

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

platoon, the hoarse word of command, growing earthworks and hurrying, scurrying messengers told the one sad story. We reached Louisiana to find changes, which were but precursors of yet greater changes to come in after years. The bulk of the negroes were still there, but the young men of the Master's household had departed to join the Confederate ranks. Miss Paulina had suddenly become a woman, strong in her hatred of the North, which we loved so well, and bitter in her denunciation of the Yankee, over whom her friends hoped so soon to triumph. The piano, whose music charmed us in the preceding year, was silent now. The Negroes carelessly and listlessly went about their daily work. When night came, they assembled in the shelter of a piece of bush in rear of their "quarters," and heard news of the doings of the North. The old time cheerfulness had departed. We Martins, superior in our detestation of war, and free from the rivalries which produce it, lived our bird life in usual manner—a much better manner than that of these weaker humans. Spring came and we were glad to go north to our Canadian abode. We visited a land of peace and plenty, and revelled in its freedom from the horrors which we had witnessed on our way. Summer passed and we returned to Louisiana, to find wreck and ruin inevitably preagent or at hand. But few of the older Negroes remained to do the Master's bidding. Miss Paulina was ever dressed in black. The sons had not returned to the family circle. There were vacant chairs at the table never to be filled. The curse of Cain was upon everything. The crops were neglected, some of the negro huts were burned, distrust prevailed, and the false news of to-day, which brightened the faces

of its hearers, was dispelled tomorrow by the sad intelligence that more neighbors and friends at the front had gone over to the great majority. And so the tale went on until its certain end, when a crushed South was an unwilling yet stubborn suppliant at the feet of a victorious North. And with the tidings of the last noble efforts of Lee before Richmond, and his subsequent surrender to the overwhelming forces of bare-headed Grant, came a letter which broke the heart of Paulina. In the last days of the struggle, her lover, who had gallantly fought his way to eminence in Confederate ranks, had been struck by a piece of shell, and found a soldier's grave on Virginian soil. She never looked up again, and in the following January, we saw a mournful procession carry her body to the family burying ground, and we quietly hovered over the scene, and joined with plaintive note in the requiem sung by her friends over her open grave. I am growing old now, but shall never forget that scene.

It was a relief to get back once more to Canada, where I now tell this brief story of my life, and to find it still blessed with a peace which I earnestly hope may never be broken.

Everybody's faithful friend,

WARBLER MARTIN,

Under the Eaves,
Big Brick House,
Elora,
1st May, 1866.
