

*Abvord White Clements*

“A Civil War Memoir,”  
an introductory note

When I was four years old I was with my maternal grandparents visiting my great-uncle, Thomas Sherman, in Gorham, Maine. He was a telegrapher in Washington during the Civil War. He was in his 90s at the time I sat on his knee, and he related his being in Ford Theater and witnessing the assassination of President Lincoln. At age four, this account meant little or nothing to me. Now, as I near 80, I think back on those events and consider my paternal grandfather Isaac N. Clements, who was wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness then taken prisoner by the Confederates. As a consequence of his wound, my grandfather's leg was amputated in prison camp. Despite this loss of a limb and strenuous months as a prisoner of war, Isaac Clements went on to graduate from Wesleyan College, Phi Beta Kappa, and to serve for many years in higher education and administration.

Isaac N. Clements died before I was born. It is through my father Theron Clements and through my grandfather's memoir that I have come to know my proud heritage. My grandfather's decision to enter the Conflict between the States rather than enter college is evidence of his devotion to the Union cause. However, it is clear throughout his account that he felt empathy for the Confederate soldier. That he survived his wound and amputation is remarkable considering the mortality rate for wounded soldiers and the medical care available. So many in my grandfather's circumstances perished. Without question Isaac Clements' spiritual as well

as physical strength played a role in his survival. His courage and perseverance have been an inspiration to me.

**Alvord White Clements** served in his own war—World War II—with the 503rd Parachute Infantry Regimental Combat Team. He served later during the Occupation of Japan with the 11th Airborne Division. Following the war, he attended the University of Maine, graduating with a degree in Forestry in 1947. He has been married for 54 years to Pauline S. Clements. Until his retirement in 1979, Mr. Clements worked for the National Foundation March of Dimes.



**Isaac Newton Clements in  
his later years at  
Cazenovia Seminary**

*Isaac N. Clements*

## A Civil War Memoir

**Editor's Note:** Spelling, capitalization, and punctuation are rendered as they appear in the original document.

### PRELIMINARY

I was born in Draycutt, a little village near Wells, England, January 2, 1841, of George Clements and Harriet Richards Clements, his wife.

In the spring of 1842, when I was one year old, my parents came to the United States and settled in Sennett, a little hamlet near Auburn, New York.

When I was four years of age they removed to Skaneateles, at which village they remained until I was nine years old.

My first school days were spent in the Primary Department of the old academy building, which stood on the site of the present academy.

In the spring of 1850 my parents moved to a farm which my father had purchased in Tyler Hollow, a settlement in the town of Marcellus, about four miles south of the village of the same name. It was here that I passed my boyhood days—working on the farm in the summer and attending the District school about four months each winter. When I reached the age of seventeen I became desirous of securing a better education than the small District School afforded, and I made an arrangement with my father by which I was to allow him a certain amount each year for my time until I should become twenty-one years old. My father had planned to give each of his sons (of whom he had four) the sum of Nine hundred (900) Dollars when he reached the age of twenty-one years, and thus become by law the master of his own time.

By this agreement between my father and myself, I was to be allowed Four hundred (400) Dollars at the age of seventeen in place of Nine hundred (900) Dollars at the age of twenty-one, thereby allowing One hundred and twenty-five (125) Dollars per year for the four years involved.

I at once entered the Union School in Marcellus Village, walking the four miles morning and evening from my farm house. This I did for two years, scarcely missing a day. In the fall of 1859 I passed an examination for a license to teach school in which I was successful and engaged to teach a Normal district school in the town of Otisco, some four or five miles from my house. This maiden effort of mine in teaching was not a very great success but it gave me some valuable experience.

In the spring of 1860 I entered Cazenovia Seminary as a student. My father carried me with the few possessions that I had to Syracuse, at which place I took the stage for Cazenovia, a distance of nearly twenty miles. I secured a room in the dwelling on the corner of this Village Greene and Nickerson Street, now owned and occupied by Patrick Heffernan. I had as a roommate Edward S. Bowdish, brother of Dr. W.W. Bowdish, now of the New York East Conference. There were five of the Bowdish brothers and they all became Methodist Clergymen. We boarded ourselves for the sake of economy, but it did not prove to be very satisfactory and I soon joined a selfboarding club. The term did not prove as profitable as I had anticipated, for after a few weeks I was taken sick with a slow fever from which it took me some time to rally. During this illness my mother came to see me and cared for me a few days. I remained in school, however, until the end of the term but my progress in studies was not much because of my enfeebled condition.

My stay upon the farm during the summer vacation restored me to my accustomed health and vigor, and in the fall I returned to the Seminary ready for hard work. I began to prepare for a college course which I had determined to take, and in two years I was ready for entrance to almost any college.

I thoroughly enjoyed my Seminary life. I formed some precious friendships that have lasted through all these years. I took a positive stand for the Christian life—a step for which I have never ceased to be grateful, for the peace and strength and optimism that this life has given me under burdensome circumstances has saved me from the fate that overtook many I knew.

I graduated in the College Preparatory course in June, 1862, with the full intention of entering college in the fall. During this summer vacation President Lincoln

called for 300,000 volunteers to go to the front and shortly this call was followed by another for an additional 300,000. It was supposed, and with good reason, that so many thousands of new men thrown into the field would close the war within a few months. I determined to hold in abeyance my college course, and so offered myself as a volunteer to assist in restoring peace to the struggling nation, after which I should complete my college course as a preparation for life work in whatever line Providence should call me.

This sketch is preliminary to my experience as a soldier.

**I.N.C.**

**EPITOME OF THE ARMY LIFE OF I.N. CLEMENTS,  
JOTTED DOWN BY HIMSELF**

Enlisted in the town of Marcellus, Onondaga Co., N.Y., July 29, 1862, in Co. F, 122nd N.Y. Volunteers. I was mustered into the United States Service August 28, 1862 at Syracuse, N.Y. after having been in camp two or three weeks in the southern suburbs of the City.

On the following Sabbath we broke camp, boarded the central cars and started for Washington via New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. I can't say that I had thus far enjoyed the life of a soldier. It was a new experience to me to have no will of my own, but I thought of the cause that required it and remembered that sacrifice had always been necessary to accomplish good, and thus came to make the best of it.

On the way we had no opportunity to see New York; took a short stroll in Philadelphia, but did not care to stray far from the regiments; in Baltimore, as we recalled the reception that one of the early Massachusetts regiments had met in this city, we had previously been ordered to load our rifles in readiness for any emergency.

In about three days we arrived in Washington and for the first time began to realize the effects of war in the appearance of the men who were just coming from the field of the second battle of Bull Run. While we were well dressed and tidy, having just come from home, they were worn, browned and soiled with campaign and battle life.

We spend a night and a day in Washington waiting for orders and then started for Chain Bridge a few miles above Georgetown, at which place we pitched our camp. Here began our field and camp life in earnest which did not cease until the regiment was mustered out of service in

June 1865. All day the boys were busy selecting positions for tents, laying out the ground, choosing tenting companions, drawing rations, organizing the cooking department, scouting around the vicinity discussing the prospects of the war—in their eagerness to perform some exploit, hoping that peace might not come until they had seen at least one battle, writing letters home full of hope and enthusiasm, and in all things readily adapting themselves to their new mode of life ; however, underneath this outward show of activity and cheer there was a feeling of seriousness and foreboding. The change was so great. Some had come from school, some from stores, some from the pursuit of professions, some from trades and the farm. Nearly all had left comfortable homes, and while they looked forward with courageous hearts, they looked backward with yearning thoughts.

That was the first night that we slept on the ground and for months afterward most of us did not pass a night in a house; no matter what the weather was we laid down where we were and slept as soundly as we would have done in a warm comfortable bed. The Ancients said “Hunger makes the best sauce” so fatigue causes the sweetest and soundest slumber.

We were not allowed to remain and enjoy our quarters, for on the following day we received what were called “light marching orders” i.e., to march with no baggage so as to move quickly, a detail to guard the camp and baggage. We marched with nothing but our arms, ammunition and haversacks, expecting to return the same day or the next. We never came back to that camp and did not see anything for our clothing and such other things as we had brought from home for upwards of a month. We left behind us even our dress coats. I am inclined to think that the order was misunderstood, for after we had marched several miles a detail of men were sent back to bring our blankets to us. While in the darkness of the night we were marching under enforced silence through a piece of wood, a command was passed along in a whisper for us to load our muskets, which caused some to tremble; but a severer shock came to our nerves, when a few moments later as we were marching without a sound except the steady tramp of our feet, the colonel shouted, “Left face! Charge Bayonet.” We almost stopped breathing so scared were we with the thought that the enemy was so near us, but it proved to be only a ruse to test us, and we were soon quietly moving on again. Wearied with our march late at night, we laid down beside the road for a few hours rest with not so much as a blanket over us. Being thinly clad and the dew heavy, we were obligated to rise and sit by a small fire that some one had kindled, or walk to and fro so as to keep ourselves comfortably warm. The next day our blankets were brought to us.

Thus we continued for three or four weeks to march in various directions, early and late, in sunshine and rain, through Maryland so as to prevent Lee and his army from passing into the northern states. In about two weeks we touched the Potomac

River, opposite Bulls Bluff, where General Baker of California was killed. We encamped late at night, lying in the field pretty much as chance placed us, drenched by a rain that continued all night. Early in the morning, several of us went to a small creek which emptied into the Potomac, undressed, waded into the stream, washed our underclothing and put them on without drying as we expected to march every moment, as it will be remembered that we had no change of clothing with us, all having been left in camp at Chain Bridge. This was simply one of the inconveniences that soldier boys were obligated to undergo. We are getting used to hardship now so that we met almost anything with stoicism.

