

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association
QUARTERLY

Volume XLVI I- Number 1 - Winter 2002



The St. Lawrence County Historical Association at the Silas Wright House

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is a private, not-for-profit, membership organization based at the Silas Wright House in Canton, New York. Founded in 1947, the Association is governed by a constitution, by-laws, and Board of Trustees. The Historical Association's membership meets annually to elect its trustees.

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Our Mission

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is a not-for-profit membership organization and museum which serves as an educational resource for the use and benefit of the citizens of St. Lawrence County and others interested in the County's history and traditions. The Association collects and preserves archival material and artifacts pertinent to the County's history. In cooperation and collaboration with other local organizations, the Association promotes an understanding of and appreciation for the County's rich history through publications, exhibits, and programs. The St. Lawrence County Historical Association operates within museum standards established by the American Association of Museums.

SLCHA Membership

Membership in the St. Lawrence County Historical Association is open to all interested parties. Annual membership dues are: Individual, \$25; Senior/Student, \$20; Family, \$35; Contributor, \$50; Supporter, \$100; Patron, \$250; Businesses, \$50 to \$1,000. Members receive the *SLCHA Quarterly*, the Historical Association's bi-monthly newsletter, and various discounts on publications, programs and events.

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Additional copies may be obtained from the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, P.O. Box 8, Canton, NY 13617 at \$4.00 each (\$2.00 for members), plus \$2.00 for postage.

Contributions:

The SLCHA Quarterly welcomes contributions. To submit a manuscript, or for further information, please contact the editor through the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. Please address communications to: Managing Editor, *The SLCHA Quarterly*, P.O. Box 8, Canton, NY 13617.

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Quarterly

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CONTENTS

Herbert and Mary Ruth Judd Gallery Dedicated	2
History of the Joseph Clark Family <i>Submitted by Leon Burnap, Norfolk Town Historian</i>	4
Civil War Weekend, Robert Moses State Park, Massena, NY--August 3 & 4, 2002	20

Issue Editor:
Pamela Ouimet

Cover Illustration
Civil War Weekend,
Robert Moses State Park,
Massena, NY
August 3 & 4, 2002
Photo courtesy SLCHA

Herbert and Mary Ruth Judd Gallery Dedicated

On July 19, 2002, the St. Lawrence County Historical Association honored two of their members, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Judd, for their many years of service and support with the dedication of the Herbert F. and Mary Ruth Judd Gallery. Over 100 friends, family, and SLCHA members were on hand to express their warm wishes to the Judds.

SLCHA President Carl Stickney was the main speaker and expressed the Association's thanks for their many years of devotion that the Judd's have given to the organization.

"Herb and Mary Ruth have been associated with the organization for over 40 years, as members and volunteers," Mr. Stickney said of the couple. "They will do anything to help out, from assisting with mailings to trimming berry bushes. Mary Ruth did the research on the Silas Wright family when the association purchased the Wright house. She got in touch with the descendants of the family which led to our receiving many Wright artifacts."

SLCHA Director Trent Trulock said, "Herb and Mary Ruth deserve this honor for all their years of hard work and loyalty to the SLCHA."

The Historical Association has returned the love bestowed on it by playing a major role in



Herb and Mary Ruth Judd at the dedication of the Judd Gallery at the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. (Photo courtesy of the SLCHA)



SLCHA President Carlton Stickney speaks at the Judd Gallery dedication. Herbert and Mary Ruth Judd are seated, and SLCHA Director Trent Trulock looks on. (Photo courtesy of the SLCHA)

the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Judd. Herb and Mary Ruth, now in their 80s, met while doing genealogy research at the Historical Association and have been married for 19 years.

The Herbert F. and Mary Ruth Judd Gallery is located upstairs

in the Silas Wright House and will be used for art and artifact exhibits.

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is looking for volunteers to fill positions at their museum, the Silas Wright House in Canton. Volunteers can spend a few hours a week doing

research, working with collections, helping out with educational programs and special events, or giving guided tours of the museum. If you or someone you know may be interested in being a volunteer, please contact the SLCHA for more information at 315-386-8133.

History of the Joseph Clark Family,

Written by Carrie J. Woodard Douglass, 1939-1940

Submitted by Leon Burnap, Norfolk Town Historian

Editor's Note:

Please note this is a diary, and therefore, the grammar & punctuation have been left as it was originally written. For the sake of privacy to some of the family members mentioned in this article, some of the text has been edited out when referring to particular people. The document in its entirety is housed at the St. Lawrence County Historical Association and may be viewed by the general public.

Also, due to the length of the document, it has been divided in two segments. Here reads the first portion of the article, and the remainder will be printed in the next edition of the Quarterly.

~

This is to be the history of the Joseph Clark family with ancestors, descendants and connections.

I remember my grandfather and grandmother Clark quite well. Of course, they were along in their 60s when I used to go there to stay when I was going to school in Raymondville. Their children were all grown and some dead. Uncle Charley, the youngest, was the only one at home when I first went there. He kept coming up to our place to see Josephine Stearns who lived with us. He also attended a business college.

They lived in a house built on a rather steep side hill on what

was called the Clark Road which went west from the main road in Raymondville. The house was built to fit the hill. The lower part or basement had two rooms on top of the ground and the cellar was dug back into the hillside. On the second floor the parlor and two bedrooms were over the basement living rooms, back of that was the dining room and back of that was the kitchen and another bedroom. These three rooms were on the ground up the hill. There was a porch which commenced on the upper level of the dining room and went clear around over the front of the basement porch. There were three bedrooms on the third floor. I describe the house because it seemed very peculiarly built.

When I first remember going there, Uncle Edwin Clark's widow and her two children lived in those two basement rooms. Her eldest was a girl by the name of Carrie Blachley; Aunt Almira had been married before she married Uncle Edwin. The son was Edwin Clark, Jr.

Grandfather Joseph Clark, was a rather short but heavy set man and grandmother was a short, slim woman but rather wiry and could stand lots of work and she had ten children. Her maiden name was Rizpah Field. They were married in Gilsum, N.H., and moved to Raymondville in 1837 with six children on a bobsled drawn by oxen in the winter on snow.

Rizpah Conn told me she remembered of hearing of the sleigh ride. I remember hearing this several times. It seemed to me such a terrible undertaking that it made a vivid impression on my mind.

Grandfather Joseph Clark was born in Gilsum, N.H., 1802 and died in Raymondville, February 15, 1878. Grandmother Rizpah Field was born in Surry, N.J., March 20, 1802, and died in Raymondville, July 27, 1877.

Their children:

Amos Field Clark born in Gilsum, N.J., March 19, 1825, died in Raymondville, November 22, 1906.

Lucena A. M. Denison born in Gilsum, N.H., April 24, 1827, died in Ben Lanond, California.

Joseph Franklin Clark born in Gilsum, N.H., June 14, 1829, died in Winnemucca, Nevada, December 8, 1902.

Helen Mary Winham born in Gilsum N.H., June 15, 1831, died in Salinas, California, June 29, 1901.

Jonathan Edwin Clark born in Gilsum N.H., April 11, 1834, died in Chateaugay, N.Y., November 16, 1868.

Rizpah Agnes Woodard born in Gilsum, N.H., May 17, 1836, died in Raymondville, N.Y., August 2, 1869.

William Henry Clark born in Raymondville N.Y., August 9, 1839, died in Salinas, California, August 1919.

Moses Alonzo Clark born in Raymondville N.Y., March 1, 1842, died in Raymondville, N.Y., March 8, 1849.

Silas Wright Clark born in Raymondville, N.Y., November 17, 1845, died in Raymondville, N.Y.

Charles A. Clark, born in Raymondville N.Y., June 28, 1848, died in Ravenna, Nebraska, July 5, 1916.

I think Grandfather and Grandmother must have lived all of their days in Raymondville in the house I have just described, for I never heard of their living anywhere else after they came to Raymondville. There was quite a large hay barn with that house. I have just been reading Uncle Henry's writings of his war experiences and he mentions that he wished so much that he was back home on his father's farm, so I suspect that in Grandfather's younger days he owned a lot of the land along that north side of the Clark Road. I know he still had a cow barn but kept only one cow when I knew him. They had quite a garden out back of the barn and I used to go with Grandmother to pick raspberries back there. They were large fine berries. Some were so light pink that they were nearly white. I have never seen any like them since. It seems that Uncle Amos used the rest of the land then, but some had been sold along that side of the road and people had built homes on it.

Grandfather also had a wheelwright shop down on the bank of the river just across from the end of the Clark Road. John says he remembers his father saying that Joseph Clark was a fine workman and built good wagons. He also had a shop up near the house.

