

was nothing to me ; I had a kindness for her, I could not but acknowledge ; I had not so many disagreeable sensations since I had worn her amulet, and indeed I confess I had the weakness to renew it at her solicitation, when she said time had impaired its virtue. At last the day arrived for their departure ; Amie came to bid me farewell. I really had laid her under as few obligations as could well be imagined, considering our relative situations ; as we parted, I put fifty dollars into her hand, and said, here Amie you can buy your father out if you please ; she hesitated a little, but I would not be refused. ‘ And now, said I, tell me honestly, which had you rather do, go or stay ? I don’t know why I put this question, I believe because it rose uppermost in my mind, she said it is my duty to go with my mother, therefore I had rather go ! ‘ Then there is no body Amie, you love as well, or most as well as your mother ? ’ The tears rushed into her eyes, and the blushes to her cheeks, and she turned silently away.

For many years I had not had much curiosity ; but after they set off, I thought I should like to see a new settlers equipage, and I mounted the only horse I could ride, and took the same road they went, it was not long before I overtook them ; there were two covered wagons, and a small gig, with a sort of calash top, drawn by a miserable horse ; the first wagon was driven by the bridegroom ; the team of both wagons consisted of two mules and two horses for leaders ; by the side of the bridegroom was seated the bride, on a feather bed ; and over her head peeped half a dozen curly pated children. Various articles of house-keeping were apparent ; a gridiron, frying pan, and other cooking utensils, with two or three wooden chairs, a tin pail, and a collection of old shoes and boots, fastened behind. The other wagon was driven by one of the negroes, and a small white boy was mounted on the foremost horse. This waggon contained the fodder for the horses, and the more bulky articles of house-keeping. Lastly came poor Amie, seated in the gig, with its crazy top, driving the miserable-looking horse, and bolstered up by blankets, a coffee-pot, an iron skillet, and various other articles that could not be distinctly enumerated. She wore a little