



James C. Christie and Family Papers

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

Olyman, May 1st 1865

My dear Sandy -

As I know how welcome a letter will be to you under present circumstances, and as I have had some experience ⁱⁿ of the feelings created by the neglect of correspondents, I think I can devote ~~to~~ my time this pleasant, sunshiny morning, to no purpose that will afford me more real gratification (that which arises from a consciousness of having done my duty) than that of filling up this sheet, or so much of the same as I may be competent to, for your benefit. After which long preface I shall plunge at once "in media res", (if a classical quotation may be used with propriety in reference to the rather common place subjects of which this document shall treat.)

And first, in reference to yourself. —

I do not think, Sandy, that you fully appreciate the affectionate interest with which everyone here watches your career. By your exertions you have made a perfect hero of yourself in the estimation of all your friends, and of course, in the family the estimation in which you have always been held is not a bit decreased by your late conduct. Why, the part of Haywood's letter to me that was most applauded and admired, and concurred in, was when he tells me his opinion of yourself. That opinion including, among other assertions, this — "I think you brother the smartest one in the family." — I do not write this to you to increase your stock of self confidence, of which Sarah says you have plenty, but merely to let you see that your self-sacrificing patriotism is properly appreciated at home. — We have had many a talk, and many a laugh over your continued series of misfortunes, from the time when you failed to get into the Battery, till the last one, of getting to Goldsboro

Clyman,

May 1st 1863

My dear Sandy -

As I know how welcome a letter will be to you under present circumstances, and as I have had some experience ^{now} of the feelings created by the neglect of correspondents, - I think I can devote ~~the~~ my time this pleasant, sunshiny morning, to no purpose that will afford me more real gratification (that which arises from a consciousness of having done my duty) than that of filling up this sheet, or so much of the same as I may be competent to, for your benefit. After which long preface I shall plunge at once "in medias res," (if a classical quotation may be used with propriety in reference to the rather common place subject of which this document shall treat,)

And first, in reference to yourself, -

I do not think, Sandy, that you fully appreciate the affectionate interest with which everyone here watches your career. By your exertions you have made a perfect hero of yourself in the estimation of all your friends, and of course, in the family, the estimation in which you have always been held is not a bit decreased by your late conduct. Why, the part of Maymors letter to me that was most applauded and admired, and concurred in, was when he tells me his opinion of yourself, that opinion including, among other assertions, this - "I think you brother the smartest one in the family." - I do not write this to you to increase your stock of self confidence, of which Sarah says you have plenty, but merely to let you see that your self sacrificing patriotism is properly appreciated at home. - We have had many a talk and many a laugh over your continued series of misfortunes, from the time when you failed to get into the Battery, till the last one, of getting to Goldsboro

just too late to see me before I went north.
And the one over which father laughed, the
heartiest was that scrape in Chicago when some
adventurous forger confiscated your pocket Book.
"Why," says father to me on the ~~first~~ ^{but} night I got home
Sandy has seen nothing, misfortune and disappointment
ever since he left home, he couldn't get into the Battery,
he was put into jail, as you might say, the moment he
enlisted; mistrusted and watched as if, instead of his
esteeming it one of the greatest of privileges to fight and
suffer for his country, it were his intentions to desert on
the first opportunity. Why, man, he couldn't even get
a pass to have his photograph taken, or to see the
falls of Minnehaha, or for any other purpose, whatever
and then, after being refused a short pass to come ahead and
see the family, and notifying the Boys to see him at the
depot, he was again foiled, by the train going by sooner
than he had expected. Then, he must have his wallet taken
in Chicago, must be prevented from seeing New York
or any other place as he should, must have a passage
by sea too disagreeable for him to describe to us, must
be taken to Wilmington instead of New Bern, making
him march twice the distance to get to his Regt, and
then to arrive in Goldsboro just too late to see either
of your boys, capped the Chinax," father thinks that
ill fortune should now leave you, having sufficiently
wreaked her malice on your head, -

Everything here is going on finely. Tom Reid left today
for his Regt at Mobile, but I don't think he will get through
as there is an order out from the War Dept. directing the discharge
of all men who have been prisoners, and are now on furlough. - This applies to ~~the~~
also, as the Battery will not see him sooner again. - The order is no humbug, for I
have seen it myself, & shall try to get a paper containing it to send to you. If I do
you must let Capt. Clayton see it. - I start for the front on next Monday
the 8th so you may expect me about the 18th or 20th. We will report at Camp Benton
for discharge on the 10th. - The war is over, peace is the reality, and
not the dream, now, and I can assure you, the people here are just glad, than
you can imagine. - We will all be out of it by the first of June at the
furthest. - The last Bone field surrender of Johnson leaves the Rebels no
force east of the Mississippi, and that war will soon be disposed of.
You will soon see me, so Good Bye, Thos D. Christie

Great Western R.R. Depot
Albany, May 11th /65

Dear father: [James Christie]

I have come through from Chicago without stoppage or accident of any kind, and have got my ticket for West Newton on the Western Railway. The train leaves at 4.30 this afternoon, and it is now half past 12, so I have time to drop you a line, —

I have enjoyed my trip so far, first rate, have been through a portion of Canada, crossed the Suspension Bridge, saw Niagara Falls, and crossed this great, busy and picturesque State of New York, —

I have not time for a lengthy

description of my travels, but will write what I can, as I know the interest you will take in reading it.

I wrote to you from Chicago, and sent you ten quires of writing paper by the American Express, directed Clyman & prepaid. Also sent Sarah some photographs - hope you have got everything.

Left Chicago on the 5.30 P.M. train on the Mich. Central for Detroit, having taken leave of M^{rs} who was to leave on the St. Louis train at 7.30.

This, you see was day before yesterday, the 9th. We ran all night, passing through some pretty fine country, the most of it similar to Clyman in being bushy and hilly, but all under good cultivation; and arrived in Detroit about 8

in the forenoon of yesterday. Took the ferry boat and crossed the straits - or river, of St. Clair, and I once more stood on British soil, in the pretty little village of Windsor, Canada West. Had no trouble about passports, or examination of baggage at the frontier, as that is all done away with now, I could not help thinking that there is not another nation in the world that would trust one of its soldiers to pass into a foreign country without let or hindrance, as ours does in allowing us to go into Canada. At Windsor we got aboard of the train without delay, bound for the Suspension Bridge.

This was on the Great Western Railway of Canada. I found everything in the train much the same as in the U.S. only

the Conductors & Brakemen
 were a regular uniform
 with brass buttons.
 On our way to the Bridge we
 took on a great many way
 passengers, regular Kanakas
 and I discovered several
 very interesting characters
 among them, comprising
 some of the regular J. Bull
 stripes, thick set, puffy, fat-
 cherted, short-legged coveys
 with more self conceit than
 would stock a whole family
 in each of them, and
 then there were many Scotch
 men, and lively French, and
 some specimens of the Civ-
 ilized Indian of Canada—
 These latter all drunk.—
 I had a very pleasant ride,
 fell in with a Scotch lady

the Conductors & Brakemen
 wore a regular uniform
 with brass buttons.
 On our way to the Bridge we
 took on a great many way
 passengers, regular Kanakas
 and I discovered several
 very interesting characters
 among them, comprising
 some of the regular J. Bull
 Strips, thick set, puffy fat-
 chelled, short legged coveys
 with more self conceit than
 would stock a whole family
 in each of them, and
 then there were skinny Scotch
 men, and lively French, and
 some specimens of the Civ-
 ilized Indian of Canada—
 These latter all drunk.—
 I had a very pleasant ride,
 fell in with a Scotch lady

from Chatham⁵ to whom
I gave half my seat, and
had an interesting conver-
sation with her till she
left the train at Hamilton.
She was from Glasgow, and
when I told her of my Scotch
antecedents she said that
she had "thocht - I didna
look our converse like a
Yankee". She has some
relatives in our Army, one
with Sherman, her sympa-
thies were altogether with
us and I found she had
kept track of our military
operations with a closeness
that was surprising to find
in a foreigner. It pleased
her much to hear that I knew
the Regt. in which her cousin
is, well, as it is in our Div.
- the 15th Iowa -

When she took leave of me
at Hamilton she trans-
ferred some nice seed cakes
from her carpet sack to
my haversack, making me
accept of them, with the
remark that they would be
very "good for a snack at any
meal". From Hamilton
I had for companion a land
proprietor from Monrovia, one
of the John Bull class I spoke
of, a middle aged man, with
the regular sturdy build, &
the regular Cockney accent
of a well to do, self satisfied
Londoner. With a tremendous
chest, a respectable paunch,
big head, full cheeks, and car-
ried himself as if he owned
all out doors. I had more
amusement out of my talk
with him than I could tell

you of in a week, ⁷ He is
a high Tory in politics, and
I had, of course, to treat a
lance with him on a good
many points of argument -
Universal Suffrage, & Dem-
ocracy in general, Free Trade,
Monarchical institutions and
the Union of Church & State, all
had to come in for their share
of discussion, as well as the
future of the United States,
which States he predicted,
would not be divided up
into several confederacies.

Although I gave him the
best logic I could in support
of my side of these questions,
I might as well have said
nothing for all the good
it did, for he would not be
convinced, or like Goldsmith

⁸ Pedagogue, he would
argue after he was con-
vinced; I liked to talk
with him, though, he was
so straightforward, "I hate
Democracy," he says. Well, after
getting through with the ar-
gument, he became highly
interested in my accounts
of our Western Campaigns, and
made me show him all about
them on a Railway map I
got with Appleton's Guide in
Chicago. He, in common
with all the Canadians I spoke
with was apprehensive that
the U.S. would provoke a war
with England, when Canada
would be the Battle ground
and was considerably relieved
when I assured him that all
the talk of that kind he saw
[saw]

you of in a week, ⁷ He is
a high Tory in politics, and
I had, of course, to treat a
lance with him on a good
many points of argument -
Universal Suffrage, & Dem-
ocracy in general, Free Trade,
Monarchical institutions and
the Union of Church & State, all
had to come in for their share
of discussion, as well as the
future of the United States,
which States he predicted,
would not be divided up
into several Confederacies.

Although I gave him the
best logic I could in support
of my side of these questions,
I might as well have said
nothing for all the good
it did, for he would not be
convinced, or like Holborn

⁸ Sudagone, he would
argue after he was con-
vinced; I liked to talk
with him, though, he was
so straightforward, "I hate
Democracy," he says "I hate
Democracy." Well, after
getting through with the ar-
gument, he became highly
interested in my accounts
of our Western Campaigns, and
made me show him all about
them on a Railway map I
got with Appleton's Guide in
Chicago. He, in common
with all the Canadians I spoke
with was apprehensive that
the U.S. would provoke a war
with England, when Canada
would be the Battleground
and was considerably relieved
when I assured him that all
the talk of that kind he saw
[saw]

[97]

in the papers was wholly
unauthorized by public
sentiment. With all his
hatred for Democratic institu-
tions, he said he would give
the Americans the credit of
being the most sober, industri-
ous, energetic people in the
world, and the most intelligent.
"Why," he says, "I should never
think of having a conversation
of this character with a Serjeant
in the British Army."

He told me he paid a
yearly tax of 200 pounds, so
there is no wonder he is "Conser-
vative" as he calls himself. —

We crossed the Suspension
Bridge at 5 in the afternoon
and I had a good view of
the falls. They look just as
I had pictured them to be.

At the Bridge I took the
Train on the N.Y. Central
for this place, and ran all
last night and today till
noon across the State, through
some of the finest country a man
would wish to see. All
well cultivated, and dotted
with pretty villages, cities
and towns. Ran alongside of
the Erie Canal from Lockport,
and came down the valley
of the Mohawk from
Utica. Lovely scenery
all the way, hills, green woods,
and green fields, fine old
orchards in bloom, and quaint
old Dutch homesteads rising
in their midst. Made me
think of Irving's stories, and
old Rip Van Winkle, for I
saw a dozen regular

Sleepy Hollows that
might have been the
theatre of many a strange
Legend. —

I find the Hudson a
noble river, wide and
majestic, guarded as it
is by the high rolling hills
on each side. —

But I must close,
and I will want to take
some exercise before going
on the ferry boat — that
is to take me to the cars.

I will be in New York
tomorrow morning. Shall
stay perhaps two days,
about Boston, & then go
to N.Y. via Hartford,
New Haven &c.
Shall write tomorrow.
In haste

Thos. D. Christy

At the Bridge I took the
Train on the N.Y. Central
for this place, and ran all
last night and today till
noon across the State, through
some of the finest country a man
would wish to see. All
well cultivated, and dotted
with pretty villages, cities
and towns. Ran alongside of
the Erie Canal from Lockport
and came down the valley
of the Mohawk from
Utica. Lovely scenery
all the way, hills, green woods
and green fields, fine old
orchards in bloom, and quaint
old Dutch homesteads rising
in their midst. Made me
think of Irving's stories, and
old Rip Van Winkle, for I
saw a dozen regular

Sleepy Hollows that
might have been the
theatre of many a strange
Legend —

I find the Hudson a
noble river, wide and
majestic, guarded as it
is by the high rolling hills
on each side. —

But I must close,
and will want to take
some exercise before going
on the ferry boat — that
is to take me to the cars.

I will be in New York
tomorrow morning. Shall
stay perhaps two days,
about Boston & then go
to N.Y. via Hartford.
New Haven &c
Shall write tomorrow.
In haste

Thos. D. Christy

Saturday ~~April~~ 13th 1865, Olyman Day (1865)
May

Saturday 13th Wind N E, Ther 44 30,
N 58, E 52, hauling manure to rear
looks like rain to night a ring round the
Sun to day. Done of the Barely killed with the frost.
Sunday 14th Wind E Ther 44 42, N 62, E 50,
Monday 15th Wind E, Ther 44 42, N 60, E 55, plowing for
the potatoes got a Letter from Sunday and one from Tom
and an express package from Tom 10, Lires of writing paper,
it looks like rain to night heard Thimber to day heard that
Jeff Davis is caught I am glad of it and I hope he will be hanged
Tuesday 16th Wind S W Ther 44 62, N 86, E 76, ploughing
for Tom's horse to day. It a little rain to day.
Wednesday 17th Wind N E Ther 44 58, N 82, E 72, finished
plowing for horse to day. Morning put in some potatoes
had some rain to day there is much need for it
Thursday 18th Wind N E Ther 44 50, N 60, E 56, raining this
forenoon got a letter from Sunday and one from Willie
Friday 19th Ther 44 52, N 62, E 56, Wind S W,
finished the planting of the potatoes to day
Saturday 20th Wind N E Ther 44 58, N 70, E 60,
plowing for corn in the Orchard

Sunday 21st Wind S W, Ther 44 60, N 78, E 68,
Monday 22nd Wind S W, Ther 44 60, N 70, E 60, putting
in corn to day in the Orchard land very near
Tuesday 23rd Wind S W Ther 44 60, N 74, E 68,
planting corn to day and digging the
Wednesday 24th Wind E Ther 44 60, N 70, E 50,
finished the corn to day. Shot a duck on the pond
Thursday 25th Wind N E, Ther 44 68, N 68, E 50,
digging round Apple Tree to day and plowing got a letter from
Friday 26th Wind S W, Ther 44 64, N 77, E 60,
Saturday 27th Wind S W Ther 44 64, N 80, E 58, I went
into Watertown to day with 10 bushels of
milk and 9 18 12 got a letter from Tom

Wednesday, April 13th 1868, Olynian Free Press
May

Saturday, 13th Wind N E, Ther 44 30.
N 58, E 52, hauling manure to day
looks like rain to night a ring round the
Sun to day. Some of the Bared killed with the frost.
Sunday 14th Wind E Ther 44 30, N 62, E 50,
Monday 15th Wind E, Ther 44 30, N 70, E 55, plowing for
the potatoes got a Letter from Sandy and one from Tom
and an express package from Tom 10, 2 boxes of writing paper,
It looks like rain to night heard Thimble to day heard that
Jeff Davis is caught I am glad of it and I hope he will be hanged.
Tuesday 16th Wind S W Ther 44 30, N 86, E 76, ploughing
for Tom Morehouses to day. Spent a little rain to day.
Wednesday 17th Wind N E Ther 44 30, N 82, E 72, finished
plowing for Morehouse this morning put in some potatoes
had some rain to day there is much need for it
Thursday 18th Wind S E Ther 44 30, N 60, E 50, raining this
forenoon got a letter from Sandy and one from Willie.
Friday 19th Ther 44 30, N 62, E 50, Wind S W,
finished the planting of the potatoes to day.
Saturday 20th Wind N E Ther 44 30, N 70, E 60,
plowing for corn in the Orchard

Sunday 21st Wind S W Ther 44 30, N 78, E 68,
Monday 22nd Wind S W Ther 44 30, N 70, E 60, putting
in corn to day in the Orchard land very hard
Tuesday 23rd Wind S W Ther 44 30, N 74, E 68,
planting corn to day and digging the
Wednesday 24th Wind E Ther 44 30, N 70, E 50,
finished the corn to day. Shot a duck on the pond.
Thursday 25th Wind N E Ther 44 30, N 68, E 50,
Digging round Apple Tree to day and plowing got a letter from Willie.
Friday 26th Wind S W Ther 44 30, N 77, E 60,
Saturday 27th Wind S W Ther 44 30, N 80, E 58, I went
into Watertown to day with 10 bushels of
wheat and got 184.12 got a letter from Sandy.

Sunday 28th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 79.

