

visit from any one interested in the best mode of exhibiting objects in a museum. It is of great professional value; and independently of this, it possesses a melancholy interest in its profuse exhibitions of the effects of shot, shell and other implements of destruction, on the poor human frame. Almost every conceivable form of injury received in war is here exhibited by preparations, every one of which tells not only the history of a surgical case, but a tale of suffering and death. A strange commentary it is on the humanity of a christian and civilized age to see these beautifully fashioned and fitted human bones, splintered by the rude violence of deadly missiles, and now mounted with all the dainty skill of the anatomical preparator. In flat cases, where they are much better seen than as ordinarily arranged in wall cases, are a few interesting American skulls—some of supposed mound-builders of the West, others of rude Indian tribes, and a few Mexican and Peruvian. One cannot fail to be struck, even on a cursory inspection of these skulls, as well of as the larger series in the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia and in the Smithsonian, with such general views as the following;—1st. That there is one prevalent and somewhat long-headed form of skull very generally distributed in America; 2nd. That there are occasional and peculiar short-headed forms; 3rd. That some of the latter, as well as some of the long and narrow forms, are the results of artificial compression; 4th. That the skulls of the more civilized races are of a finer and more delicate type; 5th. That there is a strong resemblance between the ordinary American forms and those of the skulls of ancient and rude European and African tribes. These are general truths which rise out of the mass of details noticed by craniologists, and which are eminently suggestive as to the relationships and affiliations of men.

In leaving the museum I paused to look at two little glass cases containing two modern mummies of Indian children, in excellent preservation. One is a Flathead child, its skull compressed in the strange fashion of that tribe—its feet gathered up to its chest, its shrunken frame carefully wrapped in cloth, and on its breast bearing a necklace of beautiful Dentalium shells, the most precious treasure of the west coast, mixed with a few glass beads, perhaps almost as precious. The other is a Dakotah child, in full dress, with neatly made coat and leggins, and prettily worked mocassins, and a broad collar of white and blue beads and brass buttons neatly strung on leather. These, though