

**LETTER FROM ABEL CLOUGH TO THE FAMILY OF HIS WIFE ARMYRA (MYRA) WELLS CLOUGH  
FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, NEWTON WELLS/WELLES. *Note, spellings and  
punctuation are as originally written in cursive.***

Pavllion [sic] Station on Va: C. N. R. Sabbath June 12 [1864]

Dear Ones at Home

Newton is dead. And it is with tears that I record this this beautiful Sabbath morning. Yes I feel sad & lonely for our dear soldier boy is no more. He died yesterday on the field of battle & was buried by strangers. & lifes struggle with him is over.

I know this will be a great trial to our already afflicted Mother as well as to his brothers & sisters but I pray God to sustain you & give you grace to meet this stroke of Providence with meekness & submission. & trust in him who does not willingly afflict the children of men. but for their profit & the promise is still ours (though so hard at times to realize) that all things work together for our good. And I believe it is well with Newton. I never felt so sad & like mourning over a victory as this. Twas a hard fought battle & many fell.

I was not on the skirmish line with Newton. My Carbine had failed me a few days before & I held horses. He & Wm. were out. & I am glad that some of his friends were along, for his Bible & diary are saved. Wm. took them out of his pocket, but I am sorry I was not there to bury him & mark his grave, but he now lies in an unmarked grave by a running brook about 2 miles from this Station, with two other soldiers in a decent looking grave. There lies all that remains of our Newton on earth but the better part I believe is among the redeemed saved & singing praises to God among whom is our departed Father & he has joined him in singing some of those strains he so loved to sing while here. There is no war no sin. He has long wished for peace & that this war might close, that he might lead a peaceful & quiet life with those he loved. but he is now through & the booming cannon will not molest his quiet resting place & he will have no more anxiety about this cruel war.

When we were ordered to dismount yesterday morning to fight on foot he asked for my cartridges & he put them into his side pocket where was his Bible. I asked if I had not better take his Bible as his pocket was so full, but no, his Bible had always been with him in battle & he wished to have it with him. & I was of his opinion. he went off feeling well & well prepared for the fight, but little did I think it was the last time I should ever see Newton. I could hardly believe when I heard he was killed. I wandered over the field where they went & then to grave where he was buried. then again I went over the field with one who was along with him. then I saw the Bible he so loved & his diary, when I knew I should see him no more. It was 5 or 6 hours after he was shot before I knew he was hurt. I kept hearing from the co. but no one knew of his being killed. & I thought it was all right with our men but one came after the fight was nearly over & asked me if I knew Newton was killed. I told him I did not & was much surprised to hear him say it, yes & somewhat disappointed, for I had hoped the Lord would preserve our brother but He who rules doeth all things wisely & I know that not a murmur would escape the lips of Newton but would say it was well, for he died in a good cause. As soon as I heard of his being dead, I took my horse & went out & over the field I went but I learned he was buried by strange hands, by the little running brook there, was no head board but I was satisfied that he was buried there. When Wm. came in which was about dark he told me he help carry him back to the place under a large tree nearby where is the grave. So I have his resting place marked in my memory but his dear Mother cannot visit it at present at least.

*[Abel made to references to Wm. in this letter. There were several men named William from Wyoming County in Company C of the 1<sup>st</sup> New York Dragoons, so it is not known which one Abel was referring to, but the two from China (Arcade) were Sgt. William Fairfield and Pvt. William McKerrow. There is no closing or signature to this letter, so perhaps there was more that was not preserved.]*