

presenting the appearance of a man possessed, the veritable Nakani—(wild man of the woods,) in whom the Indians believe, and whom they so greatly dread.

It was not until the Indians had reached the other side of the river, which at that part may be a mile and a quarter wide, that they collected together and became aware that *one of the children was missing!* That this should be so, and that in their terror and haste to depart they had forgotten or overlooked the baby, still a nurseling, who must have been crawling about outside the camp during the fatal tragedy of that morning, may seem strange. More strange still, that not one of that party should have thought of going back to seek her. But the female infant occupies an insignificant place among those uncivilized people: the birth of one of them is greeted with but a small fraction of the honours with which a male child would be welcomed.

And into the causes of the death of not a few of these girl-babies it would perhaps be painful to