

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

WARBLER MARTIN, Esq.

My name is Martin -- Warbler Martin, Esq., from Louisiana, a gentleman given to travelling, and who likes his wife to share the pleasures of an annual flight north from the land of his birth. I say that I am from Louisiana. Were you ever there? No! More's the pity; it is a country worth seeing, and therefore worth talking about. But I haven't time to enter into a full and particular description to-day. I may perhaps give you a few glimpses of it as I go on with my story. For I am going to tell you a story with myself for its hero! I am good looking, well dressed, with a respectable figure, and a remarkably clear voice. If not absolute perfection, I approach it so nearly that I have a very good opinion of myself, and feel justified in counting Warbler Martin, Esq., quite as fine a gentleman as the young bloods who figure in Mr. James' novels or in Mr. Dickens' interesting stories. I know all about THEM, for I have listened to Miss Paulina reading them, in her orange grove, several times. You will hear more about that, however, by and bye. Don't be impatient: I am going on with my story.

And first I will tell you when and where I was born. Do you know what a gourd is? Did you ever see a squash? Well, a gourd is a sort of a squash, with a rind as hard, but of a bright yellow—as golden yellow as the nicest butter or a fine ripe pumpkin, and the cucumber and melon all belong to the same family, just as I and Mr. Swift, and Mr. Swallow, are branches of the great family of the Hirundinidæ. I was born in a gourd! Wasn't that funny? But the gourd had been hollowed out and dried, and placed on a pole, and had a little

gourd my Mamma, a lady in a sober hole made on one side of it. In this suit of speckled brown, who was quite a contrast to my father, dressed as he was in a glossy coat of purple and black—in this gourd, I say, my Mamma and Papa had put up a little mud cabin, lined its interior with all the soft and comfortable things they could get, and made it as snug and cosy as it was possible for a mud cabin to be. I awoke one fine morning, some weeks after Christmas, a few years ago. The sun was shining, the raindrops were glistening upon the palmetto trees, and the orangery and the flowers were just springing to life in patches upon the lawn. In a few days—say between two or three weeks—I was able to look abroad, and to take a short flight into the country along with mamma and papa and some of their neighbors. I felt very anxious to do this. I had been crammed and stuffed from the hour of my birth with so many good things, that I thought to myself "What a fine place it must be where all these dainties come from." I wanted to see it, and to tell the truth, like many other youngsters bountifully fed, desired to help myself. It was so monotonous to sit from morn till night, and late into the night, too, opening one's mouth and gobbling up tid-bits one after the other, that I wanted exercise. You can't think what a variety we had! We had no milk-sops—no sickening sugar plums, no rubbishy sweeties—but good substantials. Early at morn, or late at night, we would swallow whole mosquitoes by the dozen, with a change in the shape of a dish of fat moths; in the daytime we revelled in swarms of luscious house flies, and savory little butterflies, with a change in the shape of a bee now and then, or the leg of a hornet. Nothing came amiss to us. But it was tiresome work doing nothing but eat, eat, eat, and we were very