Our first view of a battle field was at South Mountain about the middle of September. We passed up the mountain side that day after the battle while the dead were still unburied. To us who had recently come from home the sight was sad indeed, and we marched by with averted faces. We afterwards became so familiar with such scenes that we could look on the dead with scarcely an emotion. We continued over into the valley beyond where we remained in line awaiting orders all day and night, and on the following morning we hastened towards Harpers Ferry to reinforce Colonel Miles, but he had surrendered before we arrived. We turned about at once and proceeded to Antietam where a heavy battle between the armies of McClellan and Lee was in progress. We reached the vicinity of the conflict after dark, and rested for the night with no opportunity to cook our supper. We ate a hard cracker and went to sleep not knowing what would occur on the morrow. In the morning we were ordered to take a position in line of battle but we suffered no loss as the Lee's forces were re-crossing the river, protected by a flag of truce agreed upon for the purpose of burying the dead and no general assault was made. The next morning we advanced and found that the enemy had abandoned the field, leaving their dead unburied. We passed through Sharpsburg which had been battered by shot and shell, but after pursuing about a mile we turned about and retraced our steps, passed over the portion of the field which had been held by Lee and proceeded toward Williamsport. The field of battle presented a terrible appearance; the trees and fences were riddled with bullets and the dead were scattered over the ground like sheaves in a wheat field and behind the fence by the roadside they lay in rows just as they had fallen from the ranks. They had been lying there two or three days and their blackened appearance was terrible to look upon. We were very glad when we had left the field behind us. We marched to Williamsport, drew up in line of battle in the edge of a wood and for the first time were exposed to the fire of the enemies' guns. A battery was opened upon us unexpectedly and few were wounded by the explosion of shells. After a few minutes we were ordered back out of reach of the guns. The attack was so sudden and so short that the men exhibited considerable terror. We fell back some half a mile

and encamped in a piece of woods where we remained a few days. This little skirmish was our first experience of actual battle and many, very many, longed for the peace and quiet of their homes.

After the battle of Antietam and the escape of Lee across the Potomac, our army went into camp for some four weeks for rest and recuperation. We were encamped in an open field and spent the time drilling as thus far we had had no opportunity to learn even the more ordinary movements of battalion drill. This soon became very tedious to us and we longed to be on the move so as to finish up the war and return home, little dreaming what was before us should we be privileged to greet home and friends again. While here my brother Ephraim, who had been with me up to this time, was taken sick and sent to the hospital camp near Alexandria, Va., at which place my brother John found him, apparently very near death's door, but succeeded in getting a discharge for him and carried him home just in time to save his life.

We soon became somewhat used to cooking our own food as the bill of fare was not very extensive, consisting of hard tack, salt pork and coffee doing our own washing and mending. Somehow everyone looked pretty ragged and dirty. When off duty, the men passed their time sitting in groups, talking of home, criticizing the conduct of war, playing cards, or engaging in other amusements to relieve themselves of the tedium of having nothing to do for so great a part of the time. We spent nearly a month here getting ready to advance into Virginia. During the time southern cavalry passed around us and made a raid into Maryland. Our brigade went up to Potomac to guard one of the forts so as to intercept their return, but nothing came of it and we were soon ordered back to our camp. While here too we had an opportunity to see Abraham Lincoln who came up from Washington to review the army. He appeared about as the pictures represent him.

About a month after the battle of Antietam we were again moving south and crossed the Potomac at Berlin, a few miles southeast of Harper's Ferry. The Southern army fell back as we advanced. Little of importance occurred until we reached the vicinity of Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock. During this march General McClellan was relieved and General Burnside was appointed to succeed him. This did not please the older soldiers who had been with "Little Mac" as they called him, on the peninsula. The exposure, the water or the climate did not agree with me, for I was troubled with diarrhea, that disease so dreaded by and so fatal to soldiers. I drank tea made of cloves, which helped some. During these marches the men were accustomed to stray from the ranks, visit the houses along the way

and procure whatever they could of food to supplement the regular rations of hard tack. Wheat flour, mixed in water and baked in pork grease, we considered a very good substitute for griddle cakes. Occasionally we helped ourselves to sheep, pigs or chickens as we could find them.

One or two such instances will serve as illustrations. One afternoon we encamped in a grove near New Market, Virginia for the night or longer, if necessary. Soon after pitching our shelter huts, word was brought to us that there was a herd of sheep in a field in the rear of the grove. My cousin and I started out to see what we could find. When we reached the open fields we saw a number of soldiers driving the sheep into a corner and we immediately joined them. When the sheep were cornered every man seized one, killed it and proceeded to dress it, but just at this time one of the Aids of the General appeared on the scene and ordered us to desist, leave the sheep and return at once to camp, which most of the men did, but I walked slowly along the fence until the Aid was out of sight, then I returned selected the plumpest sheep I could find and in company with another man dressed—divided it—and I returned to camp with my share. I found that a guard had been placed around the camp whom I eluded—and hid the mutton in my hut. As a result we lived on fresh mutton for some days.

On another occasion my mess mates and I had a dinner of chickens that were intended for the table of our Brigadier General. One day for some reason I had become separated from the regiment and was traveling along beside the supply train, when I observed three fowls tied together floundering under one of the wagons. After the wagon had passed over them and before the next wagon reached them, I darted into the middle of the road and seized them—slung them over my shoulder and trudged on. After an hour or two as I was passing the headquarters wagon that contained the equipment of the General—those in charge of the wagon called out to me. “Here, those chickens belong to General Shaler”, to which I replied, “No they don’t, they are mine, I found them in the road,” and passed on, keeping the chickens. When I overtook the regiment my mess mates dressed and cooked the fowls, indulging in a meal fit for the gods. We subsequently learned that chickens had been purchased at a farmhouse by the General’s cook tied together and placed in the wagon for safe keeping from which in their struggles they had flopped out. The General’s loss, was our gain.

In a few days the southern army had fallen back and taken a position on the south bank of the Rappahannock in the rear of Fredericksburg. The intention was to cross and attack immediately, but there was a delay in forwarding the necessary supply of boats for pontoon bridges, which gave the enemy an opportunity to fortify themselves. Hence, when on December 13th the battle of Fredericksburg was fought it was impossible to drive Lee from their strong position on the hills

overlooking the city. After an ineffectual effort of two or three days our army retreated over the river, having suffered a loss of about fifteen thousand men. Though this was a hard fought battle, no advantage accrued from it to the Union Cause. Both armies now encamped on the heights of the river, facing each other for rest and recuperation. The soldiers of the Union Army laid out their camps in regular streets and made preparations to remain during the winter, but after a few days we were ordered to break camp and march up the river a few miles for the purpose of crossing and getting in the rear of Lee. On the day we started it began to rain and the roads soon became so soft that the artillery and supply trains could not be moved and after floundering in the mud for a day or two, we returned to camp.

The army was in a demoralized condition, but it had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy could move no more easily than we. Each side was comparatively safe from attack. This attempt to move was known as the "Burnside's Stick-in-the-mud".

Now we settled down for the winter, though we had nothing to protect us but our shelter tents which we had carried on our backs during the marches thus far. Nothing unusual occurred during these winter months while we were encamped at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg. There was much sickness from exposure and lack of self care. Many died and by the Spring of 1863 our numbers were largely reduced. Many also deserted as there was great discouragement among the soldiers and they did not find the life that they were then leading the pleasant pastime that they had anticipated before leaving home.

At this time Gen. Burnside was relieved and Gen. Hooker succeeded him. Hooker was familiarly known as "Fighting Joe", and with him as leader the hopes of the men again revived. The winter seemed long but Spring came at last and with it preparations for an active campaign. About the first of May, the men "struck tents" and began a move against the enemy. The main part of the army, except the sixth corps to which my regiment belonged, proceeded about ten miles up the river, crossed and took up a position at Chancellorsville, which was in the rear of the main Southern army. The sixth corps, commanded by Gen. Sedgwick, remained behind to take the heights above Fredericksburg, and advance for the purpose of forming a junction with Hooker. The troops entered upon the campaign with high hopes, which, however, were doomed to disappointment. The sixth corps crossed on the morning of May 3rd, I think, and took possession of the city of Fredericksburg and its inclined plane in the rear of it. A charge was made up the plane where the Irish Brigade was so nearly destroyed at the battle of Fredericksburg. I had the privilege of standing with several others where we could witness the

charge as it was made. The men advanced over a rising plane for some three quarters of a mile in the very face of constant fire from a line of men posted behind a stone wall and from a battery on the hill, but the men never wavered, notwithstanding the gaps that were made in the ranks by the horrible fire to which they were exposed. In a few moments they had scaled the wall, climbed the steps, captured the height and sent the enemy flying, but at the cost of many a precious life.

The corps pressed the enemy back four miles, but were then [?] by the advance of a large force from Lee's main army. Sedgwick's men were in a perilous position, as they were in danger of being crushed by the overwhelming force of the enemy who had then concentrated nearly forty thousand men. The sixth corps of less than eighteen thousand men held the position against these fearful odds for some thirty hours and then retreated to the other side of the river under cover of the darkness, leaving this southern army in possession of the field. The loss on our side in this advance and retreat was more than a third of the whole number, the killed, wounded and prisoners being upwards of six thousand, five thousand.

During this battle I was detailed to assist in caring for the wounded and we turned some of the finest houses in Fredericksburg into hospitals for this purpose as the owners of these mansions had deserted them and fled. When we found that the army was to retreat we transferred the wounded back over the river was made field hospitals for them on the northern side. In two or three days we moved back into camp again. This ended the battle of Chancellorsville—well planned but poorly executed and attended with heavy loss to the Union Side.

While in the City of Fredericksburg I took from a library of one of the houses which we turned into hospitals, a copy of the Complete Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. I afterwards sent it home as a memento of the Battle of Fredericksburg, I prized the book very highly, nevertheless I lost it by fire at the time the Boarding Hall of Chamberlain Institute, Randolph, N.Y. was burned. I was teaching there at the time.

We again had rest for several weeks while both armies were making plans for a vigorous summer campaign. After three or four weeks it became evident that General Lee was meditating an aggressive movement to the North and in the latter part of June we were ordered to break camp and move toward the Potomac. It was soon learned that Lee was invading the free states by way the Shenandoah Valley with the intention of transferring the scene of active warfare. We proceeded North on a line nearer Washington so as to thus stand between it and the Rebel Army until we passed into the northern part of Maryland. These marches were long and severe and many men fell out of the way being unable to

endure the strain. On the 1st of July, 1863, the Sixth Corps, footsore and very weary, was near Manchester, Carroll County, Maryland; we heard cannonading to the north of us in the direction of Gettysburg and to our experienced ears it foretold the deadly strife. As we were about to lie down to rest for the night, the bugler sounded the call to pack up and be ready for the march. At about nine o'clock in the evening we started on what proved to be the march to the battle of Gettysburg. Weary and lame with the long marches from Fredericksburg, Va., we proceeded all night and nearly all the next day, traveling about forty miles before we reached the field of battle, not even halting long enough to cook such provisions as were in our haversacks. It was almost the only march during my whole army life in which I was unable to keep up with the regiment. Marching continuously for so many days had blistered my feet so that I took off my boots, carried them in my hands and attempted to walk barefooted, but was unable to keep with the company. I found I could not travel without boots so I put them on again and limped along to the best of my ability, overtaking the company while the regiment was resting preparatory to taking position in the line of battle, where we were sorely needed.

