May 31st, Camp near By Nick's Creek

[Signature: Daniel Christie]

My dear Father, I will try in this letter to describe one of the grandest sights I ever saw. This morning at three o'clock, the Battery of four Grant's Arm at this place opened at once on the doomed city of Richmond. And the effect of such a sight, all must describe it. The line extends some eight miles round the besieged town. There is a valley enough on this line to shoot from one to the other. Now, just stand with me on the point where our Battery is placed, and see the red flashes of the gun, like lightning, and the showers of shell, as they made their quick curves through the air, rising and descending and finally piled up with a report almost as loud as the gun. The air waved like the sea, and vibrated with a heavy thundering sound. While the Valley was filled with the loud thundering sound of the detonation of the firing of the Mortar Boats, on the river and the flash of these shots, were seen on the bank from exactly like lightning. But still, there is one phase of the scene I have not spoken of and that is the Burning of the face, in each shell, while they are going through the air. The fuse burns, leaving a blue light, and looks to be the least very laugh, and I have no doubt the sight must be, we kept up the command for over an hour, and made some excellent shots. Tom and I worked on the gun together for an hour, and had three 100 shots. When there is anything going on, we are generally close together and we were dug into a position that there was not much danger in the dark from the Rebel sharpshooters. But we have to stand our ground in the daylight, and the men have to dodge the bullets, frequently. I have been doing the duties of Driver, No. 3, doing all on the gun, and I don't see as there is much danger at the gun as there is driving. Now you must think me a coward but I will try to give
and the Begun insight in my feelings on the occasion of my first ride. I fell in sight of the Rebel fortifications, within rifle range. On the first day of the siege, he was ordered to a point on the left of the Grand Road, from Jackson to Vicksburg, and in front of the largest fort on the river. Now I had stood my ground on the open field, and felt very shaken on the leg, but to be mounted on the back of a horse and know that there was not only hundreds of men that would shoot at you, like they were shooting at a Turkey, with a cool deliberate aim, but at the same time just such a thing as you were drawing after you. Only larger, if anything, made me feel very nervous, I assure you. But still there was not a man near me I would have thought that I really would have liked to have been away. I urged my own horse with precision, and even directed the other drivers, now I thought we could get along even from part of the ground, (it being very rough), to the best advantage, and it was our time to make on our horses and lines under shelter of the hill, and beginning to feel that we had felt to much to fear, when we found out that were officers in command had not got our howitzers in the right place, so we had to take the same ride over again, and ride up to within five or six hundred yards of the enemy works, in the open range of our Batteries and Howitzer. Father I was desperato, Desperately afraid (But thank God) only of myself. You know my spirit of Brunnea, is large and it is well for the Christian it is so, if I really am sure I would have run away. Could you have seen my inner self, you would have been a very strange thing I think. How I reasoned with myself about my duties as a Soldier, how a deep trust in the goodness and mercy of God would break up in me to keep me true to myself and Country, I can only give you a faint idea of what I felt and really thought in that ride. But the Battle was fought, and brave
Be it God he gained the victory. Over me and I am convinced good coin anywhere, as far as soldiers in concerned and really am. I do not think I will ever feel as again, as now you are the conqueror. Most of a great man. But of a poor weak fellow.
As we mercifully, and kindled with foolish about me and

our cousin Jesse, it merely can't be. Mother knows that
letter before you mailed it. Now you may not relish this
little bit of advice much. But I'll hint at all the reading
I will give you. Whenever you feel again, I wish there

would be very soon. For your own sake, just as you did when you
write that letter, just ask Mother what she thinks you had
best do, and I'll be bound you will do well to take her
advice. Do with the money just as seems best to you
that lose a cent on your retreat if you can help it on
my account; and if you do make your self whole,
out of my funds. I regretted having asked you the question
about David Bertie in connection with anything of
mine before. The Nelson in the day it was written,
not that I thought of the post or what he had been to both
of us. But I knew the folly of it in another way altogether.

Now when you write to me give me Bread, even if you
have to think to eat it for I am very hungry. Write certain
ly write to Mother soon. Either give me some clue to my
self if you can. or worse or you live. I am at fault
or must give way to the situation. Write soon give my
love to all and believe me your affectionate,

Mrs. J. Bryant.