

of souls, but there is no word in their language which signifies praise or adoration of a Supreme Being. As is to be supposed under such circumstances, their moral degradation is so great that they seem to be nearly destitute of any sense of wrong-doing, so much so that their extinction seems inevitable unless these causes be removed, and the sole chance of their survival seems to rest on the hope of training up the children in a belief in God. As amongst all tribes of Indians the minds of these people are full of weird fancies and imaginations. Groping in the dark, in ignorance of the discoveries of science, it is no wonder that in his struggles to solve the great problems which are a mystery to us all—the origin of man and original creation—he should have wrought out that strange mixture of ignorance and superstition which mainly composes their legends and traditions. Some of these are doubtless based upon actual occurrences in remote ages, but the greater number are pure fictions handed down from generation to generation. One example, that of the creation of man will suffice to prove this: "Once, when the water which covered the whole earth subsided, a raven was the only living creature, he in his loneliness flew round the islands and in his travels heard sounds proceeding from a cockle shell lying on the beach, suddenly the noise grew louder and there issued therefrom male children who, increasing in stature, joined with him in a search for mates. Upon reaching another island they found females clinging to a rock, these they married and peopled the islands." Such is the way that these poor creatures account for the creation of man. This tribe is distinguished above all other Indians, for their superior skill in carving and canoe building, nearly every article they use being carved to represent some animal or crest. In Skidegate and in several other villages are columns from 50 to 75 feet in height covered with carvings, from top to bottom, the workmanship of these, of course, is somewhat rude, still considering their miserable tools and appliances, these carvings are very remarkable. Such is a brief account of a people, of whom, until the last few years, but little was known.

AFTER ANTIETAM.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

The nineteenth day of September, 1862, still presented the scenes of the indecisive battle waged two short days before. The Confederate troops had retired from the fair State of Maryland. The victory of the seventeenth lay with the brave Northern Commander by reason of the hasty retreat of the foes across the little river whose banks had witnessed the hands of havoc and death a few hours before. The fields stretched on every side with the silent witness of the devastation wrought by the belching of cannon and crack of rifle. Whatever could be attempted in that short season to alleviate the miseries of the

situation, the kind ministrations of sympathetic hands wrought. Here there remained a fallen horse and dismounted rider; here, a brave defender of his country's right and freedom lay stretched with his face to earth, attesting the fidelity to his cause; there, another representation of hardy Northern manhood had given up his life-blood for the preservation of the Union—on all sides were silent reminders of the recent struggle. Some, but perhaps few, had considered the sadness which would befall happy homes both in the North and South by the ill news of the sudden cutting-down in the bloom of youth or in budding manhood the life of those whose memory is now cherished and revered. Some had rashly sacrificed their lives; others had answered duty's call, and obeyed its behest. But borne from the field of battle, a sturdy example of health and firmness, was a handsome-faced man of may be thirty years of age; his uniform, that of the Confederate gray; his rank was betokened by his apparel as that of a Captain; he was wounded in the terrible engagement which had taken place; faint and bleeding, he was another victim of the terrible effects of the war. By the hands of very enemies, he was borne to tendering nurses. But his haughty Southern soul despised, feeble as he was, the kindness of his Northern brothers,—yea, brothers in their very hour of despair. The wound received might be fatal, yet, possessor of his faculties, he motioned away all who wore the blue uniform of the Nation,—even the kind old surgeon could scarce examine the patient. With plaintive look, he swept his arm forward with its warning, commanding no one to touch him. Who he was, who he might be, none would he tell; he refused every gift, refused an answer to every interrogation. A man of distinction doubtless in his own home, a gentleman of refinement was evidenced by his clothing. No question would gain the least reply. A gun-shot in the leg would necessitate the amputation of the member, and the effects of the wound and operation might prove fatal. A hurried consultation took place, and the surgeons agreed that there might be a chance of the life, which the young Southern Captain seemed to value so lightly. He shook his head as usual with its silent nod when informed of his fate. No, not even for life's sake would the proud spirit of Southern chivalry yield. But by strategy, his consent was secured, and even now this officer disdained the kind officer and sympathetic wishes of the Northerners, who endeavoured to alleviate the sufferings of one wounded and in affliction for the same devotion which had impelled both to leave their homes. Besides the little nourishment tendered, he still maintained his defiant air towards those who offered their sympathy. The silent nod and gentle wave of the hand beckoned all away. The results of the operation were now apparent—there could be no recovery unless fuel should be supplied to the human furnace. The Northerners were provoked at his obstinacy, and expressed hatred towards them. He meant and was ready to die. The Pale Spectre had no terrors