E 60.

Monday 29th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 79. E 62. I went to town with 10th bushels of wheat sold it for \$1.10 per bushel

Tuesday 30th Wind West Ther M 60. N 82. E 62.

Washing Sheep to day at the well Willie was helping me

Wednesday 31st Wind S E Ther M 62. N 82. E 70. finished washing the Sheep to day, looks like rain to night

Thursday June 1st Wind S W. Ther. M 64. N 82. E 70.

not doing anything to day no rain yet the crops are beginning to look yellow got a letter from Sandy and one from W

Friday 2nd Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 82. E 75. cleaning around Apple trees to day

Saturday 3rd Wind S W. Ther M 68. N 95. E 80.

got a letter from Sandy and one from Tom

Sunday 4th Wind S. Ther M 70. N 94. E 80.

Monday 5th Wind S W. Ther M 70. N 92. E 84. cleaning around the apple trees to day and planting. got a letter from Tom to night

Tuesday 6th Wind S W. Ther M 72. N 94. E 84. looks like rain to night working on the road to day

Wednesday 7th Wind W. Ther M 62. N 74. E 60. had a little shower of rain last night working on the road to day

Thursday 8th Wind N W. Ther M 66. N 80. E 70. working on the road, I got 2 letters from Sandy and Father got one from him and one from W and one from Corgood Woyes

Sarah got one from Tom

Friday 9th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 56. E 54.

Rained last night and is raining to day

Saturday 10th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 70. E 60. working on the road to day

Sunday 11th Wind E. Ther M 62. N 80. E 70. Willie and I went over to Huxford and had a swim in cockles

Monday 12th Wind S E. Ther M 63. N 91. E 74.

working on the road to day Uncle William was in town to day and brought out a box from Tom

got a letter from Sandy and one from W

Tuesday 13th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 80.

E 65. finished working on the road to day

Wednesday 14th Wind N E. Ther M 60. N 65. E 62.

raining some to day finished shearing the Sheep to day and planting out cabbage

Thursday 15th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 70. E 64.

Friday 16th Wind W. Ther M 70. N 84. E 88.

I went up to Uncle Dave to day and got a pair of boots and a linen coat

Saturday 17th Wind S W. Ther M 65. N 88. E 75.

had a good heavy shower of rain this afternoon hoing potatoes this afternoon

Sunday 18th Wind S W. Ther M 70. N 75. E 68. raining to day

Monday 19th Wind S. Ther M 70. N 90. E 88. hauling manure to day and hoing potatoes got a letter from Tom

Tuesday 20th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 70. E 58. Father went to Huxford to day and got \$90. from the American Express sent by John Clarkson it is Tom's Bounty money

Wednesday 21st Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 74. E 56.

hoing potatoes to day

Thursday 22nd Wind S E. Ther M 60. N 75. E 58.

went up to Mr. Backus and helped him clear out the Grave yard

Friday 23rd Wind S W. Ther M 42. N 74. E 58.

hoing to day

Saturday 24th Wind W. Ther M 60. N 80. E 74.

raining this afternoon. went to a festival to night at Lowell for the Benefit of the Soldiers Home

Sunday 25th Wind N. Ther M 60. N 80. E 71.

rained this afternoon

Monday 26th Wind S W. Ther M 58. N 75. E 60.

hauling out manure got a letter from Sandy and one from Tom

Tuesday 27th Wind S E. Ther M 60. N 80. E 70.

Wednesday 28th Wind S. Ther M 60. N 70. E 60.

Sunday 28th Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 79.

E 62.

Monday 29th Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 79. E 62. I went to town with 1st bushels of wheat sold it for \$1.10 per bushel

Tuesday 30th Wind West Ther M 60. N 82. E 62.

Washing Sheep to day at the well Willie was helping me

Wednesday 31st Wind S.E. Ther M 62. N 82. E 70. finished washing the Sheep to day, looks like rain to night

Thursday June 1st Wind S.W. Ther. M 64. N 88. E 70.

not doing anything to day, no rain yet the crops are beginning to look yellow got a letter from Sandy and one from W

Friday 2nd Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 92. E 75. cleaning around apple trees to day

Saturday 3rd Wind S.W. Ther M 68. N 95. E 80.

got a letter from Sandy and one from Tom

Sunday 4th Wind S. Ther M 70. N 94. E 80.

Monday 5th Wind S.W. Ther M 70. N 92. E 84. cleaning around the apple trees to day and planting, got a letter from Tom to night

Tuesday 6th Wind S.W. Ther M 72. N 94. E 84. looks like rain to night working on the road to day

Wednesday 7th Wind W. Ther M 62. N 94. E 60. had a little shower of rain last night working on the road to day

Thursday 8th Wind N.W. Ther M 66. N 80. E 70. working on the road, I got 2 letters from Sandy and Father got one from him and one from W and one from Corgood Woyles. Sarah got one from Tom

Friday 9th Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 56. E 54.

Rained last night and is raining to day

Saturday 10th Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 70. E 60. working on the road to day

Sunday 11th Wind E. Ther M 62. 80. E 70. Willie and I went over to Huxford and had a swim in cockle bay

Monday 12th Wind S.E. Ther M 63. N 91. E 74.

working on the road to day Uncle William was in town to day and brought out a box from Tom got a letter from Sandy and one from W

Tuesday 13th Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 80.

E 65. finished working on the road to day

Wednesday 14th Wind N.E. Ther M 60. N 68. E 62. rained some to day. finished shearing the sheep to day and planting out cabbage

Thursday 15th Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 70. E 64.

Friday 16th Wind W. Ther M 70. N 94. E 88. I went up to United Daves to day and got a pair of boots and a linen coat

Saturday 17th Wind S.W. Ther M 65. N 88. E 75. had a good heavy shower of rain this afternoon hoeing potatoes this afternoon

Sunday 18th Wind S.W. Ther M 70. N 95. E 48. raining to day

Monday 19th Wind S. Ther M 70. N 90. E 55. hauling manure to day and hoeing potatoes got a letter from Tom

Tuesday 20th Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 90. E 55. Father went to Huxford to day and got \$90. from the American Express sent by John Clarkson it is Tom's bounty money

Wednesday 21st Wind S.W. Ther M 60. N 94. E 56. hoeing potatoes to day

Thursday 22nd Wind S.E. Ther M 60. N 95. E 58.

went up to Mr. Beckhays and helped him clear out the Grave yard

Friday 23rd Wind S.W. Ther M 42. N 74. E 58.

hoeing to day

Saturday 24th Wind W. Ther M 60. N 80. E 74.

raining this afternoon. went to a festival to night at Lowel for the Benefit of the Soldiers Home

Sunday 25th Wind N. Ther M 60. N 80. E 70.

rained this afternoon

Monday 26th Wind S.W. Ther M 58. N 75. E 60.

hauling out manure got a letter from Sandy and one from Tom

Tuesday 27th Wind S.E. Ther M 60. N 85. E 70.

Wednesday 28th Wind S. Ther M 60. N 70. E 60.

raining this forenoon
Thursday 29th Wind S. Ther M 60. N 84. E 61. got a letter
rained very heavy last night got the front to night
horses shod on the front feet to day
Friday 30th Wind N W. Ther M 61. N 74. E 64.
plowing for Buckwheat to day. Helen came up from
Boston last night. raining again tonight

Saturday the first of July raining some to day
Father sent a letter to W and one to Sandy
to day Sarah went to Watutown to day. Wind S W.
Ther M 58. N 76. E 64

Sunday 2^d Wind S. Ther M 74 N 80. E 70.
Monday 3^d Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 88. E 65.
~~Plowing~~ finished the Buckwheat
to day. Uncle Tom came home to day.
Tuesday the 4th Sarah and I went to Watutown
to day Ther M 60. N 70. E 65. Wind S W rained this
morning
Wednesday 5th Wind E. Ther M 70. N 85. E 60. plowing
on potatoes to day

Thursday 6th Wind W. Ther M 60. N 84. E 60.
Friday 7th Wind S. Ther M 61. N 81. E 61. hoeing
potatoes to day
Saturday 8th Wind S W. Ther M 59. N 80. E 64
Cousin Tom Reid came home to day.

rained to day. and we expect Tom and all the
family to day.
Sunday 9th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 82. E 64. rained
Monday 10th Wind S. Ther M 60. N 80. E 60
went to town to day. Sold 6 Bushels of
wheat

Tuesday 11th Tom got home to day. a free man
Wind S W. Ther M 58. N 80. E 60. plowing corn to
day
Wednesday 12th William came home to night a free man
Wind South Ther M 60. N 86. E 62. hoeing corn
to day
Thursday 13th Wind S W. Ther M 62. N 80. E 70.
Sandy and I went to town to day. Tom started in

town for a festival for the Soldiers
Friday 14th Wind S. Ther M 60. N 80. E 68.
Tom and Sam Ford came out to night. and
we all went to a festival at Oak grove for the
benefit of the Soldiers home in Milwaukee
we had a first rate time rained some to night
Saturday 15th Wind S. Ther M 60. N 80. E 63.
hoeing corn to day

Sunday 16th we took Sam Ford to town to day
and went to Meeting Wind W. Ther M 60. N 88. E 60
Monday 17th started to cut grass with the reaper
this afternoon. and with Septies. Wind E. Ther
M 58. N 85. E 60. chintz bugs in the wheat and corn
Tom Reid went to Madison to day to be paid
Tuesday 18th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 80. E 60.

morning and putting up hay to day
Wednesday 19th Ther M 60. N 82. E 60. Wind S W.
putting up hay to day. Thomas Reid caring horse
to day. Discharged looks a little like rain to day
Thursday 20th Wind S W. Ther M 58. N 80. E 62. hauled
all of the hay that is cut to day. began to rain
to night. Tom sent away 2 letters to day.

Friday 21st Wind N E. Ther M 53. N 56. E 56.
rained all day to day. not doing much to day.
Saturday 22^d Wind S W. Ther M 62. N 80. E 60.
Sunday 23^d Wind N E. Ther M 60. N 68. E 60. rained this after-
noon. I went over to Lowell to day.

Monday 24th Wind N E. Ther M 60. N 70. E 62. Sandy came
home this morning about 2 o'clock he looks first rate.
I 25th Wind N W. and light. Ther M 64. N 76. E 64. Comfort-
able for working. Mowing down wet and trying the
Reaper on the Barley in doing which we discovered some
things the Reaper ^{was} fixed. I find ~~that~~ that I am not
near as strong as when I left home, having had
so very little occasion for the exercise of the muscles
of the body. My legs are much ~~stiffer~~ more

raining this forenoon

Thursday 29th Wind S Ther M 60. N 84. E 61 got a letter
rained very heavy last night got the front feet to day
horses shod on the front feet to day

Friday 30th Wind N W Ther M 61. N 74. E 64.

plowing for Buckwheat to day. Helen came up from
Boston last night. raining again to night

Saturday the first of July raining some to day
Father sent a letter to W and one to Sandy
to day. Sarah went to Watertown to day. Wind S W.
Ther M 58. N 76. E 64

Sunday 2^d Wind S. Ther M 74 N 80. E 70.

Monday 3^d Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 88. E 65.
~~Cousin~~ finished the Buckwheat
to day. Uncle Tom came home to day.

Tuesday the 4th Sarah and I went to Watertown
to day. Ther M 60. N 70. E 65. Wind S W rained this
morning. 5th Wind E Ther M 80. N 85. E 65. plowing
on potatoes to day.

Wednesday 6th Wind W. Ther M 60. N 84. E 60.

Thursday 7th Wind S Ther M 61. N 81. E 61. hoeing
potatoes to day.

Friday 8th Wind S W. Ther M 59. N 81. E 64

Cousin Tom Reid came home to day. rained
to day. and we expect Tom and Wall the

Saturday 9th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 82. E 64. rained to day
Sunday 10th Wind S Ther M 60. N 80. E 60.

went to town to day. Sold 6 Bushels of wheat

Tuesday 11th Tom got home to day. a free man
Wind S W. Ther M 58. N 80. E 60. plowing corn to day.

Wednesday 12th William came home to night a free man
Wind South Ther M 60. N 86. E 62. hoeing corn to day.

Thursday 13th Wind N E Ther M 62. N 80. E 70.

Friday 14th we went to town to day. Tom started in

town for a festival for the Soldiers

Friday 14th Wind S. Ther M 60. N 80. E 68.

Tom and Sam Thore came out to night. and
we all went to a festival at Oak Grove for the
benefit of the Soldiers home in Millwaukee.

we had a first rate time rained some to night
Saturday 15th Wind S. Ther M 60. N 80. E 63.

hoeing corn to day
Sunday 16th we took Sam Thore to town to day.

and went to Meeting Wind W Ther M 60. N 88. E 60.

Monday 17th Started to cut grass with the reaper
this afternoon. and with Scythes. Wind E. Ther
M 58. N 85. E 60. chintz bugs in the wheat & corn.

Tom Reid went to Madison to day to be paid
Tuesday 18th Wind S W. Ther M 60. N 85. E 60.

moving and putting up hay to day
Wednesday 19th Ther M 60. N 82. E 60. Wind S W.

putting up hay to day. Thomas Reid caring horse
to day. Discharged looks a little like raining.

Thursday 20th Wind N E Ther M 58. N 80. E 62. hauled
all of the hay that is cut to day. began to rain.

to night. Tom sent away 2 letters to day.
Friday 21st Wind N E. Ther M 53. N 50. E 56.

rained all day to day. not doing much to day.

Saturday 22^d Wind S W. Ther M 62. N 80. E 60.

Sunday 23^d Wind N E. Ther M 60. N 85. E 60. rained this after
noon. I went over to Lowell to day.

Monday 24th Wind N E. Ther M 60. N 80. E 62. Sandy came
home this morning. about 2 o'clock he looks first rate.

1. 25. Wind N W. and light. Ther M 64. N 76. E 64. Comfortable
for working. Mowing down wet and trying the

Reaper on the Barley in doing which we discovered some
things the Reaper fixed. I find that I am not

near as strong as when I left home, having had
so many little occasions for the exercise of the muscles
of the body. My legs are much stiffer.

July 1865 - Chapman Dodge Co. Wisconsin
W. 26. Wind, S. W. and light. Ther. M. 58. N. 74. E. 59.
Reaped the barley and mowing.

July 1865 - Coleman Dodge Co. Wisconsin
W. 26. Wind, E. Y. and light. Ther. M. 58. N. 74. E. 5-9.
Reaped the Barley and mowing.

P.S. You if possible must get your pay and
Bounty in G. Bonds. for the sake of having ready money
Olyman May 14th 1865
now do take my advice in this matter. and you
My Dear Family
will prefer it afterwards,

The last letter from you
received. Was dated at "Cabin Creek"
while running the mile for Coon Valley
We have been in the papers since
then, that you have made an extraordinary
march to Richmond. I can not see how you
could have accomplished such a distance
in the time, 190 miles in 6 days. I trust you
were able to keep up. for it must have been
altogether too much even for the stoutest men.
I look forward in hope that you will be
mustered out with your Regiment. I long
to see you, take by the hand and call you
son in the old home again.

We know that your Love of the Cause
its Righteousness, and the principles involved
in the Quarrel. Was unfeigned, and unselfish
then Consideration enable me to see what
must be your feelings, of exultation to see
such a sudden, and total collapse of the
Confederacy. that we have defeated so
totally. We might have begun to suppose
that the providence of God was a myth.

Let us be Gratefull, and let us
Learn to Love that Good Being, who upholds
Justice and Mercy throughout the Universe.
You have had a Great privilege
in being allowed to cast in your mite.
However late, to bring round the glorious
Consummation, and you should personally
Thank G. for it.

P.S. You if possible must get your pay and
Bounty in G. Bonds. for the sake of having ready money
Olyman May 14th 1865
now do take my advice in this matter. and you

My Dear Family
will please do it afterwards,

The last letter from you
received. was dated at "Cabin Creek"
while running the mile for Corn Dolly
We have been in the papers since
then, that you have made an extraordinary
march to Richmond. I cannot see how you
could have accomplished such a distance
in the time, 190 miles in 6 days. I trust you
were able to keep up. for it must have been
altogether too much even for the stoutest men.
I look forward in hope that you will be
mustered out with your Regiment. I long
to see you, take by the hand and call you
sincerely in the old home again.

We know that your Love of the Cause
its Righteousness, and the principles involved
in the Quarrel. Was unfeigned, and unselfish
then Consideration enable me to see what
must be your feelings of Exultation to see
such a sudden, and total collapse of the
Confederacy. Had we been defeated so
totally. We might have begun to suppose
that the providence of God was a myth.

Let us be Gratefull, and the more
Learn to Love that Good Being, who upholds
Justice and Mercy throughout the Universe.
You have had a Great privilege
in being allowed to cast in your mite,
however late, to bring round the glorious
Consummation, and you should personally
Thank God for it.

I am that Tom and William have returned
on their way to the Company, our house looks
and feels empty. Yet before the 13 July

I expect to see the family circle complete
once more by your return along with them.

The crop now as last year at this
time. Rain, I think, but it don't come
they are trying to get the potatoes, and
corn put in, and the grass is very backward.

I anticipate you will all meet in
St Pauls at least, if not in Washington
I feel in worse health now than I have
been in a long time, and I mean above
all things, that you were all to home
and make up your minds.