When I used to visit them, their house was always very neat and comfortable. I remember Grandmother's Boston brown bread. She kept it on hand a great deal of the time and Grandfather liked it so well that many times I have seen him get a bowl of that bread and milk just before he went to bed. In Grandmother's earlier years she was quite a hand to piece quilts and have "quilting bees." I have a quilt which she pieced. It is called "Peggy's Troubles." It has large blocks of several colors and is put together with white blocks the same size and quilted beautifully in feather wreaths, grapevine wreaths and one or two other designs. Grandmother made three of those quilts - one for each of her three daughters. When I was ten years old she made me a pretty pink apron for my birthday. Everything was made by hand. Sewing machines were scarce in those days. I expect she did all her sewing by hand all her days. Everybody wore their clothes a long time. There was no striving for the latest style as there is today. I guess I have written before that both my grandmothers wore caps all the time but the next generation didn't.

Grandfather Joseph Clark's father's name was Jonathan Clark, born in Massachusetts, September 7, 1758, died September 15, 1830. His grandfather was Samuel Clark, died January 16, 1812, aged 83 years. Grandfather's mother was Delilah Thompson born in Alstead, N.H., July 24, 1771, died December 15, 1819. Grandfather Joseph Clark was born in Gilsum, N.H. He had a sister who lived in Norfolk, N.Y. She had married a man who was very poor. At the time I heard of her she was a widow weaving car-

pets for a living. I traced Grandmother Clark's relatives back to Revolutionary times. There was Ensign Moses Field born in Deerfield, Mass., 1719. He married Ann Dickinson in 1740. Their son Lieutenant Moses Dickinson Field was born at Northfield, Mass., February 10, 1742, died 1828. He was a lieutenant in Captain Mack's Militia Company at the Battle of Bennington. He married Patience Smith. Their son, Moses Field, III, was Grandmother Clark's father, and was born 1769 and died 1815. He married Molly Howard, daughter of Peter Howard, born 1763, died 1808. They moved to Surry, N.H., from Mindon, Mass., for the Indians troubled them so much at Mindon. Their children were Amos, born 1797, died 1807, only 10 years old; Haskins, born 1801, died the same year; Rizpah, born 1802, died July 27, 1877 at Raymondville, N.Y., Patience, born 1803, I don't know when she died; Jerusia, born 1805, died 1805, less than one year old; another daughter was born in 1808, unnamed. This is the year the mother died so it seems that the baby died, too.

It also seems that Grandmother's father at some time had moved to Gilsum, N.H., for that is where Rizpah Field was married to Joseph Clark. They lived at Gilsum, N.H., until they moved to Raymondville, N.Y., in 1837. It is plain to see where they got the names of some of their children.

Uncle Amos Clark was the eldest of the family. He went to California the same time father did and had the same experience in New York City that he did. I don't know whether he lost any money then or not. He had mar-

ried Clarisa Carpenter and had a daughter Kate, born 1853. They stayed in Raymondville. Amos and Uncle Edwin were coming home on a boat which caught fire five miles from the shore on the Pacific coast, along Lower California. They had a satchel containing \$5,000 worth of gold so they put a table overboard and tied their satchel on it and swam toward shore pushing the table. After a while a small boat came out to rescue them. Uncle was going to tie his suitcase of gold to the boat but the rescuer said no need. They would land all right. But when they neared the shore the boat capsized and Uncle went down with his satchel, but it was so heavy that he had to let go to come up. I have always been suspicious of that rescuer. I fear it was a game of his. Uncle stayed there on the shore probing for his satchel for three weeks but perhaps they didn't know exactly how or where it went down, but maybe after they were gone it was found by his rescuers.

It seems that Uncle Amos bought a nursery farm after he came back from California or made it into a nursery farm. It was on the opposite side of the Clark Road from Grandfather's. They lived there as long as they were able to run the place.

He had lots of apple trees and in the winter did a lot of grafting of very little branches onto other roots so they were ready to plant in the spring. He raised lots of trees and had two or more salesmen travelling to get orders for young trees.

Uncle also raised a lot of grapes. He had a grand cellar to keep things in. I never went there in the winter but he

would go down cellar and get a dish of grapes. I expect that is the way he did with every caller.

He also raised currants. He would hire a lot of girls to pick them and we could eat all we wanted. I was among them one summer.

They had three children, Kate, George (my father), and Fred. Kate married Fred Smith of Raymondville but she was sick with consumption at that time and didn't live a year. She died March 4, 1879. Fred Smith was raised over on the opposite side of the Raquette River. He married again and had one daughter Ada Smith, who teaches on Long Island, N.Y. His second wife died a good many years ago and now he and his sister, Mary Smith, live at Norwood, N.Y. George must have been born about 1855 or 1856 for he was about ten years older than I.

Aunt Clara had a brother Derb Carpenter, who was left all alone. His wife and only child had died so he told George if he would get married and come there to live that he could have the farm, so he went.

George was married three times. His first wife was Carrie Stearns. They had four daughters, Kate, Jennie, Frank and Carrie. His wife died when Carrie was only one week old. He married twice after that. The second wife raised Carrie. I think it was after Carrie was married that he married his third wife. Both these women were widows but brought no children to live with George, neither did they have any Clark children. George now lives in Norwood on a small place which he bought when he was too old to run the farm. His

second wife died soon after they moved there. He has a house-keeper now. We hear he has lost his mind almost completely. I think he is about eighty-five years old but able-bodied for a man that age.

A few years ago his daughter, Carrie, got him to come West to visit her. She lives in Omaha, Nebraska. They never could get him to come before, but this time Carrie sent him a ticket.

George's daughter, Kate, went to live with Uncle Amos and Aunt Clara in their later years. I will tell you more about that later on. After Kate went there, she married a fellow by the name of Dorman Underwood. After Uncle and Aunt died, they moved to a farm which her father gave her and which joined his farm out at Plum Creek. They have two children, George and Carrie. When her children grew up, Kate helped other families. I don't know much about her children.

George's daughter Jennie lives in Norwood not far from her father. Her husband's name was Frank Bowhall and they had four children. She has been a widow for some time. She and Kate are the only ones who live close enough to keep any eyes on their father.

Franc married a Raymondville preacher's son, Corry Cuyler Barns and lives in New York City. I don't know anything about them or their five daughters.

Carrie, the youngest daughter, came west to teach school in Ravenna, Neb. Our youngest uncle, Charley Clark, lived there. I will tell more of him later but Carrie boarded with them. A

young man from Columbus, Neb., by the name of Robert Dickinson boarded at Uncle Charley's and worked in the flour mill. He and Carrie were finally married. He afterwards became a partner in the mill and now has an interest in several consolidated mills. The senior owner and partner is an old man now, so Robert is the manager. They live in Omaha, Neb. ever since the consolidation and Robert is very well off. They have five children; Hugh, Jean, Ann Marie, Sheila, and Rae.

Uncle Amos had another son, Fred, born 1862 and died October 13, 1883. He died with pneumonia and is buried in Raymondville cemetery. He wasn't married but was engaged to Mother Douglass' niece.

Aunt Lucena married rather young. His name was Denison. Their first child, a baby, is buried in Raymondville cemetery. They went to California before Uncles Amos, Edwin and Father went. I haven't the names of the other children except the youngest, Grace. She lived at Uncle Henry's in Salinas and went to high school. Uncle Henry and Aunt Helen used to send Aunt Lucena money and Uncle Henry had her buried in his lot in a Salinas, California cemetery and paid the expenses. They lived off up in the mountains east of Monterey.

Joseph Franklin Clark went to Nevada in his young days. I don't know when, but he was there before Father came home from California and Father had typhoid fever there as I have previously written. Uncle had a quartz mine and also ran a ferry boat across the Humboldt River. The woman he married came

along on her way to California and stopped at their town overnight. They say women were scarce so Uncle up and married her. Her name was Sarah Booth. Uncle Henry's folks visited them once and they liked Uncle Frank but didn't have much use for his wife. They thought that she didn't care much for Uncle Frank nor he for her. They had no children. Uncle went there to the funeral when Uncle Frank died in Winnemucca, Nevada, December 8, 1902.

Aunt Helen Marie Clark went to California at the time that Father did, as I have written before. She married a man there by the name of William Winham. They say he was a very nice man and charitable, was quite a hand to help people, so much so that Uncle Henry said he didn't save much. He had a drug store. They had several children, Nellie, Daisy, William, Frank and Fred. Nellie Winham died soon after she graduated from high school. They said she drank strong tea to keep her awake so she could study late at night; probably that was too much for her heart.

