounted forgers of the Battery whose duty it is to supply the Company - 150 men - with food, as we have nothing from the host. In that capacity I met with a good many adventures and there was not a day that I did not ride 25 or 40 miles. One day we left the column early in the morning and struck for Clinton toward which we were told the troops were to march. Four miles we rode along with the advanced Cavalry, but when they came to a big Creek, found the Bridge destroyed by the Rebels, and went to work repairing it. We "bummers" could not wait, but took Sherman's plan of flanking the difficulty. On going down the Creek through the swamp we found a place where we thought we could ford it, and so to try the experiment I rode my little sorrel mare into the water and made for the opposite shore. She felt her way carefully, through the swift current - the water getting deeper and deeper till all of a sudden down she went into a hole over the ears. The water coming up to my waist with a chilliness that made me catch my breath. Amidst the chorus of my comrades the gallant little mare rose dripping and boldly struck out for the opposite shore. A few strokes and she again struck bottom, and we gained the shore without further difficulty. When the laugh was on the other side as I was across and my men were not. They tried to make their mules take the water, but they - sagacious animals - had opinions of their own on the subject, and as is usual in such cases, they got the best of the argument. The next thing we did was to take a rope off one of the saddles, fasten one end to the a mule's bridle, tie

the other end to a heavy club and throw it over to me. Two of the men then crossed the Creek on a fallen tree and you can see how we got Mr. White over. In this way we got all safely across, mounted our animals and set out for Clinton. But while on the road we heard that the Rebels had burned the Bridge over another and larger stream in front, and of course we had more planting to do. Galloped down to the right some seven miles to where I had heard of another Bridge, and arrived just in time to save it as the end next us was afire. Dashed over and struck for the plantations. We had thought we were the first of our fellows there, but found all our First Brigade foraged ahead and had to ride four miles from there before we found fresh Country. When we had loaded three splendid Carriages with flour, meal, molasses &c. and had hitched enough mules from our party to haul them we started for town in which we expected to find our Column. But what was our surprise, on coming into Clinton to find it occupied by our Cavalry only, the main Column having turned to the left when within 6 miles of the place. After loading up we had come 10 miles to get to Clinton, and here was a 18 mile march before us - with the sun on hair high - Nothing daunted we set out and after making crates and hauling through many swamps we arrived safely in camp at 11 O'clock with enough supplies to last the Battery a week. I and all the men of the Company are very much amused by the picture Sarah sent me of the forager, but to make the likeness more striking the picture should represent a man dressed exactly in nondescript suit part blue, part brown, a grey or Butternut, with a white hat and tremendous red breeches, and perhaps barefooted, with his Belt & Cartridge

box on (for we always go well armed) his trusty Carbine by his side, and a revolver stuck in his Belt. When you have the man drawn out according to these directions, you must mount him in a splendid Buggy in which the Aristocrats of the plantation used to take the air, attended by their sable coachmen. The Buggy is to be hailed by the "Brimmies" old long eared Tail shorn mule, accoutered as you please either in the magnificent silver mounted, ivory ringed harness that belongs to the Buggy, or in a cobbled up concern - the collar of braided corn-husks, the wooden harness tied together with rope, and the lines of the same material. Here you have the forager and his conveyance - now for the plunder. First and foremost you will observe that the Carriage is piled full of harness, (my foragers disdain any other kind of meat) and on top of these you will see three or four sacks of meal or flour, while around and behind hang clusters of turkeys. (Chickens are too difficult to catch so we always take turkeys.) If you will enlarge your picture so as to include three or four of these equipments with the same number of mounted men in the background and a dozen darkies bringing up the rear mounted on captured horses and mules, you will have a very good idea of how my train looks as it comes into camp at the close of each day. I turned over so much forage during our march from Fayetteville to near Bentonville that our Quartermaster Sergeant told me I must either stop foraging or else furnish another wagon to haul it. The next day I got him a fine spring wagon loaded with supplies, and he put it in the regular train.

with supplies, and the first of it, the regular train.
to have it. The next day I got him a fine spring wagon load
I must tell you another adventure of mine. - The last thing I was out
I left the column 20 miles from Abbe Point, on the Wilmington
road of 2000 men, many of whom were burning about 4 miles
R.R. and struck to the right, leaving the R.R. at Faison's
near here we met a scout of Genl. Sherman's coming from Kingston with
Despatches from Schfield. He had crossed the country afoot, and had
many an adventure, to which I have not time to relate to you.
Riding rapidly we came to Col. Hill's plantation 4 miles beyond
Faison's, where we loaded a Buggy and wagon with hams, flour
meal, and sugar, and then I sent them back to the station, while I
took one man with me, mounted a little darter behind me for a
guide, and set out into the interior to look for horses and mules.
We were the only Federals in that section of the country, and I felt pretty
sure of finding two stock not far off. Rode 4 miles toward
Wilmington, and came to a plantation where there were two horses in
the yard. These were harnessed, our saddles to hold the darkies, tied
ours, & set out for the swamp, where the negroes said there were
mules hidden. We had gone perhaps a mile from the house
and had expected to look for mules when I saw a Rebel coming
towards me, mounted. - He did not see me at first, but came along
very leisurely over the plantation road on which we were, the distance being about
a quarter of a mile. My man was not in sight, but I knew that a party
would often win where numbers would fail, so unslinging my Beech-
loading Carbine (which, by the way, I captured in Columbia) and putting
spurs to my horse, I dashed on Mr. Johnny with a true Yankee yell.
He saw me, wheeled his horse, and ran as if a Regt. was at his heels.
While I was getting over a bad ditch in the field my comrade came
in sight, and we both set out in pursuit. In front of us - a mile
distant, lay the swamp, and as it was merely a plantation road we

