

try mostly by bays or rivers. For instance, on the river of Pentagoet, one Sagamo; another at that of St. Orox; a third at that of St. John, &c. When they visited each other it was principally for the receiving of presents, and to feast with their hosts as long as they pleased. The hosts made them presents, but it was with the understanding that the visitor should reciprocate when about to go away. It was principally in summer they made their visits, and held their conventions. Many Sagamos met to consult among themselves about peace and war, treaties of friendship, and about the common weal. It was only the Sagamos who had a voice in the council, and who harangued, but there were some old and celebrated Autmoins or priests, who were honoured very highly, and had audience the same as the Sagamos. It happened, sometimes, that the Autmoins and Sagamos came to a misunderstanding, and then there was dreadful trouble. In these assemblies, if there were any news of importance, such as that their neighbours intended to make war, or that they had killed some one, or that it was necessary to renew an alliance, etc., then their messengers fled to every part, to call as general an assembly as they could of all the confederates, namely all those of the same language. Nevertheless, the confederation often extended further than the language, and against those of the same language they sometimes declared war. In these assemblies they decided on peace, or trace, or war, or nothing at all. It often happened, in these deliberations, that there was much disorder and insubordination, and that they departed more confused and disunited than when they assembled.

Their wars were always carried on by surprise and treachery. They used the bow and shield; but they never put themselves in line of battle. And in truth they were naturally cowards, although they did not cease boasting of themselves; they did their best to be accounted brave; and, to have the name of *Milskir Cameramon*, or "great heart," comprised all the virtues; and in case offences were not as against people and people, but between compatriots and fellow townsfolk, they battled between themselves for small matters, and their manner of conflict was like that of women in France, viz., to fly at the hair; and, seizing each other by the locks, to struggle and shake one another in a terrible manner, and if they were equal, they would struggle in this way the whole of one day, or, indeed two, without quitting hold, until some one separated them. Indeed, as to the force of body and arms, they were equals of the French, and if they were more dexterous at wrestling and more agile in running, they did not understand anything at all of fencing with the fists. Father Biard said one little French boy made a savage taller than he by a head fly before him, when, putting himself in the posture of combat, he closed his thumb over his fingers, calling to him, "come on." But as soon as the savage was able to catch him by the middle of the body, he made him cry out for mercy. The small offences and quarrels were easily settled by the Sagamos and mutual friends. They only offended each other as little as they could help; it was the duty of the injured party to avenge with his own hand, or, if he died, it was the duty of the nearest relations; if the delinquent, repenting of his fault, wished to make peace, he was received commonly with satisfaction, if he gave presents and made due reparation. There were no ungrateful people among them; they gave to one another everything. No one would dare to oppose the prayer of another; nor eat without giving him share of what he possessed.

In cases of marriage, the father did not give a dowry to his daughter, but the suitor made valuable and beautiful presents to the father, in order that the latter might give him his daughter for wife. The presents were proportioned to the condition of the father, and the beauty of the girl—some dogs, beavers, kettles, and axes, etc. But the fashion of wooing was very savage; for the lover, from the time he professed to be such, dare not look at the girl, nor speak to her, nor live near her, except occasionally, and then he must restrain himself from looking at her, or giving any sign of his passion;

otherwise he would be made the laughing stock of every body, and his sweetheart would blush for him.

In accordance with the custom of the country they could have many wives; nevertheless, the greater part of them had only one.

Some savages defended their polygamy, alleging, that otherwise their race would dwindle away, but their celebrated Memberton, who, although he was the greatest Sagamo they had for many ages, did not desire to have more than one wife.

The women, although they had so many hardships, were not on this account more cherished. Their husbands beat them cruelly, and often for very slight cause.

## COMING.

Without you, without you, my darling—  
Without you! what more can I say,  
To show you how 'nely my heart is,  
Whenever your heart is away?

The days since you left me are many,  
Yet doubt not, I think you are true—  
But, better than fairer ones loving,  
The little one's watching for you.

I wait, and I watch for you, dearest,  
With never a doubt nor a fear,  
But that some to-morrow will bring you  
Some day of all days in the year.

How many to-morrows there have been!  
How many to-morrows may be!  
The longest, love, brings me still nearer,  
That day of all others to me.

So, watching by morning and evening,  
While others, less dear, come and go,  
I sing the old songs, to myself, love,  
And sit by the window, and sew.