Daisy Winham married a man by the name of Mack and lived at Pacific Grove on Monterey Bay. Lottie Armstrong took Earl and me to see them once when he and I went to California. She had four boys and a little girl at that time. One of the boys took Earl for a boat ride on the Bay that day. That was years ago. Daisy died but I haven't the date of her death.

Harry, Frank and Fred Winham were all living in Salinas the last I knew. All married but Harry's wife had died. They had one girl and two boys. The others had no children.

Uncle Jonathan Edwin Clark went to California when Father and Uncle Amos and others went. He had the same experience with Uncle Amos when they were on the *Golden Gate*, a boat on which they were returning with their satchel of \$5,000 worth of gold and lost the gold in the ocean off the coast of lower California. The boat caught fire but steered straight for shore and all passengers were saved, so if they had stayed on the boat they probably would have saved their gold.

They came home in the winter of 1864 it seems, and were drafted into the army the next July, but only Edwin had to go. He was wounded in the ankle but not severely. I don't know much of his war experiences. Uncle Henry says Edwin was with Grant from the Wilderness to the taking of Richmond. He was wounded at Five Forks. When he came home he married a soldier's widow by the name of Almira Blatchley. But he died of typhoid fever at Chateaugay, N.Y., Nov. 16, 1868, and was brought home to Raymondville; my mother came from Pennsylvania for his funeral and caught her death of cold. He had just the one son, Edwin, Jr.; Almira Blatchley was a widow with one child, Carrie, when Uncle married her.

She married again a man by the name of Monty. They were living in Vermont about 50 years ago, but I have heard nothing about her since then. She used to come to Uncle Amos's with three little Monty children as long ago as when I was a girl in Raymondville. The last I knew of those children they were all in California, even her son Edwin. He was married to a silly thing.

I didn't take to her when Rizpah and I went there years ago.

Later I will tell all I know about Rizpah Agnes Clark. She was my mother. She was the sixth of the Clark family.

Uncle William Henry Clark was born with one reel foot, i.e., one foot turned in, but while he was yet a small boy he resolved that he was going to straighten it. So he would force his foot into a straight shoe and wear it as long as he could stand it. He kept at that until he finally could wear a shoe all day. That made his foot straight but it always seemed a little stiff for he never walked perfectly natural.

I will now copy his manuscript of his experiences in the War of the Rebellion (i.e., Civil War). It is very interesting.

In October, 1861, when he was 22 years old he joined the army of the north. He says: "We were doing our last autumn work on the farm, fixing up for winter, when there came a pressing invitation to the young men to don the blue and march away to the front. The Battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost. McClellan had been put in command to reorganize and restore the army to a fighting condition. A regiment was being raised in St. Lawrence County and many of my companions and school mates were joining. The drum and fife could be heard almost every day, arousing us, filling our heads with visions of proud glorious soldiers stepping to the music with the old Flag waving above them."

He held back for a while, not liking to present himself, for fear of being rejected on account

of his foot not being just right. But finally on October 15, he presented himself before Dr. Hewitt at Potsdam. He told him he thought he could go. So then he put his name on the roll of Company E, 92nd N.Y.V.S., a soldier for three years, not without a pang at the thought of leaving home and friends, perhaps to never see them again.

He says, "Well do I remember the four months we passed at the barracks in Potsdam (not far from home) drilling, guarding, playing, growling, grumbling, fiddling, and dancing. The drill we thought pretty hard and we did not always see the necessity of standing guard all night, especially when it rained and when the snow was three or four feet deep. Barnum and Priest fed us. Often the food would not be just right, the portions of meat not quite done, the coffee muddy or the butter tainted. Then the curses called down upon the heads of poor Barnum and Priest by 600 men would be heavy to bear. Many were the tricks played to obtain double allowances of butter or bread. At first we had butter every day but soon they got saving of their butter and put it on only two or three times a week; placing a guard at the door to keep us from stealing it and carrying it to our barracks. It would have puzzled some to account for the quantity of butter the men stowed away. Many a boot leg went out of that dining room filled with rolls or butter and many a blue overcoat hid, closely hugged under the arm, 5 to 20 slices of bread. Then at the barracks the stove would be surrounded by men toasting bread. Toasted bread with butter was very good. Those were the happy days of our soldiering but we didn't know it then. We were

soon to taste some of the real hardships of a soldier's life and wish ourselves back again under the care of Barnum and Priest.

"On the 26th of February, 1862, we bade adieu to our friends and took the cars for New York City. Reached there about 3 a.m., March 1st (pretty slow train). On the evening of the 5th, we started for Washington. Took breakfast the next morning at the refreshment rooms in Philadelphia. That evening we were in Baltimore. The next morning in Washington. Took breakfast at the Soldiers' Home, then we had a few hours to look about us and see what we could of the Capitol of our country. Workmen were engaged on the dome of the Capitol. We had no time to go into it. About noon we were called into line and marched out to Kalorama Heights where we camped. In a few days the 98th N.Y., in which was my friend Charley Judson, came and camped near. It was shortly afterwards brigaded with us under General Palmer. I can't tell exactly where our camp was but it was on the top of a high hill which was in the form of a peninsula, having a brook on two sides and a ravine around the other two sides. There was a cemetery on the opposite side of the brook from us. We stayed there about three weeks, perfecting ourselves all the time in military exercises, drilling by regiments and brigades and reviewing. Sometimes when the weather was fair we were quite comfortable and sometimes when the weather was unfair, very uncomfortable.

"We had the 'A' tent and numbers of quilts and blankets and

white linen night shirts that we had brought from home, not thinking or knowing but that we should always keep them with us. My tent mates then were Charley Scott, Billy Bartlett, Phil Bixby and George Barlow; five of us in one tent was pretty thick, but Phil who weighed a little over two hundred would lay across our feet nights so we were very comfortable and snug. I wish that I could remember the names of all then in our company but it is three years and a half since then and many are forgotten. Bice was our captain, Robinson and Saxon Arnold the Lieutenants; Jim O'Neal, 1st sergeant; Rolland Hall, 2nd; Charley Scott, 3rd; Butler, 4th; Northen, 5th."

Then Uncle goes on to name 33 of those in his company but I'll name only a few whose names I have heard long ago - Aaron Blanchard, Morton Bradish, Stephen Bradish, Seymore Piece, Phil Bixby, and Ira Kingsbury.

Then he says, "Oh, how many are lying in soldiers' graves today." I suspect that those whose names I heard years ago were those who came home. He goes on to say, "About the 28th of March we broke camp and just at dusk started for Alexandria. We arrived there about midnight, found a hard cold bed on the brick pavement from then until morning. We found time in the morning to look around a bit but about 9 o'clock we were called into line and marched a mile or so out of town. We camped on a hillside near where the 16th N.Y. was stationed. It soon began to snow and being without tents or shelter we had a pretty rough time. Part of us built brush shanties and part went to the 16th as we were well acquainted with

them, being from the same section. The next day we marched back to town. Just at dusk we embarked on the steamer *Jon Brooks* to go with McClellan. We arrived at Fort Monroe the morning of April 1. We did not apply 'April Fool' to the campaign then. The water off the Fortress was nearly covered with shipping, among which the little *Monitor* lay waiting for the *Merrimac* to appear again.

"We disembarked at sunset and made a weary march nearly to Newport News. It was very dark and muddy and we, being fresh from camp, found our knapsacks were heavy so when we were allowed to halt we drank a cup of coffee made with water from the ditch, gnawed a little 'hard tack,' and quite thankfully curled ourselves up to sleep on the damp swampy ground. In the morning, we marched a little farther along and camped in a peach orchard. We stayed in that vicinity for two weeks drilling and doing picket duty two or three miles out. We had some pleasant times there and occasionally chicken to eat. Once or twice we went out to Newport, which was not much of a place. In the water the wrecked *Congress* and *Cumberland* lay where they had gone down in their struggle with the *Merrimac*.

"About April 15 we marched on up near Marwic Court House. There we camped for about a week and did some hard picket duty. About the 22nd we broke camp and marched to the rebel works defending Yorktown. Here our regiment had its first sight of the enemy, not much of a sight either, for we only saw them on picket. Almost continual cannonading was kept up. Now and then sharp volleys of

musketry and the irregular report of the sharp-shooters' rifles were heard.

"Our camp was among some pine trees at the edge of a large piece of cleared land and within a thousand yards or so of a rebel fort which was built on the opposite side from us on a little stream. They had a dam built across the brook and preparations made to flood the ground in front of them in case they were attacked. They were attacked by a Vermont regiment but the result was ruinous to the Vermont boys. Our guard duty was quite severe. Between the camp guarding and picket guarding, they kept us on about every other day and when on guard they kept us up about all night.

