

the oriole, or glossy green crest of the woodchuck.

No garlands of oak leaves were wound around her slender waist : all roughly now hung the dark locks of hair over her brow, as if trying to hide the hopeless look of despair in the sad, ever downcast eyes : she cast all bright things from her sight, she hated the light.

"She sits in silence and she weeps alone,
Pale as a hunter's day, her hope is gone."

The trembling hands, the hollow cough, told soon its tale to those who had so often noted the glad look of the youthful face, and the laugh and smile which she had ever given as a kindly greeting to the young lads and lasses when they came to the wigwam, or when they met her in the clearings. Poor girl, she shrunk from all notice, she kept aloof from all.

"She could not bear the look of scorn,
Nor pity's eye more dreary."

"How came the Indian girl to be buried on this little island?" we asked of the kind-hearted Irishman from the locks.

He said, "She used to go there during

her illness, and wished, so it was said, to be buried there, and there she was buried." "I was a young lad at the time; now I am far on in my eighties," he added, "I helped my brother to make the coffin for her, and it was a sad, strange sight, that burial; the canoes of her people were all lighted with torches, for it was at night they took her to the burial, and then they put out the lighted brands and raised the death cry "Ah-wo-nomin!" repeated over and over again, till the lone dark woods and waters gave back the wild, mournful sound.

"Was there no kindly christian prayer spoken for that poor girl's soul?"

"No, madam, no, I think not. Poor Polly was but an Indian haythen."

Over that lowly grave nature with kindly hand has spread a verdant pall. A native vine now wreathes the spot of earth which covers the remains of the poor Indian maiden, remembered only by one aged kindly heart who knew her in her youth. Even her Indian name is unknown. No one of her people lives to record it. Such is life.

*Lines by Hampden Burnham on the death of the Indian
girl, Polly Cow.*

Hark ! While the linnet sings in yonder tree o'erhead
The requiem-song of the poor Indian maid
Who slumbers in her grave ; nor let your tread
Wake her sweet spirit, in the forest dim
That sleeping dreams, and ever dreams of him
Who false, as she was faithful, gave to death
Her lowly love—and the mournful wind's breath
Sighs o'er her grave, while yet the linnet sings ;
For thus the heart to heart forever brings
The last, sad, tender tribute to the dead.