

blue bonnet with a cape, and there was an air of neatness, and even taste in her dress. Behind the wagons came a troop of negroes, of all sizes and ages, with their shoes and blankets on a pole. The sight of the white children, with the new married couple, explained to me the history of the love affair, on the man's side ; nothing could be more convenient than Amie and her mother, to bring up his children, and take care of his family. As I rode past them, I looked back on Amie, and nodded ; never was I so struck with her countenance as in this motley group ; her eyes were as blue as her bonnet, and her fair hair was curling in ringlets on her forehead ; the excitement of making the horse keep up with the wagons, which did not go more than two miles an hour, had sent a slight tinge into her cheeks, which were usually quite pale. I observed when I came opposite, that her favorite dog, who it must be confessed, was an ugly spotted little cur, was tied under the gig by a string too short to give him the shadow of liberty.

Every body knows the changes that dyspepsia undergoes ; its short intervals of alleviation, and its tenfold returns. About this time my disorder increased greatly, the physicians called it nervous affection ; I pitied their ignorance, nothing could be more unlike a nervous disorder. After Amie's departure I remained solitary as usual, no body came near me, I ought to except a young lad that I had sometimes employed in writing ; he was an intelligent, well-behaved boy, and lived near ; I transferred in a degree, my kindness for Amie to him, for he in some measure, supplied her place ; but who that has experienced the attentions of a kind-hearted woman, can feel compensated for their loss, by the awkward attempts of one of his own sex.

I grew more and more sick ; the spring and summer wore heavily away. I thought continually of my last interview with Amie ; of her evident emotion and embarrassment, when I asked her if there was no body she loved as well as her mother.— My first idea returned with redoubled conviction, I cannot doubt it, thought I, strange as it is, she loves me, she has loved me from the first ! There is no accounting for these kind of prepossessions ; there is no rule about them. It is true I am old