

I continued with him, sowed wheat, and tented the place for another year. After I had made all the preparations for another winter, he told me he wanted the place for his cousin. I consented, rather than have a difficulty, and sold him my wheat crop. My neighbor's words finally came true, for when pay-day came, he fraudulently deprived me of my wheat crop.

The next season, I rented land of a neighbor, and he was a gentleman. I cultivated the crops on his land. I now determined to go in search of a piece of land where I could get water and timber convenient. I found it in Cook County, and moved my family in August 1860, and sheltered under tents on the land until I could erect a building. We were now living 80 miles from Fannin County. When our house was sufficiently comfortable, I returned to Fannin County, to gather my crop and haul it home. My crop being all saved and snugly stowed away at home, I commenced preparations for a crop the coming year on what I now considered my own land. We were all together and ten in number. I had labored for many years, and I felt now more than ever before, that a bright prospect was opening for a quick comfortable and happy home. Meeting together at night, after the toils of the day were over, we would talk over our past reverses in life, humbly kneel to God our Heavenly Father, and retire to rest with peaceful hearts, and composed minds. My little stock was increasing around me, my home, though plain, was snug and comfortable. There was land in abundance for my children to settle around me, and be near me in my old age. I was at peace with God--felt that I had wronged no man, and dear reader, for one like me who had gone through so much