...and perhaps... we were on I knew that we would have him there. On we rushed, willing to go on... like Indigors, the Rebel, his distance, with that off and long hair flying in the wind and at every jump spurring his horse with the point of his... but to make the distance more... on very much... naked Bowie knife. It was the most exciting staple chase you ever heard of... and perhaps you can imagine how we looked, flying over that old cotton field, the two captives bringing up the rear as they but could with the... spare horses. The Rebel disappeared at the end of the road, and when we dashed up, there was his horse standing in the swamp, while he was in all likelihood jump to the waist in water in the depths of the Cypress. He could not find him, and returned to our mule plunking with his splendid horse, saddle and blanket, as trophies. We were so lucky as to find three excellent mules, which are now doing duty for Uncle Sam, and two more horses, so that we returned to our companions at Vicksburg with three mules and six men horses. Where we were the Johnny into the swamp there were two of darkness who told us he was a Rebel Cavalry man, and that he was armed with two Revolvers. He did not know this till afterwards, or he would have had to come out of the swamp, sure. He wished and asked for the... down to where the negroes were. shouting - "De Yankees, de Yankees" We got to camp that night at 10 o'clock, having passed through Mount Olive Station on the road. The next morning we were on the march at three, as I wrote to father, so you see I had not much sleep that night. One rainy, chilly day, soon after leaving Fayetteville we had ridden till five in the afternoon without having got so much as a chicken, for the country was miserable pine land, inhabited altogether by poor people, from whom we have to have our supplies. We were, then 8 miles away from the column and it was raining hard, so the prospect for forage, you will perceive, was very slim.

...of the saddle, for me... But I told the men that we had more gone to camp without... something to show for the day's work, and that we must not... So I enquired around, and found that there was a grist mill in the neighborhood. We immediately made for it, took possession... and while I set the mill in, returning order the men filled the... shells they always carry on their saddles, with corn from a cut... within a mile. This was brought to the mill, several went to... shelling into the hopper by hand, the bails were raised, and there being a good heap of water we soon had the thing progressing... I posted two men as pickets, and sent another to a house in the neighborhood to tell the folks to get supper for us, so that at dark he came back with a basket full of cooked sweet potatoes, ham and "corn dodger" which were very acceptable as you may imagine. to hungry fellows as we were. An hour after dark we stopped the mill, having shelled and ground over seven bushels of meal, and filled every sack we had. The taking of this meal upon our horses into camp, - nine miles - over a road scarcely to be seen through the woods in the daytime even, and now when this cloudy night was dark as pitch, all the way we could find the road was by our horse, was... Considerable of a job. But you must be weary of this long talk about foraging, and so I will stop. If you can read this double letter in less than a week, I am much mistaken, I shall write more home tomorrow. Give my love to all dear friends, and be as much of a help to father as Sandy was. Write soon again and think something of our... those duty it is to supply the company - 150 men - with food, as... the past 75 miles of our march I have been on water

[March 29, 1865]

Town Meeting

Notice is hereby given that a Special Town Meeting in & for the Town of Rapidian, will be held at the House of E. C. Payne on the 15th day of April A.D. 1865 for the purpose of Electing, Three Supervisors one of whom shall be designated on the Ballots as Chairman one Town Clerk one Treasurer, one Assessor, Two Constables Two Justices of the Peace one Overseer of Highways for each road District in said Town & to transact any other Lawful Business

The Polls will be opened at 9 o'clock A.M. and close at 5 o'clock P.M.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners of Blue Earth County

Given at Mankato

March 29- 1865

A. Hanna
Chairman Board
of Co Commissioners

I am in
hopes of
seeing you
in Charleston
or would
have written
more -
Expect to
start from
here this
evening
shall be in
Chy again
in the 12th
at furthest -
furlough
for 45 days
till 6 May
19th

Holdsboro, N. C. April 3^d 1865

My dear Sandy, -

It is the greatest of
disappointments to me, to have to go north
without seeing you, - I have been expecting
your arrival every day and have since I
got news from home of your having left the
State, - I know how hard it will seem

to you to go into a strange Company, and
to find on your arrival that William ~~was~~
is in the hands of the Enemy, and that I
am away on furlough for 45 days, -

Cheer up, though, my dear Brother, &
meet adverse & unpleasant circumstances
with the manly fortitude that becomes a
United States Soldier in the Field -

You will find pleasant comrades in the
Regt. you belong to - whom I have known
for three years - among them Sergt.
Evarts in Co. A. & Sergt. Thompson in
Co. B. who will be kind to you for any

I am in
hopes of
seeing you
in Charleston
or would
have written
more -
Expect to
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Regt. you belong to - whom I have known
for three years - among them Sergt.
Evarts in Co. A. & Sergt. Thompson in
Co. B. who will be kind to you for very

take, if it were not in their generous
natures to be kind to you naturally -

Do not fail to visit my Battery often, for
you will be very welcome - I assure you -

Southwick, whom you know is L. M. Sergt.

and he will introduce you to my friends

Enquire for Capt. Cross, Capt. Foster, Ed. Barley,
Dan Wright, & for my platoon in particular -

They are all good friends, and good Boys.

and you will take much pleasure in

Talking to them, - Geo. Ehinger is

with me as I write this letter & promises to find

you - His address is - Head Quarters 4th Div.

15th Army Corps, where he is an orderly -

Another good friend of mine is Wm. Hill

Co. "B" 32nd Ohio - in the first Brigade of our Div.

but he has a detail now as Division postmaster

and you will find him in Division Hd. Qrs.

Southwick will give you the letters, - which

I wish you to read & then return to him

for William to read if he should come

along, - You will also get from him all the

Mail that may come for me or William

and you may read all that an
patiented Olyman or Soul, -

I have taken the liberty of reading two
letters from home to you, which came to
your Company a while ago -

Of course, I don't need to urge you to
write to me in Olyman, - and I
shall take care, after learning your
address that you shall not want for
letters, -

Now, a few words of advice, which I would
make longer, but that I cannot doubt
that I will see you in New Bern -

Remember that a soldier will rust
out sooner than wear out, - so do not be
afraid to take exercise enough even in
Camp, - On the march you will have
enough to do at all times - but the more
tired you are at night, the better -

Be very Careful of your stomach, for any
derangement of it flows nearly all the
ills that afflict the soldier, -

Eat regularly, and very little grease -

take, if it were not in their generous
natures to be kind to you naturally —
Do not fail to visit my Battery often, for
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Southwick, whom you know is L. M. Sergt.
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I have taken the liberty of reading two
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out sooner than wear out, — so do not be
afraid to take exercise enough even in
camp. — On the march you will have
enough to do at all times — but the more
tired you are at night, the better. —
Be very Careful of your stomach, for from
disarrangement of it flows nearly all the
ills that afflict the soldier. —

Eat regularly, and very little grease. —

Edward C Hooper writing Apr. 3, 1865.
This letter brought to me by our old schoolmate
Wm. D. Christie Apr. 15, 1921

Be always cheerful, and ready to join
in any fun that is going on in
Camp, - I would have died long ago
but for my laughing propensities.

