

am afraid she will think something is the matter." Harry spoke nervously, having a vague idea that his suggestion would not be received kindly.

"My dear Harry, what is the matter with you to-day? Why can't you read the paper, and be quiet, and let me have a little peace? I shall never finish this book, if you keep interrupting me. Oh, dear! what unsettled mortals men are! they never seem contented. The idea of going out this cold day to see your mother! No, I can't go."

"But, my dear Lil, it is really a duty we owe her: I should not like her to think she is neglected."

"Oh! well, then, Harry, if you consider it such an imperative duty, pray don't let me prevent your discharging it; but I do not consider it my duty to spend a long tedious evening with an old lady who always torments me by asking if I know the last new stitch in knitting, and giving me receipts for some extraordinary puddings."

Harry was astonished. Was it possible that was Lillian—his wife—speaking in that disrespectful light manner of his saint-like mother! It was more than he could put up with.

"Madam," he exclaimed passionately, "you strangely forget of whom you are speaking; for the future, if you cannot speak in a different strain, I beg you will be silent," and he looked defiantly towards the sofa. What a change he beheld in his wife's fair young face! The closed eyes, and spasmodic workings of the mouth and throat, he knew too well foretold a coming storm, and it was not long before it burst forth in all its violence. Lillian was in hysterics, stronger than he had ever witnessed before. What was to be done? Suddenly flashed across his mind Tom's remedy; it had succeeded; Tom had assured him positively it had, why not now? anyhow he would hazard it. No time was to be lost in hesitation; he must act at once. So he commenced by walking hurriedly up and down the room, with his arms folded in a determined manner. He told her it was useless carrying on those ridiculous scenes any longer, that they had ceased to alarm him, and if they continued he had made up his mind what course to pursue, and hinted in an undertone, as Tom suggested, the probability of a separation. So, after dashing a glass of cold water over her, and placing her under the maid's care, made his timely exit, with a tremendous bang of the street-door, and congratulating himself that he had performed his part admirably.

The banging of the street-door seemed thoroughly to arouse Lillian. What! he had gone out, left her in that state! Oh! how cruel! how cruel! What could have changed him so terribly? Harry, who was usually so kind and gentle, to dash cold water over her so mercilessly; surely he could not be responsible for his unfeeling actions. A demon must have possessed him, and he was acting under its evil influence. And the word separation she was positive she heard; what could it mean? Perhaps—perhaps he had gone to consult a lawyer. What could she do? what should she do? The thought was maddening.

"Oh, Jane," she cried, in a despairing voice to the maid, who was busily employed in bathing her temples with cold water, "I feel so—so ill—so wretched."

"Yes, ma'am, I dessey yer does. My last young mistress used to feel just in the same kind o' way, so low, and sinking like after one of her—let me see—attacks, I think she called 'em."

"Did—did she suffer like me?" asked Lillian, plaintively.

"Lor bless yer soul! she was afflicted awful bad with 'sterics. I never see the like of 'em. Poor master had a hard time of it with her."

"But I suppose he was very kind and gentle, Jane."

"Well, ma'am, he was for a time, but gentlemen ain't got much patience: they don't seem to understand them kind o' things. O, lor! I shall never forget one day, if I live to be a hundred years old. Mistress was in awful 'sterics, I bathed her head, and gave her sat volatile, and sich like, but nothing seemed to do her no good,

she went on a screeching louder than ever. When all of a sudden, up jumped waster, like a madman, and gave her, oh, lor! sich a shaking; it was a mercy he didn't shake the very life out of her."

"Oh, how dreadful! did she die?" asked Lillian, in a frightened voice.

"Diel bless yer soul, no. 'Sterics don't kill."

"No, no. But the shaking, didn't that kill her, Jane?"

"Lor, no, ma'am; it seemed to do her a world o' good: she never had 'em after the shaking."

"But, Jane, he must have been a very passionate man."

"Well, no, ma'am, he was generally looked upon as a very kind, peaceable gentleman; but yer see he had a great deal to worrit him, and it was more than he could a-bear."

"It was a very sad case indeed," sighed Lillian. "Poor thing, how I pity her; it would have killed me, I'm sure. Oh! yes, I never, never could have survived that. But, Jane, you don't think that—that your master would ever—shake me, do you?"

"Well, really, ma'am, I shouldn't like to say; but when gentlemen gets into passions, there's no knowing what they won't do. Passion is a awful thing. Bless me! I remember my grandmother telling me of a man in a fit of passion, who—"

Lillian was in despair. Good gracious! was Jane going to relate any more atrocities? She should go frantic, she felt convinced, if she had to listen. She had better put an end to the conversation at once by pleading fatigue.

"Jane," she said wearily, closing her eyes, "I feel very tired; I think if I were alone, I might try and sleep a 'ittle."