"It was a lonesome job picketing in the dark and maybe rain. Not a twig breaks, not a mouse stirs but we may imagine every rustle of the leaves the footsteps of a spy, every hoot of an owl to be a signal cry.

"The 19th N.Y. was camped but a few rods from us and I passed many a pleasant moment with my friend, Charley Judson, who was 2nd Sergeant in Company A.

"Nearly two weeks we stayed there, sickness and death thinning our ranks every day until nearly one-half of our men were unable to do duty. We left that camp with less than half the men we had when we started from home two months before.

"The 3rd of May I was detailed at Brigade Headquarters and the next morning it was discovered that the rebels had evacuated their works. There was riding to

and fro of staff officers and orderlies for a while, a gathering of men into line. Then the long blue ranks filed off into the woods and the old camp was deserted except by the sick and the few left on guard like myself. I was relieved from guard the next day and upon going to camp found nearly a dozen of the boys of my own company sick and no one to care for them. I stopped with them a couple of days doing what I could for them. Sat up with Morton Bradish one night. He was crazy with the fever. Went off foraging one day with John Vauyea. We had the fortune to find a haversack full of flour which we got a rebel lady living near to make into biscuits for us. They were heavy and hard as could be but we liked them better than 'hard tack.' The sick boys made quite a meal out of them.

"The morning of the 8th I packed my knapsack, shouldered my gun and bidding the sick good-bye set out to overtake my regiment. I found it just at sunset camped on the battlefield at Williamsburg. They had had a rough time. Marched all day and nearly all day before the battle and held in reserve all through the battle on picket all night near the killed and wounded with the rain pouring down in torrents, expecting at the earliest dawn to commence the battle again. They were spared that for the rebels evacuated during the night. Our troops took possession of the field, of the forts and of the town of Williamsburg.

"When I arrived the boys had much to tell me about what was so new to them, a real battle, and I felt they had got the start on me in military experience. The next

morning after I joined them we broke camp and marched a few miles beyond the town into the vicinity of New Kent, where we camped a few days in a beautiful place near a large farm house. There were a great many chickens and geese there, and the garden was full of flowers and vegetables, and there were cows that we could corner and milk. That was a paradise for soldiers and we enjoyed it all.

"The day before we left there Charley of the 98th was taken sick. I did what I could for him, but the next morning when we went on he was taken back to the hospital, and I saw him no more until I got home.

"We went on until we came to a large level plain near the Chickahominy River. There we camped a day or two. I should have mentioned that we were now in Gen. Casey's Division, Keys Corps, and Colonel Sanford who started from home with us had gone back for some reason or other and we had a new Colonel, William Hunt, whom we liked very well.

"After crossing the river, we were shortly in the neighborhood of Fair Oaks Station. We picketed at the Station a few days, then about May 29th marched about a mile farther to where there was a large open field stretching off on both sides of the Williamsburg Road. There were two large two-story square houses toward the eastern side of the field and a great pile of cord wood. Just east and near these buildings we camped. About 300 of us were detailed to throw up earthworks. We worked very hard all day and got one small fort pretty well started just south of the road. The next day we

were put to work on the breast-work on either side of it. We were called under arms once or twice and formed in line of battle across the field for half a mile in expectation of an attack, but no attack was made and we soon went back to camp. It had rained that day and at night it rained very hard.

"The next day which was May 31st, I was engaged about camp all the morning, cooking and taking care of my tent mates, three of whom were sick. About 10 o'clock we heard the report of a cannon and immediately after the horrid sound, a cannon ball whistled over our heads. In a few minutes another came. I thought it was coming straight at me. I got behind the cloth tent for protection. I suppose every man in camp thought it was coming right at his own individual self for all made a profound bow, but it passed over. At 11 o'clock we were called to arms. Then we began to realize that danger was near. Then the Major ordered us to load. When we had loaded he said a few words to us about acquitting ourselves like men if we had to fight, then commanded us to stack arms and eat our dinner, keeping our accoutrements on in readiness to fall in line at a moment's notice. We had only got fairly to our tents when 'fall in, fall in' rang through the camp with an emphasis that made one's ears tingle.

"In a minute we were again in line with gun in hand and hearts beating, listening for the next order. There was a crash of musketry in the edge of the woods on the other side of the field. Our Colonel rode up, and we saw by his looks that there was work to be done. He spoke, telling us to keep cool. Then rais-

ing his voice he shouted, 'Right face -forward - double quick-march.' In a minute we were ducking our heads and a storm of whistling lead was cutting through our ranks. It was the first time we had met such but I saw no hanging back. Many of the boys met it with a laugh and pressed on. On we went, away out to the right of the field where the battle was raging fiercely, artillery and infantry struggling in vain against overwhelming numbers to keep the field. When we got in position to support the artillery we were ordered to lie down, then the Colonel was wounded and then our captain.

"Soon we were ordered to charge, then there were pale faces, indeed, and my own felt pale for it seemed like going into the very jaws of death, but we jumped up and away we went over the field toward the rebels. Two regiments were ahead of us and when we got about half way across the field and within fifty rods of the enemy they broke, coming back upon us like a flock of sheep, then struck near the center of our regiment nearly stampeding us but we closed up behind them beautifully. Just then Phil Bixby who was standing beside me, was shot in the eye and fell. I saw others lying on the ground all along the line and back over the ground we had come, but it made little impression on men then.

"We were ordered to fire. The first volley rolled out grandly, then each man fired as fast as he could. I happened to be standing by a little cherry tree near a cabin. I rested my gun against the tree to fire. The second time I went to fire I had my eye on a rebel who was standing by a bush. I sighted very closely at

my man. I must have scared him badly for he disappeared immediately. I don't know whether I hit him or not. If I did I don't want to know it. My will was good enough to hit at the time for they were all firing at us. I started to load my gun again when I noticed that the regiment had retreated and was some distance back. I was left and about half a dozen others who were behind the cabin firing away like good fellows. I left my tree and went behind the cabin. We soon began to scatter off one at a time to get across the field to the regiment which had got into the woods out of sight. I got nearly across when I was struck in the hip with a musket ball which came out of the left groin without breaking a bone. I got up almost immediately and hobbled back behind the breastworks where I fell again. There I lay all that afternoon with the rush and roar of battle going on all about me. A perfect rain of shot and shell shrieked through the air.

"Our men were soon forced to give way again, then I was left between the armies. I expected to die then, for I was hit three times while lying there; once in the right side, once across the legs and once in the small of the back with a piece of shell. The rebel infantry charged over me twice but were driven back each time leaving the field dotted with gray as well as blue. How I did wish for night to come, but the moments seemed like weeks, while the bullets were cutting the bushes above me and spattering the mud in my face every minute. The cannons were firing right over me and so close were they that each discharge seemed to raise me from the ground.

"At last night came and the strife ceased, then I tried to crawl back toward the rear after water. A little way I found a rebel wounded in the groin. He seemed very near gone. He asked me if I was hungry. When I told him I was, he handed me a cracker, then wished me to get him some water. I told him I would if I could. I had no canteen but thought my hat might hold a little. I didn't find any for I couldn't get along very well and suddenly a rebel regiment began to fire over the ground where I was, though it was then dark, so I hugged the ground until they finished their amusement. I gave up hunting for water for it was too dark to get back to the rebel, so I lay still watching the torches moving to and fro over the field, borne by the surgeons and assistants trying to bind up the flesh and bones that we soldiers had shattered. The night was very dark and I lay a long time wishing, yet fearing, to have them come to me. At last one came to me but when he saw my blue coat he turned away with a curse.

"After a while I thought I should not be in a very safe place if I stayed there till the fight began in the morning, so I started to crawl to the road where I could get into a ditch. When I got to the road a couple of rebel soldiers came along and carried me to a large pile of wood. They fixed a bed for me to lay on and covered me up well with blankets.

"When the morning came I found I was in a horrible place. There were six dead horses, two dead men and several wounded within a rod or so of me. Everything looked terrible, terrible, terrible.

"The battle began at day-break, but on another portion of the field, so that only a few scattered bullets came where I was and during the day a few shells. I lay there until near night, but some of the time I had company. The rebel soldiers would come and talk with me and argue with me though the arguing was mostly on their side. I said but little. One or two generals came and spoke to me, for that seemed to be a kind of headquarters that day. I noticed they had three stars on their collars. One expressed sorrow that he couldn't take me away but told his orderly to give me what I wanted to eat and drink.