So carry on the war is too much of
a burden for me, and I long to lay it
down. I will have much to arrange

with you. And I long very much to see
you at home, I found William the
same as before he went away. Tom very
much changed, better Michael. But
restless, but so strong in look as I expected
but energetic. His mind apparently preoccupied
about his correspondence in the East, accounting
for his restlessness, but you will soon have
an opportunity of judging of them both for
yourself. I enclose my poor letter

Anna and Sarah and Jane all well as usual
and all the rest of the Cyman. Those occupied
with their own business. After seeing of your
big march I scarcely looked for a letter. Now
you must write soon. Yours affectionately
J. Christie

know that Tom and William have returned
on their way to the Company, our House looks
and feels empty. Yet before the 4th July

I expect to see the Family Circle complete
once more by your return along with them.

The crop now as last year at this
time. Rain, I kiss, but it don't come

They are trying to get the potatoes, and
corn put in, and the Grass is very backward

I anticipate you will all meet in
St Pauls at least, if not in Washington
I feel in worse health now than I have
been in a long time, and I mean above
all things, that you were all to Home
and make up your minds,

To carry on the war is too much of
a burden for me, and I long to lay it
down. I will have much to arrange

with you. And I long very much to see
you at Home. I found William the
same as before he went away. Tom very
much changed, better Michael. But
restless, not so strong in look as I expected
but energetic. His mind apparently preoccupied
about his correspondence in the East. Accounting
for his restlessness. But you will soon have
an opportunity of judging of them both for
yourself. I enclose my poor letter

Mother and Sarah and Jane all well as usual
and all the rest of the Cyman. Words occupied
with their own business. After seeing of your
big march I scarcely looked for a letter. Now
you must write soon. Yours affectionately
J. W. Foster

On board Steamer -
Long Island Sound
May 17th 1865 -

My dear Sister, [Dear Christie]

I write
to continue the narrative of
my adventures since I sent the
last letter home from Albany -
and my excuse for not doing
so sooner will be found in
the same narrative, for after
reading it, if you do not
consider that I have ^{had} my
hands full during the past
week you may buy me a
new hat -

- On Thursday, the 11th, I wrote
to father from Albany, and
at 5 P.M. took the train
for West-Benton, Ran all

night till 2 in the morning of Friday, where I stepped off the car at West-Newton.

Made some nocturnal observations of the town, and finding no hotel open I spread my blankets in the Station house, and slept till daylight, when I found a public house open, and got my breakfast. This over,

and having left my luggage with the landlord, I set out for Newton Centre, 2 miles west of the station. Found the place without much difficulty, - though there are no less than 6 different towns of the name of Newton in that vicinity - and on inquiring at the P.O. discovered that Helen was still 2 miles further west near

Capt. Gypson's place -

Stood for the Capt., and found Helen with Mrs. Richardson, and looking well, glad to see me, of course. Spoke of going to Clyman before the fourth.

I stayed there all day and that night, had a good time. Next morning early, took leave of Lizzy Richardson and went over to Newton Centre with H., where we took the ten o'clock train for Boston.

Arrived there, we visited the Athenaeum, crossed the Common, visited the State House, and then took the car for Bunker Hill in Charlestown. Went up to the top of the same, and saw every thing mentioned in the little book I will send you -

night till 2 in the morning of Friday, when I stepped off the car at West-Anton.

Made some nocturnal observations of the town, and finding no hotel open I spread my blankets in the Station house and slept till daylight, when I found a public house open, and got my breakfast. This over,

and having left my baggage with the Landlord, I set out for Newton Centre, 2 miles west of the Station. Found the place without much difficulty, - though there are no less than 6 different towns of the name of Newton in that vicinity - and on inquiring at the P.O. discovered that Helen was still 2 miles further west near

Capt. Hypson's place -

Stood for the Capt., and found Helen with Mrs. Richardson, and looking well, glad to see me, of course. Spoke of going to Clyman before the fourth.

I stayed there all day and that night, had a good time. Next morning early, took leave of Lizzy Richardson and went over to Newton Centre with H., where we took the ten o'clock train for Boston.

Arrived there, we visited the A. Museum, crossed the Common, visited the State House, and then took the car for Bunker Hill in Charlestown. Went up to the top of the same, and saw every thing mentioned in the little book I will send you -

Came down, had some dinner
and took the horse car for
South Boston, where we found
Malcolm's place and had a
pleasant visit all after-
noon. I found Cousin Jenny
putty as a picture and very
kind. - Shant say the same
of Mrs. Malcolm, though she
used me with the greatest-
courtesy. - Had an interesting
conversation with Jenny, and
some fine tunes on the piano,
which she plays well. -

Can't tell you quite what
I would like to, as I have not
time. I have so much to narrate.
Helen left shortly after dinner
as her train went sooner than
mine and I left at 6 for
the depot where I got a ticket
for West Newton, as I had to

go there for my luggage. -
When I got to that place,
though, I found that I could
not get a ticket for Hartford
as the train would not stop.

Helen was a predicament, -
for the train that started at
8.30 from Boston, was the last
one before the next night.

My resolution was soon taken.
Consulted the time table,
and then bought a ticket for
Boston, jumped on to the
down train at 8, got to Boston
again at 8.25. found the
agent of U.S.S.C. near depot
and got an order for a ticket
at half price to Hartford, so
that my coming back to the
city saved me over a dollar.
Had just time to spring
aboard the 8.30 train as it
started, and again left the

"Heart of the Universe" in the
even, got to Hartford
at about A.M. of Sunday, &
went to a hotel, where I slept
till morning, had breakfast, &
then set out for East Hartford.
Found Aunt-Fancy, and spent
the day in visiting, of which
she has doubtless given you
an account. Saw Cousin
Sarah, all the Knoles, McMillan
Youngs, Dumbais, Calhouns
and Tom Quigley of happy
memory. In fact, saw all
the Tyngs connection, and
I must say had nothing to
complain of in their treat-
ment of me. All send love
to the folks, and Grand mother
Ried in particular, who is well
remembered by all, and by
Margaret-McMullen in
particular —

Stayed in Aunt-Fancy's that
night, and next morning-Monday
went around again, to Cousin
Sarah's, and some others, and to
the Historical rooms, where I saw
more curiosities than could be told
of in a volume. The best that-
Col. Dedyard won when murdered
by the British Officer in Fort-
Guineold, showing the rents of
the sword, the sword of Genl.
Putnam, a watch of Arnold
King Philip's war Club, and
a host of other things are there.
On the same day, after getting
dinner at Aunt-Fancy's, she
and I went to Watbury by rail,
and stayed over night at
Aunt Eliza's. On yesterday
I went back to Hartford
with Aunt- and took the
1 P.M. train for New Haven,
when I arrived at 3.

Went up to the hospital, but was told that Uncle Robert was out on a pass, a milatre, as I found this morning. I then hunted up Minnie, with the greatest difficulty. — This morning

I went up & saw Uncle, stayed with him three hours, & had an interesting conversation with him. You never saw anyone so delighted as he was to see me. —

At 11 I went with Minnie on an excursion to the top of East Rock, where we stayed four hours enjoying the views of the city & landscape. I am writing this at 11 P.M. with a bath engaged for A.M. Will be there tomorrow forenoon & in Washington day after, when I will try to give you the details of this trip. I sing "Do Triumph" and bid you good night - my dear Sister. Thomas, the successful

State of Minnesota
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Saint Paul, May 22 1865

re :

The accompanying letter was written
over to you, as you will perceive by
more than a month ago. Unfortunately -
directed it to Dodge County in this State,
Wisconsin. It has just been returned
on referring to your letter, has discovered

The Governor is now absent from home, and
I remain the letter to you, hoping that it may
reach you this time.

Very Respectfully,

Your Obt Servt.

J. F. Williams

Gov. Sec.



American Bank Note Co. New York.

State of Minnesota
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Saint Paul, April 17, 1865.

Sergeant Thomas D Christie,
Clyman, Dodge Co, Minn.
My dear Sir

Your favor of the 12th instant just received informing me that a Blakely gun forwarded as a present to the State, by the 1st Minn Battery, has been deposited at Baltimore, where it remains for want of means to pay the freight.

The Company has done its share of the work very nobly, and I will very cheerfully assume the transportation on behalf of the State.

I will order it home and will place it with other trophies in the State Arsenal, with an inscription engraved upon it, commemorating the gallant Company, whose signal services during the campaigns of Genl Sherman have reflected honor upon the State of Minnesota.

Very Respectfully Yours
Stephen Miller
Gov Minn

Maunkato, Minn. May 22nd 1865

W. Stearns, Esq:

I herewith send you the form of
Statement necessary to a call for a Special Town
Meeting. See Session Laws 1860 page 116.

I have sent my resignation as Chairman
of the Board, to the Town Clerk today.

It is uncertain when or whether, I shall return
to my farm.

Yours &c

E. C. Payne

P.S. I have one of the notes sent to the Supervisors
of this town, which I will deliver to the signers upon
call.

Payne

We the undersigned, Supervisors, Town Clerk,
Justices of the Peace, and Freeholders, of the Town-
ship of Popidian, in the County of Blue Earth and
State of Minnesota, respectfully represent and state,
That a special Town Meeting, to be held on an
early date, is necessary to the interests of the said
Township: First, to fill vacancies in Town offices.
Second, to raise money to pay the proportion
of expense of said Township, as part of sub-district
No. One, Blue Earth County, in furnishing
volunteers for the United States Service, under
the last call of the President for volunteers.

Dated Popidian May 24th AD 1865

ENCLOSURE

Camp near Alexandria, Va.

May 23rd 1865

My Dear Father, [Jones Christie]

Your excellent

long letter of the 29th Ult. came to hand yesterday and was very welcome. I have received letters of a later date from Sarah, yourself and Dave, all of which shall be answered in a few days — so soon as this Review is over and I see T.D. to obtain stationery, for he told me that he had come for me the day I saw him.

Tom looked healthy, hopeful & lively the day I saw him, but our time was so limited that we had very little talk. He and Uncle Thomas came upon me all of a sudden when we were coming into camp at this place. It was an agreeable surprise thus to meet ~~them~~ ^{them} here after so long a separation, and Tom just from home too. He has probably told you how he found me — hungry, dirty, long-haired and hearty, quite able to march to the Rio Grande at the rate of 20 miles per day.

I can tell you what, Father, there is no need of doubt or argument about the matter, — a Christie can hold his own anywhere and with anybody. I always had a somewhat undefined idea to that effect, but since the race to Richmond I think the thing is demonstrated. During that whole march, as formerly and since, I never faltered once with fatigue, while half the corps lay panting by the wayside or stretched in the Ambulances. There are not a dozen in our company can show as clear a record in that matter as myself. I would trust a Christie anywhere. When have they ever failed?

The march from Richmond to this place was quite leisurely and quite roundabout also — by the road we came the distance was about 180 miles which occupied us 9 days in the performance. The route lay through the most beautiful portion of the State — up through the counties of Henrico, Caroline & Orange, by way of Keams Court House, Falmouth Church, Concord & the Church of "Good Hope" — holding well west, leaving the Wilderness battle-field six miles to our right & passing on the same side of Orange C. H. to the vicinity of Culpepper. There we turned our faces well eastward, leaving the Blue Ridge behind us, and with light haversacks and hearts ditto struck boldly out over ground rendered ever memorable by the early enactment

of the war. Yes, I have ~~pitched~~ pitched my tent on the "Plains of Manassas" and cooked coffee on the field of the second "Bull Run" — have stood and smiled on the works from which frowned those wooden monsters of destruction before whom quailed the "Young Napoleon."

Have forded the Rapidan & the Rappahannock, gazed into the muddy waters of the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey, and standing up to my waist in Bull Run have slaked my thirst with its historic waters. But the scene most indelibly impressed upon my mind was my first sight of the Blue Ridge. It was the day we forded the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford (above "United States" ford) sometime in the forenoon.

I was on "Camp Guard" that day and was detailed to accompany the Regimental wagons. Languishing lazily along we reached the summit of a rolling range of hills, I the meantime browsing away on the oak brush & rose blossoms that lined our road. Suddenly raising my eyes they rested on that grand old range as they lay far in the distance. It was the Clark Mountains — the eastern range of the Blue Ridge and behind them lay the Shenandoah Valley.

"How far do you call it to the summit?" I asked of one of the steady "H. H. V's" as he leaned lazily over a ship delapidated fence and pointing to the highest peak in view.

"A right smart 30 miles, I reckon" he answered in the melancholy tone of one fairly subdued. I mentally deducted 30 per cent and passed on but all the people I asked confirmed the old man's story, and after marching 3 days diagonally towards them I think he was not so far wrong as I thought at first.

I saw the works at Raleigh, Richmond,
and Manassas, but Washington is impreg-
nable in comparison to any of them.
30,000 men could hold them & their number
at bay among these hills & heavy forts that
line the western bank of the Potomac.
Yesterday I was at Fort Ellsworth seeing Uncle
He was here today seeing me. The distance
between is about 3 miles. I have not
had time to hunt up the Battery,
nor has Tom been to see me since either.
We will probably meet after the Island
Review, which comes off tomorrow.

We have dragged some new clothing
today and have cooked up two dogs
for rations in readiness. Tomorrow morning
we will march to the Long Bridge and
cross, then the distance is about six miles.
After Review we will doubtless encamp
in the District or in Maryland.
Many thanks for the stamps, as also for Sarahs.
The latter came to hand two days ago.

I am sorry that you are unwell this spring
and blame myself for as the cause.
Hire a man immediately and cease to
be troubled on my account. I am enjoying
better health than I ever did at home.
And don't be fearful of my getting off the
track. When is Willie? and why does
he neglect me? I have not seen a
scratch of his pen since leaving home
four long months ago. Come, come, Willie,
send me a long one or I'll get the start
of you. - I think I will get home by the
"4th" but not sooner.
Excuse this spoiled sheet & poor writing.
Yours as ever, A. A. Christie

I saw the forts at Raleigh, Richmond,
and Manassas, but Washington is impreg-
nable in comparison to any of them.
30,000 men could hold three times their number
at bay among these hills & heavy forts that
line the western bank of the Potomac.
Yesterday I was at Fort Ellsworth seeing Uncle
He was here today seeing me. The distance
between is about 3 miles. I have not
had time to hunt up the 12th at all.
Nor has Tom been to see me since either.

We will probably meet after the "Island
Review" which comes off tomorrow.

We have straggle some new clothing
today and have cooked up two dishes
of rations in readiness. Tomorrow morning
we will march to the Long Bridge and
camp there. The distance is about six miles.
After Review we will doubtless encamp
in the District or in Maryland.
Many thanks for the stamps, as also for Sarah's.

The latter came to hand two days ago.
I am sorry that you are unwell this spring
and blame myself for as the cause.

Hire a man immediately and cease to
be troubled on any account. I am enjoying
better health than I ever did at home.
And don't be fearful of my getting off the
track. Where is Willie? and why does
he neglect me? I have not seen a
sprat of his pen since leaving home
four long months ago. Come, come, Willie,
send me a long one or I'll get the start
of you. - I think I will get home by the
"4th" but not sooner.
Excuse this soiled sheet & poor writing.
Yours as ever, A. Schmitt

Wenonah, May, 23rd, 1865.

Dear Uncle.

[James Christie] After a long neglect for which I have not any excuse that would appear valid to you. I now take my pen in hand to let you know that I am still in the land of the living. My health is good at present and I hope that these few lines will find my friends in Belgium enjoying a like blessing. I was engaged in all the fighting at the siege in and around Spanish- Fort. got hit by a spent musket-ball on the calf of the right leg; but its force was so far spent that it did no more than bruise. Immediately after the successful termination of the campaign against Mobile we had the long and tiresome march of 175 miles from Blakely to Montgomery, here we stayed for about 10 days; cut off from all communication with the rest of the world our minds were fed in camp rumors our bodies on corn-meal.

At length our fleet came up bringing a beautiful per-acre us in the north. We have supply of eatables and official information of the surrender of Lee's and Johnson's armies the assassination of our late President and the probable return of peace. Here also I got yours and Garrison's letters which had been delayed for two months on the way. When this mail matter was brought to camp we did not have time to read our letters before we received orders to be in readiness to move immediately. Another march of 65 miles brought us to Selma where we stopped for three successive rainy days. Then we took the cars to this place. We are now in the western part of the state of Alabama near the centre north and south and on the line of Railroad that leads to Jackson and Vicksburg. We are in the very heart and grainery of the rebel domain. I thought that I had seen some very large corn-fields in the north-western states but have never seen any thing like the breadth of land that is here cultivated to that crop. The most of the land however is badly tilted and does not produce so much

now no idea how long we are to remain here but our Officers have told us that they had orders to report this command in St-Louis on or before the 17th of June but that is so far ahead that it might be countermanded a dozen times before we get there. I hope that we shall be paid of discharged and sent home soon but cannot tell how it will be. The fall of Richmond has worked for the rebellion what I always knew it would do and their failure to hold out ^{and} for another campaign was what I expected predicted. It has been the corruption and inefficiency of our public men that has been the great source of disappointment to me in the course and progress of this war. Over and over again have I been told by leading rebels here in the South that if they had been thoroughly whipped in the first great battle at Bull Run the rebellion would have miscarried from the very commencement. That at the start and until this victory had given them confidence they did not expect to win without foreign aid. —

Under present circumstances I do not want
to lend my money at this time I think it is
quite likely that I might have done the same
myself but I am sorry that you let ~~father~~
have the ten dollars of which you wrote me.
He has now sold out the property left in
Iowa and if he visits you again before my
return make him replace it if you can.
If I should die and never come back it is my
intention that he should have all that I leave.
But all the money that I get costs me enough
for me to be justly entitled to enjoy its benefits
while I live. Do not therefore let anybody
under any pretext or pretense whatsoever have
another dollar of my money without direct
orders from me. As to Harriet she and her
father's family have all of them been quite
kind to me I will find no fault on that
score; but when it comes to lending money
I have lent them quite as much as they
ever did me and although I should have
no fears as to their cheating me out of it yet
if I wanted to use it at a time when it was
inconvenient for them to get it I should have
to wait their time. If it is convenient for
you to invest my money in Seven-Thirties
so as to have it drawing interest and exempt
from taxation do so. Otherwise let it remain
as it is until I either die or return.
Except this badly written communication
with assurances of my regard and esteem
I write none. Yours in haste,
Oswood, J. Hayes.

