

point of land directly opposite, over the bay, the husband called his friends, with his father-in-law and mother-in-law, and told them that he was determined never to part from his wife nor to lose sight of her for an instant to the end of time, and yet withal they would never quit Passamaquoddy. On being asked sneeringly by his wife's father how he would effect this, he said: 'Look across the water. There sits your daughter, and she will never move. Here am I gazing on her. Farewell!' And as he spoke the hue of stone came over his face, and in a few minutes he was a rock. And there they stood for ages, until, some years ago, several fishermen, prompted by the spirit which moves the Anglo-Saxon everywhere to wantonly destroy, rolled the husband with great effort into the bay. As for the bride, she still exists as the Friar; although she has long been a favorite object for artillery practice by both English and American vandal captains, who have thus far, however, only succeeded in knocking off her head."

**Tomar.** Many an Indian legend of doubtful authority still clings to various points on the Island; yet only the Indians themselves are persistent and real. Each summer day they bring their baskets for sale. Tomar, at one time governor of his tribe, on a small salary with large work to do, is one of the few thoroughbred Indians who still live in this region. He is a man of integrity, skill, and gentleness. Each visitor is eager to gain his companionship and guidance in his canoe, as he paddles into nooks where one less experienced might hesitate to penetrate. Greater than his skill in paddling is Tomar's ingenuity in scraping pictures on birch bark symbolical of Indian life.

**His Tribe.** The Passamaquoddy Indians, or Openangoes, were a branch of the Etechemin nation, and apparently of comparatively recent origin. Their earliest village near Campobello was at Joe's Point, near St. Andrews. The majority of the remnants of the tribe are found at Pleasant Point, near Eastport, at Peter Dana's Point, near Princeton, and at The Camps, on the border of Calais. Their language is fast dying out; but their traditions and customs have been carefully studied and collected largely by Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, of Calais, and also by