"I lay all day not knowing how the battle was going. Just at sunset I was put into a wagon with four others who were badly wounded, and started for Libby Prison. We had a large cornfield to pass over at first and they drove over it on the run nearly killing all of us. Just as we got over it we met an officer who told the driver to go slow. He drove as well as he could from then on, but the ride was terrible for us to bear.

"We got to Libby about nine o'clock and were carried in and laid upon some straw. Then began my prison life on Belle Island which was ended August 5.

"Libby Prison was a large brick building with rooms in it, three rooms on each of three floors. The three rooms in the east end from the ground were used as hospital rooms for the prisoners. I was placed on a cot on the second floor of the hospital part and a rag was given to me which I could keep wet and keep on my wounds. Every morning the doctor would come

around to see us. One was a tall, thin, pale rebel doctor and the other was one of our own doctors who had been taken prisoner. Then there was a Doctor Clark, a young, pale, boyish fellow who had been taken while committing some depredation up on the Potomac and confined without hope of exchange. We used to talk with him and help him lay plans to escape. He would envy us soldiers and almost cry sometimes thinking that he could not be exchanged with us.

"The nurses would bring around a dish of water every morning for us to wet our cloths with until we were able to hobble about ourselves, then we could go to the hydrant as often as we chose or as often as we thought we could bear the exertion. Our food in the morning was a small piece of fried beef with bread, at noon a small piece of boiled beef and bread, and at night nearly a gill of soup and small piece of bread. Always insufficient to satisfy our hunger. So we tried various ways to obtain an extra slice of bread or meat. Our plan was to get near the head of the room when the man came up with the first basket of bread and while he was gone after another basketful, go back to the other end of the room and wait for him to come around there. We would put out our hand for another slice and if he didn't recognize us, we got another slice. They soon found out that trick and brought up bread enough to go around the first time. Then our only chance was to watch for some of our comrades to get sick so that they could not eat their bread. Often have I hobbled along between the rows of cots anxiously scanning each plate to see if there were any crumbs of bread or meat left, but I seldom got any.

"Our principal amusements were in making bone rings and other jewelry. We succeeded after a while making a hole through the wall which separated our upper room from the upper room of the well prisoners. Then we could talk back and forth which afforded us some gratification. They told us they had only two meals per day but had all they wanted to eat. That made us anxious to get well so we could be put in with them. We besought the surgeon every morning to say we were able and recommend our removal. It was about the 23rd or 24th of June when I was removed. I could walk about some and thought I should be able to sleep on the floor without much trouble but I didn't sleep much for several nights. I had a little more food though and was glad of the change. That comfort was of short duration.

"Well do I remember the cry of 'Listen, listen. Hear the guns!' which greeted our ears almost before daylight on the morning of June 26, 1862. And we did listen. We huddled breathlessly about the windows, turned our ears to the north and listened, our hearts swelling with hope to the almost continuous roar of the cannon and deep swelling undertone of the musketry, both softened by distance which told us that our comrades were fighting for us at Mechanicsville, four miles away. Oh, how we hoped and believed they would win. Tears of joy filled our eyes for we thought our deliverers were near and would soon come. Alas! They came, many of them, but how differently from what we expected. Instead of deliverers, they came to share our hunger and want and heart sickness. The next day when the long line of wagons came in bearing the rebel

wounded and our own, too, then we knew our enemies had held the field when the battle was done.

“What a long, long week it was and how filled with ghastly sights of pale and wounded and dead as they streamed by our windows, day after day, in hundreds of wagons. We were warmed by hope and filled with despair until nearly crazy, but the fighting ended with Malvern Hill and left us looking down the river for the first sight of the monitors and gunboats which we believed McClellan’s strategy would soon send to take Richmond, but they did not come. The 4th of July came and there in the dirty, loathsome prison worn weak and hungry, when I thought of the enjoyment I had always had upon that day, of the green fields around my father’s house that I would so dearly love to walk through, and of the dear ones at home who I doubted not were mourning for me as dead, the tears streamed down my cheeks and I cried like a child realizing in its keenest sense that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Still at this time hunger was our greatest trouble, for sometimes we were thirty hours without receiving a morsel of food. The room we were confined in was about 30 feet wide and perhaps 60 feet long. There were three small square windows in each end with wood slats nailed across. All the air and light we got was from those windows and that was scant enough for 250 men, considering that we were right up under a metal roof with the July sun warming us up. The privy was in the same room and not partitioned off at all. The floor was covered with filth and every crevice swarming with vermin.

“We had communication with the room west of us which was in the end of the building and had five or six windows on the west side which were quite comfortable in the morning but not so in the afternoon. From those windows we could look up towards the State House where Jeff Davis lived and watched the three bridges across the James River where the cars were running nearly all the time. It was a great relief to us to see something going on in the streets, to see a regiment passing once in a while and to watch the guard mounting, and also to have our spunk (what little we had left) stirred up every morning by the little brute who came around to call the roll. He would kick us about, call us d——d Yanks and threaten to buck and gag us or make us ‘mark time’ half a day down below if we said a word (just one word). A few reckless fellows got punished but the most of us kept quiet.

“About the 9th of July, 200 of us were taken out and sent down to Savage Station on the cars to help take care of about 2,000 wounded and sick that McClellan had left there on his retreat. Many of us were hardly able to do anything or even to walk about but it was such a relief to get out of the hated Libby that we were glad to go. We found the wounded in a poor condition for want of food and medicine and doctors. Enough food and medicine had been left for them, we understood, but the rebels had taken it away. Myself and a young man by the name of Howard who had also been wounded and who belonged to Company A or my own regiment, were placed in charge of two tents which contained about sixteen men mostly sick. Those

who were not sick soon got sick for we had nothing to give them to eat except a little flour and very fat bacon. We would take the flour down to the spring and stir in water until it made dough, then baked enough pancakes for each of them, one and two apiece for ourselves with the plea that we did the work and ought to have more than they. We did this twice a day but did not satisfy our patients nor ourselves, for none of us could eat the bacon so we were hungry most of the time.

“We had two patients, both young men, almost boys, who lay under a peach tree with a piece of tent over them which would not keep off the rain. (We had thunder showers every day or two.) They had been there sometime unable to help themselves at all with no one to help them. They were the most horrible sight I every saw. Even now, looking back four years and seeing them again in imagination as I saw them then, brings a mist to my eyes and a thrill or horror through my frame. One had a sore in his head and maggots crawling all over, in his ears, nose and mouth, and the vermin could be scraped from his body with a stick. The other was not much better. The second day we tried to wash them. We got a large tub but it was so far to water and we were not strong so we could not succeed very well. The next day one of them died. We tried to find out his name but could not. I took his testament which was all he had.

“I was taken sick myself the next day and in the evening was carried back to Richmond. The next day several hundred of us were marched across the river, through Manchester to Belle Island, where there had been a

camp established for prisoners by fencing off four or five acres and placing a guard around the outside. Many were there before us and many came afterwards so there were several thousand there altogether. We suffered a great deal from lack of food and shelter and from sickness. Here we found it necessary to make the acquaintance of all the sick so to get the food they could not eat. Poor fellows. I have seen some lay and die apparently from lack of proper nourishment. We used to gather about the boat landing (or as near as we could get to it for they landed just outside the fence) where they brought over the bread and meat from the city and beg the boatman to throw us a piece of bread. Sometimes when the guards were not watching they could throw a piece of crust. A hundred hands were stretched for it and scarcely over a crumb ever fell to the ground. I never got but one handful. I closed my fingers on one load but I got only what my fingers closed around. There were five or six other hands got hold of it as soon as mine. I was quartered in a small tent with six others. Some from Pennsylvania and some from Michigan. They could play cards but I could not so I would sit for hours watching them or listening to story telling.

“There was a sturdy Pennsylvanian who used to swear every day that he would starve before he would let a rebel have a stitch of his clothing or bread. I got acquainted with Michigan men with whom I could talk for hours about fishing and hunting in northern Michigan. Every deer or coon that any of us had seen or killed was talked about with all the enthusiasm of regular hunters and we all resolved to go

hunting in Michigan when we were paroled. We were excited more or less every day by camp stories about being paroled or exchanged within a few days but the days came and went until the 4th of August before we knew that our time had come to be released. Then we knew that on the morrow we would certainly leave our prison pen and go to meet the Flag of Truce Boats down the river. There were many smiles on faces where no smile had been for many a day. We rolled up our blankets and stood around all day, pressing up to the front where the rebel officers were taking our names and counting us off, pressing right upon the bayonets of the guard stationed to keep us within bounds, so anxious was each one to get his name down before they should get the full number they wanted. We were up nearly all night. On the morning of the 5th of August we were counted off into regular ranks, given a small piece of boiled fresh beef and small piece of bread, went through the rolling mills across the bridge to the mainland. About 9 o'clock we were on our way.