The kindly help & sympathy which I am afforded
at each place. Tell the good folks - as I am
very busy with double duty. I am thinking of writing to you
much but my ink is running out. I am thinking of writing to you
very busy with double duty. I am thinking of writing to you
much but my ink is running out. I am thinking of writing to you

Camp near Washington D.C.

May 25th 1865

My dear father,

The grand

Reunion is over, & we once more
settle down into the usual
routine. I am sure you have
been looking anxiously for news
from me but I have not had a
single moment since I arrived
which I could devote to writing
and even this now I have to do
while I am watching my grazing
horses. To take up the thread
of my narrative (the last instal-
ment of which Sarah recd. from
the steamer on Long Island Id.)

The next morning after writing
my letter of the 17th I found myself
in the Metropolis where I had to stay
till ten A.M. getting transportation

after which I took the ferry boat
and went over to Jersey City, where
I took the cars for Philadelphia.
Did not see much worthy of note
in crossing the Jersey.

Was in the Quaker City at noon
and rode on the street cars clear
through it; from one depot to the
other, a distance of six miles.

It is a lovely city, the streets all
regular & clean. When we got to
the Baltimore depot we missed the
train & had to wait till 2.30 for
the next one. It was an express
and we ran through from
Philadelphia to Washington
without change of cars.

Crossed the Susquehanna at
Havre de Grace on a ferry.

Here in Baltimore in the
night some time, and in
the Capital at 10.30 P.M.

I stayed all night in the

Soldiers Rest, and next-morn-
ing walked through town to the
Alexandria ferry boat, which I
got aboard of & was soon on
the "Sacred Soil" in the dirty straggling
city of Alexandria. Reported immedi-
ately to Capt. Taggart, 26a. Dist. Army
of the Tennessee, who told me the Corps
would be there tomorrow in the
afternoon. Left my deeds in
the Soldiers Rest & went to see
Uncle Thomas in Fort Ellsworth
whom I found well and hearty.

only a trifle homesick. Saw
all the Chaplains, who were
perfectly delighted to see me.

Still going on ^{the} high pressure
principle, that has characterized
all my movements since leaving
home. I only stayed two hours
with Uncle, & then went out in
search of Sandy, as I knew his
Corps was to be in that day -

Uncle and Charley McQuinn
went with me, and I had not
gone far on the road leading
out from the fort when I met
an Officer of my Division who
told me that the 17th Corps was
to bivouac 6 miles from the
city that night. Went a little
further and ran across Tom
Gordon, Lafont & Lego, who
had been in Washington
for several days. Went with
them to the provisional camp
where I found 31 recruits for
the Battery. Henry Murray
and several old acquaintances
who were awaiting the arrival of the
Army. Murray might as well have
stayed at home till I left, as he had
been all the time since coming to
Washington, in the provisional camp
with nothing to do. From the camp we
travelled out a mile further & found
the 3^d Division, 14th Corps going into

5

Camp. We struck their column
on the flank, and happened to
come up first to the Regt. just in
advance of the 2^d. When the 2^d came
marching along I discovered that
they were marching with the left in
front, which threw Co. A in the rear.

When I saw the Capt. of A. I spoke to him
and asked if "Christie" was along.

He said he supposed he was, for he
was one of the very few who had never
fallen out of ranks yet, though they
had made some tremendous

marching. The Capt. was waiting for
his Company to come up, as they had
had to wade a creek a little distance
back, which had strung the men out.

I waited quite a while watching
the men as they came up the hill, but
though the Regt. was ordered forward
I could see nothing of the Hero.

As we were wondering what had become
of him I heard the Capt. calling to me

and following the company I found
Sandy on the other side of the hill he
having gone around instead of over,
and got ahead of his Company -

I would give five dollars if you
could see his photo, as he appeared then.

He was looking perfectly well and
hearty, but rough as a bear, dressed in
old worn pants, shoes dusty with travel,
torn blouse, low, broad brimmed Black Hat,
and a shirt that looked as if it had seen
Raleigh since it ~~did~~ had seen soap & water.
Around his waist was the waist-belt for
the Cartridge Box, in his hand his trusty
Springfield, and from one shoulder
suspended his haversack, (alas - empty)
while the other supported his dog tent
and rubber blanket, twisted together.

He looked the perfect picture of an
infantry man in Light marching
order. The Regt. moved on into camp,
but he got permission of his Capt. and
stayed with us. So we had a two hours
talk. He had had nothing to eat

since morning, and had nothing for
supper, so I took out of my pocket a large
cake I got in Alexandria for lunch, and
it did me good to see him eat.

You can imagine what a good time we
had there on the grass, talking of our
mutual adventures. Sandy smiled
when I told him he took things too much
in earnest, and that he must laugh
more. It is a fact, that he is entirely too
sober, though not at all melancholy.

He laughed when he told me that
he had discovered long since that
what I told him was true, that there
was actually no Romance in the
life of a soldier. You can't think
how much pleasure I took in seeing
him so well, and having a talk with
him. He has a very high reputation
in his company, and his officers
fully appreciate his good qualities.
I could write a dozen sheets about
him, but must hurry.

On leaving Sandy we went back to where the road turned off toward my coips, when Charley took leave of us and I went out to find the Battery accompanied by Uncle Thos. who went out with me some 3 miles and then went back. After a tedious tramp over the muddy road I found the Battery just going into camp, and brought to them a large mail, the first they had got since Richmond, which of course made me doubly welcome. I had the pleasure of reporting to Capt. Clayton at 6 P.M. of the 19th, the day my furlough expired, being the first of the absent who returned. The Capt. had a letter from the Governor who told him he had ordered the gun from Baltimore, and should have the proper inscriptions put on it, and then deposit it in the State House to be seen by everybody. I was immediately assigned to my old platoon, but found that my little mare had got ~~stiffened~~ ^{up} on the Raleigh Campaign and been traded off. I have a very fine team now, however.

9
Found Jesse Comier in camp, not very well, but he is better now. He had a thousand questions to ask about the folks in Chynoweth. Found that Will Miller had met with an accident at Goldsborough in being badly thrown up and burned with powder, on acct of which he had been sent to hospital north.

Haywood, too, had left at Raleigh, sick, and nothing has been heard of him since. Presume he is in the East.

All of the rest are well. I have not yet seen Geo. Ehinger as I have had no chance. On the 20th as I was writing to you, who should come into the tent but Mr. Maull, the Agent of the Christian Commission at Vicksburg, now in business in Washington, who no sooner heard of the arrival of the 17th N.C. near Alexandria than he came out to see all of his old friends. So, all that day I went around with him through the

Camps looking ^{up} old chimneys of that happy winter in Vicksburg.

Mr. Maull stayed with me all that day and night, and next day it rained, so he could not get away till afternoon of the Sunday, when I got him a horse, took one myself, and went to Alexandria with him.

That same afternoon I visited the 39th Massachusetts in the 5th Corps and had a talk with the husband of Mrs. Richardson, with whom Helen is staying in Newton Centre. - To find him I had to traverse the whole Army of the Potomac, and did not get back to camp till ten P.M. having travelled all of 25 miles that afternoon.

On Monday we moved camp, passing through Alexandria and camping close to the end of the Long Bridge opposite Washington.

On Tuesday we were busy making

preparations for the Grand Review, and seeing what a short time we had, you must allow we were busy. The harness was all washed and oiled, the harness brightened up, the Carriages well washed and brushed over with paint oil to make them shine, the clothing was all cleaned, and the Non-Couriers had to put on their Churns & pantaloons stripes.

Everything was got ready, and at 8 yesterday morning we marched across the Long Bridge, and went into Birona till about ten, when our Corps passed in Review. The Infantry in Column of Companies, and followed by the whole Artillery of the Corps, our Battery in the advance with Battery front. In this order we marched for more than two miles through Pennsylvania Avenue and the principal streets. The whole of this distance we were between living walls of spectators who cheered us at every step.

Near where we entered the avenue there
hung over the street a banner with the
motto "All hail, our Western heroes."
"Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg,"
etc. all the names of the western battles.
As we approached the reviewing stand,
on which were the President, Genl. Grant,
Sherman, Meade & many more, the vast
amphitheatre on either side of us rang with
cheering cheers, and no wonder, for our
Artillery Brigade presented a most
magnificent spectacle. In front rode
the Major Commandy attended by his staff.
Then came our Capt. mounted on his splendid
grey. At an interval behind him followed
the flag of the Battery presented to us by
Genl. Smith, the flag crimson silk, with
the name of the Battery, and two crossed
cannons pierced by a blue arrow, worked
on it. This was carried by ^{mounted} ~~an~~ orderly & guarded
by Sergeants-Corner & Grey with drawn sabres on
either side. Close to the flag came on the front
of our Battery, 24 horses abreast, and "dressed"
in line to a hairs breadth, the Sergeants & Lieutenants
abreast of their lead drivers, with drawn sabres,
the Guns & Carriages all moving as if on one
axis, so ponderous, rattling wheels, the Can-
noniers (full detachments) all mounted on
the Chariots with folded arms. Behind us
followed the other Batteries of the Brigade

in the same manner, and ¹³ with
the proper intervals. It was a sight seldom
to be seen, and long to be remembered.
As the solid and well aligned head of
column of our Battery passed Genl. Sher-
man, he was noticed to turn quickly
and smilingly to the Lieut. General
who sat near, and speak a few words.
Grant smiled also, and answered him
and of course all our fellows have
it that something complimentary to us
passed between them. For my part, I can
say that I never did a harder piece of
work than I did in that two miles march,
and when I passed the reviewing stand
I saw nothing except the line to my
right on which it was my duty to keep
my piece "dressed." It required the
most constant attention on the part
of the mounted Officers to preserve the
distances and alignments, and this
attention was conscientiously given,
which is the reason we did so well.

It would have been far easier and
more pleasant for us to have let the

line take care of itself, and look around at the sights, but none of us had that intention. As I said, I did not see anything of the dignitaries on the stand, and so, after we had marched to the lower part of the city, and hauled out of the street to rest, I got permission from the Capt. and went back afoot to the stand, where I had good views of Pres. Johnson, Genl. Grant, Sherman, Meade, Hancock, Howard, Davis, Cadwallader, and all the rest, besides all of the Cabinet Officers, and foreign Embassadors. I was there when the 14th Corps went by, and saw Sandy, but could not speak to him. After the thing was over our Corps marched out to its present position where we are in camp near Fort Stevens, where they had the fighting last fall. The 14th went back across the river so Sandy and I are now ten miles apart. There are a thousand rumors about our discharge, but I am inclined to think we shall be kept till the thing is over for good. As don't look for me short of two months. They are all going out before the veterans. I think we will be paid off & perhaps given a sixty day furlough in our state till they can see whether we will be needed any further. Had a letter from Wm. Burton Barnack. Haven't had nothing from home. Yours hopefully

Thos. D. Christie

The orderly Sergt. is very sick and I am appointed
 to act in his place till he gets better so I am
 very busy with double duty. Southwick is well and
 sends his respects. Connor is much better & sends his thanks to S.

Brightwood. D.C. May 24th 1865.

[James Christie]

Dear Father. I arrived in Washington on the day that "Bell's" Army was received, but couldn't see it, having to go through the "Circuit Court" location Office. So I, and 50 other patriotic Soldiers of these free United States were held in obscurity till, until the forenoon of the 22^d, and then we were allowed the privilege of finding our commands: after much travel, and waiting and many inquiries as well as misdirections. I at length found the battery and had to run the gauntlet of nearly every old comrade in camp about that forage I went out after. I found F.D. in excellent health, and he enjoyed himself hugely while last. Receiving a warm Irish welcome among our old friends and acquaintances of the Lion Mills ^{to me} of many pleasant memories. He had very little to say to me about Minnie but she in the short time he stayed there, took him a sightseeing, giving him a very pleasant view of some very high hills near her place of residence. It not being any of my business I have not asked him anything about what

impression she made on him as to her personal
or moral appearance, but to tell the truth it
I think favorable. I have not yet seen A.B.C.
It rained so yesterday, and rains so today, that
it is not fit to be out in, and besides we hear
(that the 14th Corps is moving camp coming
to this side of the Potomac, and Madame
Kusner says they are now within two miles of
us. On Sunday afternoon I left St Louis
and had a very pleasant passage over the
Penn. C. R.R. being only three days on
the road stoppages included and I feel as
though I had been paid for my trouble. I had a
long travel through Baltimore, and all the way
through Pittsburgh, and the scenery over the
Allegheny mountains was very pleasing to the
eye. I found the Bps all well, except the Rush
so J.D. is now acting orderly. One of the Vets.
has not yet come back from furlough, he is the one
that is such a notorious thief, and I would
not be surprised if he was in Lincoln's neighborhood
for some time of that kind on the road.
There much questioning here among the

troops about what is going to be done with the Vets.
and Rumors are as thick as fog, in a foggy
Noon, but there are none of them worth repeating
so I will not bother you with any of them.
I have not yet seen much of the city, but what little
I have seen does not much like what the Capital
of the U. S. should do. The Capitol I have
seen at a little distance, but owing to its location
it does not strike me as very imposing, or
grand, although I believe it is both. I D. saw
Sandy while on River, but could not speak
to him, so that what it is to be in the army,
My impressions are not favorable to a city life
I am enough of its dangers while round St Louis,
and the warnings I had was needed. Dear me son,
and were of use to me. I do not know why
but it seems to me I can never see the better
side of humanity any more, the time was
I could not see the dark side, but it seems to me
now as though I had lost the faculty of seeing
anything but evil, and that certainly
It surely cannot be in myself this thing exists
so much, that I am constrained to measure

every one a peck out of my own basket. Tom
saw Helen, he says she told him she had
quite corroborating with me. He tells me
she looks very healthy, and will be at
home this July. So she talks in that strain
at one time and then in a contrary one at
others, and I verily believe she is like her father
very peckish minded. Tom had a private time
take it all round, and I am glad of it.

How is Sarah getting along with her school
and what are you doing in the place, giving
love to Mother. and do not forget to Grandmother.
I expect letters tonight, and if I get them, why
I will just have another excuse for writing.
I hope the folks are all well, and that everything
looks as if you were going to have good crops;
I have planned all I can at present. So
I must close. I am ever your affectionate
son.

William G. Christie

Camp near the Capital, D.C.

May 7th 1865

Wm. L. Garrison
New York
May 7th 1865
Care of Mr. Garrison

My Dear Sister, [SARAH
CHRISTIE, CLYMAN, WIS.] Your letter
of the 11th inst containing a welcome
batch of short-stems & postage stamps
came to hand a few days since.

I answer it as promptly as circum-
stances would permit, hoping you
will be satisfied. I was over to the
Battery yesterday the first time

since being at Manchester on the
James, and saw all the Boys again.

A few turbulent spirits in
this Army has caused much vexa-
tion to the orderly many, by acts
committed at Richmond & in
this vicinity, ~~as~~ to guard against
the repetition of which it has be-
come necessary to put the whole

Camp near the Capital, D.C.

May 29th 1863

My dear sister, I have just received your letter of the 11th inst. containing a welcome batch of news, news & postage stamps came to hand a few days since. I answer it as promptly as circumstances would permit, hoping you will be satisfied. I was out to the Battery yesterday the first time since being at Manchester on the James, and saw all the Boys again. A few turbulent spirits in this Army has caused much vexation to the orderly many, by acts committed at Richmond & in this vicinity, so to guard against the repetition of which it has become necessary to put the whole

My Dear Sister, [SARAH CHRISTIE, CLYMAN, Wis] Your letter

of the 11th inst containing a welcome batch of news, news & postage stamps came to hand a few days since.

I answer it as promptly as circumstances would permit, hoping you will be satisfied. I was out to the

Battery yesterday the first time since being at Manchester on the James, and saw all the Boys again.

A few turbulent spirits in this Army has caused much vexation to the orderly many, by acts committed at Richmond & in this vicinity, so to guard against the repetition of which it has become necessary to put the whole

Army under the galling restraint of
Harris to go anywhere out of hearing
of the Regimental Surgeon, Two from
each company are allowed to go to
the city each day in charge of a com-
missioned officer with a pass from
and we were very glad to see
under the same conditions.
There were ~~to~~ six others who wished
to visit the Union 4th in the 15th Corps,
so I went along with them part
way and then striking across
to the little village of Brightwood
I reached the Battery having trav-
eled about five miles ~~to~~ from
camp, the way I came. I was very
fortunate to find them so easily
as they are not with the Div. but
are posted along with the rest of
the Art^y of the Corps. Of course
I made straight for Tom's tent where
I surprised him in the act of butter-
ing a slice of soft bread, his old

familiar face cocked ~~up~~ to
one side and beaming with sat-
isfaction at some inward thought.