About four in the afternoon the corps took the position assigned to it on the left of the army where the Union lines were gradually being pressed back. Being in the hospital service at this time I was attached to the field hospital just in the rear of our lines, which had been located near a running stream. We worked very hard during the third of July caring for the wounded as they came, or were brought to us. About noon of this day occurred one of the most memorable charges of the whole war. It was the Charge of Gen. Pickett's Brigade, of Longstreet's Corps, against the Center of Meade's army. A fierce cannonade of almost the entire artillery of the Rebel army had been concentrated on the point of attack for some time previous to the charge of the infantry under Pickett. It was vigorously replied to by the artillery of the Union Army. One can scarcely imagine the grandeur of this Artillery duel, just previous to the charge itself. The roar of the cannon—the whistle of the shells—the shouts of the men—the clouds of smoke—the carrying to the rear of the wounded—the hurrying forward of reinforcements, all conspired to produce a scene never to be forgotten. Then came the charge of Pickett's Division against the center of Meade's army. Thousands of men advanced in solid array, leaving the ground strewn with the fallen. Grape and shell thinned their ranks and when they neared the line of Union troops the fire of the infantry received them. The Southerners fought like heroes but it was to no avail; they could not break the Union line. Many were made prisoners and the remnant fled to their own lines in confusion. This charge practically ended the battle which had been raging for three days with a loss to each of nearly thirty thousand men.

During the night Lee withdrew his army and began his retreat into Virginia. The following morning, July 4th, as soon as it was ascertained that Lee was retreating, the Sixth Corps under Sedgwick, which had not suffered so severely as some of the other corps, was ordered in pursuit. The mountain passes which could not well be carried by assault were held by Lee, so we were obliged to pursue by a circuitous route, and near the close of the second day, July 6th, not far from Frederick we came to the Tecton mountains, which we attempted to scale by a narrow foot path. Darkness came on, a heavy rain set in, the narrow path was almost impassible from large stones, the men were completely exhausted by continuous marching and the large share of them sitting down fell asleep by the side of the path. A few of us only reached the top of the mountain and then sat down beside a stone wall to pass the night as best we could until morning. It was a night to be remembered; the wind blew; the rain fell; the thunder roared; the lightning flashed and we were chilled through and through. Little sleep came to our eyes. About ten o'clock next day those who had fallen asleep on the side of the mountain came up and we continued our march down into the valley in which was situated the village of Middletown, but Gen. Lee and his army had passed by and we failed in our attempt to cut them off from their line of retreat.

Our corps pursued as far as Williamsport on the Potomac River and then finding that the Rebels had succeeded in recrossing the river the immediate pursuit was abandoned.

During the progress of the battle of Gettysburg, I was on a detail to care for the wounded, one circumstance especially is worthy to record, wounded from both sides were placed under our care, and while there two men died—a Union soldier and a Rebel. A young man and myself volunteered to bury them. I proposed to lay them side by side in the same grave, to which no objection was made. I claimed that for them death had solved the question and they were no longer enemies to each other but brothers whom the hand of death made equally deserving as the last sad duties were performed. So we laid them away side by side as tenderly as we could to await the resurrection dawn, well knowing that loving hearts would long for their coming in vain. The Battle of Gettysburg made desolate thousands of homes. It was, however, the turning point in the war and has been called the “High water mark of the rebellion.” Lee retreated south through the Shenandoah Valley with his army and Meade followed East of the mountains until he reached the vicinity of Culpepper where the two armies rested watching each other.

During this pursuit I was taken with typhoid fever and sent to the hospital in Washington City. I remained in the hospital, which was situ-

ated on the plains east of the capital building, about two months and was then returned to the regiment which was encamped in Virginia, not many miles from the Rappahannock River. One day while at the hospital I visited the City of Washington which I found very muddy and dilapidated in its appearance, very different from the same city of today.

On the 7th of November (1863) the fort at Rappahannock station, on the river of the same name, was taken by assault which allowed the army to cross the river and encamp at Brandy station and in the vicinity of Culpepper. Our regiment had a part in this move, having marched some eighteen miles in four hours and was immediately placed in support of a battery, in which dangerous position we lost several men by the explosion of shells fired from the fort at the battery, one of which came dangerously near myself. Nothing of importance occurred until the 26th of November when the army moved to Mine Run, in the vicinity of the wilderness south of Rapidan, with the intention of attacking Lee but after lying in line of battle for two or three days, during which time we suffered much as we were obliged to lie on the frozen earth, we retreated rapidly by night and returned to our old camp. It was found that Lee's army was too strongly entrenched to be attacked with any hope of success. We then settled down to what we supposed would be our winter quarters.

Early in January, 1864, however, our brigade under Gen. Alexander Shaler was detached from the army of the Potomac and sent to Sandusky, Ohio for the purpose of guarding the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island, situated about three miles from the shore. It was rumored that as soon as the lake should be frozen over so as to bear the weight of men, a party would cross from Canada and rescue the prisoners. Our brigade was sent so as to prevent the rescue was made, however, but the brigade remained there on duty until the ice broke up in the spring.

During this stay of three months in Sandusky the 122nd Regiment had a restful time, as it remained in the city and simply took care of itself while the other regiments of the brigade were stationed on the island where the prisoners were confined. At times I was called to special duty in the care of sick and one of my patients was a man who had been taken with the delirium tremens. He was very wild, being terrified by imaginary snakes, other animals and little devils that were after him. I tried to show him that they were not there but he insisted that they were as they were after him they would not touch me. After a few days he escaped from the house unobserved and was seen no more. When the surgeon made his round that morning and learned the facts about the man's escape he wrote opposite his name "Gone to the devil" and we let him go.

In April we were ordered back to rejoin the army which was soon to make another move against Lee. Nothing important occurred during our return to Vir-

ginia, and we arrived at Brandy station, where the army was encamped, the latter part of the month. The army was making preparation for a move across the Rapidan into the region of the wilderness, behind which Lee was encamped with his army. I knew the nature of the work that we had to do, the great danger into which we must go, and presentment hung over me that something would happen to me. I could not shake this feeling off. Sometimes "coming events cast their shadows before". This seemed to be the case in this instance.

On the 5th of May everything was ready for the move and the army started across the Rapidan, the Cavalry taking the lead. The brigade to which my regiment belonged was detailed to guard the supply train as it crossed the river in the rear of the army. The train was well over by night and we encamped with it about one mile from the river and in the rear of the field in which the troops had been fighting during the day, as Lee had marched very promptly and attacked Grant in the flank as he was moving south and a severe engagement had followed in which neither side had apparently gained much advantage. We had heard the roar of the battle all day, but had not been near enough to observe it at all.

Soon after midnight we were quietly aroused from sleep and ordered to march to the field of battle which we reached about daylight, probably in the neighborhood of four o'clock in the morning. As we advanced to take our place in the front we passed over a portion of the field on which fighting had taken place the day before. The ground was strewn with the bodies of those who had been slain, their pale faces looking ghastly in the twilight of the morning and causing a chill to creep over us as we passed with the feeling that we might very soon lie among them. In a short time we turned to the right into the dense woods, and at the same time the artillery of the enemy opened sending the shells crashing through the branches of the trees, cutting off limbs larger than one's leg, causing a panic among the officers' servants and camp followers, most of whom disappeared through the bushes in the rear. We were marched some distance through the wood until we reached the entire right of our line an extension which we made thereby forming the extreme right wing of our army. This was a mistake as there should have been a troop of cavalry pushed still farther into the woods so as to prevent a flank movement to our rear. We remained here, slightly changing our position a few times until about nine o'clock. Our arms were stretched a portion of the time and we were allowed to sit upon the ground and chat if we chose. Of course, our conversation was largely upon the progress of the battle and what might happen to us in the very near future. The thoughts of most instinctively turned to those at home whom many were destined never to see again, yet at this critical time there was no shrinking for you could see by the expression of the faces that all were

determined to unflinchingly meet the responsibilities of the hour—let what would come. About nine o'clock, as nearly as I can remember, we were ordered to take and fix bayonets and advance. We at once knew that we were making a charge for we passed through the skirmish line, some of the men joining us and some remaining behind. It was difficult for us to keep anything like a correct formation on account of the logs, stumps, trees and underbrush, nor for the same reason could we see far ahead of us. As we were thus advancing suddenly a fierce fire poured upon us from the bushes in front of us, which checked our forward movement and the regiment 126th Ohio, joining our left was temporarily thrown into confusion and fell back a short distance, thereby causing the left of our regiment to retreat so as to prevent a gap being made in the line of battle. As the line was reformed every man sought shelter behind a tree, stump, log or other cover, so as to be protected as far as possible from the shower of leaden hail. I myself immediately sprang behind a tree somewhat larger than my body, and began to fire into the bushes in front of us, though I was unable to see any of the enemy. While thus engaged a ball grazed the bark of the tree just above my head, cutting a groove about the size of my finger. Shortly after dropping on my knee, so as to steady my musket in firing, a ball passed over my shoulder, bedding itself in my blanket which was strapped to the top of my knapsack, and protruded above my shoulder. This bullet would doubtless have entered my body and possibly have ended my life, had I not happened to kneel for the purpose of firing just in time to escape it. These incidents convinced me that some one could see me and was making a target of me. It was by the favor of Providence that I escaped. At this time looking forward from my position, I noticed Joseph Jones, one of the members of my company, lying on the ground about two rods in advance of the line as then formed. He had evidently fallen while we were falling back to take our new position. I could see his lips move as if calling to us, though I could hear no word on account of the noise of the musketry. I knew that he must be wounded and was calling for assistance, so I left my protected position and went out to him though becoming thereby doubly exposed between the two firing lines. I found that Joe, as he was familiarly called, had been shot through the thigh, shattering the bone, and desired to be carried to the rear out of danger and for medical treatment. His request could not be granted as we were forbidden to leave the ranks, even for the purpose of carrying back the wounded. I, therefore, returned to the line of battle, went to the head of the company where the captain was stationed, asked his permission to carry Mr. Jones to the rear. The captain sent me to the colonel. Proceeding along the line to the colonel I obtained his permission and returned to my company for the purpose of carrying it out. The firing was still incessant along both lines of battle.

