

him in facilitating legislation. This was *Kishkawkon*, the celebrated Chippewa Chief of Saginaw, who was long a terror as well to the white man as to the Indian of this region.

From the earliest discovery of the country by the French, this tribe of Saginaw Bay had been distinguished for courage and cruelty. The annals of border warfare tell the story of their ravages as far eastward as the country of the Mohawk. During the Pontiac war, so called, no tribe was more relentless than this one and as *Kishkawkon* was of the succeeding generation, he dobutless partook of the revengeful feelings which animated the breasts of his kindred. He was wont to do many things which were not tolerated by the savage code, for cod they had.

On one occasion he was rebuked for an inhuman murder, and reminded that he had broken the law. He was a ready fellow, as well as bold. He had not the benefit of the teaching of Moliere's poor faggot vender, who extricated himself from a dilemma by his "*nous avons change tout cela.*" but his answer was "I have *altered* the law."

Here was no "log rolling," no sending committees to organize a third house, no champagne suppers, no subscriptions to local measures to gain particular votes. *Le Roi le veut.* That was all; and the astounded Indian meekly acquiesced in that which he had no power to control.

Appropos of *Kishkawkon*. It was in his day that two Indians were indicted for the murder of two white citizens, one of them Surgeon Madison, of the United States army. The President of this Society and the Hon. James Duane Doty, now Governor of Utah, both then recently admitted to the bar, were assigned by the court as their counsel.

One of the prisoners was tried in the United States District Court, and the other in the Supreme Court of the Territory, both courts being held by the same Judges, of which courts the father of our President was long a distinguished and most honorable member. I was much amused a few years since, on the occasion of a visit from Governor Doty, at the recital by these two old friends, Doty and Witherell, of the scene at the jail, when they went, in company with Col. Louis Benfait as interpreter, to see their red clients, and learn the facts. Witherell soon disposed of his case, and they repaired to the cell of the murderer of Madison. Doty asked the Indian how it happened that he shot the surgeon. The honest savage replied, "I *saw* him and thought I would like to *shoot* him." But, said Doty, "was there not some accident? Were you not shooting at something else?" After some time the prisoner seemed to comprehend what was required of him, and replied, "Yes, I was shooting at a little bird." The young advocate took courage. "Ah," said he, "this is clearly a case of no malice aforethought." "Now tell me, how far was this little bird from Madison's head?" The savage, holding up one finger, and with the digit of the other hand measuring the distance of an inch, said "so far." The defense was not considered by the jury as sufficient, and both the Indians were solemnly sentenced to death by hanging, which sentence was executed in front of the old jail, near the present site of Dr. Duffield's church. This was the first public execution by hanging which took place in our Territorial history.

I have purposely avoided any general reference to the Indians who occupied this part of the country during our boyhood. Who they were, whence they came, what influences impelled their migrations, the construction of their languages and tribal dialects, why such great differ-