

It is from these same authorities that I have been able to obtain the two interesting productions which I have the honour to lay before our Section of the Royal Society.

In the letter accompanying the manuscripts, Mrs. Brown wrote to me as follows :—  
“I have been able to collect several songs, but only two could be properly called love-songs, and all but one have stories attached to them. The task of writing, or trying to express with English letters, the peculiar intonation of the Indian language is no trifling affair. It may print all right, but Chee-oo-nà-gamess himself, <sup>1</sup> could not read it.

“The two songs that I send are from Sapial Selmo, the wampum reader of the Wabanakis. He is the grandson of the last great chief of the tribe, and is captain at the council, not only of the Wabanaki, but of the Mohawks also. He still holds the wampum and keeps all the old traditions. I am always obliged to use great finesse and more presents to get anything from his family than from all the rest. But it is worth most . . . You would certainly have enjoyed the songs, could you have peeped into the dirty camps and seen the expressive faces in sympathy with the subject. People who do not understand the Indians, can never imagine what wonderfully susceptible natures they have.”

While agreeing with Mr. Leland, as to the clear indications of Norse influence in many of the Wabanaki legends, Mrs. Brown maintains that these Indians have quite a number of beautiful myths entirely their own. She looks forward with eagerness to the publication, by Mr. Leland, of a second volume wholly devoted to those purely native productions of the Wabanaki imagination. She takes the utmost interest in all that concerns the Passamaquoddy tribes, over whom she exercises exceptional influence—the fruit of insight and sympathy. Champlain, who is followed by Bancroft and others, designated the Passamaquoddies as the “Etchemins.” Mrs. Brown gives the preference to the name which she has assigned them for the reason that their totem is a rude picture of two Indians pursuing pollock (in which those waters once abounded) in a canoe. *Quoddy* is the native word for that species of fish, and some ascribe the same origin to Acadia—a name which was early applied to the whole region. The Passamaquoddies are partitioned into three reservations—one at Pleasant Point, on Passamaquoddy Bay; one at Calais, and the third at Peter Dana’s Point, Princeton. They are as nomadic as Arabs, and are not found for longer than a month at a time at any of the reservations. They almost all understand English, and a few of them speak it. Their own tongue differs from the Micmac, but resembles the Malicete and Penobscot. All these groups have the same legends, and honour the same mythical personages, Glooscap, Mikwum-wess, etc., though under different names. At the time of de Monts’ visit, the Passamaquoddy Indians numbered about twelve hundred men. Now they are reduced to less than five hundred, including women and children. This reduction may, in part, be attributed to intermarriage with the lowest of the whites, each succeeding generation of mixed blood becoming less and less able to endure the hardships of the primitive life of the Indians. Formerly they are said to have attained a great age, but centenarians have been exceptional in recent times. Nevertheless, four sisters died, not very long ago, whose combined ages were said to be four hundred and thirty-five years. They attributed their longevity to the use of an herb, the secret of which had been imparted to their grandmother by a wild (that is, western) Indian for the price of a bride’s dowry, with which to purchase a

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<sup>1</sup> Legendary petroglyphic artist.