I pounced on him forthwith, he
dropping knife & butter to seize the
extended pass and shake it heartily
as only brother & brother can. But
hardly had I time to think, before
a hand was thrust - at me out
of the tent, so much resembling
father's that it startled me. I
cast my eyes that way, and sure
as preaching there sat "Big Willie".
You can just "phantom my ~~phantoms~~
phantoms" as Capt. Jones would
say. Her description is too com-
plete. Well, we talked for
walked about until about 3 P.M.,
when it became necessary for me
to return to the regt. William
got leave to come with me, so af-
ter getting some stationery of Tom
and that what-do-you-call-it for

Army under the galling restraint of
Passes to go anywhere out of hearing
of the Regimental Buzes, Ten from
each Company are allowed to go to
the City each day in charge of a com-
missioned officer with a pass for all,
and ten more may go to other Cafes
under the same conditions.
There were ~~6~~ six others who wished
to visit the Minn 4th in the 15th Corps,
so I went along with them part
way and then striking across
to the little village of Brightwood
I reached the Battery, having trav-
eled about five miles ~~to~~ from
camp the way I came. I was very
fortunate to find them so easily,
as they are not with the Div. but
are posted along with the rest of
the Art^y of the Corps. Of course
I made straight for Tom's tent where
I surprised him in the act of butter-
ing a slice of soft bread, his old

familiar face cocked ~~over~~ to
one side and beaming with sat-
isfaction at some inward thought.

I pounced on him forthwith, he
dropping knife & butter to seize the
extended paw and shake it heartily
as only brother & brother can. But
hardly had I time to think, before
a hand was thrust at me out
of the tent, so much resembling
Father's that it startled me. I
cast my eyes that way, and sure
as preaching there sat "Big Willie".
You can just "phancy my ~~phelinks~~
phelinks" as Artemus would
say, for description is totally in-
adequate. Well, we talked and
walked about until about 3 P.M.,
when it became necessary for me
to return to the regt. William
got leave to come with me, so af-
ter getting some Stationery of Tom
and that what-dye-call-it-for

which Mattie Marsh has my sin-
crist thanks we bid the boys good
day and started out. My organ
of locality is so poorly developed
however, that on our way
and traveled about six
miles before reaching camp
whereas I miles would have suff-
fied. Then I had the pleasure of
meeting George Ehinger, who had
been waiting for my return for
some time. At 7 o'clock supper
dispatched, a few minutes spent
in talk, & I was paraded over
and George had to go. But he
staid all night with me, and
after breakfast this morning
he started for town to see the iron-
der there, under the protection of
George's Pass. Kindly hint to him
for that purpose. Now it so
happened that after his depar-
ture it was arranged by the
Order that I was to go to town
today. Had I have been a day
spent in the Capital & the Patent
Office building can never be for-
getting. I for would I see the priv-
ilege of having seen what I saw
today, for 50 dollars. When I get
home I will give you an
extended account of it.

There was all the famous Stat-
uary & Paintings, the Senate Chamber
& the Hall of Representatives; the
many relics of Washington, Jackson,
Jefferson, Franklin &c.; the Japanese
presents & curiosities; old coins &
medals; old Treaties & other instu-
ments signed by Washington, Calhoun,
Alexander of Russia, Frederick of Prus-
sia, George III, Louis the XVI & XVIII;
St. Louis Philippe and Napoleon
& Prussia's Consul. There is no use of
mentioning the tens of thousands of
models of inventions, for it would
take three months to give them
each a glance only. But enough
of this, for it is needless. From this
you can get no idea of the
beauties and grandeur to be seen
in the Capital of the United States.
A march across the Continent would
be well repaid by the sight.

which Mattie Marsh has my sin-
cerest thanks we bid the boys good
day and started out. My organ
of locality is so poorly developed
however, that on our way
and travelled about six
miles before reaching camp
whereas 3 miles would have suf-
ficed. Then I had the pleasure of
meeting George Ehinger, who had
been waiting for my return for
some time. A frugal supper
dispatched, a few minutes spent
in talk, & dress-parade over
and George had to go. But he
staid all night with me, and
after breakfast this morning
he started for town to see the iron-
der there under the protection of
George's Pass, kindly lent to him
for that purpose. Now it so
happened that after his depar-
ture it was arranged by the
Orderly that I was to go to town
today. And I have then a day
spent in the Capitol & the Patent
Office building can never be for-
getting. I for would I see the priv-
ilege of having seen what I saw
today, for 50 dollars. When I get
home I will give you an
extended account of it.

There was all the famous Stat-
uary & Paintings, the Senate Chamber
& the Hall of Representatives; The
many relics of Washington, Jackson,
Jefferson, Franklin, &c.; the Japanese
presents & curiosities; old coins &
medals; old Treaties & other instru-
ments signed by Franklin, Talleyrand,
Alexander of Russia, Frederick of Prus-
sia, George III; Louis the XVI & XVIII;
Louis Philippe and "Donopadi"
"Premier Consul". There is no use of
mentioning the tens of thousands of
models of inventions for it would
take three months to give them
each a glance only. But enough
of this, for it is useless. From descrip-
tion you can get no idea of the
beauties and grandeur to be seen
in the Capital of the United States.
A march across the Continent would
be well repaid by the sight.

Now Sarah, avoid as true to yourself, concerning yourself & others.

You tell me that Mary and Willie are affianced, and gave me the privilege of telling Tom so, if I chose. But I have not done so, for prudential reasons. First, because you obtained the information of Mary when perhaps you had no right to do so. Second, Willie is now here and if he wishes to know anything about it he can very easily tell us. However, I am obliged to you for the information and also for the confidence reposed in me. William has talked a great deal to me of matrimony, and to know that he and Mary were to be married this fall, and not to tell him that I knew it, would give him a bad impression of me if he came to a knowledge of the circumstances. I have done it for the good of the whole, and some day I will tell

him all about it — but not now.

You will do me a favor not to mention my knowledge of it to him. I shall neither abuse his confidence or yours. But I may as well tell you Sarah, that Willie can not do better than what he proposes now to do, in my judgement. Mary is a good girl, and none the worse of being like her mother. — What a strange world this is, and what an amount of 'evil comes of people not keeping the true end of life in view.

Don't you know that all this intriguing and all these heart-burnings in consequence are not only totally unnecessary but positively wicked? What matters it Sarah what other people do or say? Never fear the accusations & backbitings of others, but rather that your actions may warrant the truth of what they say of you.

to our Sarah, a word or two to yourself, concerning yourself & others.

You tell me that Mary and Willie are affianced, and gave me the privilege of telling Tom so, if I chose. But I have not done so, for prudential reasons. First, because you obtained the information of Mary, when perhaps you had no right to do so. Secondly, Willie is now here and if he wishes us to know anything about it, he can very easily tell us. However, I am obliged to you for the information and also for the confidence reposed in me. William has talked a great deal to me of marriage, and to know that he and Mary were to be married this fall, and not to tell him that I knew it, would give him a bad impression of me if he came to a knowledge of the circumstances. I have done it for the good of the whole, and some day I will tell

him all about it — but not now.

You will do me a favor not to mention my knowledge of it to him. I shall neither abuse his confidence or yours. But I may as well tell you Sarah, that Willie can not do better than what he proposes now to do, in my judgement. Mary is a good girl, and none the worse of being like her mother. — What a strange world this is! and what an amount of 'evil comes of people not keeping the true end of life in view.

Don't you know that all this intriguing and all these heart-burnings in consequence are not only totally unnecessary but positively wicked? What matters it Sarah what other people do or say? Never fear the accusations & backbitings of others, but rather that your actions may warrant the truth of what they say of you.

I am also very sorry to understand that Helen & you do not be on very good terms. Where the necessity of this? Why should two Cousins brought up so much together, have feelings toward each other other than that of love & esteem? I know Sarah that I once was very prone to forget these things and give way to small bickerings & heart burnings about small matters but time & altered circumstances have given me more extended Christian views of these ~~the~~ matters and ample opportunity to regret my former conduct.

In the future life Sarah is it possible that ~~the~~ Cousins like you & Helen are never to meet or meeting, be haunted by their recollections of a life of variance. Pshaw upon such conduct!

Bear one with the other, and so live as you should and as God intended that you should.

If Helen returns to Clyman this fall give her a hearty welcome, ~~and~~ show her by your acts that you are her cousin & friend yet.

I know that she has too much sense and goodness of heart not to reciprocate the feeling. But enough.

With many wishes for your well being, I remain yours, A. Christie.

Blyman, Wednesday.
May 31st 1865

My Dear Tom.

Your long letter
to Sarah, and its continuation
to me, Received. it makes me
almost dizzy and dizzy to
read your account of your
Journey, so hurried, so exciting
so many places visited, so many
people seen. Careless change
and Careless Action. I want
have delighted in such a thing
in my youth. But it wears
out people, and it wears out
you, you live fast. Therefore
need to live well. (Spiritually)
for you will not live long.
I pray God you may grow up
words. bear fruit, and ripen
it for another World. Do not
be in such a hurry,

take time to think a little
by the way. You did not
write your opinion of any of the
people whom you saw. I may
hear you give it some day,
if there was anything about any of
them worth the observation.

tell me of Sam. Pier, did you see
him. He if I remember was your
Gordian in the Episcopal Church.
I used to consider him a smart
young man for his opportunities
of a fine Temperament, allied
to Genius. What is he like now?
He received your present of letter
paper. You will see it in the

William was too late
to go through the City with you.
But he must have joined you
certainly before now. But
nothing interests me so much
as your meeting with Lady
travel worn. Heavy and hungry

and it made me feel the
same way. tired and heartless
nothing to sustain. We had a
sense of duty. truly it has no
Romance then. Unless one
wants for it is a most fertile
imagination. it made feel
sorry at heart for my poor
sahely. and yet suffering
makes the man, and ripens
the heart. and it is good for
him. there only lies my consolation
for all he may have endured
and for all of you in the same
way. I have no doubt that
was a great view you had
from the top of that Rock at
New Merens. stretching away in
to the future. the Landscape
filled with leaves, and flowers
sweet eyes between. Cuddly heads
and little feet. and a thousand
homeless charms. all going to
the make up of Love young & young.

But you must never forget
that Bread and Butter is the
foundation of it all.

So keep your Eyes Open -
But it is possible you did
not see any of all these things
and only met the Correspondent
of the Soldier Boy by appointment
to Exchange Photographs?

I sent your last letter up, to
Sarahs Boarding House last night
and it is probable you may have
some very wise things from her.
I thank you much for writing
Endearment soon to be Landly
again. I trust he is as well
as you represent him to be.

I look very anxiously for a letter from
them. I trust the War is Over
and that you will be Home again
before two months. Excuse my short
letter. Got our sheep marked to day.
Give my Love to your Brothers
Yours I Observe

[June, 1865]

Special Town Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that a Special Town meeting will be held in the town of Poplar in the County of Blue Earth and State of Minnesota. at - - -
- - on the day of June 1865,
at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to trans-
act the following business.

To fill the vacancy, by election, ⁱⁿ the Office of Justice of the Peace, occasioned by the failure of A. J. Jewett, deceased, to qualify as such Justice of the Peace.

To fill the vacancy, by election, in the Office of Chairman of the Board of Supervisors, occasioned by the resignation of E. C. Paine.

To raise money to defray the expense of furnishing the quota of Volunteers of said Town under the last call of the President for Volunteers in the United States Service.

Near Washington D. C. June 1st / 65

My Dear Dave, [Christie]

I got your last letter just before reaching Alexandria, but have had no very good chance to answer it until now. I am glad that you succeeded in putting in the crop in good season and that you had no accidents happen to delay as it was last year.

I guess it was as William tells me though, you were hindered by the Boys, having to run round so much. I wish you would

Hope you have put in some early potatoes and peas for us fellows when we get home. Tom & Will will be home very soon. They have turned over their guns and avoird orders. The 1st Div. 15th Corps took the cars for Louisville yesterday, and will be

immediately followed by the other
Divisions of the Army of the Tenn.

Once there it is probable that
they will be ~~paid~~ paid off &
mustered out at once. The des-
tination of the Army of Georgia
is to us unknown but orders
were read to us last night
apprising us that we were
all to be sent home as soon
as transportation could be
afforded. Six days will take
the Army of the Tennessee out of our
way and then, Home and bound!

^{my} William has been talking
matters over with me (I
have had very little chance to
see Tom or talk with him but
he acquiesces) and if it suits
the other members of the fam-
ily as well as it would us,
there will be a movement
west in force before long.

There are four of us to make
things go, and I think there
is little danger of failing.

There is no use of procrast-
inating longer, for something
must be done. We cannot all
live on a small farm of 80 acres,

and I cannot bear the thought
of some living in one State
and the rest in another
St. etc; much as I love the old
Homestead — the scene of all
Father's privations & labors before
we were able to help him, and
the spot where we ~~were~~ have
all grown up, — I am in fa-
vor of selecting good & ample
farms for all in the great
West and move out to them.

Little the Patriarchs of old —
the Father and all his sons and
daughters. Of course, in this
matter I would have Father
arrange everything to his own
satisfaction, as he ought.

And you may rest assured
I am that he has more judg-
ment than us all put to-
gether. I am afraid that

Mother will object to this
Emigration scheme, and think
that it will do very well for
us young folks but not for
her & Father. Now the fact is,

there will be no such incon-
veniences to bear as there was on
the old farm at first. We will
not go on to such difficult
land to subdue nor will
there be a lack of means.

Some of us should go out

this fall and hunt up
a good situation. They
us boys should get up houses
stables and fencing during
the fall and winter, so that
it would be all ready for
living. Then and not till
then, Father should let the
Honesty slip, and he & Mother
& Sarah join in. Mind you,
after I get home again, Father
has done his best day's work
and Mother shall not be driving
as she always has been.
They both desire to spend their
days more pleasantly than
they now do. No doubt Dan
you are itching to get away
from home to see the world
as our young folks have it.

Well, a trip out west is just
what you now need. This eter-
nal farm, passage, home life, as
long as you think the best of
the world looks in endless
sunshine and to see new
places and a new phase of
life is very desirable. I say,
under these circumstances
- and I think it is about as
with you - to stay at home
longer will do you more harm
than good. This proposed trip
up it will also make you ap-
preciate the care & protection of
the old folks without sub-
jecting you to all the annoyances

and severities you would
meet if you went out into the
world alone. Yes, but I know
you could put things through on
your own hook as well as the
next spring, but Dan, take my
word for it, it will be fully as
well for you if the necessity
never exists for your doing so.

It may be all the work of fancy,
but I imagine it would be
an easy thing for all of us to sit
right down on half a section
apiece, or what is equivalent,
and have all the farms
join each other. No doubt
Father would like to retain
his present position. This
would suit me very well,
but one thing is quite cer-
tain, I am going to live with
him & mother as long as
they will let me, and then
they will have to live with
me. When you have been away
from under the protection of
the paternal or maternal
wing, a while you will feel
lousy I do. Father may buy up
enough land for all that will
stay with him and hold it
in his own name if he likes.
The means will be at his dis-

posal. — So the old farm of the
Stoyers is now sold. Is it gone.

But they do not have the en-
ergy to push out west as their
father did before them. That
is a family that has degener-
ated. I hope it is not the same
with ours too.

It appears that you were pretty
late putting in the corn this
year. I suppose the hauling of
manure hindered you. Father
should have had Hassie
to help you at it. Does that
leg of Golly's trouble you any more?

I was over to the Battery again
yesterday, and saw William.

Tom had gone to the City
to superintend the Expressage
of a wagon-load of matter
of the Company is sending home.
I hope the packages will not
be examined, for Tom had
some contraband in his.
William very kindly lent
me one of his blankets, which
will save me the expense of
darning one. I should not
have taken it but only that
he tells me he does not
need and would otherwise
have sent it home with
the other things. My blanket
I very wisely left on the road
between Holly Springs & Richmond.

Such conduct may look waste-
ful, but I made up my mind
to do like all the rest of the
soldiers do — throw everything
else away before throwing
myself. Golly, I am sure I
get home I will be able to
talk a month about
what I have seen in the
short time I have been a
way — for it is just nothing
compared to William's & Tom's
three years & a half.

Now that we are in camp
here we get plenty to eat.

The Battery draws soft bread
but as yet we have had to
be satisfied with heavy doses
of hard tack. But we have plun-
ty of the necessary — pork & tack,
and some of the luxuries —
beans, onions, and (last
night) rice, macaroni, pick-
les & potatoes.

A direct consequence of this
unparalleled liberality of
the ~~Quartermaster~~ Commissary
Department and Sanitary
Commission, was that
this morning we had a
repat fit for two Kings.
All that was needed to make
the repast perfect was a little
of that excellent roast meat.

ton of Mother's preparation.

There is not so much a lack of materials for cooking as facilities for cooking it.

Ah, but me tell you, you enjoy ~~an~~ advantage in having a mother & she a cook stove. But still it affords us an employment "part of the time" - I hope Papah is having no trouble in his school. - If you hear from Osgood let me know how and where he is - Father should let you have some money to buy ammunition with, and it will be made right. He will not be likely to get any pay until getting ^{ing} into the State. It is a good thing for the Soldier!

I wish Father would send for a Craig Microscope on my account. It is as good an investment as could be made.

I can think of nothing more to write you to day, and must go and cook dinner. Give me a good long one in answer. Give my love to Mother & Grandmothers.