I again stepped to the place where Mr. Jones was lying, unstrapped his blanket from his knapsack, spread it on the ground, rolled Mr. Jones up in it, obtained the assistance of three other men of our company and each of us taking a corner of the blanket, raised our load and proceeded to pass through our line of battle to the rear, but just at this moment the order came for the whole line to retreat and we carried Mr. Jones with us, thus saving him from falling into the hands of the enemy.

After withdrawing beyond the reach of the Confederates' fire, the regiment halted, drew up in line of battle again, and rested with arms ready for instant use.

Our little company of four continued to carry our wounded comrade to the rear for some distance until we came to a wagon track, by the side of which we laid him to wait for the arrival of the ambulance by which he was later taken to the field hospital where his leg was amputated and subsequently he was conveyed to the general hospital in Washington, D.C., at which place he died a few days afterwards as the shock and the exposure was too much for his system to endure. The Joseph Jones Post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Marcellus is named in his honor.

The charge was disastrous to us, as our regiment lost some seventy killed and wounded in the few minutes in which we were actually engaged.

After placing Mr. Jones by the side of the wagon road, we returned to the company which was resting on the ground in line of battle ready for any emergency that might arise. There was skirmishing in front of us, and fighting in some other parts of the battle line, which extended some five or six miles to the left of us but nothing of importance occurred to us until towards evening. Some of us snatched a little needed sleep even on the line of battle.

Perhaps it will be excusable in me to insert here an incident that occurred during this charge that indicates the character of some of our officers, and how incompetent they were to lead men. When we were halted by the fire of the Confederates, as was perfectly proper every man sought to protect himself as best he could. In our part of the line Lieutenant Wooster one of the bravest men of the regiment who was afterwards killed at the Battle of Cold Harbor, noticed a number of men huddled in a confused mass behind a large tree. He immediately approached them and commanded them to get into line, using force to carry out his command. When he came to the man next to the tree, he found that it was the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment who was clinging to the tree with

both arms, trembling and in a frightened state of mind. It was not all surprising the men followed his example. After returning home this officer became a worthless wretch through indulgence in intoxicating liquors and died an inmate of some institution. Liquor was the curse of many of the officers and caused the sacrifice of many valuable lives. On the first day of January 1864 as I returned from picket-duty, I found one of our sergeants lying dead drunk in my tent which made me indignant and I immediately removed him to another tent. As a result I think he disliked me ever afterwards. This is a digression but it illustrates in too many instances the kind of officers under whom we served.

About six o'clock in the afternoon we were ordered to fall back and occupy a line of breastworks that had been thrown up behind us during the day. We accordingly took possession of the temporary works, stacked our guns and laid aside our knapsacks, expecting to hold the works during the night. Permission was given to two or three men from each company to pass a few rods to the rear of the lines of battle for the purpose of making coffee, as we had been given no opportunity to do this for our company. We gathered the coffee and pails from the various members of the company, and passing back through the battle lines, of which there were three behind ours as I remember, selected a place near a small stream in which to build a fire for the boiling of coffee. We had kindled the fire and placed the pails of water on the coals and were about to put in the coffee, when there rang out on the evening air, a signal given on our right, and almost immediately this was followed by a yell from the same direction, mingled with the rattle of musketry. It was at once evident that a charge was being made upon our lines. The two friends with me ran to the regiment, one of whom I never saw, as he was soon lying among the slain.

I quickly snatched the pails from the fire so as to return them to the owners, but before I could do this and reach the company our line had given way and all were in a confused retreat. I turned in the direction of the retreating men as there was nothing else to do. All was confusion and no one knew what to do. Many seemed to lose their presence of mind, and while rushing to the rear loaded and fired their guns into the air or over their shoulders into the midst of their own men behind them. Many must have been killed or wounded by the men of their own side. Some threw away their guns and knapsacks so as not to be hindered in their flight. Finding that I could not rejoin my company I began to consider what I should do.

The bullets were flying thick and fast. One cut my canteen string and my canteen fell to the ground. It was lost as I was in too much of a hurry to stop and pick it up. My gun, my knapsack containing my clothing and my haversack with my

rations were also lost as I had left them with the company when I volunteered to make the evening coffee. After a moment's thought I decided to throw away the pails and supply myself with such equipment as I could secure from those thrown upon the ground in a place of those of my own left with the company.

I accordingly threw down the pails, picked up a well filled knapsack and haversack, strapped them to my shoulders, and also a musket, so that I again had the large part of a soldier's regular equipment, though I was entirely unaware of what it consisted.

Passing along in the drift of the confused crowd, I came to a foot path down which I turned towards the left and soon reached a small clearing in the center of which stood an old log cabin. In this open space I observed that a line of battle was being formed under the direction of Colonel Hamlin, who was the Commander of one of the regiments in our brigade. I immediately took a position in this line which was intended to act as a check to the advance of the Confederates. Scarcely had I taken my stand when the enemy's line burst out of the undergrowth in front of us and our line broke and again retreated. Instead of keeping with our men as I should have done, I turned toward the log cabin, and just before reaching it a ball struck my left leg just above the ankle. Attempting to step upon it I found that the bones were shattered and that I was unable to rest my weight upon it at all. Not having fallen, and being near the door of the cabin, I hopped on my right foot to the door and beginning to feel faint, laid down upon the floor at which moment the Confederates reached us making prisoners of many men who had taken refuge within and behind this building. Observing that I was wounded they left me as I was and firing a volley after those of our men who were still fleeing, they themselves turned and disappeared in the underbrush of which they had shortly before rushed.

Being left alone in my wounded and disabled condition, I began to consider what I could do for myself. Observing that my leg was bleeding profusely, I took one of the straps that fastened the blanket to the knapsack and buckled it tightly around the wounded leg above the knee, so as to check, as far as possible, the flow of blood. Darkness coming on and lying as I was between the two armies I realized that no immediate assistance would be likely to come to me so I tried to make the best of my situation until the morning, trusting that then relief in some form might come. I was aware that another wounded man was somewhere in the cabin as I could hear his moaning but I could not learn who he was or how badly he was wounded; I never knew what his fate was.

The hours of the night dragged wearily along, as in my pain I could obtain no sleep and only one incident occurred to break the monotony. Sometime during the night the troops of Burnside's Corps, the ninth, marched by, having been ordered from the left of the army to reinforce our shattered line. I spoke with some of the men and asked for a surgeon to examine my leg. They replied that no surgeon was near but assured me that I was within our own lines, and would be cared for in the morning. The line soon passed by and I was again alone; but the coming of the men cheered me and helped me to wait patiently for the day for I believed that my leg would then be looked after and I myself taken to the field hospital. Day finally began to dawn and just as it was becoming light enough to distinguish objects, I saw a rebel skirmish line advance out of the brushwood and it soon passed the little cabin in which I was lying toward the ground occupied by the Union Troops. I then realized that I was within the Confederate lines and was a prisoner of war. The Confederates saw me as they passed the cabin and I heard them say, "There's a 'Yank' in there", but they did not molest me. As the hours passed occasionally one would look in at the door as they were passing to and fro. I sometimes asked them for water which they usually gave me if they had any and once or twice they kindly filled a little pail which was standing on the floor beside me, so that I could drink whenever I desired for I suffered somewhat from thirst, from the fact that I had bled profusely from my wounded leg. The hours of the morning dragged wearily away without special incident until about midday, when an Aide of one of the Confederate Generals came into the cabin and remained a while. He was apparently waiting for someone. While there he asked me some questions as to whether General Grant was in command of our army, how many men we had, etc., etc., to which I replied indefinitely as my knowledge of those things was not very accurate.

I asked him as to the probability of my being picked up and cared for, to which he replied that their surgeons and ambulance men were gathering up and looking after their own wounded and after this had been done they would gather up and look after the wounded of the Union Army. I admitted that it was to be expected that they would care of their own wounded first. After he had waited some time, a man, who appeared to be a scout, came into the hut and reported to him that he had been into the woods beyond their lines and had ascertained the position of the Union forces, who were strongly posted and throwing up breastworks. The Aide-de-camp inquired about the scout's companion who had gone out with him. The scout replied that in taking their observations they had crept near to the Union lines and had been discovered by some of the northern soldiers at which they both ran, but a volley was fired at them. He saw the friend who went out with

him fall and he supposed that he must have been killed. These two men then went away to report to their superior officers what they had ascertained.

Some time after the middle of the afternoon four Confederate soldiers came in bringing a stretcher upon which to carry me back to the place where the wounded were being gathered. These men were very considerate in their treatment of me. I asked them to cut the boot off the foot of the wounded leg. One of them suggested that they take it off without cutting as it would be a pity to spoil so good a boot, but I replied that the condition of my leg would not allow the boot to be drawn off, so it was cut off and the leg thereby relieved of the painful pressure.

The bullet which shattered my leg was found in my boot and I carefully placed it in one of my pockets and so preserved it, and brought it home with me to be laid away and kept.

I was then laid upon a stretcher which the men placed upon their shoulders and proceeded to carry me toward the rear of their lines, so that an ambulance could take me to the spot where the wounded were being gathered. Having carried me some half a mile they came to a heavy line of battle strongly posted behind breastworks. In front of these works I was laid on the ground in company with a number of others as it was expected that an ambulance would take us farther back. Two or three Confederate surgeons came and looked at us, and I requested them to examine my leg to see if anything could be done for me, to which they replied that they did not have their instruments with them and consequently could do nothing for me.