And, above all - if you do get sick
fight the thing out. Don't give up
sickness as long as you can stand on
your legs, - I stood Guard at Shiloh
when I could not walk my beat to save
my life, - but I whipped nature into
accordance with my will, and got
well, while great, stout fellows who
were not half so sick as I, succumbed
got discouraged, - and died, -

You must shut your
ears to a great deal of Abreimity
in the conversation of your comrades,
but this is a habit with some of them,
and is no proof of extraordinary de-
pravity, - May God bless you -
my dear Brother and protect -
you till we meet again, in the beautiful
prayer of Goun's affecy.

Wm. D. Christie

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This letter brought to me by our old schoolmate
Alex. D. Christie, Apr. 15, 1921

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you till we meet again, in the beautiful
prayer of Yours affecly,
Thos D. Christie

Goldston N.C. April 6th 1865

My Dear Brother, [Thomas Christie]

I have deferred writing to you until today to afford myself time to collect my thoughts somewhat, for I was completely confounded on my arrival here ~~to~~ at learning the sad news of Willie's capture by the Enemy & your departure for the north.

And strange to say, you left the station for New Bern an hour after my arrival in the outskirts of the town after a six-day march from Wilmington.

All these things combined so staggered me, that I hardly feel like writing now, but I know it is my duty to do it.

The afternoon of the 4th I went

over to the camp of the Battery
and in company with Ed. Everts,
and there learned the particulars
of Willie's capture, and I now feel
satisfied that he is a prisoner of
war at worst. Ed. Everts could
not tell me enough about it
to enable me to decide whether
it was a regular Confederate
force or not that took him, and
therefore I was afraid it might
have been Guerrillas.

But it is bad enough as it is.

I got all the letters from
Sauthrick, and they are now
ready to return. He was over
this morning and first told
me the glorious details of the
Capture of Richmond, &c.

I cannot write any
more now, as I have no
time, and don't feel like

it either.
I am in the best of health.
Had a tough time coming
through, but am the
better of it.

There are rumors of an other
movement.

Tell Fattum to send me
a few Post-Stamped.

Yours most affectionate
Brother
A. Christie

Love to all,

I wrote two letters to
Cousin Bill from the
Fort. Hope he got them,
but if not I will make
up for it soon.

Make them all write
to me. Give my
best respects & love to
Keelin when you see her,
A. L.

Goldsbars, Ct. E.

April 9th 1865

My Dear Father; [James Christie]

I seize this opportunity to write to you, before starting on the last great forward-movement of Sherman's Army. Orders were read to us on inspection this morning to be ready to move tomorrow morning, in order to hunt-up & destroy Johnston's Army; ~~before~~ which Grant annihilates the remnant of the once glorious Rebel Army of Virginia.

Every man is jubilant, I have been over to the Battery twice, and am going again this afternoon to bid them all "Good Bye."

I got Dan's letter of
March 3^d & yours of 27th to Tom.

I am sorry Tom is not here
to take part in this final
movement that is to crush the
Rebellion & liberate our
Brother.

I have mastered the "Manual
of Arms" and am now drilling
with the Co.

Have had visits from Sam,
Raymond, George Ehinger, and
Ed O'Keefe. The latter will
be in Chymarr ere this reaches
you and will ~~to~~ give you
a call. He will be able to tes-
tify to my good health.

Use him well; don't ad-
vert to anything unpleasant
to him.

I am surprised to
hear of Henry's enlistment.
It speaks well for the north
that our armies are be-

ing recruited to the last
hour of the Rebellion.

Give a word to Sam.
I want him to support ~~the~~
the reputation of the rifle be-
fore Tom. I only wish I was
up home for an hour.

Keep the gun clean & take
it perfectly cool, but determined.

I am glad to hear that you
make such good shots.

They tell me that Tom took
a cartum with him for
you. Bulley!

How the game will suffer
when we all get out on
a hunt.

Some think that William
will get paroled or exchanged
immediately. I do not.

May he have strength to stand
and courage to meet all
the misfortunes and suffering

that may be his lot,
until we meet again.

I hope you are not
too much troubled about
it. Worse things have
happened. The Battalion men
tell me that if any more
can stand Rebel usage,
Willie can.

Coming round on the boat
almost everything we had
was stolen or destroyed.

My Envelopes were all
closed, paper damaged,
even stamps so soiled as to
be unfit for use. Comrades
all the same, so I cannot
borrow. Please send a
few stamps, Envelopes &
a fine comb. George Ehinger
gave me a few stamps.

Probably the last mail
starts from here in a few
minutes.

Give my love to
all, & have no fears for
me until you hear again.
Your loving son
Ch. Christie

120
D. L. Thompson
— or corresponding address —
P. O. Box 88

Oliver Dodge Co. Minn.
April 12th 1865 —

General Stephen H. Miller
St. Paul —

Sir,

I am a Sergeant of
the First Minnesota Battery — now
at home on veteran furlough
and write to tell you that
I brought to Baltimore Md.
a piece of Artillery which
was given into the charge
of Seryt. Gordon and myself
to take home and present
to you as a gift from Capt.
Clayton of our Battery to the
State of Minnesota —

We got the trophy as far as
Baltimore without much
trouble, but could get it

no further without paying
for its transportation ourselves,
which could hardly be expected
of us in view of the fact that
our pay is now 8 months in
arrear.

We therefore left
the Gun in charge of G. F.
Wallace, Adams Express Co.
Baltimore, and by writing
or telegraphing to him the
Gun may be forwarded to
St. Paul.

I will tell
you how our Capt. came into
possession of it. — When our
Army Capt. ^{17th} Captured Cheraw
S. C. on the 3^d Ult. we found,
among other immense quan-
tities of Ordnance Stores, a
part of 27 pieces of Artillery
which the Enemy had been
unable to get off.

