

wife from among the Micmacs. The herb in question is described as having a long wiry stem, bearing seed-pods, and from three to five long undulating leaves, like corn. It answers perfectly to the description of an herb in vogue among the Wakayas of Arizona, who call it *zpeck*. The Passamaquoddies call it *kaybasan*.

The usages of the Passamaquoddies do not differ materially from those of the other Algonquin tribes. Their courtship is of a matter-of-fact character in some respects, though their love-songs are marked by a sense of chivalrous devotion. The parents of the bride-groom furnish the bride's trousseau at the betrothal, or just before the marriage. The kindred of the bride supply the collation and amusements. The latter, which are often kept up for a fortnight, sometimes leave the entertainers drained of all their available wealth, as niggardliness on such an occasion would be esteemed a disgrace.

When a Passamaquoddy dies, his relatives go into mourning. In what it consists, only themselves are aware, as the only change visible on its discontinuance is a daub of red paint on cheek or forehead. Sometimes the period of sorrow is suddenly terminated as, when recently, a child happening to die just on the eve of an election, only a few hours were allowed to intervene between the funeral and the dispensing drum-beat. On hearing the summons, all the relations, except the parents, hurried to the pow-wow in their old clothes and their paint.

An election of officers, among the Passamaquoddies, looks very like a burlesque on "the ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain" of their civilised white neighbours. It is amusing to see and hear the dusky children of the forest openly and innocently purchasing votes, or offering, for a round sum, to buy off the opposing candidate. The sachem is of the past—the line of governors having been broken. Mrs. Brown, who furnishes these particulars, attended the last election of a sachem in direct descent, and it was, from an aboriginal standpoint, quite an imposing affair. But however changed they may be in other respects, there is one gift of which time has not robbed them. They are still the true descendants of those joyous beings who, nearly three centuries ago, greeted Champlain and his companions with dance and song. To all the Wabanaki, Mr. Leland ascribes a large share of the poetic nature. Mrs. Brown thinks that her *protégés*, the Passamaquoddies, surpass all their kindred tribes in the strength and development of their poetic faculty. "Hill, dale and shady nook, and liquid lapse of murmuring stream" bear in their names, and the legends associated with them, the evidence of their imaginative creativeness. One such legend, connected with two rocks in Passamaquoddy Bay, Mrs. Brown has kindly sent me:— Many, many years ago, the story runs, a young man of the tribe fell in love with a maiden, between whose family and his own there was a lasting feud. She was forbidden to listen to his suit, but the lovers met by stealth. Having wooed the damsel, and won her consent to marry him, the young brave took courage to ask her parents to sanction their union. They refused, and his own family were alike indignant at his request. They still, however, met in secret, and the girl's parents saw that the only chance of keeping them apart was to place her where he could no longer visit her. They accordingly took her to Deer Island, about four miles from their village at Campobello. But the young couple loved each other too well to care for life apart. They vowed that they would die rather than submit to be severed.

When he saw the object of his affections placed in the canoe which was to carry her