While lying here a rapid musketry fire was begun in our front and it seemed that an assault was about to be made upon that position by the Union men, and in that event there would be no hope to escape from death for those who were lying in front of the breastworks, but fortunately for us the advance was checked before it reached us and thus our lives were saved. The men who held the line, seeing our exposure when a lull came in the firing, lifted us over the breastworks and placed us a short distance in the rear in much less exposed position. Here we had an opportunity of talking with some of the Confederates, and one of the first questions asked us was, "Why do you'uns come down here to fight we'uns?" One man told us that Grant had been beaten and was retreating to the other side of the Rapidan, and that if he ever crossed again with his army they would not take a prisoner, meaning of course, that every one falling into their hands would be put to death, which prediction, however, would not have been fulfilled, but General Grant was not beaten and was not retreating as the sequel proved, so that the truth of his words was not tested.

A Confederate noticed that I had a watch cord and desired to purchase my watch, which I sold to him for about fifteen dollars in Confederate script, but the money proved to be counterfeit and was of no use to me. I hope that my watch was of service to him.

About ten o'clock at night some ambulances came in to remove us to the rear of the field of battle, where the wounded were being gathered. Two of us were laid on the floor of one of the ambulances as we could not sit up, and in this way we were carried one or two miles through the woods, pouncing over stones and roots and logs, so that we were nearly dead when we reached the field hospital, as we had then been lying over twenty-four hours uncared for and our wounds had become greatly inflamed so that the slightest motion was very painful; but all things have an end so our slow torturing ride was finally finished. I was laid on the ground and my knapsack, which had been placed in the front with the driver, was placed beside me, but not until most of its contents had been taken out. Perhaps they thought that I should have no use for the clothing and such other articles as it contained. I certainly never missed them, as I did not know what the knapsack held as it was one I picked up on the field while retreating, but that did not excuse the men who took the articles but I suppose that some consider everything fair in war. When I had been laid upon the ground several Confederate soldiers crowded around me and offered to give me opium to relieve the pain but I declined to take it as I preferred to endure the suffering rather than become stupefied. Thus I passed the night, getting no sleep and wondering what the coming days and weeks would bring me. Frequently, during the night I observed men with torches moving about among the wounded, apparently caring for them, and occasionally they passed where I was lying as they did so I would look at them and usually ask them to render some little service for me, such as changing the position of my leg so as to ease it somewhat, which they willingly did.

When morning came and the wounded awoke they found that they had been robbed of money, clothing and almost everything they possessed. The Confederates, under the pretense of relieving suffering had given opium to the wounded the night before, thereby putting them to sleep and during the night had robbed them of their possessions. My refusing to take the opium and my consequent wakefulness saved me from being robbed.

It was now the 8th, the second day after I was wounded and the two armies had moved toward the south and was battling for the mastery at Spottsylvania. As a consequence the surgeons and the nurses had been ordered to follow, and we

wounded were practically left to care for ourselves. There were several hundred of us and so far as I remember only one or two surgeons for the whole number, and that too notwithstanding many were severely wounded and needed immediate attention. As a result many died who would have lived had they received proper care. The less severely wounded brought water and did what they could to relieve the worst cases.

I was lying on the ground unable to move and my limb was becoming worse every hour, in being more swollen and inflamed; yet, I could do nothing. Thus another day and night passed. The third day brought no relief and no attention from the surgeon, who however, was doing all in his power to meet the demands upon him. On this day however, one of the slightly wounded men undertook to care for the wound and spent about an hour endeavoring to remove the exudation that had dried on the limb, and the worms that had already been produced in the wound by the action of the flies which were very busy whenever opportunity offered. Nothing, however, of lasting benefit could be done for the wound in the absence of the surgeon to either cleanse the leg and set it or take it off as the need should require. Thus the third day passed and the fourth day came when it became evident that something must be done or my life would be the penalty, as my strength was rapidly diminishing and in a short time I should be unable to endure the necessary operation. One of the men able to walk informed the surgeon of my critical situation and he came, examined the leg and ordered me taken to the operating table which was a few rods distant. When placed upon the table the surgeon asked me whether I would be willing the leg should be taken off in case he decided that it could not be saved. I replied that I was willing. I was well aware that the mortified condition of the leg would not permit its being saved. Upon this chloriform was administered and I became unconscious. When I regained consciousness, I observed a man standing at my head who remarked that I had become conscious and asked the doctor whether he should administer more chloriform, to which the doctor replied that I was too weak to endure it. I then became aware that the leg had been severed and they were about to tie the arteries. I heard the surgeon remark to those assisting him that there was an unusual feature connected with the arteries in that there were five in a cluster. After the arteries had been taken up and the necessary stitches taken—processes which were exceedingly painful—I was carried back and placed upon the ground where I had lain before. I was very sick and weak from the effect of the operation and chloriform, from which it took me a long time to rally.

Three days passed without my limb being dressed or even examined, and it was becoming very painful. I then induced one of our own wounded men to remove the bandage and see in what condition the end of the limb was. It was found to be swollen, badly inflamed and filled with worms. He kindly spent a long time in removing the worms and cleansing it, after which it felt easier. Thereafter I cared for the limb myself. A small tin pail of water was kept standing by my side with which I kept the end of the leg moist, so as to keep down the inflammation. I had just two bandages, one of which was washed and dried while the other was bound over the end of the leg. The exchange was made each morning at which time the limb was bathed and cleansed as well as I was able to do it. I was fortunate in having in my pocket at the time of my capture a small pocket mirror which I still retained, and with this I could examine the end of my leg and thereby know its condition and progress day by day. During all these days we continued to lie on the ground under small shelter tents, which served as a protection against the rays of the sun, but did not keep us dry when the rain was heavy which frequently happened. At such times we simply remained until we dried out as we had no change of clothing.

Lying next to me and using the same blanket for a cover, was a soldier of the 126th Regiment from Ohio. He had been wounded in the ankle, yet such was the condition of his leg when he was cared for that it was found necessary to amputate his limb above the knee. He gradually grew weaker and died after a few days. Before dying he gave me the name and address of his wife and requested me to write her the circumstances of his death should I live to be exchanged and return home. A promise which I fulfilled and gave the wife the first definite information as to the circumstances connected with her husband's death while a prisoner of war.

The days here dragged wearily along. We had very little to eat, and that not at all suitable for persons so severely wounded. What little was furnished us consisted of coarse, unsifted cornmeal, mixed in water and baked in a dutch oven in the ashes and coals of a fire built on the ground. The mixture was not more than half cooked and so we could eat only from the outside which would frequently be burned while the inside would be raw. As a consequence it produced diarrhea in the case of many of us which aided in rapidly thinning our numbers, while discouragement and homesickness caused many to give up hope and they were soon laid away in unmarked graves. I induced one of the men who could be around to procure me some white oak bark and steep it for me over the fire. I drank the solution and it was of some benefit to me. Having a small amount of money, I sent to a farm house, distant about a mile and procured a quart of sweet milk for

which I paid the sum of one dollar. This I had boiled and I drank it while very hot. This had the desired effect and the trouble was checked for the time being, though it returned again later. While I remained in these woods I wrote three short letters home. We were allowed to write one face of a half sheet of note paper, and the envelope was to be left unsealed so that the letter could be examined by the proper authorities before being passed through the lines to make sure that nothing objectionable should be told. Of course I wrote very briefly—simply that I had been wounded in battle, captured and had lost my left leg by amputation; that I hoped to live to be exchanged, etc., but nothing as to my treatment and lack of proper care and nourishment, lest the letter should not be allowed to pass. The three letters were all received at home at the same time some two months after they were written.

About two weeks after we were captured, some thirty of the prisoners who had been less severely wounded and had partially recovered so that they could walk somewhat comfortably, left in the night with the intention of escaping to the Union lines and thence to Washington, a thing which they accomplished after various hardships. Among the number was Sereno Smith, a member of my own company, and from the same town. During the day previous to their departure, he told what was to be done and I gave him a message to my father and mother in case he should reach home in safety, which he delivered to them. This was the first reliable information that they had received as to what had happened to me as in one report of the battle I had been reported as “killed,” and in another as “missing”. No definite information could be given as I had been separated from my company at the time I was wounded and was drawn up in line among entire strangers.

One man, Uriah Moore, of my company was near me at the time, but he was captured and died in prison but no one knew when or how as little was heard of him save that he was captured and never returned home.

During these days it was difficult for us to keep clean and some had little ambition to do so. “Eternal vigilance” was the price of cleanliness and comparative freedom from being overrun by the parasites called lice. Every day I turned my clothing inside out and carefully examined every seam so as to be sure that none were being harbored there. All were not so careful and suffered accordingly. I also had in my pocket a fine comb which I used faithfully every day and thereby I kept myself comparatively free from vermin which preyed upon the strength of life of so many of the men in their sickness and weakness. We were somewhat buoyed up with the thought that possibly some

scouting Union cavalry might find us and see that we were taken to our lines, but the days and nights dragged their weary hours along one after another and many became discouraged with hope delayed and every day and every night made our number less. Out of some three hundred wounded men gathered together at the close of the battle, about one hundred fifty only remained alive at the end of four weeks, on account of exposure, lack of care, and insufficient and unsuitable food; yet, amid it all there was scarcely any complaining, every one enduring the inevitable with courage and fortitude. What was in the hearts of those heroes, who thus wasted away amid strange scenes away from home and loved ones, only the Book of Life when opened will reveal.

The end of our stay here came at last. On the third of June, nearly a month after I was wounded, some ambulances under Confederate drivers came from Orange Court House for the purpose of taking away such as could be moved. A few of the worst cases were left, but these were taken to Alexandria a few days later by some Union men with ambulances. However, even this did not save all of them. On June 3rd, 1864, nearly all of those still living were loaded into Confederate ambulances and we started toward Orange Court House, Va., some twenty miles distant. We were not reluctant to leave this place in the woods when we had passed nearly a month with so much suffering.

It consumed a good part of two days in traveling this twenty miles to Orange Court House, spending the night by the roadside on the way. As we were very hungry and had little to eat, we helped ourselves to corn on the ear which the teamsters were carrying along the mules. Though this corn was hard and dry it seemed as if nothing had ever tasted so good, so we cracked it between our teeth.