As we had no means of trans-
portation for these Guns, their

destruction was ordered, and
all of them except three were
rendered useless and thrown
into the Pedee. — One of these
three is the piece I left at
Baltimore. — Capt Clayton
obtained permission from
Maj. Genl. Blair to bring it
along from Cheraw, in order
that it might be presented
to the State of Minnesota as
a trophy of Sherman's Carolina
Campaign, and in pursu-
ance of this design we hauled
the piece to Fayetteville, from
there to Bentonsville, and
thence to Goldsboro.

When Sergt. Gordon and I got
our furloughs, the Capt. sent the
gun in our charge to be taken
and sent to you at St. Paul, and
after having been delayed by it
four days at different points.

1
we had to leave it, finally, in
Baltimore, as I have told you.

I hope you will take immedi-
ate action in the matter and
order this gun forwarded, as it
would be quite an interesting
trophy. - It is a Blatley, of
three & a half inch calibre, and
made in Liverpool in 1862 -

- a very interesting specimen of
British neutrality, I assure you.

- You will have no difficulty in
securing it by sending an order
for its transportation to the address
I have given you. - Please answer

this & tell me of your intentions in
regard to it, that I may notify my
Capt. You may expect a letter from
him soon, as he told me he would
write. - I remain, with respect

Yours obt. Servt.

Thos D. Christie
Sgt 1st Minn Battery

Original in Minnesota State Archives,
Governor's Records, 1865]

Address to -
Baltimore -
Postage Co
- N.Y.

At Home - April 13th 1865 -

My dear Sandy -

I have a great deal of pleasant news to tell you, for which I hope you will be thankful. - I shall give it to you all in a bunch, first, and then go into details -

The news then is this. - William is at home on parole, having been in Richmond, and has more adventures to tell of than would fill a volume. - He is in good health and spirits. - Thomas Reid is also with us, having got a furlough from his Regt. at Mobile. - Also in good health, and getting fat fast after his experiences in Dixie. -

I got her all right night before last, and found all well. David & father busy putting in the crop. -

I shall not write much in this note, as I have not time, for Sarah is waiting on me to go with her to Watertown at 11.30 and it is now ten O'Clock. When we get back though you shall have a very long letter which I know will be acceptable. -

- Everything is all right. -

If you see any of my Company tell them to let the Capt know that I had to leave the gun in Baltimore, and have written to the Gov. today. Of course you must be with your Regt by this time. -

Everybody is well, and somewhat jubilation over the good news from Grant, and our return. - The only drawback to our enjoyment is the absence

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Everybody is well, and somewhat jubilation over the good news from Grant, and our return. - The only drawback to our enjoyment is the absence

of yourself. Your letter to Willie
from Wilmington has been
recd, which is the latest from
you. — Calculate on a splen-
did letter in two days. —

Must excuse this short note for I
am awfully crowded at present. —

— They all send their love —

Yours affly

Thos D. Christie

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Must excuse this short note for I
am awfully crowded at present -

- They all send their love -

Yours affly

Thos D. Christie

1865-

Olyman Wis. April 15th

My dear Sandy,

I promised you a longer letter in my note of yesterday, and though I do not feel much like writing today, (as who would in my circumstances,) I shall do my duty by spoiling this sheet for your benefit, -

When you see some of our fellows, I want you to tell them that - I shall not write to them till I feel like it, which will be sometime next week, - You must, by this time, have got the packet of letters I left for you with Southwick, and are therefore posted on everything that happened previous to the

departure of myself from
Goldsboro. - I was very
sanguine in my hopes of
seeing you in Newbern, as I
supposed you would have
landed at Morehead City
instead of Wilmington, as
I find you actually did.

I had a pleasant
enough voyage around the
Stormy Cape, though the
sea was pretty rough, and
the most of the passengers,
(including some 200 Refugees
and prisoners who were below
decks,) were dreadful seasick,
& turned over lots of L. M. Stores
of various descriptions without
waiting for the Requisitions.

On the 7th I got to Fort Monroe
and had to stay there till the
next evening, when we steamed
up the Chesapeake for the

"Monumental City"

Spent Sunday - the 9th -
in seeing the Sights of Baltimore
- the Washington Monument, the
Battle Monument, the Peabody
Institute &c. and that night
at ten stepped aboard the
cars for Harrisburg.

Entered the Capital of Penn-
sylvania at 2.30 A.M. of the
next day, and changed cars
for Pittsburg without much
delay. - When I woke

at daylight, and looked
out of the car window, we
were in the midst of the
finest scenery in America
- the valley of the Juniata.
The river, with its little falls,
its green banks sloping down
to the water edge, and its
picturesque foot bridges
covered with moss, can

close beside us, while on
either hand the green fields
of the valley, sprinkled with
groves and white cottages,
sloped upward toward the
snow clad peaks of the Alle-
ghenies. - When we crossed
at the highest point, near
the station of Altoona, the
snow lay close to us beside the
R.R. - I will pass over the rest
of my journey hastily, and merely
tell you that after passing through
Pittsburg and across the States
of Ohio & Indiana I got to
Chicago at 1 P.M. of the 11th
and left on the train for home
at 4.30. - Burst in on the folks at
midnight like a torpedo, - you can
imagine the scene - and have
been flying around ever since. -
Beat Dan with the rifle yesterday, chipping
the cap for corn off hand at 75 yards & taking off
a Blackbird's head today at 30 yards. - The ducks
will have to look out when Dan has time to go
with me. - He is well & so is F.D.R. Thomas Davidson
No more at present. Thos D. Christie

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will have to look out when Dan has time to go
with me. — He is well & so is T.D.C. [Thomas Davidson
Rush]
No more at present — Thos D. Christie —

Chapman Wis. April 17th

The events of the past week have been of such importance to the Nation, and to this family in particular that I am of the opinion that they deserve more special mention than is contained in the concise daily Diary kept by David.

I shall therefore detail here these interesting occurrences in the order in which they came upon us, and thereby transmit to posterity a record of the most eventful week of the Century.

On Saturday - the 8th - the news came home by letter from Goldsboro, that William had been taken prisoner near Bentonville on the 21st March. - Sunday - John Schaller came here on a visit - before leaving for Prairie du Chien. On Monday, only two days after ~~we~~^{they} had heard of William's capture, the family were surprised by his arrival on furlough from St. Louis. - This was but the beginning of wonders.