“We marched through Manchester and Richmond, then set off on the road that led to the boats about ten miles below. It was a weary walk. The day was very hot and our living for two months had not fitted us for fatigue but we pressed on as well as we could, leaving many by the roadside struck down by the great heat. The guards urged us along, sometimes hitting us with their bayonets as long as we could move. When we could move no longer we would lie down under a tree to rest in spite of the guard. We had to lie down about every half mile. When we got about

half way we began to meet the returning rebel prisoners that had been brought to exchange for us. They seemed in better condition than we were. I am indebted to four or five of them for protecting me from our guard when I had laid down near them to rest almost completely worn out. The guard came along and was going to compel me by force to go on. But they took my part and compelled the guard to move on calling him names that would not do to write.

“They told me to lie there as long as I wished, which I did. It was then nearly sundown. I accomplished the ten miles about midnight that night. Nearly all were through when I got through. I unrolled my blankets upon some straw and never in my life did I so gladly lie down to sleep.

“When I awoke in the morning, it was a long time before I could rise to my feet. I was so sore and weak that I could hardly stand, but I got on board the boat. The steward gave me a bed on the upper deck and brought me a glass of brandy. In an hour or so the coffee and bread were brought around. That made us shout for joy. Then came raw onions and tomatoes. I thought they were splendid, although I have never liked tomatoes before and never have since.

“That night we arrived at Harrison's landing and those of us who were able to walk were placed on the *State of Maine* where we remained a day. We were then taken ashore and put in the hospital.

“I immediately wrote a few lines home telling them of my safety and to Lieutenant Arnold of my company asking him to

come and see me, for I had heard that they were only one mile away. After I had been one week in the hospital and had gotten able to walk a little, I made up my mind to go to my regiment to see my old comrades, for I had heard nothing from my letter. So on Sunday morning about daylight I started without asking leave. It was a hard walk, but I got to them about 7 o'clock. They overwhelmed me so with their demonstrations of joy that I could only find vent for my feelings in glad tears. I passed a happy day with them, telling them my experiences and they telling me theirs, since I had left them. They told how they had looked for me after the battle and how the Major had found me, as he thought, dead. But they had not been quite sure, so I had been reported wounded and missing. Some of them had seen me fall and knew that I had been hit. They were all very kind to me. I was provided with a new suit of clothes. Charley Scott went with me down to the river to help me wash, and they brought cookies and fruit for me. They all helped to feed me well. At night Jim O'Neal, the orderly, gave me his bed and I slept with Charley Scott, an old schoolmate and playmate of mine at home. In the night they received orders to prepare for a march. I bade them good-bye in the morning and went back to the hospital, Charley accompanying me part of the way.

"Many of those boys I have never seen since, and many of them I shall never see for they lie on the Black Water at Kingston, at Goldsborough, at Newbern, at Cold Harbor and at Petersburg. They fell one after another until there was less than one-tenth of the original com-

pany to go home together when our three years were done.

"I love to think of them; they were endeared to me so by mutual suffering and association in times of danger.

"When I went back to the hospital I found that all the patients had been removed in my absence and taken north, so I had to report myself to the surgeon as a runaway. Got a good scolding and ordered to go to a tent and lie down. For a few hours I was the only patient but soon others came until the tents were nearly full again. In a few days we were all put on a steamboat and started for Newark, N.J., but when we reached the Delaware breakwater the weather was so rough that we went up to Philadelphia and were taken to the West Philadelphia, U.S. General Hospital.

"While riding through the streets we were loaded with cakes, peaches, apples, melons and everything that we could eat. Ladies, children and men were all flocking about us and urging us to help ourselves from their baskets which we did at the risk of killing ourselves. At the hospital I was placed in Tent 71. The buildings were more than full, so about 80 tents had been put up in the yard. Each tent could hold 12 men. I was placed in bed 10, from which a dead man had been carried away a day or two before. The boys looked at me as though they thought I would soon follow him. (They told me afterward that they did think so.) But I had no intentions of dying just then. I wrote a few lines home to let them know where I was so they could write to me.

"In a week or so I got a good long letter from my sister,

Rizpah, which made me cry again and again while reading it. I learned from that how two of my brothers, Amos and Edwin, had started to come home from California in July on the *Golden Gate*, then they heard of the burning of the boat and the names of those who were saved, but my brothers' names were not among them. So for three weeks they had been thought dead as well as myself. Both mother and sister would not believe us dead and their faith was rewarded when a telegram from San Francisco announced that Amos and Ed were safe and soon after that they received my first letter from Harrison's Landing telling them I was alive. Then they could laugh again. I remained in the hospital from the 19th of August until the 11th day of December when I received my discharge. The next day I went down to the city and got my back pay which amounted to about \$70.00. I bought me a suit of clothes, visited the City Library, Independence Hall, the Academy of National Sciences, and then returned to the Hospital to remain over night. That night, what money I had left was stolen except \$5.00, which was not half enough to pay my fare home, but I had some friends; Bishop Vader let me have \$5.00 and with the \$10.00 I started homeward.

"When I got to New York I found I lacked about \$1.50 of having enough to buy my ticket home, so I sold my overcoat for enough to get my ticket. In the evening I took the cars up the Hudson, arrived at Rome about 3 o'clock in the morning. There the trains failed to connect so I had to lay over twelve hours. Having no money to pay for lodging, I wrapped my blanket around me and curled up on a

porch to avoid the rain as much as possible until morning. When morning came I had only to walk the streets until 3 p.m. Waiting for the train I was to go on, I got quite hungry, not having anything to eat since leaving Philadelphia, but I consoled myself with the thought that I should soon be at home. At 3 o'clock we started. We got to Potsdam Junction about 1 o'clock in the morning. It was seven miles from there home. I started out immediately to walk home. The weather was very cold and ground muddy. The mud had frozen a little but not enough to hold my weight. Before I got the seven miles I was reeling like a drunken man for I was tired, weak and hungry. I got home about 4 o'clock in the morning. All were in bed but there was soon a wide awake household there. I felt as though I was at rest then and after I had eaten I felt glad of what I had gone through and of what I could tell them about a battle, about prisons and about Richmond. I got little rest that day for the neighbors were coming in continually to talk with me. My two brothers had gotten home from California but had lost everything but life. We were all together once more, poor but very happy.

"We were all three drafted the next July but Amos and I were exempted. Ed went and was with Grant from the Wilderness to the taking of Richmond. He was wounded at Five Forks, through the ankle but not seriously. He is now at home and married to a soldier's widow.

"Thus ends my experiences of army life. It is not such an interesting experience as many of our brave soldiers have had."

His manuscript from which I have copied his war experiences was written very beautifully. These awful experiences affected his health so that all his life he often had spells of dysentery such as he suffered at Libby Prison.

Soon after he came home he went out to Nashoe, Nevada, and lived with Aunt Helen who had married William Winham. Uncle Henry worked in their drug store as bookkeeper a while, then went back to Raymondville and was married to Maggie Scott, a sister of his friend in the Army. The Scotts were farmers somewhere near Raymondville but Maggie was raised by Mrs. Able Hall who lived on a large farm north of Raymondville. Mrs. Hall was a refined woman so Aunt Maggie was well raised.

After Uncle was married, he lived on a farm for a few years, then went back to California. Their son, Frank, was born in Raymondville, June 18, 1873.

Well I remember of their visiting us before they left. Uncle gave Arthur and me a lot of candy. Frank was only four months old when they left for California, so it must have been in October that they left. They lived two years in Monterey and he was bookkeeper for David Jacks who owned all that land. Uncle was there when Pacific Grove was laid out. Frank was in the first group of babies to be baptized right out-doors there.

Then Uncle moved to Salinas and lived there the rest of his days. He worked as bookkeeper for Uncle William Winham, finally had a real estate office of his own. Their daughter, Lottie,

was born there December 25, 1876.

Aunt Maggie died in Salinas sometime in the early 1900s and Uncle Henry married again in a few years. I don't know her name. She was a widow about his age. He called her Aunt Altina. Uncle died in 1919 and was buried in his lot in Salinas. Aunt Altina lived several years after that. She was past 80 years old.

Uncle Henry's son, Frank, went into a bank when he was just through high school and worked up to cashier. Then he started an abstract business. He made a lot of money at that and began to study law and was finally admitted to the bar. Then he sold his other business, and was an office lawyer more than anything else and did very well in that business.

Frank died September, 1936. Frank's wife was Leona Lang. They had three children, two girls and one boy. The boy was the youngest, a little red headed boy when I saw him. He graduated from Leland Stanford University and the last I heard of him, he and his family were moved from San Francisco to New York City to do research work for NBC in television with three other young men. That was when we first began to hear that there was such a thing.