Nothing eventful happened on this trip to Orange Court House and we arrived at our destination sometime during the 5th of June, and we were unloaded at the railroad station where we were to take the train for Gordonsville, a few miles distant, which we reached a little before evening; and we were taken from the cars and placed in long buildings lined on either side with rude wooden bedsteads on which were coarse ticking filled with straw for beds. Being placed on these we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We remained here for some two weeks. We fared somewhat better here than in the wilderness, but that which was given us to eat even here was not calculated to give much strength to our weekend frames. While in this place I was told that some two miles in the country, milk could be purchased at one dollar per quart. Though I had but very little money I sent a dollar for a quart of milk for I was very anxious to boil it and use it as a medicine to check another attack of diarrhea, but imagine

my disappointment to discover when it came that it was only buttermilk and I dared not use it at all. I could have cried, if I had allowed myself to do it, I was so disappointed and so discouraged. One day as we were lying on our so-called beds, some ladies came into the building and began to talk to the men. When they came to where I was lying something in my appearance caused one of them to ask me whether I was a Yankee, and upon my saying that "we were all Yankees," they ran out as if they were fleeing from contagion. They had entered supposing that we were wounded Confederate soldiers and as soon as the mistake was discovered they fled.

In about two weeks we were again placed on board the cars and carried to Lynchburg. Arriving at Lynchburg we were transferred to buildings formerly used as tobacco warehouses. There being so many men to be provided for, and the buildings assigned to the use of the prisoners not being sufficiently large to accommodate all, a few of us were placed temporarily in one of the buildings occupied by the Confederate wounded. Here we were fairly well cared for during the few days we remained. The southern ladies came into this building every day to bring delicacies to their own soldiers, but they paid no attention to the Yankee prisoners. It was a very hard thing to lie and see others near you eating delicacies, which you yourself could not touch, though you stood in ever so great need of such to nourish you: But such is war. In a very few days there was room for all of us in the buildings assigned to the prisoners, as every day some gave up the struggle and were laid away under the green sod, to await the final roll call and we were transferred and placed with the rest of the Union prisoners. We were placed upon straw beds placed in rows lengthwise of the room, there being four rows, if I remember correctly. We continued our struggle for existence and our members diminished daily, for there was nothing to encourage one, as we could not learn that there was any prospects at all of our being paroled or exchanged. No agreement could be made as a basis of exchange, because of the negro soldier, while the National government at Washington would not agree to an exchange of prisoners unless the negro were placed on an equality with white men.

As a consequence thousands wasted away and died, that would have lived and recovered, if they could have been nursed in the northern hospital or in their own homes. The room in which I was placed was on the second floor, and scarcely anything occurred to vary the monotonous routine as the days went by. We could stand a distance from the windows and look out, but we could not put our heads out of the windows to look about, under penalty of being shot by the guards who were posted around the buildings. One of the prisoners, a young Irishman, looking out of the window, saw a young lady in a window across the street and at-

tracted her attention. In some mysterious way they became interested in each other. After some days the young lady sent a slave girl over to the prison with a note for the young man. The father of the young women discovering what was going on, shut the girl up and flogged the slave, and so the clandestine correspondence was suddenly brought to an end.

Our living while here consisted of coarse corn meal made into what we northerners call "Johnnie Cake", but without baking powder, without shortening and without salt, and of course, it was about as hard as a brick bat. Occasionally a small piece of meat was served, but it only made us long for more. This kind of diet did not give us much strength, nor very buoyant spirits. We relieved the tedium somewhat by making light of it, and telling of the excellent dishes our mothers used to make. In adverse circumstances, recalling the past and hopefully talking about the future, are certainly great gloom dispellers.

About this time many of the wounds became infected with gangrene either from lack of proper care or on account of the exceedingly hot weather, and mine was one of them. I have always thought that my limb became infected on account of lack of sanitary care, as the attendants were careless about cleansing the dishes and wash cloths. At any rate, at a time when my limb was almost healed, the stump became infected with gangrene, and in a short time it was in a worse condition than when first amputated. The operation of cauterizing or burning out the wound was very severe and I was held on the floor by the attendants while the surgeon did it. I begged him to amputate the limb higher up, so as to remove the affected part, but he said that I in my weakened condition could not endure the operation and I now believe that he was right. Thanks to a kind Providence the progress of the disease was checked and after the end of my stump had sloughed off, uncovering the bone, the wound began again to heal, but the progress was very slow and it took weeks to recover the ground lost by this attack of gangrene. Almost every attack of this kind proved fatal, and I cannot account for my own recovery in a way short of God's goodness in making effectual the means employed, and I have always been exceedingly grateful. Diarrhea again set in on account of the corn meal diet, and although opium was prescribed in large doses as a remedy it became chronic and never ceased until long after I reached home. During these weeks of prison life, no news of the outside world came to us, only as it came through Confederate sources, and, of course, the facts were much distorted. We knew nothing of the progress of the war except such as the attendants would give us, and that would always be in favor of the Confederates. Once only a gleam of hope came to us. When we heard cannonading in the vicinity of the city and learned that some Union troops were attacking the place, but our hopes of release were soon dashed to the ground as the Union forces retreated without gaining an en-

trance. It was Hunter's troops that made the attack, but Hunter proved an incompetent General and his expedition failed. Many, many lives were sacrificed during the war because of incompetent Generals. In midsummer, a few of the stronger prisoners were selected and sent to Richmond for exchange. To one of these I gave the name and address of my father, with the request that he write my father in case he got through the lines, as to my condition, surroundings and hope of living to get home.

He wrote as requested and my parents thus learned of my whereabouts and circumstances. At times during the imprisonment plug tobacco was issued to the prisoners. I took mine and gave it to some person that was a user of the weed, as I had never learned to use it in any form. I looked at it sometimes and wondered whether it would satisfy the cravings of my stomach, but I never tried it.

As the summer wore away many of the men grew weaker and weaker and our numbers became fewer and fewer as death took this one and that one, until all could be accommodated on the first floor and those of us on the second floor were moved down to the first. Here some of the conditions to which we were subjected were very unwholesome. There were no closets in the building. During the day the men were allowed to pass out and around the building inside the line of guards to attend to calls of nature, but during the night the doors were locked; a large tub made of one end of a hogshead was moved into the room and the inmates were obliged to use this whenever necessity required. The stench during the whole night was enough to make one sick, and yet there was no escape from it.

The early part of September an order came from the Confederate authorities in Richmond to send to that place for parole all that could endure the journey. The surgeon in charge passed around the room examining the men to ascertain who were strong enough to be sent; when he came to me he told that he did not think that I could endure the removal and so had better remain for the present. I replied that I was constantly growing weaker and the sooner I could get away the better it would be for me. He said that the weather would soon be cooler and that with the ending of the hot season I would begin to grow stronger and I could then be sent forward. So he marked me as one to remain; but after he had examined two or three others I called him back and begged him to allow me to be taken. He yielded to my entreaty and placed me among the number to go. This gave us all new courage and hope. We could scarcely wait for the dawn of the next day when we were to start. The time came at last and we were placed in ambulances and taken to the depot, to

await the arrival of the train. The train, however, did not come during the day nor during the night and we endured the suspense and anxiety of those twenty-four hours of waiting as best we could, with nothing but the hard floor in which to lie. During the night, several, among whom I was one, were taken worse, produced, I presume, by the tension of the situation. As a result the surgeon made a reexamination of the men and selected a few to be returned to the prison. I was one of them, and as I was being carried back I felt as if all hope of life had gone out. The future looked all black without a single ray of light for my last chance had failed. This feeling influenced me to such an extent that for some time I could not recuperate from the recent attack, but in a few days I began to regain my wonted courage.

In about a week another order came from the authorities in Richmond to forward for exchange all that could be moved from their beds. The surgeon in his rounds of examination to select those who should go, placed my name among those who were to be taken, and you may well imagine that the hope of exchange gave me strength for the journey. In the morning of the day on which we were to start for Richmond, we were carried to the railroad station to wait for the coming of the train. We were not obliged to wait a long time. We were lying around on a station platform in a nervous condition, fearful that something might happen to interfere with our getting off. Of course, in our weak condition every little thing disturbed us. After a time, which seemed long to us the train came, we were placed on board, and so began our journey to Richmond. The seats in these cars were the usual upholstered ones and were comfortable. Nothing special occurred on the trip to Dansville, Va., which place we reached somewhat after noon, though I have no recollection of the exact time. At Dansville we were obliged to be changed to another train, and as I could not walk I was carried on the back of a large stout Confederate, and placed on board the new train. My only baggage was an army blanket.

This new train was a poor one, consisting of box cars with only boards for seats, which made the ride a very hard one for such as were not strong enough to sit up. I shall never forget the journey. Not being able to sit on the seats, and there being no opportunity to lie down. I supported myself as best I could between two seats, partly resting on a side of bacon that had been thrown on the floor, resting my elbows on the seats on either side of me, holding my limb in my hands to prevent its being jolted against the floor. Though nearly five months had passed since amputation the leg had not yet healed, making it necessary to keep the end from coming in contact with anything. The bed of the railroad had become much

worn and badly out of repair so that the cars swayed and jolted as we passed along, keeping one constantly on the qui vive lest he should lose his equilibrium. On the way the Confederate guard on the car desired to exchange blankets with me, which I very foolishly did without looking to see how they compared in quality, and as a result when I was taken to the prison hospital in Richmond a blanket was brought to me literally full of holes, which I repudiated with fervor and insisted that mine was a better one and to pacify me, I suppose a better one was brought to me. However, it would have made no difference to me for a few days afterwards, when paroled, everything I had was burned and new issued to me. Well like everything else in this world, this hard, nerve-wearing journey finally came to an end and at about ten o'clock at night we pulled into Richmond. We were laid out on the station platform to wait for conveyances to take us to the prison hospital. The platform which was exposed was wet from a recent rain, and the night air was damp and chilly which made our stay at the station very uncomfortable. In attempting to crawl a few feet I was rounded up by one of the guards and I told him that I should not attempt to escape.