On the same day comes the announcement that Lee, with his Army had surrendered to Genl. Grant as prisoners of War, thus closing the long and bloody conflict of the past four years. The joy was universal, even the bitterest Copperheads joining in the jubilee of victory, and it seemed as if nothing more was needed to make the Nation's happiness complete. - Wednesday, the 12th brought more excitement, caused by the arrival, at One O'Clock that morning, of another Boy in Blue - on furlough from Goldsboro N.C. who suddenly burst, like a torpedo, on the sleeping household, and ruined sleep for the rest of the night. - Our happiness was seemed to be complete, or if anything more than

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pleasure of the family reunion, it was the thought of Sandy's position, far away in Wilmington alone. But in view of the capture of Richmond, the great victories of Sheridan & Meade, the crowning victory in Lee's surrender to Grant, all seeming to indicate a speedy close of the war; and considering the sudden and unexpected arrival of the two sons, one from dreadful imprisonment and the other from Sherman's front at Goldsboro, it is not surprising that our hearts should be filled with thankfulness and joy, so that ^{at times} we could scarcely realize our happiness to be more than a dream. But the events of the week were not ended, and it remained for the ever memorable Fourteenth of April, - the day that saw the old flag raised again on historic Sumter, on the anniversary of its lowering from those same walls four years ago, - to cloud, by its sad, tragical occurrence, the universal sunshine in the nation's heart.

At 2 O'clock on the afternoon of the 15th we heard the news of the assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward the night before, of their deaths on the morning of the 15th and of the swearing into office of Andrew Johnson. - This news depressed us more than would a defeat to Grant or Sherman and the greatest anxiety is felt to whether it will have a sinister effect on the late well grounded prospects of a speedy peace. In my opinion it will not, for I think Johnson's policy will be almost identical with that of our late lamented President, - and the misfortune of whose death cannot give the Rebels more men or military material, the want of which defeated them, nor will it at all discourage our soldiers

in the prosecution of their efforts to crush totally the last wriggling of the reptile Rebellion.

I have here sketched the more prominent events of the past most eventful week, - a week which will be remembered with mingled feelings of pleasure and regretful sorrow by the whole American nation in general, and by this ~~particular~~ ^{portion} of it - the Christie family in particular. -

Wind - S. W. Ther. M. 40. A. 42. E. 46 -

But in the barley in the West lot, and the hired men of Uncle Samuel expended considerable muscular vigor on sundry elm stumps in the same field, which, of course had to succumb before the united efforts of the Veterans from Mobile, from Richmond, and from Goldsboro. -

Wind W. Ther. M. 42. A. 48. E. 52. got a letter from Sandy to night very glad to say ~~that~~ ^{that} Wind S. W. Ther. M. 50. A. 72. E. 60.

putting in wheat to day William Marsh came down to say his and his wife to stay all night they are going to Illinois Wednesday 26th Wind S. W. Ther. M. 42. A. 60. E. 50.

put in the last of the wheat to day this forenoon plowing for oats this afternoon

Thursday 27th Wind S. and raining Ther. M. 40. A. 42. E. 40. plowing this forenoon

Friday 28th W. S. E. Ther. M. 40. A. 50. E. 45. plowing to day began to rain to night

Saturday 29th Wind S. E. Ther. M. 38. A. 56. E. 42.

Tom went to Lowell Miss and Sarah and Anne & one she is out to snow, and Uncle Dave and his wife came down with them

Sunday 30th Wind S. E. and raining a little Ther. M. 38. A. 42. E. 36. Tom sowed wheat and mowed

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of Sandy's position, far away in Wilmington alone.
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victories of Shiloh & Meade, the crowning victory
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the same field, which, of course had to
succumb before the united efforts of
the Veterans from Mobile, from Richmond,
and from Goldsboro, -

Wind W. Ther. M. 42. N. 48. E. 52. got a letter from
Sandy to night very pleasant day
Wednesday 26th Wind S. W. Ther. M. 50. N. 72. E. 60.
putting in wheat to day William Moush came down to day him
and his wife to stay all night they are going to Illinois
Thursday 27th Wind S. W. Ther. M. 42. N. 60. E. 50.
put in the last of the wheat to day this
forenoon plowing for Oats this afternoon
Friday 28th Wind S. and raining Ther. M. 40. N. 42.
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plowing to day began to rain to night
Sunday 30th Wind S. E. Ther. M. 38. N. 56. E. 42.
Tom went to Lowell him and Sarah and
Anne Dore she is out here now, and Uncle Dave
and his wife came down with them
Sunday 30th Wind S. E. and raining a little Ther.
M. 38. N. 42. E. 36. Tom Sarah Willie and myself

went to Watertown to see with an a Flood
and went to church

Monday ~~April~~ 1st Wind S. Ther M 40. N 60;
E 50. Tom Rice went to his Regiment to day
and Willie went with him as far as Watertown

Tuesday 2nd Wind S E Ther M 36, N 60, E 44.
Tom Sarah Willie and Mary and Grandmother
went to Watertown to day Mary and Willie
came out and the rest staid in
dealing down west to day for Oats

Wednesday 3rd Wind S E, Ther M 42, N 65, E 55.
Tom and Sarah came out of Watertown to night

Thursday 4th Wind S, Ther M 52, N 72, E 60.

Friday 5th Wind S E Ther M 62, N 74, E 68.
Sowing clover seed to day, down west.

Saturday 6th Wind S E ~~Ther M 62~~ Ther M 62

N 82, E 72, put on part of the shed roof to day.

Sunday 7th Wind S Ther M 60, N 72, E 65;

I went to Lowell to day.