I remain
Your loving brother
A. Christie.

Give my love to Grandmother, Mother & Father
to father & Mother, and all the family
I'm sorry I can't write, but you must not doubt
it much better!

Camp near Washington
June 3rd / 65

My dear Sarah. [Christie]

How I have

been almost a month from
home, have written regularly,
and have expected letters every
day since I got to the Company.
Yet not the first scrap have I got
from home since I left.

And this is the more inexplicable
from the fact that you, at least,
promised to forward to me at
once those two photographs, and
to write regularly.

I don't think
I have been used rightly by any
of you in this matter, for whereas
I wrote home three times on my
journey, when I was very much
pressed for time, and very much

1. 2nd 2000 flowers from the high bank level, which gives us great profusion here.
There are from the banks of Rock Creek

fatigued by travelling, and have
sent letter after letter from here,
when the only time I could spare
from my duties, for that purpose,
was after 9 o'clock at night: yet
even father, in forwarding the
letter of the Governor did not
add a word from himself.

It will be too late, when this
reaches you, to repair past neg-
lect by writing, as we will not
be here more than a week now,
and probably less. All our men
make the same complaint that I
do, for though we get our mails very
regularly and frequently, yet at
no time since in the service did
the aggregate of letters received
be so small. I tell the men,
what I think is true, that the
people at home have far more
sanguine anticipations of our
speedy return than we do, and

that they therefore refrain from
writing, in hopes of seeing them
all personally in a very short
time. I suppose we will have
to forgive all of you on these
grounds, though this silence
is hard to bear.

Today is Saturday, and we will
not probably get away from here
before next Friday, as there are a
good many papers to be made
out, and it is said that we will
have to wait here till the arrival
of Major Clayton from Boston.
Lieut. Butler telegraphed for
him on the 31st ult. and it is
likely he will be back by Monday
at furthest. You remember I wrote
to father of the departure of Clayton
and Southwick for the east on
last Monday, and now it appears
that this is to delay our transporta-
tion to the State, which could

be begun tomorrow if Claytor's accounts were settled, as they cannot be till he comes back. Now that our horses and guns are all turned over, and the men have nothing to do but a very little guard duty, they feel almost miserable, and will feel so till we start for the State.

I have more leisure now on my hands than I know what to do with, as I turned over my portfolio of Office as Acting Sergt to Rush last night, who is now well enough to go on duty. I expect to be pretty busy next week however in helping to make out our Muster and Rolls, which, of course, will be a regular labor of love to me. Now that the war is over I feel more and more disgusted with this dog's life, and long to be once more a free man, that I may begin life in earnest.

I suppose you are all curious to know more about my eastern trip than I have yet had time to tell, but I have so much to relate, so many experiences of New-England and its people to tell, that now I to write you any thing about it, I should not know where to begin.

So I shall just leave the whole account to be settled viva voce when I see you again, when I hope to have enough to talk about. I see that father in his letter of the 23rd ult. to Sandy, speaks as if Helen had got a scolding from Mrs. Malcolm for taking me there, but I cannot believe it, as no one could have used me better than did Aunt, though I noticed some curious passages at Anne between her and Helen, in which it required all the self control Cousin was capable of to prevent a downright quarrel.

I saw enough to convince me that Mrs. Malcolm is the worst tempered old Shrew I ever saw, that she

forts, and displays on every chance, a most vindictive hatred of Helen, and that poor Cousin Jenny is living a most miserable, cramped, artificial life, tyrannised over, and watched at every turn by that old wretch. Depend upon it, you will see nothing of Jenny in the West this summer, or any other, if Mrs. Malcolm can prevent it. And I am inclined to think that in that family, "the Grey Mare" is by far "the better horse."

Ah, Sarah, better by far is your free, laborious, self-reliant life, than the shallow, cramped, artificial existence of Cousin Jenny, with all her accomplishments and prospective wealth. They know nothing of principle in that household, and consequently have no great thoughts or noble aspirations. Everything is low, mean, and worldly.

This is a disagreeable conclusion to arrive at in regard to one's relatives, but I assure you it is true, and the result of very close observation while I was there. I pity poor Cousin Jane, who is really a very nice girl, but all of whose better parts have been mercilessly upressed, and who is subjected to a system of surveillance so rigid as to be almost incredible.

Why, the whole time I was there the old hag never for a moment left Cousin alone with either me or Helen. In one instance, when Jenny left the room for something and Helen went out with her, Mrs. Malcolm, after listening very intently to see if they were talking, and finding such to be the case, glided out suddenly after them, leaving me in the parlor alone, without even an apology, and

she did not return till they came
in also. Then we were at the piano,
she watched us both as closely as a
cat would a mouse, and took care
to hear every thing I said.
You will have an idea of how much
this amused me, but at the same
time it chafed me dreadfully,
and I assure you, I breathed
freer when I had left the house, &
mentally thanked God that if we
were not quite so much polished in
the West, we at least lived far more
naturally, and have a much broader
and ^{more} profound comprehension of the
true objects of existence than they have
attained to in South Boston.

I liked Helen better than ever, and
was much better satisfied with my visit
with her and Lizzie Richardson (who is
as new and angel as women are made
nowadays) in their humble home
in Newton Centre than I was with
my Boston experiences. I am very
sorry that there should be anything
but the most cordial friendship between
Helen & you my dear Sister, and hope
yet to see that all changed before many
days. - As usual I have crowded myself
into the last corner where I shall subscribe myself
as ever your loving Brother - Thos. D. Christie

Camp near the Capital, D.C.

Saturday June 3rd 1865

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

The prospect of our soon being at home with you, is doubtless the cause of our getting so few letters from home, but be it as it may, I owe you several, and now have opportunity to liquidate the debt. As I write this fine, sun-shiny morning, the 105th Ohio of our Brigade is moving out of their last camp to begin their homeward journey. They are well pleased to see you; And so will we be when it comes our turn.

William was down to see me again yesterday and in the afternoon he and Sergt. Embs of the Battery and Raymond Thomson of Co. B and myself went into town and had a run

through the Patent Office and the Smithsonian Institute, much to our edification and amusement. Of the ~~new~~ things I saw additional to those of the other day, I may mention: The Declaration of Independence, with the original names signed to it; the original Commission given to Washington by the Continental Congress; Relics of the Arctic Expeditions; Indian Antiquities; Relics of Boone, Harrison, Taylor, &c, &c.; ~~A Roman~~ Among the Skulls I noticed that of a "Roman, excavated at Carthage".

Meteorites; Fossil remains; Stuffed animals & birds, till you could not meet; A model of the Bastille made from one of its blocks and owned by Washington; Statuary, pictures & Paintings; In fact, an endless variety of instructive and interesting objects. Oh, that you had a wish to spend in the Capital,

What a nice thing it is to have brothers within reach of you when you need them.

I can never be too thankful to Tom & William for the many kind favors they have done me since we met here.

Now Father, what think you of the Emigration Scheme of us boys. We are all in favor of the whole family taking up its line of march for some new region in the west, where we can all get good farms in the same neighborhood. We think that some of us should go out this fall and hunt up a location and take possession.

What say you? I am should have a chance to look round him, and shoot Prairie chickens ~~or~~ & ducks in the wilds for a season, and others would not object to taking part in the

fun. Everything now favors
the idea that we will be
home to do the haying &
~~haying~~ harvesting for you.

And of all the strange things
I have experienced, that will
seem the strangest — to be home
so soon, having seen so much.
Do you suppose it will be pos-
sible for me, as I stand in the
harvest field, to believe that
I ever threw U. S. commissary stores
over the stern of the "Lepid Sion"
or gazed at Fort Fisher or the Blue
Ridge? I don't think I will. It will
always seem as a dream to
me. And mind you, having
done so fighting, you may ex-
pect me to do all the talking.

The heroes of Shiloh, Corinth & Vicksburg
may sit, ~~down~~ ^{down} if they choose, but
let me tell you in all ear-
nestness, that the man (or boy)
who marched unmoved over the
field of Bull Run; that went
promptly into & over the works
at Raleigh, Richmond, & Man-
assas without once flinching;
and read the indictment of
Jeff. Davis without getting out of
temper with legal technicalities;
he at least will not be afraid
to have the matter ventilated.
Until then I remain, &c.
Alex. Christie

Brightwood D.C. June 4th 1868.

Dear Father ^[James Christie] I have been looking

for letters from home. although you gave us fair as fair warning. but you see the one-sided phase of the thing don't suit. and it don't agree with us. but I hope it is now too late for you to make up for lost time. while we are here. So I do not expect any answer to this. we are as a body of managers well and the only thing we care in the least anxious about is when we are going to start for home. I have been over with the 16th Corps Mass. some time or three times and he is in good health. we were through the Smithsonian Institute together the day before yesterday. and would have much to talk about, when we get home. although our most glowing accounts tell us far below the true statement of the case. As for A. himself he is every inch the man. and thinks much in the same way of some of our acquaintances. much as you and I do. yet he at the same time appreciates all the many little favors done him. which is right.

He thinks Minnesota will do to look over
and him and I are in this way of thinking about
it. We are to stay at home. While Jon. and
I am with Sarah, if necessary are to go
out and off the country. The reason we
want to ring you in is because it would
do you good. So think the matter over
nervously, and be ready to give us your idea
if it when called on. I am don't know
of this plan. But then we think it would suit
him. We really do not know when we will
leave this, but when we do it will not take
us long to go to Fort Snelling where we have
to be mustered out. We will not anywhere
home than Watertown, unless we manage
at Chicago to get the start of the company,
and if I can, I will try to do so. Your last
letter to me reaches me well. Hope the folks
from the east will have a happy time and
good fortune, and rejoice in their disenfranchise-
ment, from their many persecutions.

To note it be

I hope Mother is well, and that she
has a little more rest now since she
got rid of her large family, and the string
work together. I feel as though you were
all well, and I have reason to think you are
fully better at this time than you have been
for months back. I am all right, and hope
to continue so. There is nothing transpiring
here in connection with the troops would
not learn through the papers. As I will
close, by wishing you health and happiness.

I am as ever your affectionate son
William G. Christie

Chamam, Sunday. June 4th/65
Mrs Brockway's "sitting room,"

My Dear Brother, [Alexander]

Yours of the 22nd came to hand last night, and was gladly received by me. I was pleased to hear of your meeting with F.D. and Willie. You were thinking of "Winnie" I guess, the time he was buttering that piece of bread; I guess he flatters himself that he has made quite a conquest in that direction - Father had a letter from him last night;

My dear Brother, you judge very far wrong when you think I have "hard feelings," towards either Helen or Mary - I think (perhaps I am wrong though) that the idea of such a thing got into your head about the time that Willie stayed all night with you - Mary has done me a great deal of wrong with her tongue - more than I could tell you - but that was not long of being forgiven, and I like her very much and

always have. It is not in my nature to keep
hard thoughts towards anyone. It would be
impossible for me, if I wished to.

I will be very glad to see Helen again.
I do not know what it is to have a
sister to love, - but I think my love for
Helen comes as near to the feeling I would
have for a sister, as possibly could be.

But Helen is not like me, and I
think she has not used me as she ought
to have done, under the circumstances, since
she went east. And then I have consorted
her conduct towards her father and only
brother; and her writing so much to
"big Willie", when she knew well his
feelings toward her, and what the result
would be of writing - for she tried it long
ago when he was in Minn., and we
had talked it over a hundred times.
She did very wrong in writing to him
a single letter. If you knew as much
about it as I do, you would say the
same. Now you have heard all the

changes I have to bring against her.
But all that does not change my feeling
in the least towards her, but it hurts
my feelings to have her so perfectly
indifferent to me. I have not a single
relative in the world that I do not
love and think a great deal of, and
I don't entertain hard feelings towards
any person living. But my friends are
always misjudging me. I know, I am too
sensitive about such things, and I won't
say any more about it. "Oh, dear, what can
the matter be, Sarah is crying again".

I wrote the above quite a
while ago you will see, but think I might
as well send it along, as it will let you
know about how I feel towards Helen.

I haven't been very well since my
school commenced, and haven't answered
any letters. I haven't good health at all.

I don't know what is the matter with
me, I feel weak and spiritless all the
time. a very unfit condition to teach school.

always have. It is not in my nature to keep
hard thoughts towards anyone. It would be
impossible for me, if I wished to.

I will be very glad to see Helen again.
I do not know what it is to have a
sister to love, - but I think my love for
Helen comes as near to the feeling I would
have for a sister, as possibly could be.

But Helen is not like me, and I
think she has not used me as she ought
to have done, under the circumstances, since
she went east. And then I have censured
her conduct towards her father and only
brother, and her writing so much to
"big Willie", when she knew well his
feelings toward her, and what the result
would be of writing. for she tried it long
ago when he was in Minn. and we
had talked it over a hundred times.
She did very wrong in writing to him
a single letter. If you knew as much
about it as I do, you would say the
same. Now you have heard all the

changes I have to bring against her.
But all that does not change my feeling
in the least towards her. But it hurts
my feelings to have her so perfectly
indifferent to me. I have not a single
relative in the world that I do not
love and think a great deal of. and
I don't entertain hard feelings towards
any person living. But my friends are
always misjudging me. I know, I am too
sensitive about such things, and I won't
say any more about it. "Oh, dear, what can
the matter be, Sarah is crying again."

I wrote the above quite a
while ago you will see, but think I might
as well send it along, as it will let you
know about how I feel towards Helen.

I haven't been very well since my
school commenced. and haven't answered
any letters. I haven't good health at all.

I don't know what is the matter with
me, I feel weak and spiritless all the
time. a very unfit condition to teach school

in. and then, I am heavily fevered every morning and night. I think I will have to quit teaching school, after this term is out; and go into something else, if I live. I tried to walk home the first week of school but it was too hard on me, so I have boarded at Brockway's ever since. I pay \$1.75 per week for board. That comes pretty heavy, but I couldn't stand it to board at home. I like the family well, especially the old man - he is such a good old man - and is so enthusiastically Union - and death on Copperheads! He tells everyone that comes along about: "Mr Christie's boys" how well they have served their Country - and what good boys they are everywhere. Of course that pleases me.

I like my school pretty well. have 31 scholars! but the boys are a terrible set - of wild, swearing little imps - "D" takes me all I can do to keep them down. They are fully as bad, if not worse, than the East School boys. Seeing that I cannot board at home, I wish I had taken out my own school.

Camp near Washington, D.C. June 3rd 1865

My Dear Fare, [David Christie]

I sent you a letter by a recent post in answer to yours received on the march, but happening this morning to find this document ~~among~~ in the camp left vacant by the 103rd Ohio I thought I would send it home as a curiosity. This Regt. was mustered in in ~~1862~~ 1862, and I have been in ~~the~~ our 2nd Brigade ever since, but its time having nearly expired it left us this morning homeward bound.

It was quite impressive to see them going off, our band playing and the boys shouting and shaking hands. Our men would tell them "to let the old folks know we were all well, and get a bowl of milk ready for us when we come." The best of good feeling existed, and I even saw the tears come into Colonel Gleason's eyes as he watched them file by for the last time. The Col. commands the 3rd Brigade.

Orders have been read to us to hold ourselves in readiness to go to Louisville Kentucky, at any time after to day, but we expect to stay here five or six days yet, until the Army of the Tennessee is out of our way. The Minnesota Battery has got to wait the return of Clayton from the North to make out reports before it takes the cars for St Paul direct. They will be home several weeks before me, but that is nothing.

I will be mustered out with the Regt. as it is a Veteran organization. So look out and keep the guns in good trim for a duck-hunt.

There is nothing would ^{give} me more pleasure than to be able to trade places with you & Bill for a few days, to let you see all that is to be seen down here and let me have a little healthy work and home fare. In connection with this I may tell you that if you ever make a pleasure trip anywhere, it should be to Washington. You will see more here in one day than in most other places in a month. But I must bid you Good day.

So go back to your home and remember that you will have an easy time after the "Two Times Minnesota" is mustered out.

There is plenty of paper & pens, etc.

Yours truly, A. J. Christie

Camp near Washington, D.C. June 3rd 1865

My Dear Jane, [David Christie]

I sent you a letter by a recent post in answer to yours received on the march but happening this morning to find this document ~~among~~ in the camp left vacant by the 103rd Ohio I thought I would send it home as a curiosity. This Regt. was mustered in in ~~1863~~ 1862 and has been in the our 2nd Brigade ever since, but its time having nearly expired it left us this morning homeward bound.

It was quite impressive to see them going off, our band playing and the boys shouting and shaking hands. Our men would tell them "to let the old folks know we were all well, and get a bowl of milk ready for us when we come" etc. The best of good feeling existed, and I even saw the tears come into Colonel Gleason's eyes as he watched them file by for the last time. The Col. commands the Brigade.

Orders have been read to us to hold ourselves in readiness to go to Louisville Kentucky at any time after to day, but we expect to stay here five or six days yet, until the Army of the Tennessee is out of our way. The Minnesota Battery has got word of the return of Clayton from the North to make out reports before it takes the cars for St Paul direct. They will be home several weeks before me, but that is nothing.

I will be mustered out with the Regt. as it is a Veteran organization. I look out and keep the guns in good trim for a duck-hunt.

