

tribulation; my home felt to me somewhat as though it were within the gates of Paradise.

Oh! how painful to me now to recur to what at first only seemed a trifle, but which finally culminated in a serious calamity. In June, 1861, I was taken with the sore eyes, and was confined for some weeks to the house. In November I was taken with neuralgic pains in my head and eyes, and in a little time lost my sight. In the spring of 1862, my sight partially returned, but in July the pains returning, I was again struck blind. The war was now raging with desperate fury; the conscript law was in force; my son, on whom I chiefly depended, enlisted to avoid the conscription, and my other son who was married, also enlisted, and I was left, a blind man in the midst of a helpless family of boys and girls. To heighten the scene of desolation around us, we were living upon the confines of the Indian District, and they had extended their work of murder and plunder to within a short distance of us. They commenced their dreadful work of murder, arson and plunder, in the fall of 1862, and in the spring of 1863, they completed a scene of murder and outrage, within a mile of our house. Our hopes of safety seemed only in flight, and we traveled away as fast as we could, and did not stop until we had gone 80 miles. Learning shortly after, that a regiment of soldiers was stationed near where we lived, we returned to our home. Shortly after our arrival here, I heard that a skillful Oculist was at Paris, one hundred miles distant, and I obtained a mode of conveyance to Paris, hoping to have my sight restored. The physician sold me medicine, but gave me little or no encouragement, and the man who took me there left me at a tavern. In a short time