Recollections of an Eventful Life

Bruce & Douglas
Your mothers great
Grandfather

by T. C. BARNES

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I have been threatening to write an autobiography of my life. So many things have been so crowded into it that I have been promising myself that I would jot them down, thinking they might be of some interest later on to my grandchildren. Now that I have started, will I ever bring it up to date?

I was born in Ugburrough, near Newton Abbot, Devonshire, England, in 1842, July 6th. I have a vague recollection of living there, but Highwick, a suburb of Newton Abbott, is very distinct in my memory, where we lived for several years. Our home was very large and commodious. It was called "Lion's Inn." A carriage drive to one side was covered by the same thatched roof as the house. In the back yard was a tenpin alley and

outbuildings. Adjoining it was a large garden of about one acre of ground, planted with fruit trees of different kinds. A stone wall separated this from the back yard, and this wall was covered on the garden side by climbing vines, both fruit and flowers. Back of all this was a meadow, and I remember yet about the beautiful violets, daisies, primroses, and other wild flowers that grew in that field.

My grandfather Barnes was "the" gardener; and he was No. 1. He lived with us until and after we came to the United States, and died in Logansport, Ind., at my uncle John's home.

There was a large driveway into that field, covered by a continuation of the stock building roof. There was a heavy timber overhead that crossed and one end entered into a stone wall for support. I remember as distinctly as if it was yesterday that the opening in the wall was larger than the timber, and my pet hen would fly up there and lay an egg in that opening about every day.

We, my brother John and I, were allowed to have many pets, among which were beautiful rabbits, an owl; also a talking jackdaw.

I went to school at Tinggrace, probably a mile, every day. The teacher was very strict. I was left-handed and no doubt I had been warned many times not to write with my left hand, but it was so natural and I would forget the threatened punishment, and the teacher up behind and gave my hand an awful blow with his cane. I presume that cured me, in that one item at least, because I am writing this with my right hand; but I am still left-handed in most everything else.

It occurs to me that I was told that I was born with a veil over my face. I don't know what significance is attached or could be, excepting that my life was full of accidents which brought me many times very close to death's door. The first one occurred when I was a little fellow living in Newton Abbott, England. My brother John E. (a year and ten months older than I) was throwing stones in a mill race—we called it there a "leet." While my brother was gathering another armfull of stones I fell in and when he looked around I was floating down the leet, first head up and then feet. When my little body was drawing near the intake of the mill and in a moment or two would have been sucked under into the mill-wheel, a miller came out for a bucket of water, saw the situation, and immediately sprang in and fished me out, rolled the water out of me, and took me home, more dead than alive.

An incident while going to school at Tinggrace. Another boy and I had to stand facing the wall as a punishment for some misdemeanor we were guilty of. The teacher had occasion to leave the room; as soon as he was gone the other boy and I began nudging each other with our elbows, in the ribs. I must have given him an unexpected elbow thrust in the side, and he fell over dead, seemingly. A big boy jumped and picked him up and laid him on the bench. Gee, I was nearly scared to death. I don't remember the outcome; I expect I got my little hide tanned good and plenty, because the rule in that school was Solomon's: "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and the rod was never spared, so I guess I wasn't spoiled.

I have often wanted to go back in my later years and verify the song that said:

The old schoolhouse is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall
And the bell swings to and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as she died whose name you cut
There forty years ago.

Well, some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But none are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

It's now 65 years since I was there, and of course the change is sadder still. The old landmarks are all gone, probably.

I must have been an apt scholar, quick to learn, as what I learned there was about all the schoolhouse teaching I ever received, because my father when I was nine years old brought us all to America. We used to have spelling matches occasionally and I could spell with the best of them. I was often the last to be spelled down. Years after, in Minnesota, I spent six months in winter school with my brother, J. E. That was the extent of my school "larning."

My father brought his family to America in '52. The voyage took six weeks by sail to reach New York harbor. We sailed from Bristol, England. Our family was nearly all sick and my dear mother was very sick—came near dying. The family consisted of both parents and six children, four boys and two girls: John E., now deceased; myself, George, Harry, Annie, and Mary. After the ship was docked one day I was crossing from one ship to the other on the gangplank when I stumbled and was falling off the plank between the ships, when a man grabbed me and undoubtedly saved my life. They tell me I was a good sailor. The rocking of the ship had no effect upon me. I was on deck knocking about when it was safe.

Father moved his family to Brooklyn, on Gold street. Shortly after I became an errand boy in a furniture store owned by Mrs. Werner, a widow, and her niece, a young woman, lived with her. I used to deliver light pieces of furniture over the city. My pay, I think, was $2 per week and board, but slept at home. One day as I

was carrying a piece of furniture to be delivered I met several boys. Knowing them, we stopped to talk. It so happened that inside a tight board fence was a grape vine trailing against the wall of a building, covered with fruit. The boys saw it; also there was a door through the fence; the boys and the grapes got together. A woman who owned them came hurrying down with a blacksnake whip. The boys ran. I was the only one there, and the way she thrashed me with that whip was a caution. I cried "It wasn't me; it wasn't me." I finally proved to her that I was innocent. She said "You had no business to be in their company." I learned a lesson there I never forgot, and I paid the price. These boys were merchants' sons who owned stores near where I worked. Some time after that those same boys were arrested for stealing some copper, and found guilty.

My father was a very strict man and gave us good training; always went to Sunday school, and when I saw where such boys' company would lead me, when father concluded to move to Indiana I was a glad boy.

One night after I was home in bed and supposed to be asleep my brother came in and said to father: "Have you seen Tom? He has been fighting and got a black eye." "I'll attend to him in the morning," I heard father say. Of course I "flew the coop" in the morning early. I heard no more about that afterwards. I could have said "Father, you ought to have seen the other fellow," but I took no chances.

One day John and I went down to the docks where the ships were tied; the tide was out and the ships swung out to the length of the cable. Other boys were in

swimming, so I thought I would try it. So I climbed down over the slippery timbers to get hold of the cable, when I slipped and went down in twenty or more feet of water. I was going down the third time when a colored boy saw I was drowning, dove after me, and brought me to the surface and finally on to the dock. My nose bled profusely. My past life, short as it was, passed before me while I was struggling. That darkey was my champion. Ever since I have been kind to that race and took their part.

