

When I visited the Wyandot reservation, in the summer of 1872, the chief of the tribe, an elderly man of fine presence and marked intelligence, who lived in the style of a substantial farmer, gave me much information concerning the history and mythology of his people. He bore in English the name of Joseph White, and in his own language the somewhat singular designation of Mandorong, or "Unwilling." The name, which he owed to the fancy of his parents, did not by any means indicate his disposition, which was particularly frank and genial. He assured me that the traditions of his people represented them as having originally dwelt in the east, near Quebec. He had once journeyed as far as that city, and had then visited the remnant of the Hurons at Lorette. Though they had lost their ancient language, and could only communicate with him in French, they had not forgotten this primitive tradition of their race. They took him, he said, to a mountain, and showed him the opening in its side from which the progenitors of their people emerged, when they first "came out of the ground." The ordinary metaphor by which the Indian tribes, like the ancient Egyptians, declare themselves to be the autochthones of a country, had in this case, as in many others, taken a grossly concrete form. In answer to the inquiry whether his people had any tradition of their migration from the East to their present abode, the chief related the following story, which, strange as some of its incidents may seem, is probably in the main a narrative of events which really occurred:

#### THE LEGEND OF KING SASTARETSI.

In very ancient times the Hurons (or Wandat) had a great king, or head-chief, named Sastaretsi (or Sastaréché). They were then living in the far East, near Quebec, where their forefathers first came out of the ground. The king told them that they must go to the West, in a certain direction, which he pointed out. He warned them, moreover, that this would not be the end of their wanderings. He instructed them that when he died they should make an oaken image resembling him, should clothe it in his attire, and place it upright at the head of his grave, looking toward the sunrise. When the sunlight should fall upon it, they would see the image turn and look in the direction in which they were to go.

King Sastaretsi went with his people in their westward journey as far as Lake Huron, and died there. But he had time before his death to draw on a strip of birch bark, by way of further guidance, an outline of the course which they were to pursue, to reach the country in which they were finally to dwell. They were to pass southward down Lake Huron, and