In time we were taken in vehicles to the hospital where we were to remain until the steamer called the "Flag of Truce" should be ready to take us to the Union lines on parole. We were all grievously disappointed because we were not able to be placed on the "Flag of Truce" at once as we had been told that we were being taken to Richmond for that purpose; but for some reason the steamer "Flag of Truce" had left that morning not waiting for us, so there was nothing for us to do but wait for the return of the boat and no one knew just when that would be.

The room in which I was placed was on the second floor and would hold about fifty cot beds. The cot on which I was placed was in one of the interior rows, overlooking the James River and on which the steamer "Flag of Truce" made its trips, and from my position I could see the dock to which this boat was moored while taking on its cargo. Every morning as soon as daylight appeared, I looked anxiously toward the river and every morning for two weeks I was disappointed as no boat with a white flag flying at its masthead appeared; but I must not anticipate, for I must tell of my life for the time I was confined here.

In the morning after our arrival, a physician with an attendant passed around, taking the names and regiments of the new comers, making an examination so as to ascertain the physical condition of each one and when necessary prescribing medicine. There was not much variety in the rations issued. Soup was sometimes brought to us but I did not dare take it, as it was evidently only the water in which the meat had been boiled, with scarcely any seasoning. My appetite was gone so that I could eat very little, though I was very much in need of nourishment. The physician prescribed some medicine for me which I regularly took, but I do not

remember what the prescription was. It did not seem to help me as I was continually growing weaker.

From four to eight daily gave up the struggle and their places immediately filled by the sick who were brought from Belle Isle in the Potomac River where so many Union prisoners were confined.

The physician made his round every morning to ascertain how the men were faring and one morning after I had been there four or five days, he stopped at the foot of my cot, and looking at me intently asked the attendant what my prescription was. Upon being told he said "Give him iron." I know that that was simply to give strength, and usually was one of the last things prescribed, all of which did not add to my courage.

About the first of October an attack was made on Fort Harrison by the Federal forces in an effort to break through the Confederate lines. The attempt failed. Many were killed and wounded on the side of the Union. The wounded were made prisoners and carried into Richmond. A wounded man, a sargeant from a Maine regiment I think, was placed on a cot next to mine. He was severely injured. The spinal cord in the small of his back was severed and his body was completely paralyzed. he knew that his case was hopeless; that he could live only a short time, but he did not repine, he simply expressed a desire to live until he could be paroled and so have the satisfaction of dying under the "Stars and Stripes." I believe that Providence often times grants the earnest wishes of his children, and so in this case the soldier lived to be carried on the steamer, "New York," which was the "Flag of Truce" boat on the Union Side, and just as he was on the steamer under the floating folds of the "Starry Banner" his spirit took its flight. The soldier's prayer was answered.

On the morning of the sixth of October, about two weeks from the time I had been taken to Richmond, as I awoke and looked toward the river, I saw a white flag flying at a steamer's masthead and I knew that the boat for which I had longed had come. Immediately all were in excitement and you cannot imagine the joy that was in the faces of those men as they realized that the hour of deliverance had come. Everyone began to pack his little belongings for the trip. Soon the physician came in to take the names of such as he decided should go. I was exceedingly nervous fearing that there might be some slip in my case. When the surgeon had examined me, had consented to my going and had put down my name, I was so eager that I could not wait for the nurses to take me out as my time came, but excitement adding strength, I managed to get myself to the door, and sliding from step to step on the outside stairs reached the ground where the ambulances were gathered to take us to the wharf when the boat was moored. I was like a child and had no

control of my feeling. In due time we reached the river and were carried on board. When all were loaded the boat began its course down the stream to the point at which we were to disembark and be conveyed in ambulances about three miles to the place below where the Union boat was lying. The boats could not meet because a large number of torpedoes had been placed in the river to prevent the Union gunboats from passing up near enough to shell the city of Richmond. Though on the boat and actually passing down for parole, my nervousness did not leave me as I was constantly haunted with the fear that something would happen to prevent my getting through. It now seems so foolish for me to have been so but I certainly could not help it then. At the time of disembarkation I had the same restlessness to get off that I had to get on, and I was among the early ones to land and be placed in the ambulances that would take us to our own boat. The ride of about three miles to effect the transfer was made without any delay and we were carried on the steamer that would convey us to Annapolis, Maryland. The difference in the appearance of the two boats was very striking. The Confederate boat was unkept and the men were laid around on the desks, in many instances with nothing under them, while the Federal boat was clean and tidy, the decks were covered with cots on which were mattresses and white spreads, bespeaking care and comfort. When I was placed on one of these there came to me such a feeling of peace and rest, impossible to describe, for the gloom of five months of prison life was ended and we should soon be in our well furnished hospitals, looked after by experienced surgeons and nurses, and in communication with our own homes from which no word had come since the day of capture.

After becoming adjusted to my cot, looking around the deck I observed attendants passing around ministering to any that needed attention and here and there a surgeon giving directions. Attracting the attention of one of the attendants, I told him I wished to speak to one of the surgeons. When one came to my side I asked him for some brandy as a stimulant for I felt very weak and exhausted, and he very kindly ordered some sent to me which was the very thing needed after such a day of exertion and nervous tension.

The attendants then passed hard tack to the men but I said that I could not eat them, and inquired whether a piece of soft bread (for that was the name we used to distinguish common bread from hard tack) could be found for me, and as you can well imagine, nothing that I had ever eaten in my life seemed so good as that. After this I soon sank into a quiet slumber and when I awoke I found that it was morning and we were anchored off Annapolis, Maryland, the place of our destination.

During the early part of the day we were taken ashore and carried in ambulances to St. John's College buildings, which were then being used

as a hospital for paroled prisoners, as buildings used for that purpose were overcrowded. Immediately after our arrival at the hospital, every person was given a thorough bath, all clothing of whatever nature was taken away and burned and new clothes were distributed, as the medical authorities would allow nothing that had been used in the Confederate prisons to be retained, lest some contagion should arise, and it was certainly a very wise precaution. After the bathing and the putting on of new garments we felt like new men, and we really were new men on the outside.

It is scarcely possible to imagine the relief and rest that came to me after the long months of imprisonment with its deprivations and anxieties to find myself among friends and sympathizers, and able to get in communication with my home. Not a word from home had come to me in five months and, though I was exceedingly anxious to hear the joy was not unmixed with sadness from the thought of the changes that might have come to pass in that time. Yet, as you might as well suppose, I at once wrote a letter home and I did it with my own hand so as to avoid conveying the impression that I was too sick and weak to do it. Lying on my side, I wrote a few lines with a lead pencil, telling of my arrival and how I was situated. Most of the letters sent home by the paroled men were written for them by the hospital attendants, but I could not bear that any hand but my own should pen the glad news that I was out of prison and hoped to see them before many weeks.

We were all regularly examined by the surgeon to ascertain our condition and the kind of diet that would be best for each one, for it was necessary to keep a strict watch over the appetite of all. It was not safe to leave men under such circumstances to follow their own desires or inclinations, and in fact, the authorities were obliged to put a guard over the refuse or "swill" barrels, as they were commonly called, to keep the men from devouring the contents for such was their ravenous hunger that they could not refrain from helping themselves to what would have been injurious, and often times fatal. Every precaution was taken to prevent men from doing themselves harm, as they would not hesitate to do in their weakened condition, both physical and mental.

One case coming within my own observation will show the condition in which many were found. On the cot next to mine was placed a man belonging to some regiment from Maine. When in health he must have been a man of good size and frame over six feet tall, but the hardship and neglect to which he had been exposed had made him so emaciated and weak that he could do scarcely anything for himself. His long hair was full of lice which were taking the very life out of him. His hair was cut, his head was cleansed and he was properly cared for, but even under treatment he was too weak to rally, and after one or two days of suffering the end came and he added one to the thousands and thousands who had yielded up their

lives under similar conditions. I was placed on a diet of oyster soup and that constituted the bulk of the nourishment given while I remained.

After three or four days, my brother Ephriam from home came to see me to ascertain what could be done for me. He remained a few days, but as I could not be taken home on account of my weakened condition, and as I was well cared for to which he could not add anything of material advantage, he returned home. I was to follow as soon as I was strong enough and could get a furlough which I hoped would be in a few weeks. I gradually improved for a few days, when a new batch of paroled men came from Richmond, and to make room for the new arrivals a number of those already there were taken from the room in which we were and placed in a hall which was not properly heated. As a result I caught cold and became worse so that I was in a serious condition. Writing a letter home to this effect caused my mother, in company with my brother Thomas, to come to Annapolis to see what could be done, but before they arrived I had been returned to the room from which I have been taken, and consequently was more comfortable again. My brother Thomas returned home leaving my mother with me until she could take me with her. Having my mother with me was a great boon, and kept me from discouragement. She was admitted to a home established for the benefit of mothers and wives who should come to look after the interests of those who were dear to them. This home was free of expense to those who were entitled to be admitted. There were many women there who had come on the same errand and not a few arrived too late to be of any assistance except to soothe and cheer. Many a touching scene occurred between mother and son, wife and husband as a son or husband was taken.

My mother remained several weeks spending most of the days at my side, but I did not gain very rapidly; I longed to be home, for somehow I had conceived the idea that only home life would cure me. I could not shake it off. We tried to get a furlough but the authorities said that I could not endure so long a journey and refused to grant it. In order to accomplish my purpose I demanded my discharge which could not well be refused as I was absolutely disqualified for further service. My discharge having been procured about the 29th of November, 1864, my mother and I started on our homeward journey. Soon after taking the train I became exceedingly sick and we were obligated to remain over night in Baltimore. With others in like circumstances we were provided for at the Christian Commission House which had been established for just such emergencies as this. Being in great distress I was given a hot sling which in time gave me relief and I fell into a deep sleep from which I did not awaken until morning. I have heard my mother say that several times during the night she came to my cot to see if I were still breathing, for she was alarmed at my lying so quietly.