A short time after that father moved with his family to Indiana. We went by the water route the most of the way; in fact, that was the quickest way we could go, as very few railroads were built at that time going west. We went by the Wabash and Erie canal, rode on a packet canal boat, three or four horses or mules tandem, always on the trot, except when going through a lock, of which there were many. The driver in the saddle of the hind mule with a great long whip so as to reach the leader. It was a delightful ride and good eats, so I was happy. In the course of time we landed in Logansport, Ind., the end of our journey. The only railroad that reached the town at that time was the Wabash, and it only ran from Lafayette to Logansport, where it was turned by a turntable and returned to Lafayette.

We moved over a tin store on the corner of Fourth and Broadway, owned by a Mr. Krugg. While living there I came near shooting my mute sister Annie. The men folks left a gun in one corner of the room, and when they were out I picked the gun up supposing it was not loaded, pulled the trigger back and pointed it at my sister and pulled the trigger; but it didn't go "click" as I supposed it would. But after while I must have pulled it back full

cock and then pointed it at the looking glass, and the blame thing went off and instead of hitting the glass it put a hole through the ceiling. I was nearly scared to death, but I had sense enough left to put a chair on the table, get a cloth, mount the scaffold and wipe the powder marks from around the hole. I told the children "mum was the word; that father would nearly kill me if he found it out." The strangest thing was I never heard of it afterward. I had never fired a gun before, and the cap looked to me as if it had been fired. It taught me a lesson I never forgot—to never leave any firearms lying around where children could get them, loaded or empty. It's always the supposed-to-be-empty gun that shoots.

Father bound me to Samuel Hall, the owner and editor of the Logansport Pharos, for five years. In some respects it was a good thing; it helped me to get rid of my h's where they ought not to be, etc. Mr. Hall was a hard master—more severe than my father, or else I was a bad boy, as he whipped me frequently and then gave the foremen permit to punish me. One day the book bindery man got angry at me and threw the big paper knife at my head, but I was too quick for him and dodged under the table. I told a friend of my father's, Frank Babbage, a short time after about it. He got very angry and said "Tom, show the devil to me." We went up to the office, but the fellow skipped away and saved his hide. When the bookbinder man—his name was Arnold—saw I had a friend at court he and the rest of them treated me more humane. I surely had a rocky road, and concluded I would skip. Before this, after we had moved down to the point, my mother was sick and very frail, I remember. It was the campaign year of Buchanan and Breckenridge. My mother made me a flag and a streamer with "Buchanan and Breckenridge" painted on it. I

planted a hickory pole in our yard and hoisted my colors to the mast. You see, I got my politics from working in a Democrat printing office.

We moved from there to the west side, called Brownstown. It was there that my dear mother went home to God. I realized my great loss at once—my best friend, my beloved mother, I should never see her more in this life. I went outside under the back window and cried my heart out. It was a sad, sad blow to us children and father. We laid her precious body in Mount Hope cemetery, where her dear body sleeps; but we shall meet again, thank God.

Some time after this I tried to find work. I canvassed the town but nothing doing. I then went to the country and finally got a job from Jacob Baker. He had a small farm, a sawmill, and blacksmith shop. He paid me $4.00 a month. It was good old Democratic times. I was quite ablebodied for my years. I soon learned to swing the scythe and keep up my side, or swing the sledge in the blacksmith shop, keep up my station in the wheat field, or handle the tail end in the sawmill which he owned.

My uncle, John Barnes, had a contract of building a section of railroad on the M. & C. out from North McGregor, Iowa, and Minnesota. He wanted me to go out there and work for him. When I got there I hunted up Frank Babbage, who had the work in charge. I found him where they kept liquor. I refused his treat to liquor and when I saw he was getting angry I put the liquor to my lips, and when he wasn't looking threw it out. I was then a lad of about 16. The workings was heavy cutting and filling, with considerable masonry of abutments for bridges, crossing Bloody Run. It was a wild and rough place every way. We lived in a two-room shack. One

room we kept our commissary and the other for cooking, eating, and sleeping. Whiskey was as plentiful as coffee; a jug of it was always under the table where we ate. One day when I was alone there the devil said to me, "Take a drink of whiskey; no one will know." I put the jug to my mouth, when my guardian angel said, "Don't you do it." I put the jug back under the sideboard, and that finished the devil for that time.

John Medland was there some after—a brother-in-law to my uncle John Barnes. He said to me one Sunday morning, "saddle a horse and come with me if you like, and go to church." John was a devout Catholic. Of course I was ready, and we rode 10 miles to church. I went with him every Sunday after that, and no doubt it did me good as well as the ride.

That winter I hauled flour and meat from Claremont, about 20 miles across the prairie. It was a tough job all winter. One day Mr. Medland and I were out hunting back from our camp and we got lost in the woods. We ran across a cub bear, but we stayed away, expecting the old mother bear would be after us. It was dark and I kept telling John that we should go more to the left. After a while we heard someone chopping and went towards the sounds. It took us over to the high bluff overlooking our camp. We could see the lights gleaming through the trees—beautiful lights! I frequently went hunting after that, and shot many a pheasant.

The following spring John Medland, John Carrol, and I started with three teams to drive them to Danville, Ill. We had fine teams. I forgot to mention that before we started one day I was crossing a bridge riding one horse and leading the other. Something frightened the off horse, causing him to jump against the horse I was riding and landing us both in the creek. My leg got caught under old "Major," and he struggling to get up I pulled my leg out from under him. I was drenched to the skin, otherwise all right. Yes, those three teams were as fine draught teams as one would wish to see; but before we got to Danville I had to lean up against one to keep him from falling down. We crossed the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien, Wisc., and took the high lands, but after a while we struck the Illinois prairies. They were a fright. The frost was just coming out of the ground. Many places we had to double teams, although our wagon beds were comparatively empty. We finally landed in Danville, and after a short stay there I returned to Logansport. After being there a short time my father wanted me to go to Minnesota. He had a homestead of a quarter section of land near Cannon Falls, and my oldest brother, John E., was holding it down. The two years I lived there were the saddest years of my life. The second year I was there I farmed the place and my sister Mary and youngest brother Harry were with me. I also farmed a tract of land, probably 20 acres all in wheat, down in the valley, while John farmed a tract of land in another valley. In the winter I went to school three months each winter. This total of six months was all the schooling I got since I was nine years old.

