

sionary Peter Jones' Journal of a Rice Lake Indian family of the name of "Jack"—one Captain Jack, his wife and MARY JACK, their daughter. It occurs to the writer that the daughter MARY, maybe the heroine of the island, and the true Christian name has been changed by the settlers of that day to "Polly." The name "Cow" possibly owed its origin to the Indian custom of bestowing the familiar name of some animal or object that was first seen or noticed by the child or her friends at her birth. In this way many original names are lost, and a second one given and retained.

The only Indian person who could have given the writer the facts of the Indian girl's birth and true name is dead—that was "John Rice Lake," the last of the old Indians of Rice Lake. The rest of Polly Cow's history I gleaned by degrees as follows, chiefly from my old Irish friend of the Locks.

I think I hear some one say: what possible interest can any one take in the history of an ignorant Indian girl, and her heathen lover. The human heart is the same, whether it beats in the fair breast of the cultivated European or in that of the simple, uncultured dark-skinned Indian of the western wilderness.

The Indian brave or hunter—we will call him "Red Cloud"—who came from some distant encampment to the wigwam at Stony Lake, had won the heart of the pretty young daughter of Handsome Jack, and was favorably received by the parents at first. Marriage is, or was, an affair settled between the suitor and the elders of the house, or tribe—a sort of bargain, in which some equivalent is expected from the would-be bridegroom. The bride is passive in the affair. In this instance the daughter was only too willing to leave father, mother, and the companions of her childhood, to become the bride of "Red Cloud," the young hunter, whose manly attractions had won her heart. It might be

she had seen him on some special occasion in all the imposing war-dress of his tribe, with the head-dress of feathers, the embroidered tunic and scarf, the fire bag at his girdle, and all the ensignia of the Indian hunter: the tomahawk, the scalping knife and the rifle at his side, or had gazed with womanly taste and longing eye at the string of shells, or antique brooch which clasped the hunting shirt of finely dressed doe-skin he wore. Poor child, for the pride of being the chosen one, she would have joyfully become his willing and devoted slave—and he her idol—but she loved too well but not wisely.

The father, whose expectations had been disappointed by the want of liberality in the suitor, drew back and coldly declined to close the bargain for the hand of his daughter, in spite of the pleading looks and even tears of his child, so the treaty ended, and the offended young brave, "Red Cloud," departed, never again to claim his weeping, would-be bride.

Alas for human love and human woe!

Possibly Red Cloud satisfied himself with the thought that Polly was too young, and that it would be more to his interest to choose a squaw stronger of frame, one who could be more helpful in building the lodge, raising the poles of his wigwam, building the birch canoe, and dressing the skins of the animals he trapped or killed in the chase. Thus he argued as he haughtily strode from the camp—never again to return.

Broken-hearted, the poor girl—she was but a child in years, in guileless, simple faith—pined in secret and in silence over disappointed hopes,

"Too fondly nursed,
Too rudely crost."

Paler and paler grew her cheek; the long tresses of her ebon hair were no longer braided and adorned with the gay feathers of the war-bird (scarlet tanager), with the flaming breast of