It seems they made a success of it for we hear of its being used; but is a very expensive thing as yet but probably will be in general use in a few years.

Uncle Henry's daughter, Lottie, married a man by the name of Edwin Armstrong. He

lived only five years. They had twin girls, Ruth and Lois.

The Armstrong family was in the stock raising business of beef cattle for years. Before that they had a ranch and a large dairy business. The family was all in the business together, incorporated. There is a brother, John, and a sister. John has three sons and they all still carry on the business in Salinas. So Lottie has had her share of the income right along ever since her husband died.

Lottie's daughters also have an income from their grandfather Armstrong.

Lottie says they have all been very nice to her. One of Lottie's twin girls, Ruth, lives at home and teaches school. Lois married a man by the name of Johnson. They live on a cattle ranch not far away, about a five-hour auto ride northeast of Glendale. Lottie lived in Salinas all her life until the twins were ready to go to college so she moved to Glendale, California.

Lois has two boys, one must be about three or four and the other about one.

Moses Alonzo Clark was the eighth of ten children Grandfather and Grandmother Clark had. He was born March 1, 1842, and died in Raymondville, March 8, 1849, and was buried in the cemetery there. I never knew what was the reason he died. Being only seven years old he was the only one who didn't live to manhood. I wish I knew more about the little fellow.

Silas Wright Clark was the ninth child. He was born in Raymondville, Nov. 17, 1845,

died there. He wasn't old enough to go to the war but later on he married Jeannette Scott, a sister of Aunt Maggie; she was raised at home and wasn't as refined as Maggie was. They went to California, I don't know when, but lived later in Arizona where the Indians came around once in a while. One day two big Indians came into their yard and sharpened their knives on the grindstone. Aunt Jeannette said she was so frightened that she felt sure they were getting ready to scalp her and her little son, Harry.

Uncle Amos was getting to be too old to run his farm in Raymondville so since his son, George, had gone to live on his Uncle Derb's farm and Fred was gone, he wrote to his brother, Silas, to come and run his farm. So they came to Raymondville and lived on the house on the hill. And Uncle Amos and Aunt Clara moved into a small house farther up the road. Silas was to furnish Uncle Amos and Aunt Clara with provisions off the farm and pay them some money, but Silas wasn't much of a fellow and no manager so Amos didn't get much, although they managed to live. George Clark's daughter, Kate, came to keep house for them for they were getting quite old. Kate married while she was living there and her husband came there to live. Uncle died November 22, 1906, but Aunt Clara lived quite a while longer. But when Aunt died George gave Kate a farm in exchange for that house. When Kate came there to live the agreement was that the house would be hers when Uncle and Aunt were gone, but George Clark, her father, gave her the farm next to his in exchange for this house up there on the Clark road.

Uncle Silas and Aunt Jeannette's son, Harry, grew to manhood there on that farm and became an electrical engineer. He married Nellie of Cape Vincent, N.Y. They became acquainted while at Potsdam Normal School.

I think Harry worked for a while at Massena Aluminum Works and then was offered a job in a paper mill at Camas, Washington, so they moved there. Before they went west they lived several years at Uncle Silas'. They had one girl born there. She was the only child,

Uncle Charley Clark was the youngest of the Clark family. He was born June 28, 1848, was 23 years younger than Amos, the eldest. Charley was the one I knew the best. He used to come to our house often when I was just a little girl and he would cut my hair every little while which would make Grandma Woodard scold for it was making my hair so thick and so hard to come, she said.

He married Josephine Stearns, an older sister of George Clark's wife, Carrie Stearns.

Uncle built a butter factory in Raymondville and ran it there for quite a few years. After a while it didn't seem to pay so he sold out to Simon Babcock, a man who had a store in Raymondville, who just bought the milk and shipped it to New York City. I guess he did that until the floods wrecked all business below the bridge, which I have previously written about. They had four children while there, Joseph Stearns Clark, Rizpah Clark, Charlotte Ann Clark and Charles Abner Clark.

Through some of the commission merchants of Boston who bought butter of Uncle, he got a job as butter maker at Ravenna, Nebraska, so they all came west. After a year or two Uncle became manager of that creamery and made it pay and finally bought out all of the stockholders.

Later on he bought two or three other creameries and ran them all. Joe was a young man when they came to Ravenna so he worked in the Ravenna Creamery. Rizpah and Charley both went to Nebraska University. Charley graduated. When Charles came home from graduation he threw his diploma at his father and said, "Here is your receipt for the \$4,000 you spent on me."

Uncle wanted him to work in the creamery but he didn't want to. However, he did work there for a while, then he tried several other things and moved to Lincoln, Neb. Then he was hired by a combination of creameries and lived in Omaha. I never understood what that work was but now he is working for the Beatrice Creamery Company which has 55 creameries scattered throughout the United States. He is to inspect each one, once per year, inspect their books, etc. Since doing that work his family lives at Wilmette, 845 Sheridan Road. It's in the northern part of Chicago on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Charles married Edith Herrick of Ravenna. They have four sons, John called Jack; Charles, Jr.; Robert Joseph, called "Bobby Joe;" and Ralph.

While they lived in Omaha, Jack took his lady and drove off

somewhere and were married but came back each to their own home, and told no one for quite a while. When Charley got his job with Beatrice Creamery he took Jack and his wife with him to Chicago. The rest of the family waited until the end of the school year before they went. None of the other boys are married yet. Our Rizpah and I visited them in 1937 on our way home from New York City. Ralph was just beginning his summer vacation from school. I guess he was about 14 or 15.

Jack and his wife and baby had been living there but had rented an apartment. I don't know what Jack was doing. Edith had a colored maid. Her mother was there, a cripple from a fall. She was in a wheel chair.

Rizpah married Courtland Conn, a young man living in Ravenna. Everybody called him just Conn. He was a fine fellow. They had just one child, a girl, whom they called Josephine. They had quite a time keeping that baby alive for nothing seemed to agree with her stomach. After trying many things they finally found something to agree with her. She is married now and lived in Oakland, California, the last I knew. Conns adopted a baby girl when Josephine was a few years old. They called her Betty. She was learning nursing a few years ago. I haven't heard from them lately.

Lottie Clark married Roy Miner of Grand Island. He was a bookkeeper. He seemed to be in Ravenna part of the time. I don't know how they got acquainted but after they were married Uncle hired him as bookkeeper in the creamery. They had two boys, Clark and Dale.

Joe Stearns Clark was the eldest of Uncle Charley's family. He married Gene McLennon. She came to Ravenna to teach school. They had three children, Jeanette, Helen, and Joe, Jr.

Uncle Charley died very suddenly, July 5, 1916. He had been storing butter tubs which were being unloaded and came home very tired that evening. He was in bed and asleep when Aunt went to bed, but he awoke and gasped and was gone that quickly. Aunt Josephine grieved herself to death so she lived only about two years after Uncle was gone, April 12, 1918. They both were buried in Ravenna cemetery.

Joe ran the creamery but (had problems that) disgusted his sister, Rizpah, so she sold her share of the property to Roy Miner and she and Conn moved to Dayton, Oregon, where they bought a prune and cherry ranch. Conn didn't live long. Rizpah still owns the ranch and lived on it until Betty was through school and wanted to take nursing, so she moved to Seattle to be near her sister, Lottie. After a few years the creamery was sold and eventually the Franklin Creamery Company bought it. Then Roy and Lottie and their sons moved to Seattle, Washington. Clark Miner has since married there, and later Dale was married.

After Aunt died the large home became Joe's and his wife's. His wife left him and went to San Francisco to live with her mother and now is clerking in a store there. Joe sold the big house and is living in an apartment. I don't know what he is doing but we hear that he is much liked in Ravenna and

apartment. I don't know what he is doing but we hear that he is much liked in Ravenna and people there feel sorry for him because his wife left him. They are not divorced and it seems that they correspond some for he gave our Rizpah Gene's address when he thought she and I might go to San Francisco. But we haven't gone yet.

Rizpah Conn is now living in Oakland, California, and her daughter, Josephine, is there, married to Russel Smith who is a bank cashier. They have no children. Betty, the girl Conns adopted, is also married there.

I forgot to mention sooner that I remember hearing that Uncle Henry Clark and my mother, Rizpah Clark, went to school at Potsdam Academy. I don't know how long, neither do I know if any of the others of the Clark family went there but it is quite probable that they did.

The Academy is not there now but the next generation went to Potsdam Normal School.