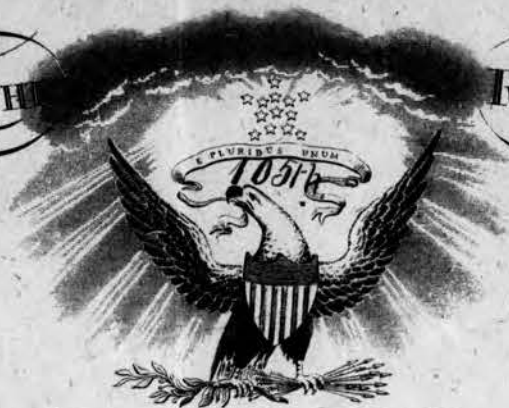
There is nothing would ~~be~~ ^{give} me more pleasure than to be able to trade places with you & Bill for a few days, to let you see all that is to be seen down here and let me have a little healthy work and home fare. In connection with this I may tell you that if you ever make a pleasure trip anywhere, it should be to Washington. You will see more here in one day than in most other places in a month. But I must bid you Good day.

So go back to your home and remember that you will have an easy time after the "Two Times Minnesota" is mustered out.

There is plenty of paper & pens, etc.

Yours truly, A. Christie

THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE



REGIMENT OF Ohio Vol. Infantry

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

Know Ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of John D. McCallum I do hereby appoint him Corporal in Company D of the 103th Regiment of Ohio Vol. Inftry, in the service of the UNITED STATES, to rank as such from the 24th day of Feb one thousand eight hundred and 63. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Corporal by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all Non Commissioned Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Corporal. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future Commanding Officer of the Regiment, or other Superior Officers and Non Commissioned Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. This Warrant to continue in force during the pleasure of the Commanding Officer of the Regiment for the time being.

Given under my hand at the Head Quarters of the Regiment, at Ringgold Ga this Fourth day of April in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Sixty four

By the Commanding Officer
A. Dickman
1st Lieut

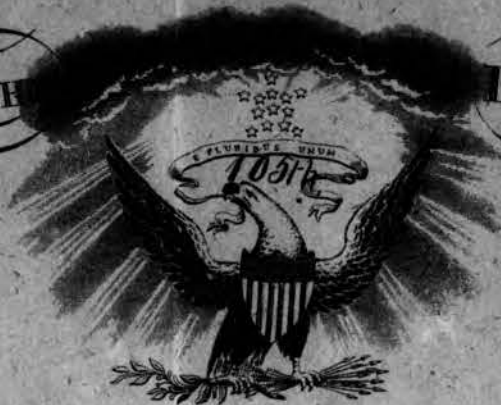
Adjutant of the Regiment

Geo. J. Perkins

Lieut Col.

Commanding the Regiment

THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE



REGIMENT OF Ohio Vol. Infantry.

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

Know Ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of John D. McCallum I do hereby appoint him Corporal in Company D of the 103th Regiment of Ohio Vol. Inftry in the service of the UNITED STATES, to rank as such from the 24th day of Feb one thousand eight hundred and 63. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Corporal by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all Non Commissioned Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Corporal. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as he shall receive from me, or the future Commanding Officer of the Regiment, or other Superior Officers and Non Commissioned Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. This Warrant to continue in force during the pleasure of the Commanding Officer of the Regiment for the time being.

Given under my hand at the Head Quarters of the Regiment, at Ringgold Ga this Fourth day of April in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Sixty four

By the Commanding Officer
A. Dickman
1st Lieut

Adjutant of the Regiment

Geo. J. Perkins
Lieut Col.

Commanding the Regiment

Have you sold
last years seed
yet? What is
the price of wheat?
How are the potatoes
and has the
grass seed all
come up? &c

Camp near Washington,
June, ^{8th} 1865

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

Your letter of the
31st Dec^r & 1st Inst, is at hand - Wh.
first - I have had for many days,
and therefore all the more welcome,
containing, as it does, assurances of the
continued good health of all the
family. As to the poor condition of the
growing crops, I cannot say, as although
I doubt there being a repetition of
last years scarcity. But, if the Chintz
bug succeeds in again destroying
the wheat, the best thing for us will
be to pull up stakes and leave
for a region more congenial to
us, remote from the ravages of the
pest. It is well that we do not
entirely depend on this seasons
productions, so don't let it fret you.

I have not seen the Boys for several days, but am going over to Brighton tomorrow to ascertain if they are gone yet. Yesterday I saw the Infantry of their Division going north as fast as long trains of freight-cars could carry them, and I understand that the two other Divisions of the Corps ~~is~~ are already gone. The Boys will be home to spend the "4th" with you. — But not so I, — if we are to judge by present appearances. Orders were read to us last night, signed by the Commanding Gen. of the Corps, organizing all the Veteran Regts of the 3rd Div. into a Brigade by themselves — the 1st — to be held in the Service "untill further orders." All other classes of troops are to be sent to their respective States for Muster out at once.

I suppose we will be retained untill after the trial of the Conspirators, and

the adjustment of all claims against foreign powers growing out of this war and the invasion of Mexico.

You know that there is nothing more likely than that England and France will demand that so and so shall be done, and so and so shall not be done with Jeff & Co., — that the attitude of the Emperor on the inevitable Mexican Question will depend more on the condition of our Army & Navy than on the merits of the case, — and that England too will take that into consideration before paying for the depredations of Anglo-Rebel Cruisers. Nations, like individuals, are more apt to do right when present self-interest prompts them to it, than when the sole motive ~~is~~ proceeds from Conscientiousness.

— I am not being abused by this action of the Government, but I must say that the Vets are — shame-

fully. They are the men who have
done the bulk of the fighting,
who risked in the darkest hour
of the Republic, ~~then~~ after years of
service had divested soldier-
ing of ^{that} halo of romance that makes
it look desirable to the youth
at home. If you wish to find
the men of Patriotic generous im-
pulses - the men who have been
tired and not found wanting
go look in the ranks of the veterans.

They are the men who should
have been sent to their loved
homes first for they deserve the
preference - their past services
entitle them to it.
Nevertheless, I expect to be home by
harvest-time even as it is, and
cannot grumble on my own ac-
count you know. The days seem
short now and the hard-labor
the material food of man so what
matters it to me whether I stay
in the service a while or not.

The new potatoes are not ready
yet - any more.

~~The~~ I know what makes all
you folks think I suffered
by these marches &c.

Confound it it raises my
dander to hear you talk about
having "compassion" for me.

"Compassion"! have compassion
for the thousands who did suffer,
but not for me, who ~~can~~ could
have continued the march to
the North Pole if necessary.

True, I had an empty stomach
and a lean harness - a small
kit - and a dirty face, when Tom
ran across me, but that is
nothing to claim compassion
in the Army. I had good health
and strong appetite and hints
to thank Providence for, and
Tom knows enough of this life
to know that I was in bully con-
dition ~~to~~ at the time. So I am now,
- and more - I am quite contented.

If you wish to do me a favor, hire
a man and do the work your-
self. The Govt is now owing me
over \$70.00 of monthly pay and there

is plenty of money at home too.
Consider the condition of ~~the~~ the
family finances now, compared
with what they were ten years ago,
when you were forced by circum-
stances to drive yourself. That
is all changed now, and you
ought to take it easy now that you
~~should and need to and can.~~

To hire a man for four
months at once. Then you can
enjoy a little rest, and Dan may
have it easier. I should think
that \$80.00 would do it, taking the
whole trouble off your hands and
my mind, for your having to toil
so much now has caused me a
deal of anxiety. — Yes, Uncle
Tom is on our side of the fence,
I perceive that, but did not
want to ~~test~~ pull much at
it until the tree takes bitter
root. To have him define

his position now, surrounded
as he is by such men as Dan
Mahoney & Tim Discolle, would
be asking too much of one who
so much lacks moral courage.

But he tells me that the
service has completely cured
him of the desire for strong drink, which
is a good thing for him. — Uncle
looks well, and makes a good
Soldier — prompt and patient
in the execution of his duty.
I am afraid he will not get home
till his term is expired. —

You know that when at home
I often expressed my aversion
to the Negro — favoring the coloni-
zation of them all outside the
limits of the United States. But I
have seen the Negro, — seen him
at home, and all my former dirty
aversion to him has been dissi-
pated. They have many noble

qualities. I often remark the deep religious character of their natures. You seldom hear them propose anything without adding "If I live" or "God willing" &c. Although inferior to the Whites in intellectual capacity they are far more favored with spiritual perceptions. Do not say that their long continuance in Slavery was a result of their unambitious, un-energetic character. It is their Patience that is at fault. There is not a more thrifty, industrious, aspiring class than the untrained Negro. Take him here in the South and he is capable of making the best kind of a Citizen. And they should have the fruits that the life's labor of many generations of their race has entitled them to. —

Don't attempt to do the hoeing and mowing without a man. Take nothing easy and cool, why should we?

Dad must send me a regular home letter containing all the farm news, and I wish somebody would send me a songbook containing music. For I much need it to pass time with.

Love to Mother, I remain

Your Son, A. Christie

qualities. I often remark the deep religious character of their natures. You seldom hear some of them propose anything without adding "If I live" or "God willing" &c.

Although inferior to the Whites in intellectual capacity, they are far more favored with spiritual perceptions. Do not say that their long continuance in Slavery was a result of their unambitious, un-energetic character. It is their Patience that is at fault. There is not a more thrifty, industrious, aspiring class than the untrained negro. Take him here in the South and he is capable of making the best kind of a Citizen. And they should have the farms that the life's labor of many generations of their race has entitled them to. —

Don't attempt to do the hoeing and mowing without a man. Take nothing easy and cool, why should we?

Dad must send me a regular home letter containing all the farm news, and I wish somebody would send me a song book containing music. For I much need it to pass time with.

Love to Mother, I remain
Your Son, A. Christie



Olyman Dodge. County Wis

Friday June 9th 1865

Dear Sandy I received your two
excellent Letters of June 1st and 2^d
last night while working on the road
instead of hoping as your said Father
also got one from you and one from
Osgood he is well and at a place
called Unionville in Alabama he has
never been hit yet he got touched
a little ~~in the~~ ^{leg} with a spent
ball in the leg but you will have to
wait till night for the rest as I have to go and
make some wood before going to work
on the road we have 7 days to work &
have worked 3 of them ^{now}. I have
just got home from working
on the road it rained so. that
it has stoped us from working
just what we need for the

crops were beginning to look
yellow we have got the Orchard
planted in corn and it is coming
up the potatoes are planted in
front of the house in that bit
of land that we fenced in.

Dolly and Charly look first rate.
Dolly has no trouble with her foot
now still, we have got the sheep
~~clipped~~ washed. Willie and I washed
them at the well the same as we
did last year Father is clipping them
while I am working on the road.

one of the bucks fleece weighed
22 pounds that was Bing. there
is 45 old sheep altogether and 10
lambs, there is 20 acres of wheat
in, and 2 acres of Barley, and 8 acres
of wheat and Oats mixed, that west
field is all ploughed up and sowed
down with clover, Sarah is
getting along first rate with her
school she boards at Old Brooks.

we have not got that but that Tom
sent up yet it is hardly time
yet. you must excuse me for
not writing before for I have
been pretty busy. I have not
been shooting much. I have
shot 4 Ducks on the pond
this Spring. I think that
is a very good plan of yours
for us all to leave Clyman
for my part I am heartily
sick of it I would like
to see something new we
ought to leave this anyway.
Willie and I have been
over to the river on horse
back and had a swim
we are going over to the
rapids some day. Some
John Sutton and Billy were
over at the river this week fishing
~~and~~ but they did not get much

crops were beginning to look
yellow we have got the Orchard
I planted in corn and it is coming
up the potatoes are planted in
front of the house in that bit
of land that we fenced in.

Dolly and Charly look first rate
Dolly has no trouble with her foot
now still. we have got the sheep
~~clipped~~ washed. Willie and I washed
them at the well the same as we
did last year Father is clipping them
while Jack is working on the road.
one of the bucks fleece weighed
32 pounds that was Big. there
is 45 old Sheep altogether and 10
lambs. there is 20 acres of wheat
in. and 2 acres of Barley, and 8 acres
of wheat and Oats mixed. that west
field is all ploughed up and sowed
down with clover. Sarah is
getting along first rate with her
school she boards at Old Brooks.

where we not got that but that Tom
Sent up yet it is hardly time
yet. you must excuse me for
not writing before for I have
been pretty busy. I had not
been shooting much I have
shot 4 Ducks on the pond
this Spring. I think that
is a very good plan of yours
for us all to leave Glynn
for my part I am heartily
sick of it I would like
to see something new we
ought to leave this anyway.
Willie and I have been
over to the river on horse
back and had a swim
we are going over to the
rapids some day Sam
John Sutton and Billy were
over at the river this week fishing
and but they did not get much

John saw a Beaver but -
he did not have his gun
or he could have shot it. we are
going to have apples this year I
think, there is about 50 trees
with them on yours and mine
among the number
yours has got 7 aples on it,
you want me to write you a
long letter but I have got
nothing much to say
that was big marching you said but
I knew you could stand it
no more at present
I remain your loving
Brother
David B Christie
to ASG



John saw a Beaver but
he did not have his gun
or he could have shot it. we are
going to have apples this year I
think, there is about 50 trees
with them on yours and mine
among the number
yours has got 8 apples on it,
you want me to write you a
long letter but I have got
nothing much to say
that was big marching on Fair but
I knew you could stand it
no more at present
I remain your loving
Brother
David B Christie
to A S C



Lowell Wis
June 19/65

Miss Sarah.

I send you some
Programmes. for Festival next
Saturday Eve.

It will be a first
rate, tip top, thing. And I
want you to be here.

I have also sent programmes
to "Milié" and either he or
your folks can take a team &
come up. I think it will
pay. and the object is good.
Turn out if you please.

Truly your Uncle
Dave

St. Paul, June 19th 1865-

Citizens of St. Paul:

The First Battery Minnesota Light Artillery, an Organization that has upheld the honor of the State, and vindicated the authority of the National Government on every battlefield and in every campaign that adds lustre to the fame of the invincible Army of the Tennessee, from the murderous conflict at Shiloh to the surrender of Johnston's Army, this body of men, who for the past four years almost, have stood between the Rebel host and your Government which they attempted to overthrow, arrived in your city this ~~morning~~ day.

With high anticipations of the cordial ~~not~~ welcome they were to receive here in the Capital of their State, they landed on your levee, and marched through your principal street to the Soldiers Home, a distance of half a mile.

But though with eager eyes they looked on every side to greet the demonstrations of affection which they craved, no sign was to be seen that would intimate ^{the existence of} any such feelings on your part.

No handkerchiefs in fair hands fluttered the tribute of Beauty to Bravery; no cheers from manly throats testified the gratitude due from the Citizen to the Citizen Soldier; no baskets of cakes to appease their almost fainting hunger, were distributed among them; and not even a single individual along the line of march said so much as, "Thank you Boys, for what you have done for me."

If your stony streets had been suddenly metamorphosed before ~~your~~ their eyes into the shaded thoroughfares of Savannah, lined with hostile or indifferent faces, their surprise could not have been greater than when the unwelcome truth forced itself upon their minds

that the people from whom they had expected the hospitably extended hand, and the heartfelt "Welcome home," actually felt, or showed, at least, no more interest in the sight of them than that of curiosity, the same that would move them in viewing a menagerie of wild animals. In a Southern city, (and ~~we~~ ^{they} have entered many, with Grant and Sherman,) the men would not have expected anything else than a cool reception, but here at home, that they should be so received was something for which they were not prepared.

But this was not the worst. After their arrival at the Home, whose managers, let me say, did everything in their power for the weary and hungry fellows, they waited for two hours in a condition bordering on starvation, for many had not tasted food since leaving Winona twelve hours before, in the vain hope that somebody would give them something to eat, but it seemed that the people had as little thought of their stomachs as of their hearts, and finally a portion of them got a meal at the Home, while the rest took advantage of the hospitality of their comrades of the Provost Guard, and in their mess-rooms were welcomed to share ~~the~~ a soldier's rations.

During ~~our~~ their stay here today, scarcely a person has visited them except some enterprising Jews who tried to swindle them out of their prospective wages ^{by selling} ~~as returns~~ for the refuse clothing of "cheap" clothing, and to do them justice, these land sharks seemed to take far more interest in us than did any one else.

What makes these brave soldiers feel more than ordinarily hurt by your neglect, fellow citizens, is ~~is~~ the fact that from the time they left Baltimore, on the homeward march, till they reached their own State, they were the recipients of one continued oration;

Nothing could surpass the generous treatment that

grated these returning veterans from the people of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Though personally strangers to them, and not having the incentive of State pride which should urge you to similar deeds in behalf of your own soldiers, the citizens of Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee feasted and welcomed the men of the First Minnesota as if they had been brothers and husbands of their own, thereby showing that they were not insensible to the services rendered by the Nation's saviors.

The people turned out en masse to escort them to the magnificent repasts prepared for their benefit, which being finished, speeches were made, songs sung, and cheers given, while the ladies ~~renewed~~ ^{renewed} former ties with them; not content with merely giving bouquets of flowers to their defenders, pinned them with their own fair hands to the breast of the soldiers.

Instead of this, what do we see here? Why, your ladies avoid them on the street as if they were so many mad dogs; I have myself ~~seen~~ observed some of them cross this afternoon, cross the street to avoid meeting men whose ^{cherished} ~~cherished~~ position, and years of faithful service in the Cause that should be nearest the hearts of every American woman.

I do not know the reason for this conduct, so painful to ^{the} ~~our~~ respectable ^{of the} ~~the~~ ^{great} majority of whom are proud to say that before they volunteered they were good citizens as ^{any} this city boasts of, and intend to be fully as good hereafter, unless having worn the Blue triumphantly through all but two of the rebellious states is any disqualification for citizenship.