In the summer of 1862 I had helped my brother harvest his grain and he was helping me in return. The Civil War was on. A man on horseback stopped to give us the news one day and after he left I told John one of us ought to enlist; but he argued others were in much better shape to go than we, and to wait a while. I told him I felt I ought to go, and would go. "Well," he said, "I am the oldest, and I will go." That night he made arrangements to go with Mr. Greaves, who took produce to St.

Paul once a week. The night they were to go it rained so it was put off till the next night, so he told me when he came in the harvest field in the morning, and then arguing against either of us going. I made up my mind I would say nothing, but enlist. That night I made arrangements with Mr. Greaves to go with him in the morning early. John was living in the valley on the Chase farm. I put on my best suit; Harry and Mary were asleep, and I left the cabin, but didn't wake them, and went with Mr. and Mrs. Greaves to St. Paul and from there I went to Ft. Snelling to enlist. They refused me at first until I could get my father's consent. "Oh, I said, "he lives in Indiana, but I know he will be willing." Of course it was a lie. The next day I got a hint they would accept me and so I tried it again and they said nothing about parents' consent, but made me one of Uncle Sam's boys.

Some time before this there was a big patriotic rally in a large grove near us and one of the numbers on the program was a song entitled "The First Gun Is Fired!" sung by a beautiful young lady. It thrilled my heart.

"The first gun is fired! may God protect the right;
Let the freeborn sons of the North rise in power's avenging might.
Shall the glorious Union our fathers made, by ruthless hands be sundered,
And we of freedom's sacred rights by traitrous foes be plundered.
Arise! arise!! arise!!! and gird ye for the fight,
And let our watchword ever be, 'May God protect the right'."

Chorus: The last four lines.

There were three verses of it and chorus.

As soon as I enlisted they gave us ten days furlough to go home and settle our business on the farm. We hadn't much more than got home than word came to return to the fort immediately, as the Sioux Indians had broken out on the frontier and were killing the inhabitants. That was the beginning of the Sioux war, that took three years. I hurried back to Fort Snelling with other recruits; donned my regimeutals and accoutrements, and left my suit of clothes with the cook in the fort; that was the last of them—in fact, I never saw a dollar of my crops, and all the interest I had in the farm afterwards. It was some sacrifice, but I never regretted it. It was worth the sacrifice.

That night with our togs, and cartridge boxes filled, we went aboard the steamer at the wharf and steamed up the Minnesota river to St. Peter and then marched from there to Ft. Ridgely, probably about 20 miles, and skirmished all the way, expecting to get into a fight any moment; but the Indians kept out of our way. We arrived at Ft. Ridgely, where they just had a fight with the Indians of several days' duration, and finally drove the enemy away. After being camped there for a day or two a detail was made from each company of our regiment, the 6th Minn., of three men from each company, to bury the dead the Indians had killed, and Co. A was assigned as escort. Samuel Clark, Ben Vials and myself were detailed from my company, C; all told a little over 125 men. We traveled in wagons. Some of the boys took liquor along, but I found I was equal to the best of them without liquor. After we got some distance from the fort we began to find dead bodies and bury them. They had been laying in the August sun for over a week, and when we began to lift them they would burst open, and the smell was awful. We dug a shallow grave near the

body; three men with shovels would lift the body and lay it in the grave. We buried nearly a hundred that way. Some of them were soldiers of Co. B, 4th Minn., who had been ambushed a short time before by the Sioux just across the Minnesota river from the Indian agency. As the soldiers were about to get on the ferryboat, unknown to the soldiers the Indians were hid in the underbrush along the banks on the opposite side and poured in a murderous fire which destroyed nearly all of them. Only a few escaped to Ft. Ridgely to tell the story.

In the morning our force divided; those that had horses went on to the upper agency and to see if any of the enemy were lurking around, while we crossed over the river after going up to another crossing, and marched to Birch Coulee, arriving there in the evening. We camped near the coulee because of the nearness of water. Word came in from the scouts that no enemy was within many miles. They had not seen any. I took my shoes off that night, thinking all was safe—which I hadn't done for several days. Early, before daybreak in the morning, firing began, and our guard was driven in. It seems that while we were climbing up the bluff out of the river bottom a bunch of Indians saw us from across the river. They were on their way to go down and attack New Ulm the second time with an enlarged force, as they had failed in the first attack. After they saw us they went no further, but laid low and that night they circled around us and just before day bullets came plugging through our Sibley tents. I made a grab for my shoes, but they were gone. I grabbed my rifle and accoutrements. Ben. Viles was just ahead of me for a moment, when down he went, shot in the shoulder. I jumped over him, gun in hand. I ran down between the tents, when the command was given to lie down. I was facing the

coulee when in a moment a ball struck me a little to the left of the center of my breast; it spun me around like a top and I fell to the ground, facing the coulee. I supposed the bullet went through me; I tore my blouse and shirt open and saw blood oozing out from the flesh that had been broken on the rib bones; I then threw my clothes back and there in the brass eagle ornament that was fastened to the cartridge box strap was the bullet which had crashed through the eagle and flattened as it was passing. It was providential. God be praised. I gradually came too, and after a little while I was able to help in defense.

We had about a hundred horses, which was a good target for the Indians. Horses would rear up on their hind legs when they were shot; when they came down we would give the poor beasts a thrust back of the fore shoulder with our bayonets and then get them in shape for our breastworks. The Indians giving their blood-curdling warwhoops; the horses rearing up and striking with their front feet; all about bullets shrieking, killing and maiming; all around us groans from the badly hurt, crying "water, water; give me a drink of water." It was certainly hell.