Civil War Weekend

Robert Moses State Park, Massena NY

August 3 & 4, 2002

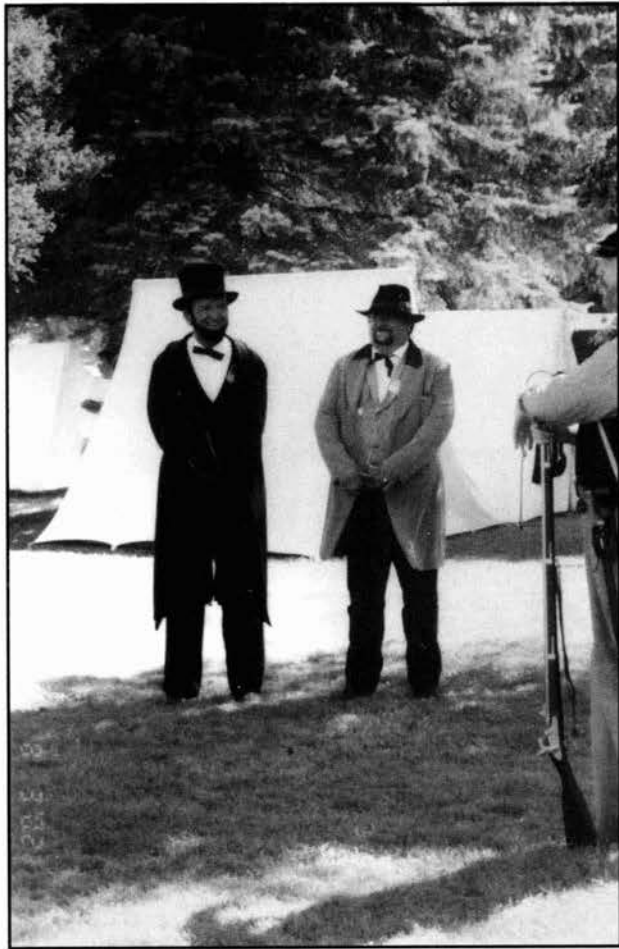
History recently came back to life as approximately 140 re-enactors from six states and two provinces took part in the Civil War Weekend held at the Hawkins Point Overlook at Robert Moses State Park in Massena. These re-enactors came from Florida, North Carolina, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Ontario and Quebec.

Included in the events were four sutlers, two pieces of artillery, eleven Union units, eight Confederate units, numerous civilians and President Abraham Lincoln.

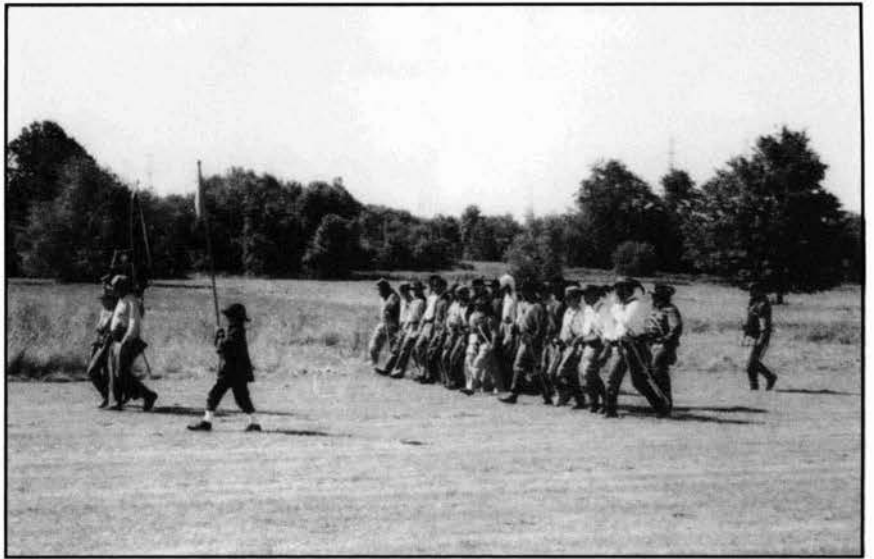
A total of 624 tickets were sold for the event. The Marine Corps League provided food for sale, and also had a chicken dinner one evening for the re-enactors. NYS Parks also sold ice cream novelties from a cart over the weekend.

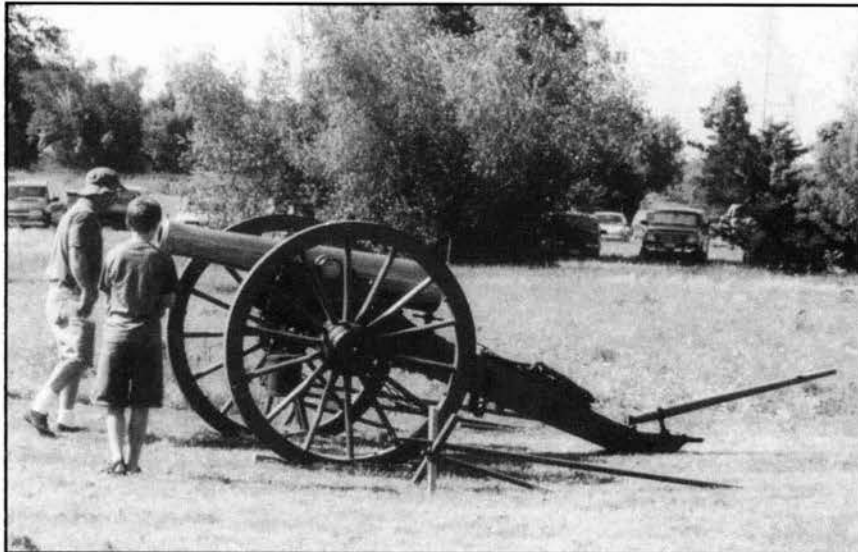
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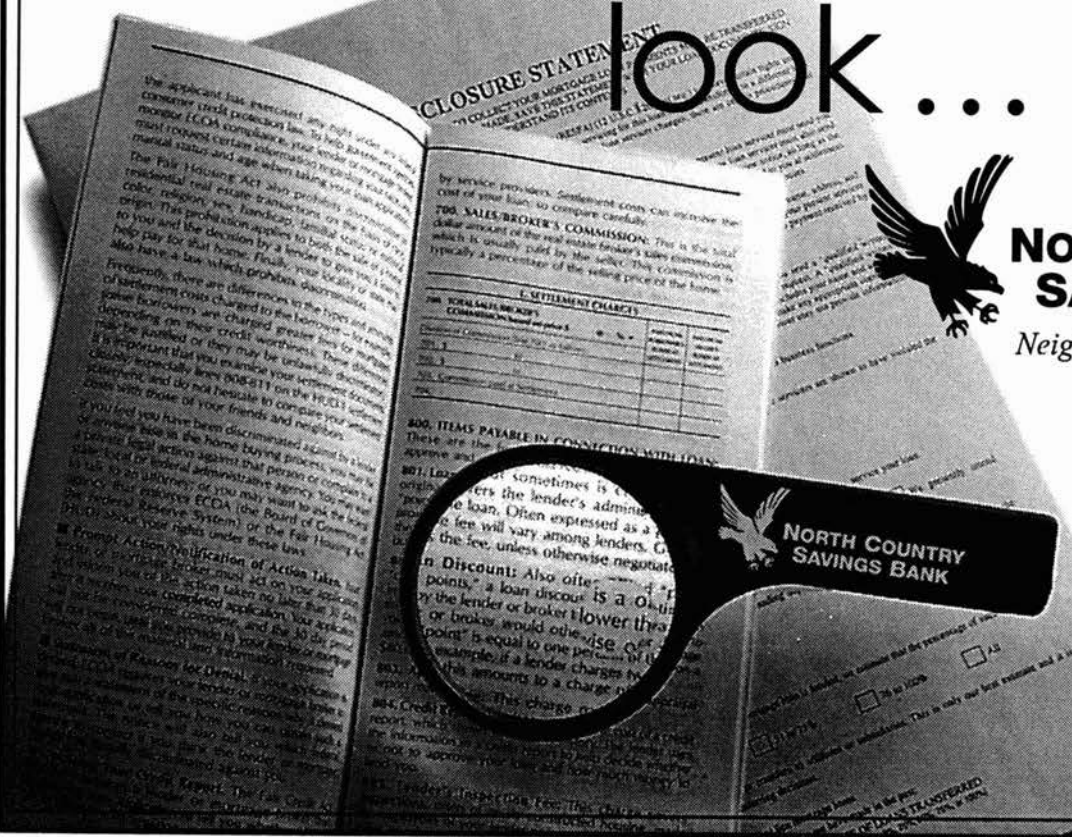
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