

CHAPTER VIII.

You of my little friends who have witnessed house-cleanings, and movings at home, may readily imagine that after we received the news of our intended emigration our house was in a very unsettled state. Some of our furniture was to be taken with us, and the rest sold at auction. Everything must be packed with the greatest care, for fear of being injured upon our long journey. My father and mother concluded it was best to dispose of all the nice furniture, and take with us only those articles which were absolutely necessary to our comfort; for we were to live in a log-cabin until we should become able to build a frame-house.

What busy times we had for a few weeks previous to our departure! I was all the help mother had, and I flattered myself I was of some importance in the general confusion which prevailed.

One day was spent in packing crockery, another in stowing away bed-clothes; thus occupied, the time flew swiftly along. We did not take our best set of china, for fear it might be broken; but mother gave it to her niece, who was about to be married. She said she could