Monday 8th Wind N Ther M 52, N 65, E 60. Tom
and Willie went away to day and we
went up with them as far as Watertown

Tuesday 9th Wind S E, Ther M 40, N 58, E 48,

Wednesday 10th Wind N W Ther M 40, N 58,

E 38, hauling out manure to day out to
the Orchard and a little piece on the ridge

Thursday 11th Wind S W Ther M 39, N 52, E 50,

hauling out manure to day bought two

hundred of hay from Mr Sutton's house

Friday 12th Wind S W Ther M 42, N 54, E 51,

went to Lowell to day and got my boots

glowing in the Orchard this afternoon the ground
is very hard trying to rain this afternoon but did not

went to Meriden to see with an a Flood
and went to church

Monday April 1st Wind S. Ther M 40. N 60;
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Tuesday 2nd Wind S E Ther M 36; N 60; E 44;
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Tom and Sarah came out of Watertown to night

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Friday 5th Wind S E Ther M 62 N 74. E 68;

Plowing over Seed to day, down west

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plowing in the Orchard this afternoon the ground
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Glasgow. April, 20th
1865

My Dear Sandy,

Trusting you
are well, I write a few lines
to you. Written as you left
the steamer at Wilmington.
I did write to you since
Tom and William came, and
enclosed a 5 to you.

These soldiers came in, on
us quite unexpected to us, and
found us all busy putting
in the wheat. They took them
there, and are in good health.

But I feel at every turn
how you have been disappointed
and how calculating to meet
them when you find your
regt. and find them gone. Must
make you feel pretty low.

Wilmington, April, 20th
1865

My Dear Sandy,

Trusting you
are well, I write you a line
to you. Written as I have left
the steamer at Wilmington
I did write to you since
I saw and William, and
enclosed a \$ to you.

These soldiers come in, on
a quite unexpected to us, in
found us all busy putting
in the wheat. They both
there, and are in good health.

But I feel it a very true
how you have been disappointed
and how calculating to meet
them, who are your friend
kept, and find them to be. Most
likely you feel pretty true

You know all the news
and I need not tell you how
Content & every Honest, Loyal
man feels. Dan Writing is
the superintendent that you have
reached the front, and have
received the letters Dan tell me
he left for you. You will also
have the satisfaction of meeting
men in your own Company
with whom Dan has been long
acquainted, and that is something
we are all about as usual.
only I have a bad Cold on the
Lungs, Mother has her hands
full. With such a big family
and so many visitors, Dad
is doing his Duty and that is
a good deal for ^[Hardly fair to say] Dad.
Sarah going tomorrow to prepare
to School Examination before
her mother, having taken that
School a Brockley Cooner,
for 4 months at \$20 per month

All doing very well. only I
Keep Thinking about Sarah
as I got last few letters from
you. the 25th March being the
latest Review from you to me
Your Uncle William is doing
duty in Ulminton, and you
did not of course see him.
I do not have time or in-
crease strength to write much to you
But feel as if I could not rest
without attempting to send
you a few lines anyway.
I long alone all things to
hear from you, and look
anxious for the night mail
I trust your feel is good
as you did when you landed
and that you have had no
ill Luck on the way to your
Company. I trust your comrade
Simeon is well also, Now
Sandy what I want is letter

Letters. Letters. You know
just how I feel, and I
believe that if you have
the means and Opportunity
I shall get them. I am already
beginning to think about your
discharge, and if they will hold
the Rescuits in Larkins. after
they have disbanded the Regts
they belong to. We hear flying
Reports that Johnson has
surrendered to Sherman.

and why not?
why prolong a struggle in
which it is now certain.
they will be utterly defeated
captured or killed. for there
is the certain end of it.

Sandy excuse this
poor letter. for I am not able
to write you a good one
or you would certainly have
it. Continue to think of
me with love, for my heart
is with you. and I watch and
wait, continually to hear from you
yours in love, J. Christie

After writing this I am off to my
+ don't think less —
Wm Lloyd Garrison + all are well

1865
Olyman, Wis April 20th

My dear Brother, —

It is mail day —
past eleven AM. and you must
have a letter from me. — father is
writing at the same table to you
also, for we are determined
that you shall have letters
enough anyhow, to cheer your
heart in the most strange life
that is now your lot. —

You never saw so busy a chap
as is "yours respectfully" now, &
all the time I have been here.

As if it were not enough for
a poor fellow to do ~~it~~ to run
his legs off seeing every pretty
girl in the neighborhood —
besides some not in the
neighborhood; and to be dragged
around by the collar, almost by

a sister who seems determined
that if there is any one in the
State who will not know of my
presence therein, it will not
be from want of physical position
palpable proof of the fact. - I say
- as if all this exercise were not
enough regular duty - father
persuades me into the service by
insinuating almost every
morning, that "there are some
small stumps to be dug out
or hauled off in the west-
lot," or "there are some stones
on the southern part of the
ridge, that should be trans-
ferred to the fence corners"
and forthwith orders a
detail from the 29th Wis.
and 1st Battery D. Art. Minn
bols. to perform the indi-
cated duty - Of course
Tom Reid and I & myself

profess to be highly pleased
with the prospect of doing
a little work, as we really
are, in all seriousness, - and
so we have helped a little to
earn our board ever since
our arrival. I must confess
after all that there is an
awful disparity between
the value of our spasmodic
labors on the farm, and that
of the substantial products of
the ditto, which daily dis-
appear before our voracious appe-
tites. - I will tell you a
pious secret - in this commu-
-tion, which you are not to
disclose under pain of the sim-
est penalties, - we are all putting up at father's expense
- in fact we are filling up our supply
trains with potatoes, fresh meat,
salt-ditto chickens, eggs, milk
& soft bread preparatory to the

the next campaign, -

But a truce to such nonsense -

I am enjoying myself here the best I have in my life & only wish you could be here with us - Went over to Lowell day before yesterday with the team - that is, it took the team & Sarah & Tom up, while Dave & I took the rifle & went by land, or rather by water, through the marshes, up the river, shot at several ducks, but failed in the desired requisite of shooting through any - Stayed there in Lowell & in Keeneville & in the town of Elba (where I went to see a comrade's family) till yesterday afternoon, when Jessie & Rosine came down with things, while I travelled home "en solo" on the old hunting route - Shot off a duck's head in the river & the creature was so perverse as to float to the other shore, where of course I had no alternative but to strip off & plunge in, swim over & take

Mr. Drake in my teeth & swim back again. This somewhat astounded the folks at home when I told them off it, but I told them I could not wait to Corduroy, according to our plan with "Old Billy", so I had to do as our chaps did on the Saltketchie swim for it -

While at Lowell I saw Mrs. Henry Hayes, who had to tell me all about how she managed everything in Henry's absence, who, you know, is now in the 5th & 8th Wis. at Camp Benton, Mo.

