

into the mysteries of their association. With this substance a member could obtain anything he may wish for that he could not acquire before; good luck always attended him on his hunting grounds; good luck attended his wife when making maple sugar; good luck attended him whilst on the war path, and he was always successful whenever he used the substance, either for good to himself, or for evil purposes to others.

The principal portion of this association were of the Prairie Turtle Clan. And they were repeatedly warned by the Catholic priest, then at Detroit, what would be the consequence, if they did not renounce the evil spirit or strange god they worshipped. "Throw away the baneful substance, which came to you from the devil, by one of his emissaries in the shape of a panther" he said to them, "for just as certain as you continue to keep it among you, the time is not far distant when you will be all ruined by it, both body and soul." But the admonition of the priest was unheeded by the wayward Wyandotts, who continued to deify the white panther, and practised their sorcery with its concreated blood, until not one of them was left living.

The very moment a member divulged the secrets of this heathen association his fate was sealed, and whenever his (two) executioners were started off from their midnight consultation with a decree that he must die, there was no escape for him, unless he had received timely warning, and betook himself to flight, to become a fugitive among some distant nation.

A few years after the white panther appeared to the Wyandott at the spring, the Wyandott who called it up, and received its blood, turned traitor to his nation, and joined