I was somewhat better in the morning and after resting during the day, we took a sleeper in the evening for Elmira, which place we reached next day without special incident. We remained in the depot at Elmira several hours waiting for the train to Watkins (then called Jefferson, I think) as my transportation ticket was by way of Seneca Lake. Only one incident do I recall while we were waiting at Elmira. An old man who was selling home made molasses candy offered to give me some, which I felt obliged to refuse as I dared not to eat it. However, this little act gave evidence of a kind heart. My mother procured a cup of tea for me while here from a neighboring restaurant and she was required to deposit a small sum of money for the safe returning of the cup and saucer which was given back to her on the return of the dishes. This requirement was a proper safeguard.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, as near as I can remember, we took the train for Watkins, which was a very slow train for it took a long time, some two hours I think to go twenty miles. Arriving at Watkins we took a steamer for Geneva at the foot of the Lake. On our way down the lake, being somewhat overcome by the trip, my mother procured a hot gin sling which gave me strength for the remainder of the journey. At Geneva it was necessary to transfer by omnibus from the boat landing to the railroad station. We found a sister of charity on the pier waiting to receive us as we landed. As she saw me she exclaimed, "You are the one I am looking for." She immediately placed me in a hack with my mother and we were driven directly to the railroad station. She reached the station soon after we and she proceeded at once to make me comfortable. She brought me a piece of pie which I was unable to eat and when she learned of my condition she brought me a bottle of blackberry cordial, gave me a dose and insisted that I keep the rest for future use. No mother could have been more interested in my welfare or have done more for my comfort than this sister. In some way she had learned that a wounded soldier was on board the steamer and she was at the wharf at its arrival to see what was needed. She was a type of a multitude of women who gave their time and service to the welfare of the soldiers in hospitals and elsewhere during the latter part of the war thereby saving the lives of hundreds.

In due time the train from the west arrived and we were placed on board. My mother and I expected to spend the night in Syracuse and complete the journey home the next morning, but when we came to consider that we were to pass through the station at Marcellus to reach Syracuse, we decided that we would stop at Marcellus station and endeavor to get someone to take us to the village which was distant about two miles. The public stage did not meet the night train for Rochester and we had no way of getting to the village at that time, except by securing some private conveyance. We reached the station between ten and eleven P.M. We were disappointed in our hope that some conveyance might be at the

station on the arrival of the train. Being unable to secure anyone to take us to the village, we were obliged to remain in the waiting room of the depot all night. My mother sat looking after my welfare as best she could, while I passed the hours getting what rest I could on the hard wooden benches, which was very little indeed. In the morning at hour for the first train from Syracuse my brother Ephraim came with a horse and carriage as he had done for several trains before that had come from Syracuse, but he did not meet the trains from the west as they did not expect us to come from that direction. Our friends at home had been expecting us for one or two days but they could not tell upon what train we might arrive, and as a consequence, had been driving for one or two days to meet the train.

Home at last after an absence of two years and three months, filled with labor, fatigue and suffering. No one can imagine the feeling of relief and comfort that came to me when I was again under my father's roof; the very consciousness of it gave me new vigor and life.

As I anticipated, home was just what I needed to enable me to improve. I was in want of no physician but simply the home atmosphere with all that it implied. Though extremely weak and emaciated I soon began to grow stronger and put on flesh, I had been without sufficient food for so many months that no amount of food would satisfy me and seemingly I was just as hungry after a meal as before, consequently it was necessary for me to exercise a great deal of self control in refraining from eating more than I might, as suffering was sure to follow any indiscretion in this respect.

Reaching home about the first of December in the fall of 1864 it was nearly spring before I was able to get out of the house very much. However, when physical strength began to return, courage and cheer came back for long bodily weakness had depressed my spirits. The coming of spring with its mild pleasant weather gave me an opportunity to be much in the open air and as a result I began to grow stronger more rapidly. The summer months were spent partly in the village of Marcellus and partly on the farms of my two older brothers who resided about four miles south of the village, doing light work which increased my strength and improved my health.

I then began to consider what I should do for my life work, as I had practically given up a college course. I thought of fitting myself as a bookkeeper in some business concern, of teaching school, of becoming a musician, etc., but none of these callings appealed to me without more education. My brother Ephraim had learned photography and had brought a gallery in Syracuse. He invited me to enter the business with him which

I agreed to do as he was very confident that it would be profitable. However, after a few months I concluded that there was not enough in this enterprise for two and my brother took the entire business for himself. This ended my first business adventure.

While still unsettled as to my future, I made a short visit to my school friend M.P. Blakeslee who was then on his father's farm in Perryville and he carried me to Cazenovia, where I remained two or three days visiting among former acquaintances. This return to the village where I spent two pleasant and profitable years in the Seminary revived my old desire to go to college and I went back home with that purpose in my heart. I immediately hunted up the Latin and Greek textbooks that I had used in my preparatory work and began a review of the requirements for entrance to college. My years of demoralizing army and prison life had unfitted me for mental effort, and I found my self-imposed task decidedly up hill work, but persisted, even against the advice of friends, and in September of 1866, in company with a young Irishman, John Welch by name, I turned my steps toward Middletown, Conn., to enter the freshman class of Wesleyan University. Perhaps I ought to say in this connection that I had become so strong in my determination to take a college course, that I refused the proffer of the nomination for School Commissioner on the Republican Ticket, which was equivalent to an election in that district, and I have never had cause to regret the choice I then made.

We went to Middletown, via New York going to Albany to New York on the night boat and from New York to Middletown, Conn., the next night on the boat running between New York, and Hartford, thus giving us the privilege of spending one day in New York which we improved in looking around. The city was then small compared to its present size. We reached Middletown about three o'clock in the morning, and, as I remember, as we were walking through the main street in this city wondering what we should do, we found a meat market open which we entered, sat down and waited for the morning light. When day had fully dawned we went to the waiting room of one of the hotels and remained until a suitable time to proceed to the college grounds. In due time we made our way to the office of Dr. Cummings, the President of the University, and were shown our rooms which had been previously assigned to us.

The entrance examinations which all were obliged to undergo were held that day. They were oral in charge of the teachers of the various departments, the candidates entering one department after another until he had made the round. As four years had passed since I had finished my preparatory work in the Seminary, I suffered in comparison with those who were fresh from Seminary life, but I man-

aged to pass the ordeal without any condition except the requirement in plain geometry for which I was profoundly grateful.

I was obliged to work very hard on account of the long period that had elapsed since my Seminary days and my record for the first term was not very high, my standing putting me about the middle of the class, but then having gained better control of my mental faculties, I began to do better work and gradually gained in my class standing so that at graduation I stood ninth in rank among the thirty-eight who completed the course, which I regarded as very creditable.

I became a member of the "Mystical Seven", which, during my freshman year was transformed into a chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and it is now one of the leading fraternities in the University.

I was Principal of the High School in Plantsville, Conn., during the winter of my Junior year and during the winter of my Senior year I taught three weeks as Principal in the High School in Cromwell, Conn., in place of John Welch, a classmate, who returned to college to review with his class the work of the term so as not to fail of graduation with the other members of the class.

During the spring of that year I made an arrangement with Dr. James T. Edwards, Principal of Chamberlain Institute at Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., N.Y. to teach Mathematics and German in that institution the next year, the duties of which I began in the fall. I remained in this institution three years and then accepted the position of Professor of Greek and Latin in the Cazenovia Seminary. I entered my duties in Cazenovia in August, 1873 and remained in the institution in various capacities until 1896, as Professor of Latin and Greek until 1884, at which time I was elected President, which position I held until 1896.

During this academic Year, 1877-8 there was an epidemic of Typhoid in the Seminary, which came very near closing the doors of the institution. Though this was not done the number in attendance became so few that the Seminary became greatly embarrassed financially. On account of an accumulated indebtedness of over \$40,000 and to save the institution from seizure of its property under judgments, the Trustees in the spring of 1879 leased the Seminary to me as far as the current receipts and expenditures were concerned, which continued until the creditors were satisfied under a compromise settlement by payment of forty cents on the dollar, after which the institution took on new life.

In the fall of 1879, James D. Phelps was elected President, but the financial management was left in my hands during his administration

which duties were performed by me in addition to my work as Professor of Latin and Greek.

During Professor Phelps' term of office as Principal, the foundation was laid for a permanent endowment by the subscription of \$25,000 by Mrs. Livia Guernsey Griffin of Troy, N.Y. to be paid in equal annual increments of \$5,000, and by the raising of a fund of \$5,000 by the residents of the village. In the spring of 1884 Professor Phelps resigned to become the pastor of a church in Utica, N.Y. and at the annual meeting of the Trustees in June I was chosen to succeed him. I held the position for twelve years, resigning in the summer of 1896 on account of ill health and was chosen President emeritus on account of my long service. The cottage was built during my administration—water was brought to the institution from a spring about one mile east of the village and many other improvements made. The endowment was increased to about \$40,000.

Dr. C.C. Wilbor was chosen to be my successor, and he held the position for four years. During his administration the gymnasium was erected which filled a long felt need. In the summer of 1900 Dr. F.D. Blakeslee was made President, holding the position until 1908 at which time Dr. C.D. Skinner was chosen President.

Soon after my election as President, the health of G.L. Rouse the Seminary Treasurer, failed and I was chosen Treasurer, which position I am still holding after a period of twenty-five years. In the fall of 1902 I was elected School Commissioner of the Second School District of Madison County, and held the position for six years, usually visiting the rural schools twice each year.

In the summer of 1872 I was married to Abbie Smith of east Bridgewater, Mass., sister of Richard W. Smith, one of my college classmates. She died in July 1876 and in March 1881 I was married to Harriet C. Alvord of Cazenovia. We have one son, Theron A. Clements, now practicing Law in New York City.

The preceding is a brief epitome of my life experiences, written solely for my son, who has frequently expressed a wish for such a record.

Now, in conclusion I would simply add that my life has been a strenuous one, handicapped as I have always been by the loss of my limb, with the suffering incident thereto and a constitution broken by months of prison life; but notwithstanding all this I have never regretted that I had a share in the preservation of the Union for I have always felt that it would have been a world of disaster if the government of the United States had been broken into fragments, and if this

government “of the people, by the people, for the people” shall fulfill the high mission, the sacrifice will not have been made in vain.

I BELIEVE IN GOD, IN HIS SON, JESUS CHRIST, IN THE SIMPLE CHRISTIAN LIFE, IN DOING JUSTICE, IN LOVING MERCY, IN WALKING HUMBLY WITH GOD, IN LIVING IN A HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND BEING A FRIEND TO MAN.

**Isaac N. Clements**

**Cazenovia, N.Y.  
September, 1913.**