

acres of ground, fenced it and put eight acres in cultivation, rented six more of a neighbor, and for strangers in a new land, all things seemed to move on smoothly. My oldest son was hired out, and a certain man took occasion to treat him with disrespect. I went over to reconcile matters and was treated in the same manner. Our meeting terminated pugilistically. He sued me at law, and his own neighbors paid the cost and fine for me. I make use of the uncommonly long word "pugilistically," to hide within its folds, even from myself, the deep shame and mortification I feel, and to me this word sounds less harsh, and seems to weaken the force and strength of the fact.

Our health continued good for two years after our arrival in Missouri. From this time, and for five consecutive years, sickness continued its inflictions upon us, and in September 1857, the spirit of our beloved son Mathew took its flight from earth to brighter realms above. Anxiety, fatigue, and loss of sleep prostrated me on a bed of sickness; and when I recovered I resolved to leave Missouri, as soon as I could, in search of a milder and more uniform climate. I left Missouri for Texas, in the fall of 1858, and reached Fannin County with my family, ten in number, and with five cents in my pocket. I had five head of horses to winter, and only five cents to begin with. I rented land of a man who was going to Tennessee on a visit. He left the place and the stock in my care. I was told by several, that this man of whom I rented, was under a bad character, but my necessity compelled me to hold on and risk the consequences. I broke a number of acres with a four-horse team, and pitched a crop. But before harvest the man returned, seemed much pleased with what I had done, and we made an agreeable settlement.