

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

(Author of "*Lost in the Backwoods of Canada*," "*Plant Life*," etc., etc.)

She who sleeps within this tomb
Died of constancy alone,
Stranger, fear not to pass her by,
Of nought contagious did she die.

THE above might be a suitable inscription above the grave of the Indian girl whose memorial is here given by one who now is the possessor of the little islet which contains the solitary spot known as Polly Cow's Island.*

As the traveller enters the channel known as the "Narrows" at the northern end of the Katchewanook Lake, before entering the locks—at the village of Young's Point—the eye is attracted by a single spiral, dark, ever-green tree, which forms a striking object in the landscape. Outlined against the sky, it stands forth like a lonely sentinel as if to guard the little wooded island from intruders.

The little island should be held sacred. It contains one solitary grave—the resting-place of a young Indian girl, who bore the unpoetical name of "Polly Cow"—by which name the island is still called by the settlers at the locks.

There is a pathos connected with the traditional story of the life of the poor Indian girl, now forgotten by the inhabitants, even by her own people. She has passed away; only her grave and the name is left, and the strange verdict, "SHE DIED FOR LOVE!"

Died for love? Reader, it is an almost unknown disease in these, our unromantic days, but this is a tale of many years ago, and even the Indians' world has undergone great changes since this poor girl loved and died. Yet what little the writer of this brief memoir gleaned may not be without

some little interest to a few of the travellers that may wish for information on the subject of the little island.

It was in reply to the writer's question to the aged Lock Master, Patrick Young, that the little history told of the poor Indian maiden was learned, though he confessed he had forgotten much about her in the long years that had passed, for he was but a lad when Polly Cow died.

"I helped my brother to make the coffin that she was buried in. It was but a rough one, for we had but scant material and rude tools to work with in those days."

"You knew her well, then?"

"Ay, madam, that I did, and she was pretty and good for that sort," was the ready response.

"What was the cause of her death?"

"It was the heart grief, sure, that killed the poor young thing. She died for love. That was the verdict that they all gave." "Sorrow to him who broke that young girl's heart," he added.

"And who was he, the lover?"

"He was an Indian, like her own people; but, not of their tribe. He came from the far west, we heard, and was the son of some chief or warrior, may-be, and held himself high and haughty-like."

"Polly was the daughter of a chief among his own people, who was known as Handsome Jack, and Captain Jack, and he had the control of all these waters of the lakes and Otonabee river. He was a great man—was Captain Jack, among our Indians"—and here I pause to note that I have since discovered that there is a mention made in the Indian native mis-

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