I also saw Miss Catch at Uncle Dave's & had a good visit with her & the two Miss Reeses, -

The farm work is going on famously - You remember the old green elm stub, that the woodpeckers used to build in down in the

the next campaign -

But a tunc to such nonsense -

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build in down in the

west marsh - well it is now
non est - thanks to the
labors of Mill rd, and
that is not half we have
done of the kind. I feel
regular old farmer like
when I get to work in
this style I assure you,

This is awful
news from Washington -
I can imagine how
the Soldiers in the field
will receive the news of
Lincoln's death - The
Johnnies will have to
look out more than
ever for this murder has
stunned the heart of the
nation. I shall leave
here on the 12th proximo -

So you may look out for
me about the 24th as I shall
visit - some down east -
Must send off this to catch the mail
Yours truly J. C. Christie

to have heard to the Lord
a great fall & still
it may appear for
some vice and un-
known to us. Ps.
must be for the best
in some way or other
and I not have been
permitted. I feel grim
at it. I think that the
may have almost certain
he was just beginning
to see the necessity of
all his labors by
another script, the way
taken down as Moses was
just as he came in sight
of the promised land
and not allowed to enter
Hille I come to me and
think of you as 'to-
your loving dis-
posed of
1863

[illegible]

only one circle would be com-
plete, and our cup of joy full.

I hope the day is not far distant.

What a jewel of a boy
- Thom is - just one of the best
fellows in existence. By the way, he
received a letter from Hayward
Thursday night: a splendid letter. I am
sure you must like him very much.
I would give a good deal to see him
now myself, after what he says of you.
He speaks in very flattering terms of
you. He must have, like Father, an
instinctive knowledge of character at first
sight; for he has formed a very con-
fident estimate of you after seeing
you but once. Dear Willie doesn't seem
to like him or any one else in the
Battery any too well. I think he is
getting to be something of a misanthrope.
By the way, he speaks of everyone. His
temper has become cooled in some un-
stable manner - that is the only change I see

in him. Thomas D. just laughs at
him and lets him say what he likes.

Of course, you know that little
Tom Reid is with us too. Poor
fellow, he has come through the
"hardy" as Father would say. He has
had his furlough extended 20 days
on account of several attacks of
fever, and fever. His time will
be expired here on the 4th of May.
His Regiment is at Mobile.

Edw. Beale has got back, I saw
him about 5 minutes yesterday on
the road, and he gave me a letter
from J. M. Chingon, which I will answer
tomorrow, and he told me that he
was, with you the day before he started
for the North. He said he would
come to see us in a day or two and
to say what he would. John Schallen
has been on furlough again. I saw
Frank in China and went back on
the same day that Willie arrived here.

His foot was then getting on very well he thought. The poor fellow has suffered a great deal with it. there is hardly a single piece of bone left in his ankle. I had a letter from him Thursday night telling me he would have been down this week only the Dr's forbid it and he says his foot is so much worse again and so painful that the Dr's want to cut it off, and he thinks he will have it done. Dr is really too bad after all he has suffered with it - for the sake of not having it amputated. I shall expect a long letter from you soon. I addressed a long letter to you to "Charles Island" and two to Fort Snelling - that you did not get. Sam and Willie tell me to tell you that they will write by Monday's mail. I presume you are spending to see some active service. Never mind, I hope you never will. Don't let consultation. You must have heard before this service of the assassination of our

Wenatchee April 23rd/88

Dear Friend Mrs Stevens

I received your letter in due time
was very glad to get it if I did here to beg for it.

Perhaps you think I ~~have~~ been trying to spite you
by not writing before but I well knew that would
not work, and should have written before if I could
but I have had no chance. I have been to school all
winter except when Mother had sore eyes, and since
school was out I have either been sick or been waiting
on other sick folks, doing housework sewing or something
of that sort all the time. I can hardly get time to
write a letter. This is a very fine snowing overhead
but not quite so charming under foot, day before
yesterday we had a snow storm the snow was
four or five inches deep, but it is going off and
makes pretty bad roads, before that we had first
rate roads, our wheat is all sowed and covered
with snow, do you have any snow up there, if you
don't I think I shall be up there, tell Mr Stevens I

don't think it will be possible for me to fulfill my part of the contract this summer. he is at liberty to get some one else that can keep his word. to teach the school. if it didnt cost so much to get up there I would surely go and see if he wouldnt be he glad to back out too. I intended to attend school in Depon or Berlin this summer but we partly expect Bra home and we expect another of my Uncles from York State and if they come I shall want to be at home to visit with them. How do the people feel up there about the murder of the President the Copperheads here not rejoice much here I tell you the news came to Berlin just as they were rejoicing over Lees Surrender. it dampened their ardor pretty suddenly. they had a great funeral there Wednesday. I ~~do not~~ know what will be the results of ^{his death} but I hope Johnston will do as well ^{as he} has.

Uncle Theodore is dead. he died 4 weeks ago ~~last~~ yesterday. he was sick one week his disease was inflammation of the Stomach and bowels. he was in awful distress ~~until~~ a few minutes before he died, he died very easy. the rest of the folks are well about here

Oh Mrs Stevens. you would hardly know your old place. Mr Warren has got a board fence in front of the house with a little gate. a big gate front of the barn. he has made some very nice steps at the front door with arms at the ends. and what is more than all the rest they have got a summer kitchen built on the back part of the house. they painted and papered the kitchen before they moved there last fall. now you see what a good swap we made that time dont you. I want you to get fixed up as much as that by the time I get up there. Oh Mrs Stevens. dont you believe Jim has got back to these parts. but I believe Mrs Smith cautioned him for he has not been into our house since he came back. but I dont care for I will pay her off when I see her again. I must stop for want of time you said you kissed them all Mr Stevens with the rest. I am not quite sure I told you to kiss him but you may try it again if you please and tell him he had better put in a bid for land every week if it is such a sure cure for the rheumatics. tell him maybe I will go out and teach the school next summer.