Two boys volunteered to get some shovels to dig trenches. The shovels were in wagons on the outside circle. The boys crawled towards the wagons; one was immediately shot through the head, the other returned. Later the shovels were got and the Captain of Co. A (Grant) held a shovel up and called for a volunteer. I was behind a barrel next to him and took it and laid in a depression in the ground where we had a fire to cook supper the night before. Directly the boys got to work, with bayonets, tin cups and plates, and the way we made the dirt fly would beat any rat terrier after rats. While

a part of us were digging the balance were shooting to kill the enemy, and then we would take turns. While Capt. Grant and I were behind a couple of barrels a bullet came through and took off a piece of his chin. While I was still there Major Brown, who was an old Indian fighter, was giving directions about shaping the dead horses for breastworks. He was a short distance from the Captain and I. A bullet pierced his neck and brought him to the ground. He was bleeding badly. Capt. Grant said, "Major, crawl to the hospital tent and have the surgeon stop the flow of blood," which he did. The hospital was a wall tent banked up with our knapsacks, to prevent bullets from killing our surgeon. After a little while the Major crawled out, too weak to stand, but he placed some knapsacks on top of each other for a seat and continued to direct the fight. We fought them off all day, expecting they would charge us any moment, so we kept our bayonets fixed, determined to fight to the last, knowing if we surrendered that would be our finish, and our scalps would dangle at their belts before the setting of another sun. As the battle progressed someone said, "I have shot my last cartridge." Ammunition was gotten and 20 rounds was handed to each man that could shoot, but when we commenced to use it it was found the wrong calibre; the bullet and cartridge were too large for the gun, which necessitated a whittling down of each bullet with our jack knives before we could shoot it. During the first day's fight I was hunched behind a couple of barrels with another boy, when an Indian bullet popped in between the barrels, glancing from the barrel and striking the other boy back of his head. It gave him an awful wallop; it didn't break his skull as it was a glancing shot, but when he came to himself he began cursing, swearing he would "kill that blankety-blank Indian," that he would. He stood up

with gun ready, and as the Indian slowly raised his head behind the mounds and grass about 150 feet away they both fired together. The Indian's bullet went over our heads, but his found its mark.

After the battle was over we were interested especially in that incident, and while the body was gone, as the Indians always take their dead away when they can, but the ground and grass were sprinkled with blood and we had no more trouble from that quarter during the fight.

When night came on we had to keep awake unless we were dead, and we passed the word along from one to the other, from trench to trench, "Wide awake," every fifteen minutes, knowing if they crept upon us and some of us asleep it would have been "good-bye." As I sat in the trench that weird night to my right a young fellow who had been shot in the center of the forehead passed the word to me; I passed it to the comrade on my left and he didn't answer—had dropped into a doze. I nudged his elbow and he gave a yell; his arm next to me had been shattered; a bullet had entered his arm near the elbow and came out near the wrist. It was tough. The young fellow who had been shot in the forehead during the fight showed me where the brains had oozed out on to his cap. I learned afterwards he went crazy, but still later recovered.

All we had to eat or drink was a leaf of cabbage during the two days and nights. Our Sibley tents were shot to ribbons; one horse was spared alive, but he had been hit seven times. They took him down to St. Paul to exhibit him to the people.

They heard our firing sixteen miles away, down at

Ft. Ridgely; the wind was favorable to carry the sound. A part of the forces was started to our relief, but when they got across the coulee from us about a mile they were halted by the Indians and then the commander sent word back to Gen. Sibley for reinforcements at the fort, and the next morning the entire command came up around the coulee, picked up the first bunch of reinforcements, and then came in battle line, firing as they came with cannon and musket, driving the Indians before them. That was the finest sight I ever saw. Some of us jumped out of our trenches to watch our boys. A singular incident happened here; a teamster during the fight the first day rolled up in some blankets. Captain Grant's attention was called to it and the Captain said, "You fellow in the blankets, get out of there before I count ten, or I will shoot you." Before he finished the count he sneaked out and got into the trench. This same teamster stood up when the relief was coming and a bunch of the Indians circled around by the coulee as they were retreating, gave us a parting volley, and one of the shots struck this teamster through the muscle of his right arm. He gave a yell and leaped into the trench, trembling. We laughed at him because of his cowardice before.

When the reinforcements came up they saw a sight they never forgot, because we were all green boys. I hadn't been a soldier ten days; just off the farm; and the most of them with the same experience, and here were dead horses and dead men mixed up with them, in August—bodies bloated with the hot sun; some of the severely wounded out of their mind for the want of water. The whole bunch was either killed or wounded. My Captain, Bailey, hunted up his three boys, and when he saw me he embraced me and took me to our Colonel,

Crooks of the 6th, and said, "Colonel, this is one of my boys," pointing to the eagle which had saved my life. The Colonel saluted me and said, "a feather in your cap, young man."

We were all taken back to Ft. Ridgely. My breast turned black all over where the ribs were, the concussion was so great. They wanted me to go to the hospital until I got well, but I didn't, nor wouldn't go; I was more afraid of the hospital than I was of the Indians, as I had been taught when a soldier went to the hospital he would never come out alive. If I had done so it would have been much better for me afterwards, for I would have had an hospital record. Besides, the orderly sergeant of my company said I would have to go on duty if I didn't get excused by the doctor. Well, I went on duty, but my comrades afterwards made it so hot for him that later when the long roll sounded for battle he hid away, and when we returned to camp the Captain hunted him up and cut his stripes off, reducing him to the ranks, and then he was transferred elsewhere. We three boys that were in that fight were heroes in the eyes of the rest of the company. While our force was about 125 the Indians was 500, and they were later joined by 300 more.

We had Sibley tents. They were literally shot full of holes like a sieve. We gathered our dead and wounded. The latter were taken to Ft. Snelling and St. Paul. We marched back to Ft. Ridgely and a few days later started on the march to rescue the people the Indians had taken captive.

When we got to Wood Lake we had another fight with them and drove them. Later on we marched to Camp Release, where we sent out scouting parties to cap-

ture squads of Indians with their prisoners. After rounding many of them up and caring for the poor prisoners which they had captured, we held a court martial and condemned a bunch of the bucks to be hung—over a hundred—but after examination by President Lincoln, thirty-nine of them were condemned the second time, and we finally hung them at Mankato, Minn.

While at Camp Release one of our experiences was that we lived on parched corn and beef on the hoof. without salt; and that was all we did have for weeks—our cracker line failed; but strange to say I increased in weight to 175 pounds. I never weighed as much before or since.

The following spring we went after the Indians and kept driving them beyond the borders of Minnesota and across the Dakotas, past Devil's Lake. A part of the march we suffered for good water. There was plenty of water, but it was full of alkali. One day the army marched all day without water, and in the evening drawing near Maple river. Many fell out by the way, the tongues turning black and protruding out of the mouth. Some fell in the water when we came to it and had to be helped by the stronger ones, or some of them would have drowned.

