

was the gem of the whole—at least I thought so, and I profess to be a judge. She could play better on the piano than Sambo could on the banjo, and talk French faster than Mr. Paroquet, our next door neighbor, could jabber about his sprees in the orange groves. Her very voice was music, and when she began to talk to her pets, I remember that my father used to commence his very best songs by way of accompaniment. It was a treat to listen to her, as she stepped out from the parlor to the verandah, humming the sweetest air from the last Opera, or laughing at the pranks of Harold, her youngest brother, who played more tricks than half a dozen monkeys shaken up into one. That was ten years ago. Louisiana has seen many changes since then, and Miss Paulina has grown into Mrs. —, well never mind that just now, and poor Harold has ceased playing tricks. But I must get on with my own story.

I was born in February, pretty soon after Christmas holidays you know. Beautiful rains fell, flowers put forth, strawberries shot out their runners and green leaves reach buds got ready for blossoms. Spring crept rapidly on, bright weather and long days, I grew apace, Master Warbler Martin began to wear a better coat. My black changed to purple, and I began to fancy myself somebody of importance. One day—I remember it well—we had a public meeting of the Martin family. I saw that something important was going on, and was invited to take part in the council. I remember that we all got atop of the big sugar house, on the plantation, where my colored friends boiled down the cane-juice into the fine sugar which graces so many tea tables in the north, and waited until the oldest—my respected father—asked my uncles, and

aunts, and cousins, whether the time had not arrived when they should think about taking their annual northern trip. Hot weather was at hand, said he, Canadian mosquitoes were out, he thought, New Jersey ones were, he was sure, and he felt ready for a change of scene. Massa and his family, he continued laughingly, would run up to Niagara in July, and he would like to be ahead of them, and tell those northern folk that their southern friends were coming. He had scarcely finished, when such an applause burst forth, as I had never heard before. Every Martin seemed ready to split his throat with whistling, "Hear, hear." The motion if it was a motion—was carried unanimously, and we resolved to take two or three days preliminary exercise, and then start due north for New York, and Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Canada; and what I did there I intend to tell you, leaving my southern experiences for some other opportunity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRANDFATHER.

THE COMING OF THE COCCIGRUES.

I.

In the Gloaming northward sailing
Through Lake Joseph's island maze
Coxey's Army came to Yoho,—
Came, and tarried many days.
For they brought their kits and
blankets,
Brought their appetites also;
Famine glowered upon that Island
When their time had come to go.

II.

One was "chunky," one was slender,
One was "a Holy Terror" called,
One had long hair, one had short
hair,
One had red hair, one was bald,
How they thought, or talked, or