Now please to not wait as long
as I have before you answer
this. My love to all. Mrs Smiths
folks and. Herself too (for you know
we are commanded to love our
~~enemies~~ Enemies.)

remember to write as soon
as you can.

Your ever true friend
S. A.

And we have some more
news of your camp
Camp on Catin Creek, N.C.

April 23^d 1865.

My Dear Sister:

I was delighted this morning to receive your letter in pencil of March 20th, which had been forwarded from N.Y. and after following us for the last month ceased its wanderings by falling into the hands of our Quartermaster, along with several letters for the other boys.

Day-before-yesterday I got Father's ~~of~~ dated March 9th, but I infer from the news it contains that he made a mistake by placing "March" ~~instead~~ in the place of "April."

Now I will answer all his and your questions before proceeding to other matters and before I forget them.

Yes, I got that correspondence of Senator Smiths, read it, and mentioned its receipt in one of my letters. I also

sent it home in the valise along with the other letters. I was sorry at the time that ^{Father} ~~he~~ should have gone to the trouble of writing to Smith about it, the more so that it was a sign of the trouble he was in about me.

I must say that if I have had a little bad luck, I have also had some that was good. Thus, although I chose my Co. completely at random I find it immeasurably superior to any other of the Regt. And it is one's Co. that a fellow has to deal with. The other Companies have as little to do with us as the men of another regiment, almost. I am proud of this Arm of the Service, and do not regret having joined the Infantry because it is Infantry. When I do regret my situation, it is because I missed going with the "Boys."

All the letters that were directed properly - that is, to my Co. & Regt, will be forwarded. I got

the one you mention while at Goldsboro. Apropos of this I must tell you that the boys laughed considerably one time when ^{they} ~~we~~ received an old mail containing letters dated as far back as "Dec 1864" and retired to their tents to read "Ancient History" as they termed it.

I got while at Goldsboro letters from Dave & Father that were written in Feb, and yet I prized them none the less of that. The news contained in your & Father's letters kept me absorbed for some time before I could fairly grasp it all, it is so startling.

What is not going to happen in this Year of Startling Developments, I would ask?

Tom Reid with you - Kenny Hayes & Jimmy Grinsell in the 5-3rd Wisconsin Inf. - John Lyons very sick at home, & the "Connection" stronger by two.

I am glad to hear of Tommy Rhoads recovering, and hope that he will yet

the better of his Consumption.
Before it gets too far.

Your getting the North school
is very pleasant. I think you
will have a good time if you
only keep a good watch on some
of the older boys. There are some of
them very mischievous, as the
broken windows attest. Mark
them the the mark
You should board at Hayes!

By the time that this reaches you
Tom will be on his way back.
He will see Helen & perhaps the
Reids too, as I understood by
Southwick that he intended
to go to Hartford & Waterbury.
If so, he will have a

If so, he will have quite a busy pleasant time in the North. By the way, it is current here that the bulk of the Army is going home soon and our Brigade is to remain as garrison in Raleigh - until relieved by the Regulars & Colored troops. I don't know the truth.

I don't know that I will get home with the Regt or not for the enlistment papers of under the last calls do not read years or during the war as formerly. We are in for a certain time and unless sooner dis- charged by proper authority. But it is impossible to say.

But it is likely that I will not have the free time to serve
I hope not, for I hate the idea ⁱⁿ time
^{of} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~of~~

Southwick, guessing ~~my~~ the true
state of my finances, kindly and un-
asked lent me 3.00 the night I bid
him ~~good~~ Good Bye proceeding the
march at Goldstons. But more than
the mere fact of having it by me
it is of no use, since I need nothing
but stamps, envelopes & a comb,
and there is no chance to procure
them here, as there ^{are} no Sellers.

The reason of my having no stamps is because during a rainy night they all got wet & stuck to one another and so were almost all destroyed. As the same happened to most of the other boys who had any it is impossible to procure any.

My Envelopes were nearly all destroyed in little manner on board the ill-fated "Sant'Yon."

I suppose you have seen 'Ed & Q'

Keep before this time. & Hee had the goodness to hunt me up the night prior to his departure, and from him you may learn the particulars of our feast of half-rumpsteak & hard-tack, cooked in the rain & eaten in the dripping tent. Tell Ed for me that I know better how to put up a comfortable tent and cook grub ~~than~~ now than I did when he saw me. See to it that he is used well in our house.

Don't forget that he gave me the hearty hand of friendship when I was comparatively alone, a stranger in a strange land. You cannot imagine how much good it did me to be called "Sandy" in the familiar voice of an old school-mate. It brought back to mind the scenes of former days - the old log-school-house, the snow-forts & all the little odds & ends that went to make up

"the story of our lives" ten years ago. George Ehinger gave me a call, but I had no chance to see him again before we broke camp.

Lieut. Hayward, who is detailed at Division H, Co., rode over to see me one day. Hee found me drilling but I got excused and had a couple hours talk with him. Hee is a first-rate fellow. Speaks highly of Tom's abilities. I think Tom would wear a shoulder strap if he staid in the Service till a war came on occurred. I saw Clayton too. Hee

resembles, in outward appearance, Uncle Alexander, I think.

I can't help thinking how near I came to seeing Bill & Dave that morning. Confound it, it is provoking to think that they were trudging in while I was running up & down the platform looking for them.

I won't say I am sorry to have
given them so much trouble, for
I well know they did it cheer-
fully, as would I to pack my
knapsack through a hundred
miles of mud to ~~the~~ share them
with the poor and eat dinner
along with them. One of the
first things I ~~7~~ intend to do
when I go home is to have a jolly
squirrel-hunt, so let the boys keep
their "hands in".

I got the V. that Father sent.
We expect to be paid in a few
days.

You do not mention
Uncle Sam. I suppose he is well.
Give my love to the Grandmother.
The latter I want you to un-
derstand to be a "standing order".
Southwick sent his respects.

We never see a newspaper
here. No papers reach the Co.
Therefore we know little of
what is transpiring outside
of our camp-limits.
Hope the grain is all in when
you read this. We moved camp
about a mile further north
yesterday and were joined
by the Brigade. Inspection
today. I expect a bundle of letters
soon. Write as often as you can.

I remain, Yours truly
A. Christie