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Since writing the above I have been unable to continue my narrative. Now, six weeks after, about January 17, 1917, I pick it up again and continue.

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I broke down on the march, suffering a good deal with my breast from the gunshot wound, and they returned me back with others to Ft. Snelling; where I spent the summer. The following winter our company, C, was strung along in frontier forts to protect the settlers from

marauding Indians. We had plenty of horses, which were used to ride from fort to fort each day. In the spring, June, we were ordered south one thousand strong. We marched from Ft. Snelling to St. Paul. The whole city turned out to greet us. Two companies were enlisted from there. We marched down through the city to the boat landing and went on board that night. Ah, yes, there were sad hearts, and many tears at parting.

"Oh do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart
Tho' tear was on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost rank
In danger's dark career.
Be sure the one most daring there,
Has wiped away a tear."

We went by boat to Prairie du Chien, then taking cattle cars on the Illinois Central to Cairo, there taking boat to Helena, Ark. Helena was very sickly and the change of climate and bad water soon began to thin our ranks. We drank Mississippi water settled by a lump of alum tied to a string. The mud would settle in the bottom and would stink in a little while. I was company cook. Two assistants were detailed to help me and each was taken sick and carried to the hospital, where each died. In a little while there wasn't enough well men to put a guard around our camp. Funerals every day. Government issued us whiskey rations to stay the malaria. My comrade, Newel Sunmner, and I took our whiskey and put it with quinine and different herbs in a bottle and made a blood medicine, but when the government ceased issuing the whiskey we bought it and continued to use it as medicine. Up to this time I had been a total abstainer, but one day after my bottle experience I found myself in a saloon which was located

half way between camp and Helena, with a glass of whiskey, in company with other boys; but as I held the glass in my hand looking at it a voice said to me, "Don't drink that; you know what harm it has done; it will get the best of you; throw it out." I was obedient to the voice: I threw it out. It was the voice of God through my guardian angel. I have been a total abstainer ever since.

In the course of time when we were about all knocked out, we were returned to St. Louis. When we left there I was about the only well man in the company. The orderly sergeant, when we went on board steamer, again detailed me. I kicked, but he really begged of me so hard that I finally consented—it was out of my turn. We spent the winter in St. Louis. They gave me a furlough and I went to see my folks in Logansport.

In the early spring of '65 we were ordered to New Orleans and quartered in a cotton gin, and from there took steamer for Dauphine Island. When we reached the Gulf a heavy storm was on and we were tossed about like a cork. The boys all got seasick; between vomit and other offal which blew all over us I thought I would die. Our quarters were on deck and packed like a bunch of sheep, and the wind nearly over our quarter. We finally landed on the island back of Ft. Morgan, more dead than alive. "Joy cometh in the morning." In a few days we were out gathering oysters, in water up to our necks, but it was worth it. Soon we took Bay steamers and landed on the bank of Fish river, back of Spanish Fort, which we were expected to take. It and Fort Black were the fortifications protecting Mobile. Our regiment was on the lead of the column and our skirmishers out driving the rebs. Soon we were at Spanish Fort, but our brigade marched on to Blakely, laying siege to same. After Spanish Fort surrendered we charged

Blakely, and after some pretty hard knocks, give and take, we captured the whole push and Mobile surrendered. The battlefield was planted full of torpedoes, just hid so the foot touching one it would blow the toucher up. Wire was strung from stump to stump and as we neared the ditch the whole front was covered with bush sharpened to face us. Our boys went through it all. I went over the battlefield before the dead were gathered, and it was a sad sight; dead men and boys. The next day we took up our march to Montgomery. About the middle of the day there was firing at the rear of the column and shouts, "Here comes a courier; Lee has surrendered!" Caps off, cheers, cheers, all up and down the line; comrades embracing each other. Ah, that was a happy time. Then what a time we had when we got to Montgomery! How proudly we marched up the main street to the capitol; colors flying, bands playing, smiling faces; no stragglers. While there we went to the legislative halls and held a session, undoing all that had been done for secession. We camped in the woods just outside the city, and finally were ordered home.

While camped in the woods I had a very serious sick spell. One night I strayed away from our tent and some time after my tentmate, Newel Sumner, missing me, hunted me up, finally finding me leaning against a tree, crazier than a bed-bug. He took me back to our tent and covered me with our blankets. I thought scores of little devils were dancing all over me and leering into my face. I would brush them off with my hands and say, "clear out, you little imps."

Homeward bound we struck across the country for Vicksburg, Miss. We passed over many battlefields: Jackson, Black River, Champion's Hill, and then in to Vicksburg, where we took steamer for home, St. Paul.

In the night as we were going through Lake Pepin we landed at a little town where a bunch of our boys got off. It was very touching. Their relatives and friends were waiting. Such cheering, such embracing, and tears and laughter—such a welcome! It was nearly midnight; torches and flambeaux lit up the scene. It was thrilling and weird. I stood half way between decks on the stairs overlooking the scene. My eyes overflowed and they do even yet as I recollect the scene. We landed in St. Paul that morning and marched to the capitol, surrounded by thousands of friends and relatives. Two of our companies were raised in that vicinity. We were feasted and welcomed with speeches, and then marched to Ft. Snelling, where after some time we were mustered out and became citizens again. While waiting for our discharge several of us boys struck out to see what we could see and get a job. We stopped at a farmhouse. He said, "I have nothing to do at present except to stack some oats." I was the only one who could do that, and went to work and did his stacking for him; but just as I was finishing the scatterings and a few bundles, I fell head first from the top backward. They carried me to the house and did all they could for me. The farmer's daughter was my nurse. She was a good one, God bless her. The farmer, one day while I was convalescing, talked to me about his farm and daughter, etc. I guessed the rest; but I guess I told him about a little girl up in Glencoe, etc. I returned to the fort, got my discharge, and started for home—or where my home used to be; but I really had no home. I finally got over in the Sumner valley, nearly dead, I felt so bad. Mother Sumner put me to bed and went to doctoring me, and she was a good one. I expect to meet her again in heaven, and thank her for her loving kindness; and also her daughter Hannah.