And often, I fancy I hear you,  
Your hand on the latch of the door,  
Your voice in the hall, and your footsteps,  
Near—nearer—beside me, once more.

With glad eyes, half shut, how I see you,  
As strong, and as brave, and as true!  
And eyes I know, even in darkness,  
Belong to no other than you.

I know that, at last, it is over,  
The wearying trouble, and care;  
And courage and comfort come back, with  
The touch of your hand on my hair.

But often, and often, and often,  
I open my eyes,—you are gone!  
I am sitting, alone, by the window,  
The shadows of night coming on.

So often I dream you are near me,  
It surely, some day, will come true—  
So singing, I hope as I sing, dear,  
The songs that I once sang, for you.

And smiling, I whisper, "My darling  
Shall see only eyes that are bright,  
No tears, then, to dim their love sunshine,  
Who knows but he may come to-night?"

But never her lover came to her,  
And never her dreaming came true.  
The story has not the poor merit  
Much prized, it is not, even, now.

St. Catharines, C. W.

"INEVIT."

MOUSE POWER.—A gentleman in Scotland has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton yarn. The work is done on the treadmill principle. It is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to twist and reel from 100 to 120 threads per day. To complete this the little pedestrian has to run 10½ miles. This journey it performs every day with ease.

## THE WISHES SHOP.

DURING the summer of 1864 we had no rain up to the end of August, and London became a furnace, especially that part of London which I inhabited, Lincoln's Inn, namely, where I had chambers as a lawyer, and moreover, being a bachelor, I occupied them as my sole home. I certainly was not well; and yet I did not know what ailed me. The knock of a client gave me a pang, which I vented by violently flinging down the chair that stood beside me, or the book in my hand. The sudden noise was so offensive, that I took revenge on it by making it worse. My clerk's soft step, as he stole into the room, was as bad in its way as the noise had been; and I could hardly forbear bidding him go to the devil, rather than deliver his message to me. I ceased going to my club for dinner, because the sense of cooking in the establishment provoked me to nausea; and if the waiter, when I did pay it a visit, handed me a letter which was directed there for me, I could have knocked him down for intruding his odious face upon me just at my entrance. Under these influences, I was sitting one evening, between the open dusty window and the door, which I had pressed back till I had almost dislocated its rusty hinges, when, by some means, I don't recollect what, the following piece of information became known to me. It was couched in the form of advertisement:—"New-street, beyond the Tower, No. 99; James Destiny and Co.'s new invention. Whoever wishes for any particular object, and would give an equally valuable consideration in exchange for it, let him apply as above."

What a world of satisfaction was open here! I was immediately at the establishment in spirit, and my body, it seems, did not tarry long behind, for I very soon found myself in an obscure long chamber, partly filled with persons come to do business; while, seated behind a counter at the top of the room, was the representative of Mr. Destiny, or perhaps himself, receiving applications. He had a formula, which he repeated continually to the numbers of persons who came successively within hearing, and which contained the terms on which he dealt.—"You understand, gentlemen, give me leave to explain, that whoever deals for a thing which he wishes for, must give up something that he possesses. I beg your attention to this condition of the transaction, without which no business can be here carried on."

Everybody made a sign of assent, but for the most part they took in the sense no more than people in general do appropriate an explanation, until enforced by an example. The first dealer was an innkeeper. He stated that he had a small, but charming landed property, which would be complete if he could obtain only seven acres of healthy land which belonged to a poor family, who refused to sell.

"And what, of all the things you enjoy, will you give up for it?" inquired Mr. Destiny.

"Oh, I would give the whole world!" answered he. "Is that all you would give? You had better go about your business. You can't give what you have not."

The next person who presented himself came up to the counter with great difficulty. He had a crutch under one shoulder and a stick in the other hand, and even with those aids he could hardly make his way to the seat on which he placed himself.

"I wish," said he, "as you may suppose, to be rid of my infirmity, and would give a great deal for the purpose."

"No doubt," said Mr. Destiny; "but you understand that the thing to be given is something you possess. Men are born with such and such advantages, and if they would prefer one which they have not, they must choose something among their own to give up. Now, what will you give up? Your eyesight?"

"Certainly not," said the lame man; "I will part with none of the senses to be rid of an infirmity. They belong to my soul, this is only my body."

"But your body is wanted to enable you to enjoy your soul. For instance, you cannot follow