So far as ~~we~~ I have observed, the State of Minnesota has no reason to be ashamed of her soldiers, and it rests with you, citizens of the Capital whether or not our

Soldiers shall be ashamed of their State of
Minnesota,
One of them

Thos. D. Christie

Sergt. 1st Minn Battery

THE FIRST BATTERY.
Sergt. Thos. D. Christie
Strictures upon Their Reception in St. Paul.
in the St. Paul Press.

St. Paul, June 19th, 1865.

Citizens of St. Paul:

The First Battery of the Minnesota Light Artillery, an organization that has upheld the honor of the State and vindicated the authority of the National Government on every battlefield and in every campaign that gives lustre to the name of the invincible army; this body of men, who, for the past four years, almost, have stood between your Government and the rebel hosts who sought to destroy it, arrived in your city to-day.

With high anticipations of the cordial welcome they were sure of receiving here in the Capital of the State, they landed on your levee, and marched up your principal street to the Soldiers' Home, a distance of half a mile. But though, with eager eyes they looked on every hand to greet the demonstrations of affections which they coveted, no sign was to be seen that would intimate the existence of any such feeling on your part. No white handkerchiefs in fair hands fluttered the tribute of Beauty to Bravery, no cheers from manly throats testified the gratitude due from the citizen to the citizen soldier, no baskets of cakes to appease their almost fainting hunger, were distributed among them, and not even a single individual along the line of march said so much as "Thank you boys, for what you have done for me!"

If your stony streets had been suddenly changed before their eyes into the shaded thoroughfares of Savannah, lined with hostile or indifferent faces, the surprise of these, your soldiers, could not have been greater than when the unwelcome truth forced itself upon their minds, that the people from whom they had expected the hospitably extended hand and the cordial "welcome home," actually felt or seemed to feel, at least, no more interest at the sight of them than that of curiosity, the same that would prompt them to turn and look at a moving menagerie of wild beasts.

In a Southern city, (and these men have entered many such in the columns of Grant and Sherman) they would not have expected anything else but a cool reception, but that such should be its character here at home, is something for which they were not prepared.

But this was not the worst: After their arrival at the Soldier's Home, whose managers, let me say here, did everything in their power for the weary and hungry fellows, they waited for two hours in a condition bordering on starvation, (as many had not tasted food since leaving Winona where they had got a good meal twelve hours before) still indulging in the hope that somebody would let them have something to eat. It turned out, however, that the people had as little thought of their stomachs as of their hearts, and so, af-

ter, as it seemed, interminable waiting, a portion of the Company got a meal at the Home, while the rest took advantage of the generous hospitality of their comrades of the Provost Guard, and in their mess-room were welcomed to share a soldiers' ration.

Again, during the time the Battery has been in town, very few have thought it worth while to call on them, if we except a swarm of swindlers of the Hebrew persuasion, who show more interest in the soldier's than does any one else, which interest is exhibited by making prospective hauls on the boy's greenbacks, for which they propose to exchange "cheap" clothing.

What makes these brave soldiers feel more than ordinarily hurt by your neglect, fellow-citizens, is the fact that from the time they left Baltimore, on the homeward march, till they reached their own State, they were the recipients of one continued ovation.

Nothing could surpass the generous treatment that greeted these returning veterans among the people of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Though personally strangers to them, and not having the incentive of State pride to urge them to honor the soldiers of your State, which you should have, the citizens of Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee feasted and welcomed the men of the First Minnesota as if they had been husbands and brothers of their own, thereby showing that they were not insensible to the services rendered by the saviors of the national integrity.

The people turned out en masse to escort them, to the magnificent repasts prepared for them, which being finished, speeches were made, songs sung, and cheers given, while the ladies, Heaven forever bless them! not content with merely giving bouquets of flowers to their defenders, pinned them with their own fair hands to the breasts of the soldiers.

Instead of this here, we find that your ladies actually avoid them on the streets as they would mad dogs. I have myself observed several ladies cross the street this afternoon to avoid meeting men whose chevrons indicated honorable position and years of faithful service in the cause which should be nearest the heart of every American woman.

Such conduct is inexplicable to the respectable soldiery of the Battery, the great majority of whom are proud to say that before they volunteered they were as good citizens as any this city boasts of, and, God willing, they intend to remain as good in the future, unless the fact of having worn the Blue triumphantly through all but two of the rebellious States will at any time be a disqualification for citizenship.

So far as I have observed, the State of Minnesota has no reason to be ashamed of her soldiers, and it rests with you, citizens of the capital, whether or not the soldiers of Minnesota shall, in one or two particulars, be ashamed of their State.

ONE OF THEM.

Soldiers shall be ashamed of their State of
Minnesota,

One of them

Thos. D. Christie

Sergt. 1st Minn Battery

THE FIRST BATTERY.
Sergt. Thos. D. Christie
Strictures upon Their Reception in St. Paul.
in the St. Paul Press.

St. Paul, June 19th, 1865.

Citizens of St. Paul:

The First Battery of the Minnesota Light Artillery, an organization that has upheld the honor of the State and vindicated the authority of the National Government on every battlefield and in every campaign, that gives lustre to the name of the invincible army; this body of men, who, for the past four years, almost, have stood between your Government and the rebel hosts who sought to destroy it, arrived in your city to-day.

With high anticipations of the cordial welcome they were sure of receiving here in the Capital of the State, they marched down your levee, and marched up your principal street to the Soldiers' Home, a distance of half a mile. But though, with eager eyes they looked on every hand to greet the demonstrations of affection which they coveted, no sign was to be seen that would intimate the existence of any such feeling on your part. No white handkerchiefs in fair hands fluttered the tribute of Beauty to Bravery, no cheers from many throats testified the gratitude due from the citizen to the citizen soldier, no baskets of cakes to appease their almost fasting hunger, were distributed among them, and not even a single individual along the line of march said so much as "Thank you boys, for what you have done for me!"

If your stony streets had been suddenly changed before their eyes into the shaded thoroughfares of Savannah, lined with hostile or indifferent faces, the surprise of these, your soldiers, could not have been greater than when the unwelcome truth forced itself upon their minds, that the people from whom they had expected the hospitably extended hand and the cordial "welcome home," actually felt or seemed to feel, at least, no more interest at the sight of them than that of curiosity, the same that would prompt them to turn and look at a moving menagerie of wild beasts.

In a Southern city, (and these men have entered many such in the columns of Grant and Sherman) they would not have expected anything else but a cool reception, but that such should be its character here at home, is something for which they were not prepared.

But this was not the worst. After their arrival at the Soldier's Home, whose managers, let me say here, did everything in their power for the weary and hungry fellows, they waited for two hours in a condition bordering on starvation, (as many had not tasted food since leaving Winona, where they had got a good meal twelve hours before) still indulging in the hope that somebody would let them have something to eat. It turned out, however, that the people had as little thought of their stomachs as of their hearts, and so, af-

ter, as it seemed, interminably waiting, a portion of the Company got a meal at the Home, while the rest took advantage of the generous hospitality of their comrades of the Provost Guard, and in their mess-room were welcomed to share a soldiers' ration.

Again, during the time the Battery has been in town, very few have thought it worth while to call on them, if we except a swarm of swindlers of the Hebrew persuasion, who show more interest in the soldier's than does any one else, which interest is exhibited by making prospective hauls on the boy's greenbacks, for which they propose to exchange "cheap" clothing.

What makes these brave soldiers feel more than ordinarily hurt by your neglect, fellow-citizens, is the fact that from the time they left Baltimore, on the homeward march, till they reached their own State, they were the recipients of one continued ovation.

Nothing could surpass the generous treatment that greeted these returning veterans among the people of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Though personally strangers to them, and not having the incentive of State pride to urge them to honor the soldiers of your State, which you should have, the citizens of Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee feasted and welcomed the men of the First Minnesota as if they had been husbands and brothers of their own, thereby showing that they were not insensible to the services rendered by the saviors of the national integrity.

The people turned out en masse to escort them to the magnificent repasts prepared for them, which being finished, speeches were made, songs sung, and cheers given, while the ladies, Heaven forever bless them! not content with merely giving bouquets of flowers to their defenders, pinned them with their own fair hands to the breasts of the soldiers.

Instead of this here, we find that your ladies actually avoid them on the streets as they would mad dogs. I have myself observed several ladies cross the street this afternoon to avoid meeting men whose chevrons indicated honorable position and years of faithful service in the cause which should be nearest the heart of every American woman.

Such conduct is inexplicable to the respectable soldiery of the Battery, the great majority of whom are proud to say that before they volunteered they were as good citizens as any this city boasts of, and God willing, they intend to remain as good in the future, unless the fact of having worn the Blue disqualifies through all but two of the rebellious States will at any time be a disqualification for citizenship.

So far as I have observed, the State of Minnesota has no reason to be ashamed of her soldiers, and it rests with you, citizens of the capital, whether or not the soldiers of Minnesota shall, in one or two particulars, be ashamed of their State.

ONE OF THEM.

Tuesday June 20th 1865

[Alexander]

Dear Brother. I must tell you about the Camp Meeting I was to on Sunday. It was held in those woods about two miles north of Sime Camp. The Presbyterian had it. Commenced on Thursday of last week and continues until Thursday of this week. Dave and Willie went on Sunday afternoon and didn't get back until about 11 o'clock at night. Mary Brock was and I went in the old buggy together in the morning and stayed till about noon. There was about 23 large white cloth tents, set round in a large semicircle in front of which was the tent for the preachers, with a temporary pulpit of planks put up in front of it. There were 8 ministers, nothing particularly smart looking about any of them but one. Within the circle facing the speakers desk were seats of boards for the people. The preaching was all in German - so of course it wasn't very

edifying to me. but there was enough to see without hearing: Pt. was a fine place to get the fashions. Old Brockway said the old woman looked as if "they'd been a fixin' all day ^{and} hadn't got through yet;" Mrs Brockway and I listened through our sermon, and another minister had commenced another when up came a great black cloud that covered the whole sky it commenced to thunder and the rain came down all at once in a perfect deluge. Pt. just poured down for about an hour. You ought to have seen that crazy skedaddle for the tents that didn't save them much however, for the tents were of common factory cloth and the rain came in fast: Each of us had an umbrella, or we huddled in a corner, and held them over our heads. we were pretty safe but the rest in our tent were soaking. I couldn't keep from laughing all the time though. Pt. was such a funny adventure for me. I thought while we were huddled down in the corner and

our umbrellas, that the scene would be perfect if Mrs Brockway only had "had her pipe with her. All the rest in our tent were dutch. Men and woman and they never once stopped singing their hymns the whole time. I thought of you soldiers too how often you are out in just such a rain without any better shelter than we had, and sometimes none at all: Before the rain came on they had a fire behind every tent with pots and kettles on to it cook their dinners. So after the rain was over they had to go to work and kindle them anew. When the storm was over we got into our buggy and drove home, as Mrs Brockway had on thin shoes and couldn't go around without getting her feet wet. When about three P.M. Mr Brockway wanted to know if I would like to go over again, and see how it looked in the evening. I told him I would, so off he and I started. Then I had a pleasant time for a couple of hours if the Lowell girls came over, including

Marion Hatch - then and I visited ev'ing
tent - together and we had amusement
enough, I can tell you - For some they
were making up their beds for the night
in some singing and praying and in
others eating - Such scenes I never witness
ed and never hope to again.

When it became dark they built
up great fires all 'round - on the tops of
platforms about 6 feet high and 4 ft square
on the top was earth on the platform and
the fire built on that - Now Brookway
and I stayed until about P. 30. It was
worth while going to see - But my opinion
of the affair is, that the people could have
stayed at home, and "served the Lord" much
better, and not helped to serve the devil
as they certainly did by having that
camp meeting, - for all the "rowdies" of the
county nearly were there, cutting up their
shins, and they had a shanty down in
the brush not a stone's throw from the
preaching stand where they congregated
to drink beer and whisky and play cards,

Mania Hatch. Her and I visited ev'ing
tent - together and we had amusement
enough, I can tell you. In some they
were making up their beds for the night
in some singing and praying and in
others eating. Such scenes I never witness
ed and never hope to again.

When it became dark they built
up great fires all round on the tops of
platforms about 6 feet high and 4 ft square
on the top was earth on the platform and
the fire built on that. Now Brookway
and I stayed until about 8.30. It was
worth while going to see. But my opinion
of the affair is, that the people could have
stayed at home and "served the Lord" much
better, and not helped to serve the devil
as they certainly did by having that
camp meeting, for all the "rowdies" of the
county nearly were there. cutting up their
shins, and they had a shanty down in
the brush not a stone's throw from the
preaching stand where they congregated
to drink beer and whisky and play cards.

Wednesday June 21st 1883

My Dear Brother - I don't believe
I shall ever get this letter sent off.
I was home last night - the folks are
well. Father and Dave were having jotted.
There is going to be a Festival over in
Lowell for the benefit of the "Milwaukee
Soldiers Home", on next Saturday afternoon,
and Willie, Dave, Mary and I are going,
only 15^{cts} admittance. There will be refresh-
ments served, ^{extra charge} and then there will be pieces
acted and vocal and instrumental music
also tableaux I expect we will have a fine
time. I had a letter from Aunt
Nancy lately, in which she tells me that
she had heard from Bobbie. he was
alive and well, in Jacksonville, Florida,
was coming home soon.

Willie and Jim passed through
Milwaukee on their way to St. Paul
on the 16th inst. they went via Prairie
du Chien, so we had no chance to see

the Gallant 1st Miss Battery We received
a letter from Tom from Milwaukee -
I hope they will be home by the 4th -
I don't suppose we need expect you
home for a month yet; perhaps more
Oh Dear, I wish you too could be
here on the 4th so we might all
be together again - But I shall be very
thankful if we can all live to be
together the next winter coming. I am
looking forward to it - to be the happiest
time I have seen yet.

I thought when I was home
last night that Father looked remark-
ably well - and I felt thankful that I
had him for a father. He is really
an extra good, upright, man. I sincere-
ly wish that I "took after him" some more
than I do. If I was only ~~half~~ half
as good as any one of my Brothers,
I should be thankful.

I haven't time to write more - but I hope
you will write very soon -
My love to you - In haste Yours Truly,
Sarah J. Christie

Louisville, Kentucky
Thursday, June 22nd 1865—

My Dear Father, [Mr. James Christie]
Got into

camp here, in rear of the city about
4 miles, yesterday noon, and was ~~was~~
greeted
soon after by your letter of the 15th

Now I want to say to the younger
members of the family, that they are
very indifferent, to say the least, as
to whether I get any letters or not, and
to you, that were it not for your "tump-
et notes" I should conclude that
I did not belong to the Christian
Fraternity. There is nothing that makes
me feel better than to get a letter
from home, after coming off a long
journey — I always expect one,
and you have never yet disappointed me.
I appreciate these things.

We broke up camp at Washington on the 14th, marched into the city and lay round in a rain storm till night, then took passage on a long train of Coac cars on the Baltimore & Ohio R.R. and bid adieu to the National Capital at 9 o'clock. The train was composed of about 100 cars, drawn by two very powerful freight-engines, and on it was our own regiment, the 10th Ind. & 23rd Missouri, numbering in all about 1800 men. Arriving at the Relay house, where is the Junction, ~~the~~ the train was divided, leaving us about 60 cars.

This was entirely too much for the motive power and we got along ~~very~~ slowly, the men finding us only 50 miles from Washington.

Run very slowly all forenoon passing "Point of Rocks" at 4 A.M. Run for many miles along the Thor & Potomac rivers through beautiful mountain scenery, arriving at Harper's Ferry about noon.

At this famous place we crossed to the Virginia side on the iron suspension bridge. Harper's Ferry interested me much, because of its past history, although I am not certain

whether I saw the old engine house or not, there being nobody to point it out to me - all being ignorant alike. At Martinsburg we met a train-load of Ex-Rebel prisoners from Camp Chase, Ohio, on their way to their homes in Virginia & N. Carolina.

They expressed themselves as being well pleased with the result, but I knew by their looks that they were not sincere. When I woke on the morning of the 16th we were at the little

station of New Creek. Kept along the North branch of the Potomac for several miles, then crossed into the Co of Alleghany, Maryland - just as nice a grazing country as you could imagine. I posted ~~my~~ a letter to you at Piedmont, written at Washington before starting. At Hrafton

we got some coffee & jerked beef from the Sanitary Commission.

Passed through several very long tunnels, 3 of them about a mile each.

Went to Parkersburg on the
morning of the 17th where we lay
till next morning, employing
ourselves as best we could,
the most of us were in the
little Kanawha most of the time.

Took the boat "J. H. Bee" ~~and~~
for down river, passed the
Island where Blannerhassett
lived during the forenoon.

The Ohio is the most beautiful
stream I ever saw. About 40
miles down we changed out to
the "Furallow", a larger & a
stouter boat. Besides this
to her machinery kept giv-
ing out continually. To make
a long story short, we got here at
last, having had a very

pleasant time on the river.
At Cincinnati we went ashore.
Most of the boys got drunk, hav-
ing fallen in with the old boys of
the Ohio, who are their fast
friends since Mill Spring.

20 per cent of the regt are going
home on 20 days furloughs.
This only includes the old sol-
diers. We will be paid in a
few days. Hope you will have
a good time on the "42".
Yours, A. Christie