I went to Glencoe and visited the Smith family, and after a good deal of maneuvering became engaged to Nellie Smith, whom I married that spring, March, 1866. We came down to Dundas, Minn., and went to housekeeping with Steve Allen and his wife. Steve was a comrade of mine in Co. C all through the war. Each bore half of the expense. His wife was named Rose.

On next Sunday morning Nellie and I went to class meeting and to church and Sunday school, and joined the Methodist Episcopal church, and at night erected a family altar, which has been kept up all through the raising of my family, and even down to old age. It has been a great source of strength to me and help to my family. What a blessing to have a helpmeet that is one with you in prayer and saying grace and returning thanks. Praise the dear Lord for sending such dear partners in the journey of life. A beautiful girl and a lovely wife. I was never good enough for her. She gave birth to four children for me: Frank, Grace, Walter, and Willie. Two, Willie and Walter, died in infancy, and Frank, my oldest child, died at 17. Nellie followed her babe, Walter, home 44 years ago. I was a widower one year with three little children. I certainly drank the cup of sorrow. Walter was about a year old when he died. I took him with the other two to his grandmother Smith. She did her best to save him, but the little dear drew his last breath in my arms and was buried in the same grave with his aunt Lucy Smith, who died some time before. Grandma Smith was another of God's precious gifts to humanity; a lovely Christian character, and overflowed with motherliness and good sense. The earth is poorer and heaven is richer because of the transfer. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" are my loved ones.

Right here I want to say in the fall of '65 my father

at Logansport in jumping from a train slipped and was killed, and I never saw him after I came out of the army. I scolded my brother John E. for not letting me know by telegraph. I would have traveled twice the distance from Minnesota to see my dear father; I loved him dearly. If he hadn't been killed I would have had my share of the Minnesota homestead; but I am just as happy, and have plenty.

In writing of my dear father's death reminds me of the dying words of Nellie. She said: "Papa, don't you hear the angels singing; isn't that beautiful?" Then she would try to sing, and then said, "I can't sing now, but soon will be able to sing like them when I get there." Strange how some people can say there is no hereafter; how much they miss! She was my darling angel wife; I expect to meet her in a little while; soon we will be all gathered home where there will be no parting, no tears, no sorrow; and yet this is a beautiful world. Rid it of sin, that is our fight, with the help of our Father. What a glorious fight. "The fight is on——"

June 2, 1873, I began my second married life with Lida J. Barnes. We met in Sunday school work at the Point schoolhouse, Logansport, Ind. As time went on and I was a widower, the Lord sent my present wife to me 44 years ago. One of the first Christian works we did, with the help of two or three others, was to start a Sunday school on the west side of the engine house, upstairs; then the tabernacle, which was built in a day; then the brick church; then the stone church, which now stands. I was superintendent of the school for 14 years. Three of our children, Harry, Jesse, and Cleo, were born and baptized in that church. When we left there to go to Harriman, Tenn., the church and Sunday school came to the train to see us off, and such a wonderful send-off of

love and good wishes. We shall never forget those dear ones, they were so kind and loving. As I write these few lines my dear one, who fought so bravely with me all those 45 years, is about to cross over and claim her reward.

Shortly after we were married I was rebuilding stone piers in the Eel river with my brother John E. A helper and I were setting a cornerstone. The boom of the derrick slipped and falling, struck me across the small of the back, landing me on my face on a pile of rock below. My brother and others gathered me up and took me home in a conveyance, nearer dead than alive. They sent no word ahead, and when my wife saw me covered with blood she nearly collapsed, but she was soon equal to the occasion. Physicians were called, but I suffered untold agonies and was laid up all winter, and never fully recovered.

In the year 1884, January 20th, our boy Frank died, 17 years old. Everything was done to save him. I took him to Glencoe, Minn., and then to St. Paul, securing the best medical aid, but it wasn't to be. He was as handsome as a picture, a fine, promising boy, and getting to be quite a help to me, but my young prop was taken from me.

On January 10, 1888, my wife's sister, Maria Butts, who was making her home with us, died. If ever there was an angel on earth she was certainly one; a saintly character. As she died her Savior appeared to her in peace and joy. Her sister, Rebecca, who was also making her home with us, followed her sister the following year; a quiet, unobtrusive character, self-sacrificing, as all the sisters were—five of them, including my wife.

Luella Bridges, our niece on my wife's side, some time

after this I had her brought to our home after her marriage, which was not happy, and after a while she died at our home. A beautiful girl and a fine singer.

I was building the Westside schoolhouse and needed some select range stone. I went to my quarry to get them. As I was working a nice stone out, the embankment came down, striking me in such a way that I fell headlong down over the face of the quarry, landing on my head and hands; my head struck the corner of one of the quarried stones and took a piece off my scalp. A half an inch farther it would probably have cracked my skull. As it was my hands and face were torn very bad, but I was soon out again. Mother took care of me.

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I want to say in writing these few lines that they are important incidents in my life from memory; and after I have passed some incidents, they come thronging back to my memory and I jot them down.

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While I was camped in the woods outside of Montgomery (Ala.) our Chaplain, Rev. Cobb, held revival meetings in the woods under bowers, with four large torches of fine wood and cones furnishing the light. The Holy Spirit knocked at the door of my heart. My comrade, Newel Sumner, was a Christian, so I said to him, "Newel, I wish you would go out in the woods and pray with me and for me." He broke down in tears and said, "I need someone to pray for me," but he went with me and he led in prayer and we prayed together, and the Holy Spirit comforted us and spoke peace to our souls. That night at the meeting, when the invitation was extended to come to the mourner's bench I reasoned God had already accepted me, but I thought by going forward and kneeling at the bench it might influence others, so

I did. Ever since then I was willing to do and go, so that afterwards when I was married to Nellie the first chance we had we erected a family altar in our home and dedicated it to the love of God. The first Sunday after we were married we joined the M. E. church, at Dundas, Minn. As I look back more than half a century and our work in Sunday school and church, I realize nothing else was as important to our welfare, peace, and happiness. We were anchored to the Rock of Ages, God be praised.

While living at Logan we concluded to move to a Prohibition town in Tennessee, called Harriman, which we did. It probably was a good thing but rather doubtful, although I think the benefit our children received more than compensated for our discomfort. Financially it was a great loss to me. The people were fine, intellectual Christian Prohibition party people, the cream of the northland. No better anywhere, and yet they, like ourselves, suffered.

