

April 1895

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

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(CONTINUED.)

Before I entered its magic circle, little did I appreciate the cares of matrimony! It offered unbounded happiness, of course, but brought a lot of trouble. Early and late, Velvet Throat and I were at it, carrying short twigs, odd straws, bits of hay, pieces of paper and string, sundry fragments of yarn and shreds of flannel—anything, in short, which came billy, and was flexible and soft, and could be easily conveyed. And then the lining of our new house, in the corner of the roof opposite to that occupied by the old folks, although it brought us in contact with the quarters of low-lived hens, feathers being essential to the comfort of a young Martin family, was a labor of love, for it seemed an earnest of the good time coming, when sundry open bills would pathetically gape for good. The house was finished. Next morning Velvet Throat was missing, and as I darted through the air in pursuit of breakfast, I felt half anxious, half annoyed, and dashed recklessly in every direction, down by the river, away to the adjoining village, across to the parsonage on the opposite hill, over the stream where cedars lined the banks, and so along to yet another village, but nothing could I see of my truant wife. I sailed almost listlessly back towards home, when suddenly I espied her sitting on the edge of the nest, preening her shining coat, and apparently preparing for flight. I quickly alighted by her side, and told her how anxiously I had sought her. "Stupid," exclaimed she, blushing as she spoke. One look into the nest cleared up the mystery. There lay a glossy egg, purely white, and, without exception, the most beautiful I ever saw, or

hope again to see. We discussed this newly found treasure in low yet rapturous accents for a time, and then took a joyous, rollicking flight through the air, now with rapid stroke cleaving the buoyant atmosphere, now sailing with almost immovable wing to a distant point, now circling, dashing, darting in pursuit of insect life, and fairly revelling meanwhile in the morning sunny sweetness, and the look of bright freshness pervading everything. That morning was the beginning of a new life, and that June day will never be forgotten by me. Before the month expired, I was the joint proprietor of a nest, in which five young Martins, in firm and unmistakable fashion demanded food. And those demands were not to be ignored. The pert young new-comers were veritable chips of the old block. They meant what they said, and very loudly said what they meant. I've heard of William Tell, George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Daniel O'Connell, Oliver Cromwell, Julius Cæsar, Brian Boru, and several other friends of freedom—about whom Miss Paulina read aloud to her brother, on that broad verandah, at our southern home,—and whose names will live for a long time in history, but each of these great commanders of men, if married and having children, would doubtless have done exactly what I did, and let the youngsters have their own way. At least that is what I had to do, and it is fair to presume that these other well known characters were neither better nor worse than myself. The result was all that could be desired, and I recommend all parents to follow my example. The little fellows grew and grew, and before August came could take respectable flights, and ere it ended, were ready for our annual migration to southern lands.