

Photo 1



Original Caption: "Pine Cottage", Soldiers' winter quarters

Photographer: Brady, Mathew, 1823 (ca.) - 1896

Coverage Dates: ca. 1860 - ca. 1865

Persistent URL: <http://arcweb.archives.gov/arc/action/ExternalIdSearch?id=524675> **Repository:**

Still Picture Records Section, Special Media Archives Services Division (NWCS-S), National Archives at College Park, 8601 Adelphi Road, College Park, MD, 20740-6001.

Photo 2



Original Caption: Deserted winter quarters

Photographer: Brady, Mathew, 1823 (ca.) - 1896

Coverage Dates: ca. 1860 - ca. 1865

Persistent URL: <http://arcweb.archives.gov/arc/action/ExternalIdSearch?id=524755>

Repository: Still Picture Records Section, Special Media Archives Services Division (NWCS-S), National Archives at College Park, 8601 Adelphi Road, College Park, MD, 20740-6001.

Photo 3



Original Caption: Camp scene, showing Company kitchen

Photographer: Brady, Mathew, 1823 (ca.) - 1896

Coverage Dates: ca. 1860 - ca. 1865

Persistent URL: <http://arcweb.archives.gov/arc/action/ExternalIdSearch?id=524671>

Repository: Still Picture Records Section, Special Media Archives Services Division (NWCS-S), National Archives at College Park, 8601 Adelphi Road, College Park, MD, 20740-6001.

Letter 1

Corinth, July 19th, 1862

Dear Brother,

...

July 21.

...

In fact I don't think I would have wakened at all if a terrific [sic] gust of wind had not blown down the tent and the booth that we had built on one end. Crash: or Slush went the wet canvas on our sleeping faces, inducing smothered groans and angry exclamations from the four dwellers in the Land of Nod. There was no help for it, out we had to crawl in our dripping shirt flaps and put up the tent again, going through of course with a complete course of Scientific Bathing, including shower bath, Diving, (when we fell into a pool), and the sitting bath, (when we went into the tent). After this, sleep was impossible and so we sat huddled together like wet poultry until [sic] morning when the rain abated a little and we sallied forth to view the condition of Camp. One of the tents was filled to the depth of 2 feet with water and several were blown down.

Contrary to our expectations the health and vigor of the Camp is steadily improving during these hot months and the physical strength of the men is gradually coming up to the Ft. Snelling standard. Not so with our weight, however. We are all becoming as lean and cadaverous as the Citizens themselves almost and probably at the end of the war we will be as yellow and bilious [sic] looking.

...

Contrabands are constantly coming in, and I saw lately a very good looking quadroon with her 3 children who had fled from the threatened punishment of her master. Her story was very interesting, but I have not space for it. All of our Camp are full of these people and more would come but for the damper that is put on their efforts by Authority on our side.

I was after apples this afternoon and secured a rose for Sarah from Russels house. My love to all with it, and may Wisconsin homes never show the Desolation that reigns over the place of its growth. Your crumpled Brother T. D. Christie

[Postscript along left side of page] William writes soon, Expect letter from Father.

Excerpts from:

Author: Thomas D. Christie

Date: July 19, 1862

Location: Corinth, Mississippi

Addressee: Alexander S. Christie

From: <http://www.mnhs.org/library/Christie/letters/transcripts/td620719.html>

Made available by the Minnesota Historical Society

Letter 2

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

My Dear Dave:

...

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

We are summoned from our bunks in the morning at early day light and after being allowed barely time to throw on our clothes are ordered to "fall-out" to "Roll-call." I always manage to be on hand, but not so all. There are some men here who rather than spring promptly out of the blankets at the first notes of the bugle, would rather perform chores extra duty after they do get up. Others are so slow in dressing that they often appear in the line to answer to their names in their shirts & pants—minus even their boots.

...

After "Reveille" we make a rush for the cook houses, distant about one hundred yds. where after much "harmonious confusion" and swearing on the parts of these so disposed, we at last are all seated and there get our day's rations of Bakers bread; a cup of coffee and a small piece of half-cured salt beef or [?] pork. [note: The rest of the paragraph is illegible.]

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

We then return to our quarters and do just what we are a mind to, until "dinner call" when the roll is again called and we go to the cook house to get a cup of coffee and a piece of meat. Dress-parade comes off at four in the afternoon when we all fall-out, form into line on the parade-ground and go through a few maneuvers. Then comes what is called supper,—a cup of coffee, sometimes a little meat, and the remnant of our ration of bread. At half-past eight we have roll-call again, and at 9 o'clock "Taps" or lights-out.

Although the ration is not large as we are entitled to, yet in quantity it is sufficient for us in our idle conditions. What I object to is the little variety. As I do not drink the coffee my Bill of Fare consists wholly of Bread and meat. I have to eat very temperately, or I would soon get out of order; as there is no other exercise afforded here but that of walking about without an object, which is very little good to a fellow.

...

Give my love to Mother & Sarah,
Your loving Brother
A. S. Christie

Excerpts from:

Author: Alexander S. Christie

Date: February 16, 1865

Location: Fort Snelling, Minnesota

Addressee: David Christie

From: <http://www.mnhs.org/library/Christie/letters/transcripts/as650216.html>

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