While there our daughter Grace was taken dangerously ill and after suffering and exhausting the knowledge and ability of the home doctors I took her to Chattanooga to a specialist, and after a thorough diagnosis he knew nothing. I said something must be done. He said the only thing that could be done was to go on a tour of investigation by opening her up. I said all right, for as she is she will die, and we may discover the difficulty and save her. Three doctors undertook the operation, and after the incision it was discovered she had tuberculosis of the bowels. The principal physician came out in the hall where I was sitting and said, "Mr. Barnes, it's as you thought it was, and there is no hope for her. She has tuberculosis of the bowels. I said, "Doctor, she is going to get well." What made me say that was, as I was sitting there outside the operating room I picked up a Bible

and the first thing I saw was "Things that are impossible with men are possible with God." I was immediately impressed with the conviction that she was going to get well. God told me so. The doctor said, "I hope you are right." The third day after he said, "I believe you are right; she is going to get well." We took her home. After some time had elapsed, as we were sitting on the back porch the incision which had never healed, broke open again, and it seemed that this would be the finish; but it wasn't to be. Some weeks after I took her to the mountains where I was mining coal, and she got well and has been well ever since.

In the course of time I sold out my interests in Harriman and returned to Logansport with my family; the girls by rail, and mother, I and the boys, including George Barnes, our nephew who had been visiting us, came overland by team. It was a delightful trip over the Cumberland mountains, across Tennessee and Kentucky, crossing the Ohio river at Louisville, and finally landing at our brother-in-law and mute sister Annie's and Mr. Bronson's home at Morgantown, Ind., and then Logansport. We lived in our old home, 100 Bates Street, until November of that year. Harry and I voted for General Fisk and the rest of the Prohibition party, and then moved to South Bend. One of the first things we did was to put our church letters in the First M. E. church. Right here I want to say we met a man in that church who was one of God's best. He proved himself a warm, helpful friend to our entire family, always so kind and considerate—Marvin Campbell. He has now been called home.

I started in contracting, principally in the cement business, and retired in 1914. In 1913 I got the land fever

and went to southwest Texas with my daughter Cleo and husband, and invested in land. Mother went with us. We purchased four hundred and twelve and two-thirds acres near Banquete, Tex., costing $40 per acre. We moved there in September, bought teams, put men to work, and soon had 150 acres cleared up and under the plow. Of course it took two seasons to do it.

There was no Sunday school nor church there, but there was soon after we got settled, as we wouldn't live in a community where there was none. The settlers joined in, what few there were, and we had delightful times. Today they have a nice new church and as far as we can learn are doing good work.

I found I had to get out of there for two reasons: first, mother's health was so poor, and secondly, lack of money; so after two and one-half years we returned to South Bend, our old home, which we had not sold. Work came to my hand so profitably that I soon paid off all the notes threatening the farm, George paying what he could on his half.

When I returned I finished paving Fellow street and commenced grading Hydraulic avenue for paving. When I came with a large load of paving brick with the teamster on the last load of brick from Fellow street, in coming down South street on the trot, it being down hill, the wagon tongue dropped and so suddenly that it threw me off the seat, landing on my head on the pavement, and the front wheel of the wagon rolled over my arm. My first thought was, "well, this is the finish." I was so dazed that they picked me up and carried me to the porch of a house. As I came to they were examining my arm to see if it was crushed, but no bone was broken, only the flesh was lacerated somewhat. After a little Neal, my foreman, happened along and helped me to get

home. Mother at once went to doctoring my arm with hot water and arnica. I suffered other ways, but I was better in the morning, thanks to mother's fine doctoring, and I had to be over to Hydraulic avenue where my men were working. Mother put my arm in a sling and I went to work. It seems my brother John E. saw an account of it in a Logansport paper and took the first train to come and see me. He was greatly surprised when he came to our house and mother told him that I was working and where he would find me, which he did. I never appreciated a visit like that before. It was so thoughtful and kind. Dear heart, he is dead and gone now, and I hope in heaven. His wife soon followed him. She was a playmate of mine before I went to Minnesota to see my brother and while there I told John what a fine girl she was. Afterwards, while I was in the army, he came down to Indiana, hunted her up and married her.

I have overlooked one instance which was a close shave. Harry and I had plastered a house late in the fall and I was drying it out by salamanders—a fire with coke in the middle of the room inside of an iron cylinder. The fire was low and I filled it with coke; I sat on the floor near the door waiting for it to get in good heat, and while waiting fell asleep. Something woke me up and I found I was asphyxiated. I couldn't stand. I got to the door and finally opened it and rolled out in the snow. I had sense enough to bathe my face in snow and eat some of it. I was awful sick and cried out, "Oh, won't somebody come and help me!" No one came, but I managed to get to the street car line and finally on and home. Mother saw the condition I was in and went to doctoring right away. I vomited off and on all night. It took me several days to get well.

Politically I was, because of my being bound by my

father to learn the printing trade, a Democrat; believed that slavery was right according to the Bible. After I enlisted to maintain the Union I got my eyes open and marched singing "John Brown's Body is lying in the grave, but his soul goes marching on," and in '64, when I was old enough to vote, I voted for Abraham Lincoln.

After I returned home to Logansport I continued to vote the Republican ticket until and including the James G. Blaine campaign; then God called me to come out from any political party that sustained the murderous liquor traffic by licensing it. Three others that thought as I did met together at the Barnett hotel. Dr. Overholson, Rev. John Smith, Rev. Lowe, and Jasper Hughes, a speaker from Chicago, organized the Prohibition party, distributed Prohibition literature, campaigned, bought a defunct paper, was made editor and manager, and worked night and day to make it win for Prohibition. At the end of two years we sold it to a young man, C. O. Fenton, who ran it for nearly 20 years, and died in the harness. It was a good seed sower for our cause. Today as I look back and think of the money I spent, the sacrifices we made, and the curses we received, and the odium cast upon us—harness cut, tops from our conveyances while we would be holding meetings with song and prayer and speech for the protection of our boys from the licensed saloon—it was not labor in vain. Now our nation is dry. Old Glory floats no more over breweries and distilleries, and our Constitution has outlawed it, and public sentiment is learning more universally that it was a crime to license it, and is solid for prohibition today.