"Well I never!" thought Jane. "If gentle-folks ain't the oddest kind o' folks that ever I see; one moment they are a-screeching enough to havo the house down, and the next, oh, lor! talking about going to sleep." And Jane left the room, feeling aggrieved at being dismissed so suddenly.

When Lillian was alone, instead of sleeping, as she had led Jane to believe she should do, she began seriously to reflect on the past. The more she thought of Harry's conduct, the more extraordinary it seemed; the unfeeling things he had said and done, she could never forget, no never. Oh! if he should ever in a fit of passion shake her,—but surely he would never do anything so barbarous as that. And yet Jane, evidently by her conversation, didn't seem to think it improbable. Well, if he did, she was quite certain that she should die of a broken heart. Then what a life of remorse he would lead, to think that he had been the cause of her death. Then Lillian's thoughts wandered off into another strain. Harry she felt sure would return home penitent; he would see that he had acted wrongly and rashly, and would beg and implore her forgiveness in such touching heart-rending language, that it would be impossible not to forgive him. But of course she should impress upon him the heinousness of his doings, and that if such things ever happened again, he must not look to her for mercy. But listen,—yes! that was his step; the culprit was in the hall. Lillian's heart beat wildly. What a long time he was hanging up his hat! How different to what she had expected: she thought he would have rushed in frantically, thrown himself on his knees, and vehemently besought her pardon. What could it mean? But there was no time for further meditation. Harry was now coming into the room; she raised her eyes to his face; that one look was enough; it told her plainer than words could have expressed that penitence was not there. Then it was not momentary passion that had caused him to act in the way he had. No, no! he must have meant all he said and did; or why would he not speak now? Why look so cold and stern? Oh, that she could die! yes, that very minute. What had she now to live for? what would the future be to her?—all dark and drear.

Dinner passed over in gloomy silence, and the evening commenced in the same way. Harry sat in the easy-chair, reading the paper, as if unconscious of his wife's presence. Lillian

watched him anxiously, expecting every minute that he would show some symptoms of contrition; but no, hour after hour passed by, and still Harry's heart remained hardened; at last she began to doubt if it ever would soften. But she would wait no longer; it was hopeless to think he would be the first to speak, and to go on living in that wretched state, she couldn't do it. She would appeal to his feelings. She felt sure, if she told him how much she had suffered, the wretched suspense she had endured, he would relent. And she would beseech him never to treat her so again.

"Harry," she said, in a low, quivering voice.

No answer.

"Oh! Harry, dear Harry! Do speak to me; I'm so very, very miserable."

Harry rose slowly from his chair, and sat down by her side on the sofa.

"Well, Lillian," he said gravely.

"Oh, Harry! if you only knew all I have suffered, how wretched I have been, I'm sure you would feel for me. Promise me you will never behave to me again as you did to-day."

"Lillian, I shall only promise on one condition, that is—remember—that you never give me cause to do so."

"I will try, indeed I will," answered Lillian, earnestly.

"Well, my darling, if you really try, I'm sure you will succeed."

And Lillian did succeed in overcoming her little weakness. Whether it was her determination to conquer, or the fear of a good sound shaking, still remains a mystery. But suffice to say, Harry is never troubled with any more "scenes," and his home now is a perfect clysium.

W. A.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE canoes of the savages were made of the bark of the birch tree, and were some eight or ten feet long, but so capacious within, that one of them could accommodate all the baggage of five or six persons, including their dogs, sacks, skins, kettles, and other weighty articles. The canoes, owing to their light draught of water, could land anywhere, for, when loaded to the utmost, they did not displace half a foot of water, and, when unloaded, were so light that they might be easily lifted and carried in the left hand. These canoes obeyed the paddle so readily, that, in good weather, there was no difficulty in urging them forward at the rate of thirty or forty leagues a day. But the savages never put them to this speed, for the journeys of these people were nothing else than pastime; and they did everything in the most leisurely manner.

With regard to the mode of government in use among the savages, a few explanations may be necessary. First of all, there was the Sagamo, who was the eldest of some powerful family, and, in consequence, was the chieftain and leader. All the young men sat at his table, and followed him. It was also his duty to maintain dogs for the chase, and canoes for the carriers, and provisions and reserves for times of scarcity and voyages. The young men fondled upon him, hunted and served their apprenticeship under him. These young men were capable of having nothing before they were married; then only could they have dog and bag, that is to say, to have property and to do for themselves. Nevertheless, they still lived under the authority of the Sagamo, and were often in his company, as also many others who wanted relatives, or who, of their own free will, ranged themselves under his protection and guidance, being weak of themselves, and without a following. All that the boys procured belonged to the Sagamo, but the married ones only gave him a share. But if the latter set out with him, as was often necessary, for the sake of the chase and of food, returning afterwards, they paid their fealty and homage in skins, and similar presents. From this cause, there were some quarrels and jealousies among them, but not so cruel as among the French.

These Sagamos made a partition of the coun-