

will again murder. He is a bad man—neither we nor our friends are safe. If you are of my mind, we will strike this man on the head.” They all declared themselves of his opinion, and determined that justice should be rendered him speedily and effectually.

They continued encamped, and made a feast, to which the murderer was invited to partake. They filled his dish with an extravagant quantity, and when he commenced his meal, the chief informed him, in a few words, of the decree in council, and that as soon as he had finished his meal, either by eating the whole his dish contained, or as much as he could, the execution was to take place. The murderer, now becoming sensible of his perilous situation, from the appearance of things around him, availed himself of the terms of the sentence he had just heard pronounced, and did ample justice to the viands. He continued, much to the discomfiture of the “phiz.” of justice (personified by the chief, who all the while sat smoking through his nose), eating and drinking until he had sat as long as a modern alderman at a corporation dinner. But it was of no avail—when he ceased eating he ceased breathing.

The chief cut up the body of the murderer, and boiled it for another feast—but his young men would touch none of it—they said, “he was not worthy to be eaten—he was worse than a bad dog. We will not taste him, for if we do, we shall be worse than dogs ourselves.”

Mr. Morrison, who gave me the above relation, told me he had it from a very old Indian, who was present at the death of the murderer.