In the interim mother and I traveled a good deal together to Washington and saw all the interesting things: Mt. Vernon, New York, California, Brooklyn, St. Paul, Minneapolis, east and west, north and south.

Two years ago, January 29th, 1920, after a lingering illness, mother went home to heaven, after our being together 45 years.

1922, last Mothers' Day (just before) I went to Logansport to plant flowers on the graves of my loved ones. I had my sister Mary, and Beccy Carney to help me in our lavor of love. Mrs. Carney was the matron of the Children's Home; my niece on my wife's side.

I returned to South Bend in time to attend Memorial Day. About this time a certain society that I have forgotten the name of gave we old boys a wonderful treat, so patriotic and thoughtful, at the Oliver hotel, and closed with the promise that they will duplicate each year. I wonder how many will have fallen out in the interim.

The thought comes to me to speak of the Humane International Convention which was held at New Orleans at which I was a delegate. I had been chairman of our local society for many years, and then pressed Judge Howard to run and accept the position, which he did. After a very few years he was called home. He was a Catholic, a G. A. R. comrade, and a 100 per cent man; more than once Commander of our Post. We had a delightful and profitable time while at New Orleans.

I attended a wonderful banquet. At every plate were set five wine glasses, one filled and the rest to be filled and used as the toastmaster would offer the toast. A delegate standing next to me, pointing to the wine, said: "I am glad I am with you." It seems I had expressed my views on liquor, and it strengthened him. I said: "I am glad to give the devil another kick." I always responded to the toast in water, as "there is nothing so good for the youthful blood, or sweet as the sparkling water."

I had the pleasure of chaperoning a southern gentleman's wife when we made the rounds—he couldn't attend. When we got together at the close and he showed up the lady spoke very highly of my attentions to her. I thanked her for her kindness and then said to him I let no southern gentleman outdo me if I could help it, in gallantry to the ladies, and thanked him for the opportunity of having such a lovely time.

I had the honor and the pleasure of being a delegate to the International Sunday School Convention held at the Medinah Temple—sent by my Sunday school from South Bend, Ind. One of the great events there was the march down Michigan Avenue, stretching from curb to curb, with banners and gospel songs, and over all the motto: "Jesus Shall Reign."

Last summer I was prevailed on to go to the Boy Scouts' camp in Wisconsin. It was very enjoyable, and if I am able I will attend this summer. I spent my Eightieth birthday while there. Mrs. Barnes, the governor's wife, made me a birthday cake with the proper number of candles. It was a charm, and next morning I sent for ice cream to go with it, and each one in camp was treated to ice cream and cake, thanks to Mrs. Barnes, the governor's wife.

While I think of it, my first vote was for Abraham Lincoln, and my last was for President Harding. In the interim I voted the Prohibition party ticket. Gen. Fish, I think, was the first. I voted for what I wanted, irrespective of which I thought would win.

I presume I will write no more, so Good-bye, loved ones and friends.

Since closing former pages some incidents have come to my mind which might be of importance.

In the fall of '67-'68 I took a job of cooking for a lumber company or crew. There was good money in it, and it had to be done. The camp was near the headwaters of the Mississippi river. I think there were about 10 men. It was about 100 miles north of Minneapolis. I took possession of the camp eats at once. We cooked our beans in a large mess kettle; saleratus them at the right time, using salt pork to season them; baked in a bean hole at night that had been prepared with a tight cover, then covered over with hot ashes and coals to remain until morning. No stove was in the camp, but all cooking done by open fire in center of the camp. I used reflectors to cook our pies, biscuits and cookies. I also made jelly tarts. I made jelly from the juice of dried apples, putting the apple pulp through a collander, using same after it was spiced for filling for the pies.

The men occupied the evening by playing games, etc. After all had gone to bed I took my Bible, read a chapter, and bowed in prayer. This I had always done. The timber men all respected me for my devotion. In the morning, breakfast ready; coffee boiling, beanhole uncovered, biscuits browning, served the boys.

Toward the latter end of my time there the head man of both camps got caught on the rolling tier and broke both legs; was brought to our camp. We furnished "first aid." It was a bad break, compound fracture. We hurried him to St. Cloud, nearest railroad point, and soon had him to a hospital in Minneapolis, where his home was.

Word came from home (Glencoe, Minn.) that my wife had met with an accident, causing a premature birth of a child; and not receiving any word my anxiety was great; but word came the patient was doing nicely.

A short time we started down the river, and when we got out of the woods the foreman let me off and I started for home. The first stopping place was ten miles from where I started. I had left in the evening, got there about midnight. As I tried the door a large dog in the house set up a big howl. I opened the door a little and talked to him, and soon we were friends. I went in and found a bench which made me a good bed for the night. I had several miles to walk to the station, St. Cloud, and then soon was home. As I reached the gate of Mother Smith I saw a little fellow dressed in a velvet suit come out of the gate, his big brown eyes and rosy cheeks and beautiful dark curls about his face; and as he laughing came toward me I thought him the most beautiful picture I had ever seen.

I wish to relate an incident while at the Boy Scout camp last summer (1921). I performed a great deal of the devotional part while in camp. While at the breakfast table the officer of the day came to me and said, "Some of the boys are not acting right during the devotional service." I said, "I'll see to it." At the right time I went up near the center of the room, and the Lord put these words in my mouth: "Scouts, do we ever let the flag touch the ground?" They said "No! no!" giving several reasons why we do not. I said "God gave us that flag and what it stands for: Liberty, Independence, and Humanity; and we should pay the same respect when we are giving thanks and talking to Him, for His blessing." While I was talking two or three boys began to misbehave. I pointed to those boys and with my finger like a dagger and eyes blazing, shouted, "You are not my com-

rades; you are not good Scouts!" They ducked under the table and we had no more of it.

The day before I left the camp a few of the Scouts and I took a ramble through the woods where we had been working, and coming to a place overlooking Lake Delavan (I had never seen it before from that viewpoint), I said "Scouts, this reminds me of Jesus when He sat on Mt. Olivet as he overlooked Jerusalem and He cried out 'Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how oft would I have gathered you, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate.'" A short time after the city was totally destroyed by the Romans.